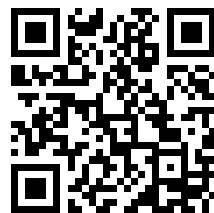


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## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS,

AS FREELY EXPRESSED FROM WEEK TO WEEK DURING THE PUBLICATION OF THE FIRST TWENTY NUMBERS.

**United States Gazette.**—A large variety of articles, selected with judicious care from the best European magazines and journals, and of a character to elevate the understanding, at the same time that it is instructive in what is good. It is known what a rich harvest of literary gems are to be gathered from the periodicals of England, especially, and it is a peculiar merit of this magazine, that at intervals of a week only, a rich succession of the best of what is to be found, will be given in its pages. **THE LIVING AGE** is its very appropriate title, for it presents everything while it has yet its newest gloss, and all the interest of existing circumstances. *Again.* The promises of the editor have not been visionary—each succeeding week brings a substantial realization of our expectations. It is not only variety that is afforded, but there is a pervading excellence. The mine in which the editor delves sparkles with literary gems. *Again.* The number is crowded with excellent articles, gathered from those fruitful sources, the European periodicals. *Again.* Another excellent number. The leading article will be read with delight, as recalling the memory of good men. *Again.* The same pleasing variety which gave interest to the former numbers greets us in this. Valuable reviews, instructive essays, well written tales. *Again.* The number, as usual, is full of variety, point, and spirit. *Again.* The subscribers to this are really subscribers to all the foreign magazines.

**True Sun—New York.**—We admire the discriminating judgment displayed in making the selections. Those who wish to read the best articles in the English periodicals, have only to subscribe to this excellent magazine. *Again.* This is decidedly the very best periodical of its kind. It is compiled with taste, judgment, and ability. *Again.* The selections have been made with the same discrimination as usual, and the work, in all respects, can hardly fail to strengthen its hold on public opinion. *Again.* Contains twenty-five articles, the cream of the latest numbers of the British periodicals. Great tact and taste have been displayed in the selection of the extracts, and the result is a highly interesting and valuable compilation. *Again.* Another number of this delightful magazine. The fine, discriminating taste of the editor is as apparent as usual in the admirable selections from the latest English periodicals, which grace this number.

**Colonization Herald.**—This excellent periodical continues to be issued punctually every week, and with increasing claims on public confidence and support. The plan approved of by Judge Story is in progress of realization, and every subscriber now feels that he will possess "in a moderate compass a select library of the best productions of the age." It is now what Judge Kent anticipated it would be, "one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day." Such articles as those on Barère the regicide, the Life of Admiral Lord St. Vincent, Memoirs of John Duke of Marlborough, Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, Hume and his Influence upon History, &c, are permanent and most valuable additions to critical biography and history, so wrought out as to enlist the attention of the most youthful, at the same time that they furnish matter for profitable reflection to the most mature reader. While thus becoming acquainted with retrospective lore, through the pages of the reviews, the reader of the *Living Age* is also made to hold regular intercourse with the active minds of the day, through such literary advisers and critics as the *Athenæum* and *Literary Gazette*, and mixed politico-economical and literary guides as the *Spectator* and *Examiner*. In fine, literature and science, in their most varied and attractive garbs and useful adaptations, are displayed in the successive numbers of the *Living Age*.

This periodical has uncommon claims on every reader of intelligence throughout the land; first, for his own sake; and secondly, if he be the head or adviser of a family, for the sake of the younger members, of both sexes, who cannot fail to derive instruction and amusement from its regular perusal. *Again.* We have since received and read the successive numbers, even in the midst of oppressive engagements of business. The articles are most pleasantly diversified, so as to convey in the best manner a knowledge of the movements of the mind in all the departments of literature, politics, and popular and practical science.

**Bay State Democrat.**—It gives us the cream of the cream, and at a price so cheap that one can hardly afford to do without it. By sifting the wheat from all the reviews, the editor saves us much time, labor, and expense. His perseverance in this plan, which he originated many years ago, is well deserving of success.

**Albany Argus.**—Admirable, both for the variety and the richness of its articles. *Again.* The Living Age will be the medium both of honor and improvement to the age that has produced it. *Again.* A variety of tastes are happily consulted. Those who would keep up with the literature of the day, on the multum in parvo principle, should certainly patronize this work. *Again.* As usual, full of varied and interesting reading. *Again.* It is wonderful what a variety of articles is served up to us every week. He that can find nothing here to his taste, must surely be constituted without any taste at all. We are glad to find, in our daily intercourse, that this work gathers friends just in proportion as it becomes known. *Again.* No falling off yet. The last number is as fresh and bright and varied as any preceding one. The selection of articles, from the beginning, has been generally admirable; and the editor is too old a hand, at this sort of labor, to justify any apprehension that the work will ever wane while he has the direction of it.

**Hartford Blade.**—The admirable taste and critical judgment of the editor continue to be manifested in the selections of the work. We know of no periodical which contains more freshness, spirit and attractive variety, or which seems destined to effect more useful results by crowding out of existence much of the literary trash of the day. *Again.* It is freighted with excellent matter, from high literary sources. The selections continue to evince great tact and ability. We hope it will penetrate everywhere, and be read by everybody. *Again.* The best of all weekly publications, past or present—and we are strongly tempted to add—or to come. It is filled with a large amount of the choicest literary, historical and political matter, tastefully culled from a great variety of English reviews, magazines and newspapers, and is furnished at so extremely low a price, that it lies within the reach of all. We know of no periodical in which the solid and substantial are so judiciously mingled with the attractive and amusing. All the important changes in the condition of foreign countries are faithfully chronicled in the work, and, in this respect, it is peculiarly desirable to every intelligent American. In fine, the Living Age is issued just in the right shape for binding into a book—being a royal octavo of 64 pages—and when bound, it becomes an attractive book to read now, and to be kept for reading hereafter.

**Churchman.**—Littell's Living Age contains the flower of the foreign periodical literature, and is withal an exceedingly cheap publication. It is issued, every Saturday, at 12½ cents a number of 64 pages, of inviting appearance as respects paper and type. The editor has chosen Boston for the centre of his operations, that having become the point of communication with the Old World, and the arrival of the steamers enabling him to furnish the American public with the utmost despatch and promptness. While in charge of the Museum of Foreign Literature, the editor acquired a high reputation for his selections, which were generally made with taste and judgment. The Living-Age promises to be conducted with renewed zeal and on right principles. We know of nothing better in the way of light literature, and shall venture to recommend it warmly to our readers. We have been particularly pleased with the article on "Hume and his Influence on History," and hope the editor will give one article, at least, of the same tone in every number. There is enough

of fictitious narrative among the selections, to satisfy any reasonable desire for that sort of reading. *Again.* Littell's Living Age already forms two large volumes, although it has been but a few weeks in existence. We are amazed at the amount, variety and cheapness of the literature which this enterprising and conscientious publisher is furnishing. Besides the general excellence of the matter, it is no small recommendation to the work, that it appears with good paper and type.

**Christian Examiner.**—We ought not to omit to mention the establishment, in this city, of a weekly publication, which we should be glad to see supplant the miserable *stuff* that our "periodical depts" furnish to the mass of readers. We refer to "LITTELL'S LIVING AGE," published every Saturday, at 12½ cents for each number of 64 pages, large octavo, well printed. It is composed of selections from the best foreign periodical literature, and resembles, in its plan, the "Museum of Foreign Literature," issued, for many years, by Littell, in Philadelphia. As it will contain solid articles, from the prominent English reviews, as well as lighter selections, we hope it will receive encouragement.

**Barner of the Cross.**—This spirited work, which promises to be a very valuable one, will make four large volumes in a year. The selections are of a most interesting character, and the publication must become a popular one in all parts of the United States. *Again.* Continues to improve with each succeeding number. The contents are extremely interesting. *Again.* Each successive number gives evidence that it will be conducted with intelligence, spirit and taste. *Again.* Continues to present us every week with the choicest articles from the Periodical Literature of Europe. *Again.* The taste must be fastidious indeed, that does not always find something to gratify it in this weekly selection of choice articles. *Again.* We are happy to observe the deserved success which is attending this most instructive and popular periodical. We know no more pleasant reading than that which it furnishes to its subscribers from week to week. *Again.* Our interest in it increases with each succeeding number. The selections evince admirable taste and judgment, and cannot fail to please and instruct intelligent readers of every class. *Again.* Its varied stores of literature and science are admirably adapted to intelligent readers of every age and taste.

**Christian Advocate.**—On the same plan as the Museum of Foreign Literature issued for so many years by Mr. Littell. It is, however, a much cheaper and more comprehensive work, and we doubt not it will become, as it deserves to be, exceedingly popular. *Again.* A few weeks since we noticed with commendation the first number of this valuable publication; five more numbers have since appeared, fully maintaining the character with which it commenced. It is decidedly the best and cheapest periodical of the kind.

**Boston Recorder.**—We rejoice that such a work has been commenced in Boston. If successful it will be an honor to the city, and a benefit to the country at large. We have an immense amount of periodical literature, which is trashy and pernicious, and whatever promises to sweep it away, and replace it with reading of a more sensible, pure, and improving character, is to be welcomed. Mr. Littell will undoubtedly conduct his great undertaking with ability and success.

# THE L I V I N G A G E .

No. 13.—10 AUGUST, 1844.

From the Quarterly Review.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

1. *Early Lessons*. By Miss Edgeworth.
2. *Conversations with Mamma*. By Mrs. Marshall.
3. *The Fourth Book for Children*. By J. White.
4. *The Stanley Family*.
5. *Juvenile Kaleidoscope*.
6. *Sowing and Reaping*. By Mary Howitt.
7. *Who shall be greatest?* By Mary Howitt.
8. *Children's Friend*.
9. *Shanty the Blacksmith*. By Mrs. Sherwood.
10. *Juvenile Manual*.
11. *Aids to Development*.
12. *Dr. Mayo's Lessons on Objects*.
13. *A Series of Lessons in Prose and Verse*. By J. M'Culloch.

THE attention of our readers has already been called to a subject, to which, the more it is considered the more importance must be attached—we mean that of children's books, which, no less in quality than in quantity, constitute one of the most peculiar literary features of the present day. The first obvious rule in writing for the amusement or instruction of childhood, is to bear in mind that it is not the extremes either of genius or dulness which we are to address—that it is of no use writing up to some minds or down to others—that we have only to do with that large class of average ability, to be found in children of healthy mental and physical formation, among whom in after life the distinction consists not so much in a difference of gifts as in the mode in which they have been led to use them. In a recent article our remarks were chiefly confined to a set of books in which not only this but every other sense and humanity of juvenile writing had been so utterly defied, that the only consolation for all the misery they had inflicted, consisted in the reflection that—however silly the infatuation which had given them vogue here—they were not of English origin. We now propose casting a sort of survey over that legion for which we are more responsible—taking first into consideration the general characteristics of those which we believe to be mistaken both as to means and end—from which many who are concerned in the education of chil-

dren are vainly expecting good results, and to which many who know nothing about the matter are falsely attributing them.

In this department the present times profess to have done more than any other; and it has become a habit, more perhaps of conventional phraseology than of actual conviction, to congratulate the rising generation on the devotion of so many writers to their service. Nevertheless there are some circumstances contingently connected with this very service, which may warrant us in expressing doubts as to the unqualified philanthropy of those who enter it. Considering the sure sale which modern habits of universal education provide for children's books—the immense outfit required by schools and masters, and the incalculable number annually purchased as presents, it would be, upon the whole, matter of far more legitimate surprise if either the supplies were less abundant, or the suppliers, some of them, more conscientious. Ever since the days of Goldsmith the writing and editing of children's works has been a source of ready emolument—in no class of literature does the risk bear so small a proportion to the reward—and consequently in no class has the system of *mere manufacture* been carried to such an extent.

After the bewilderment of ideas has somewhat subsided which inevitably attends the first entrance into a department of reading so overstocked, and where the minds of the writers are so differently actuated, and those of the readers so variously estimated, the one broad and general impression left with us is that of the excessive ardor for *teaching* which prevails throughout. No matter how these authors may differ as to the mode, they all agree as to the necessity of presenting knowledge to the mind under what they conceive to be the most intelligible form, and in getting down as much as can be swallowed. With due judgment and moderation, this, generally speaking, is the course which all instructors would pursue; nevertheless, it is to the extreme to which it has been carried that parents and teachers have to attribute the stunted mental state of their little scholars, who either have been plied with a greater quantity of nourishment than the mind had strength or time to digest, or under the interdict laid on the imagi-

nation, in this mania for explanation, have been compelled to drag up the hill of knowledge with a wrong set of muscles. Doubtless the storing up of knowledge at an age when the powers of acquisition are most ductile and most tenacious, is of the utmost moment; but a child's head is a measure, holding only a given quantity at a time, and, if overfilled, liable not to be carried steadily. Also, it is one thing to stock the mind like a dead thing, and another to make it forage for itself; and of incalculably more value is one voluntary act of acquirement, combination, or conclusion, than hundreds of passively accepted facts. Not that the faculties can be said to lie inactive beneath this system of teaching—on the contrary, the mere mental mechanism is frequently exerted to the utmost; but the case is much the same as in the present modern school of music, where, while the instrument itself is made to do wonders, the real sense of harmony is sacrificed. For it is a fact, confirmed both by reason and experience, and one which can alone account for the great deficiency of spontaneous and native power—that which comes under the denomination of genius—in the schools, English and foreign, where these modes of instruction are pursued—that the very art with which children are taught exactly stifles that which no art can teach.

As regards also the excessive clearness of explanation, insisted upon now-a-days as the only road to sureness of apprehension, it is unquestionably necessary that a child should, in common parlance, understand what it acquires. But this again must be taken with limitation; for Nature, not fond apparently of committing too much power into a teacher's hand, has decreed that unless a child be permitted to acquire beyond what it positively understands, its intellectual progress shall be slow, if any. As Sir Walter Scott says, in his beautiful preface to the *Tales of a Grandfather*, "There is no harm, but, on the contrary, there is benefit in presenting a child with ideas beyond his easy and immediate comprehension. The difficulties thus offered, if not too great or too frequent, stimulate curiosity and encourage exertion." We are so constituted that even at the maturest state of our minds—when length of experience has rendered the feeling of disappointment one almost unjustifiable in our own eyes—we find the sense of interest for a given object, and feeling of its beauty to precede far more than to follow the sense of comprehension—or, it were better said, the belief of fully comprehending;—but with children, who only live in anticipation, this is more conspicuously the case; in point of fact they delight most in what they do *not* comprehend. Those therefore who insist on keeping the sense of enjoyment rigidly back, till that of comprehension has been forcibly urged forward—who stipulate that the one shall not be indulged till the other be appeased—are in reality but retarding what they most affect to promote: only inducing a prostration, and not a development of the mental

powers. In short, a child thus circumstanced is submitting his understanding and not exerting it—a very deplorable exchange.

"The law of Nature," in Coleridge's words, "has irrevocably decreed that the way to knowledge shall be long, difficult, winding, and oftentimes returning upon itself." Thus to a vulgar apprehension, a child's mind will be apparently sailing away from its object, when in truth it is only following the devious current which securely leads to it. Of all the errors in education that of overmuch dependence upon teaching is most to be dreaded, because least to be rectified. On this account it is, that, even under the most judicious direction, regular series of lessons never do so much good as when a gap is left here and there for the mind's own operations. There is a self-development in what is involuntarily preferred and unconsciously chosen, which the regular habits of mechanical acquirement are indispensable to promote, but insufficient to attain; there is a wisdom gained to the mind in being left to know both what it can do for itself and what it needs from others, which a continuous form of instruction may assist but can never impart; and those parents or teachers can know but little of the real nature of education, or of the being they have to educate, who hesitate to confess that, after all they may have taught him, the nicest art consists in knowing where to leave him to teach himself.

Such views are far too humiliating to find favor in times when a presumptuous faith is placed alike in the means and ends of mere lifeless acquisition, when the value of knowledge is vulgarly computed only by the numbers of things known and not by their influence on the spirit, and when a melancholy disregard is shown for those higher departments of moral training, the necessity for which increases with the increase of attainment. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that the province of external control should be by many Mentors, directly reversed in application—enforced where least beneficial, and suspended where most needful. If, accordingly, we have, on the one hand, a set of books, whose greatest art consists in reducing all the healthy portions of the mind to a mere receptive machine, and furnishing every kind of splint and bandage for such distorted limbs as perfect liberty can alone restore—we find, on the other, an equally voluminous class whose highest aim is to encourage voluntary development where voluntary improvement is least to be expected, and to emancipate those departments of the will and the reason for which we know "service alone is perfect freedom." Nevertheless there will be times when this cross-purposed emancipation presses somewhat heavily on those who have granted it; there must be seasons when it is good for these little independents to be amenable to some authority—and it is rather amusing to trace what provision has been made for such excessive emergencies. It stands to reason that such enlightened theorists would never dream of



the old-fashioned slavery of implicit obedience, nor the old-fashioned tyranny of absolute authority; instead therefore of the former a host of arguments are resorted to in order to break to the infantine mind, in the most delicate manner possible, the expedience of some kind of submission—voluntary of course—while, instead of the latter, a host of apologies are put into the mouths of parents for the excessive liberty of requiring their children to do—how can we express what is so derogatory to their dignity!—to do as they are bid! The consequences of these measures may be easily foreseen; the mind to which we apply such means of conviction has unquestionably the right of remaining unconvinced; and children must be duller than we should wish them to be, who cannot discover that, however admirable the argument, they are still at perfect liberty to dissent.

But to return to that idolatry of teaching which we have designated as the broadest mark of the present juvenile school—we cannot proceed without slightly adverting to those books of compound instruction and amusement in which these tendencies are most carried out, and of the multifarious nature of which something was said on a former occasion. For though a further examination of the subject has the more acquainted us with the excessive ingenuity displayed in this amphibious race, it has also the more convinced us that the ingenuity is utterly wasted;—that by a large class of grown-up readers, the works in question are upheld for those very qualities of amusement and interest in which they are most deficient. We admit that it is difficult for a matured mind, in all cases, to form a precise estimate of what is interesting to a child—that it is necessary to recover somewhat of their brightness of vision and keenness of appetite, before we can detect, like them, the schoolmaster beneath every modern variety of sheep's clothing, or feel, like them, what a complete kill-joy he must be to their tastes. But in some instances surely there can be no mistake: in these can any one turn three pages without comprehending how odious it must be to a child to have his head, on all occasions, thrust before his heart—to feel that, whatever path of enjoyment he may enter, an ambuscade of knowledge is lurking ready to rush down upon him and intercept it! What grown-up lady, for example, while engrossed in a beautiful poem, could bear to stop and be informed whether the verse were in iambics, or trochaics, dactyls, or anapestics, with a long dissertation upon the distinctions between the same? Who, while devouring an interesting tale, could tolerate, at the most stirring part, to be called off for a lesson upon the different terms of rhetoric—to be taught that the urgent supplications for mercy, or disjointed ejaculations of despair of the dying hero or desperate heroine, were precise specimens of *ecphonesis* or *apostrophe*, or any other tremendously learned word, to be picked up, as we

did these, from a *child's catechism*?\* The authors of such works are loud in assurances of their adaptation to the minds and tastes of childhood, and profuse in examples of their beneficial influence: but how truly could their little readers retort with the fable of the "Lion and the Man!" They are delighted, it is true, with the romantic story of "Peter the Wild Boy," but they have not the slightest curiosity to know the natural history, or Linnean nomenclature, of the pig-nuts he ate.

There is, however, even in these days a section of works, the guiding principle of which is not so much what they shall put into the mind as what they shall keep out, and where the anxiety to exclude all that may be pernicious has also sacrificed all that is nourishing. There are some writers by whom their young readers are treated rather as languid, listless invalids, than as healthy, hungry boys and girls—who know no medium between ardent spirits and barley-water—and, for fear of repletion and intoxication, put their readers on a diet on which they may exist, but can never thrive. Nothing truly has surprised us more, in our tour through little libraries, than to see the wishy-washy materials of which not a few are composed—the scanty allowance of ideas with which a narrative is held together, and the mere *prate* with which the intervals are filled up. There are some children doubtless who relish this barren fare, as there are plenty of older ones who devour the most vapid novels; and both cases are alike pitiable. We have known a boy of fifteen whose energies were so sapped as not to be at the trouble of finishing *King Lear*, and a girl of about the same age whose tastes were so rarefied that she stuck fast in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*. Mere children especially may be brought so low as not to take interest in what most amuses others; nay, instances are not failing of unfortunate beings whose capacities, both for work and play, had been so desperately mismanaged that they had as little energy left for the one as for the other.

Of course the quality of such works varies somewhat with the writer, though the principle of neutrality remains the same; and sometimes a little frothy liveliness of dialogue is exhibited, which might perhaps amuse an older generation, but is very much thrown away upon children. At best, their notions of smartness and repartee are very limited. They like the jingle of words which compose a pun, but the point is utterly lost upon them. Nor can it be otherwise, since all wit and irony necessarily derive their weapons from an acquaintance with the world; and therefore cannot exist in children, or is sure to disgust when it does. A practical joke is therefore the only species which they thoroughly understand, and always like; but, in an abstract way, the fable-book is their only Joe Miller, and that as much from the marvellousness as the humor of its contents. They can see some

\* Pinnock's "Catechism of Rhetoric"!

fun in the connection of human speech and ideas with the nose of the fox or the bill of the raven, while the far-fetched wit of a fellow-child will strike them as great nonsense. Children are sharp casuists as to what is put into a child's mouth. They detect intuitively what is absurd, or what is unnatural; and could we see into their hearts we should find a secret contempt for, or grudge against, the little pedantic spokesman whose perorations form the greater part of such volumes. Under the best of circumstances, we doubt whether children, who are beyond mere babyhood, enjoy the histories and pictures of their own "life and times" as much as their elders suppose. For us these scenes of childhood, described as some of our modern writers can describe—for us these scenes have an ineffable charm; but we must remember that we stand in direct contrary position to their ostensible readers. We look fondly back to childhood—they, ardently forward to maturity; we magnify the happiness that is past—they, that alone which is to come. For them, men and women are gods and goddesses; and no description of the Paradise they now occupy interests them half as much as a peep into that Olympus which they hope one day to climb.

But to return to this very circumspect generation of little books. Connected with them may be mentioned a kindred class of mediocrity which, if they do not absolutely tie the mind to their apron-strings, are always reminding it of the length of its tether. The obvious intention of these writers is to do good, but the very officiousness of their services renders them unpalatable. The truth is, there is no getting rid of them. From the moment you open the book the moral treads so close upon your heels as to be absolutely in the way. Children have no sooner begun to enjoy, than they are called upon to reflect; they have no sooner begun to forget that there exists in the world such a little being as themselves, than they are pulled back to remember not only what they are, but what they will one day infallibly become. In short, the young idea is not left to shoot one moment in peace, but is twitted and snubbed the whole way through with a pertinacity of admonition, injunction, and advice, which, from its studious incorporation with the tale itself, is more than usually difficult to elude. In this respect the old school was far more considerate. You were allowed to have the story part all to yourself, while the good advice and personalities were carefully summed up in three awfully dry lines at the conclusion, labelled, for fear of mistake, "MORAL," which you treated at will, and either swallowed whole or skipped altogether. The consequence, it is true, of this plan was, that children became accustomed to look on tale and moral as two utterly distinct concerns, in no way connected except by conventional proximity; and the little girl of ten years old, who had just been devouring a story where this usual appendage was failing, on being questioned as to the

moral, earnestly denied the fact of there being any at all, and brought up her book to prove it! Certain it is that if the moral does not find its way to the heart through the narrative itself, it will scarcely reach it in a subsequent set form; yet the present plan of general distribution is by far the worst of the two, inasmuch as, by the perpetual interruption to the sympathies, you lessen the effect of the tale, and with it the chance of edification. We should always bear in mind that the instruction, whether moral or intellectual, arising from works avowedly of amusement, can be only incidental. It is of no use endeavoring to teach in hours which children consider exempt from learning: they like neither lessons nor lectures in their wrong places, or they cease to be children if they do.

We pass on to another description of juvenile works, which, considering all the parade of protection implied in those we have quitted, have rather puzzled us. It would seem that parents who would on no account permit their children to wander among the absurd extravagances of fictitious life, will not hesitate to introduce them to the pitiful meanness of real life—would far rather they should dwell on the vulgarities of mere fashion—the nonsenses of mere convention, or the behind-the-scenes of what is most contemptible in the world that is about them—than on the high-flown exaggerations and impossible atrocities of a world with which they have nothing to do. With a certain class of writers facts are truth, and fable falsehood—no matter what either may be in themselves. Children are welcome therefore to know all about the petty hopes and contrivances of a modern dasher—the vanities and flirtations of a modern coquette; but Heaven forbid their being tempted to imitate the cabals of the grand vizier, or the loves and intrigues of Shelsemnihar and the Prince of Persia. Accordingly we have the mean calculations of mushroom manufacturers, the dirty tricks of low lawyers, the personal animosities and emulations of their wives and families, and the eventual smash of all parties, with other scenes of domestic and professional degradation, put into a familiarity of form which is ten times more disgusting as reminding us for whose eyes it is especially intended. God knows, parents need be in no hurry to give their children this kind of information—the world will help them to it soon enough; and who likes it when he has got it! There is no degree of ignorance so unbecoming to a child as the least premature knowledge. At best, an acquaintance with the melancholy truths of this world is only a defensive weapon: why, then, seek to put it into the hands of those who are, or ought to be, under the protection of others! And it were well if such writers stopped here; but in their fear lest the omission of any of the wickednesses, as well as the weaknesses, of mankind should be laid to their charge, or in the anxiety to supply constant novelties for dainty palates, they lay open a side of human life

which it might be thought the particular privilege and purpose of parental protection to conceal. For can anybody suppose that it is necessary to acquaint children with those scenes of violence between man and wife which generally terminate in one of the parties being bound over to keep the peace? Does anybody imagine it can be edifying for a child to know that there exists in this world so vile a creature as the grown man son who can lift up his hand against a mother? Children do not require to be shocked into the avoidance of crimes like these; if they are not shocked at such representations, the idea of affecting them in any other way is hopeless; and yet these, and similar occurrences, are by no means uncommon in a set of books which have been admitted into families in lieu of the much vilified fairy tale.

And now that we are on the subject of tale-writing, we must allude to a department of juvenile literature to which it has been much applied—a department so extensive in a numerical amount as to forbid all close analysis, though, from its uniformity of character, it may well permit of a few general remarks. We mean the juvenile religious reading of the day, which, under one shape or another, frequently engrosses the larger share of a child's book-case. We trust there is no danger of our being misunderstood. The high religious tone which pervades some of the best of the modern children's books, we regard as the greatest boon which these times of nominal improvement have bestowed on them; we might almost add the only one—just as the mere deistical morality which pervaded so many beautifully-written books of the last generation might be said to be their only deficiency. The works to which we point are that herd of second and third-rate publications which, having religion ostensibly as their theme, are indiscriminately put into the hands of childhood, but which, in point of fact, supply motives as little calculated for the regulation of the heart as the unchristianized elegance of those just mentioned. The usual form is that of a tale; but this seems in general to be adopted not as conveying in itself an illustration of the writer's doctrines, but merely as providing the necessary foundation work, mechanically speaking, to which they may be affixed—a kind of scaffolding by which the expounder holds on—and intended, like any other temporary support or connexion, to be cut away and cast aside as soon as the purpose has been effected. No scruple, therefore, seems to exist as to the clumsiness or flimsiness of materials which are not wanted for any use or beauty of their own, and which, moreover, no usefulness nor beauty could save from neglect. For the pious reader is evidently expected to be far too impatient to get to the religious parts, to care to look close into a story which only serves to hold them together. Renouncing, therefore, equally from expedience and principle, all the pomps of composition, and vanities of invention, nothing, ar-

tistically speaking, can be more contemptible than the construction of such tales; which are generally as grossly unnatural as may be consistent with the strictest common-place. Such indeed, in some, is the boldness of non-connexion between plot and *dénouement*, such the utter unconcern with which an individual is made one character in description and another in action, that were it not for the constant interference of Scripture, no deficiency in one source of amusement would be felt.

So much for the secular part of this little tribe—as for their religious side, were we not convinced that children, who are children indeed, will never have the patience of perusal requisite to be much influenced by them, we should stigmatize in no lenient terms that style of writing where they are represented as lipping over all that is most solemn in Revelation with a flippancy that can only lessen their respect for it, and confessing the wickedness of the human heart, upon the most trivial occasions, with an off-hand frequency that can only dull their sense of it:—where children preach to their elders and betters, without the slightest regard for their being such, and end by keeping an open death-bed for the edification and applause of a crowd of strangers. In the words of one of their own writers, “it is so horrid to make religion a matter of *show-off*, which I really think these stories could teach children to be guilty of.”\* And here again much of this evil may be attributed to the dismissal of the imagination as a means of assistance. Everything now-a-days is to be brought *home* to a child's mind; his eyes are to be opened at any cost, regardless of the film which has been designedly cast over them. Instead, therefore, of taking advantage of that sphere of fictitious or allegorical life, in which his ardent feelings may expatiate freely without risk of wrong personal application, he is intruded into a field of reality where no other result can possibly ensue. On this account we hail with the more satisfaction a rising class of religious books where the fancifulness of the story or the remoteness of the times does away with that so-called truth for which a child's mind is not ripe. Personalities are never more dangerous than when pressed into the service of religion; and who can question that it is infinitely safer for a child to read of the conversion of a pagan king or queen than of that of his father, mother, or next-door neighbor?

Another very reprehensible feature in these books is the little tenderness for the sensitive feelings of childhood evinced in their choice of illustration. In order to impress them with the vices and miseries attendant on an ignorance or disregard of the lessons of Christianity, all the worst abominations of idolatry and tortures of slavery are brought into requisition. Wretched Hindoo mothers in whom the voice of nature is perverted, and execrable slave-drivers to whom the dictates

\* Children's Friend, for 1841.

of mercy are unknown, are their favorite topics; and the tender minds and ready imaginations of childhood are harrowed with descriptions which we have known to haunt their hours of sleepless darkness quite as effectually as any of the old apparitions and hobgoblins.

While deprecating those works where the legitimate use of an extraneous interest has been denied, or one of a pernicious kind adopted, we are so far from proscribing subjects of a religious nature from the hours of juvenile relaxation, that there are none we should more strenuously encourage. Of all the subjects which fascinate a child, none can compete with those in which religion is the mainspring—the narratives of persecution and conversion, with all their high-souled faith, strong endurance, or deep contrition, have a charm, for the key to which we must look to a higher feeling than imagination. What book is more popular with children than the "Pilgrim's Progress?" What child will not hang over the tales of the Covenanters in "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,"—or, to take a soberer example, what young heart has not been impressed with the cheerful piety that animates the "Vicar of Wakefield?" How salutary are such representations, compared with those where religion is professed without reverence, and self-condemnation without humility; or where children are made to see sacrifices for which there are no motives, and sufferings under which there is no consolation, and which at this tender age can only harden or wither the heart!

We may here say a few words upon a set of books which, professing to facilitate and promote the reading of the Scriptures, in reality sometimes exclude them. Endless, now-a-days, are the assistances for the understanding of that which we can neither add to nor take from without danger, and which, as far as concerns young and old, is in itself adapted to every capacity. Innumerable are the "Guides to Scripture" and "Helps to the Bible"—the "Bible Lessons" and "Scripture Stories"—which, though they may faithfully give the spirit of Holy Writ, materially interfere with the letter. Two or three of these are very beautiful, and several more of them, we acknowledge, in some way edifying; but this is not a walk for ordinary writers—and even as to many cleverly executed works of the class it may be justly questioned whether, in the ardor of exemplification, the clearness of the example has not been obscured, and in the exuberance of commentary, the simplicity of the text forgotten. Some are plain enough, but then what can be plainer than Scripture? Too many, however, seek to give a meretricious interest, the taste for which it is of all things most dangerous to encourage. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the Bible gains anything by a superficial garnish of sentimentality, or a margin of matter-of-fact elucidation—that the pathos of Ruth's devotion is enhanced by any suppositious romance on which the text is silent, or the miracle of Peter's Deliverance by a mechanical description of the lock which burst open. Some commentary is necessary, and that best determined by those most conversant with the individual mind; but nothing, under any pretext, ought to be allowed to interfere with the knowledge of the Scriptures, word for word, as they are. There is enough in them that children can understand, and what they cannot in no way suffers by being acquired young.

We turn to a class of books in which, the aim being more positive and the form more prescribed, less scope is given to the vagaries of modern ingenuity—though at the same time, from the certainty of demand, this line has afforded the utmost scope to the mere book-maker. We mean the genuine school-book, in which whatever is most worth having in modern improvement is to be found. Parents and teachers are generally compelled, sooner or later, to acknowledge that, in matters of acquirement intended for wear and tear throughout life, all attempt at ornament is superfluous, if not cumbersome—and the whole fill-page family of the Peter Parleys, with their skin-deep gloss of colloquial familiarity—their "well's," and "you know's," and "what do you think's," are, we have reason to believe, waning in estimation. The chief objection, therefore, to the more solid school-books of the day is confined to their needless superfluity of number. And this affects the older rather than the younger generation. Every master of any repute now speculates in his Histories and Geographies—his Keys and his Catechisms—and the pockets of parents are severely taxed in purchasing new school-books which differ from the old ones merely in a transposition of words. As regards the department of History, we have at this moment fifteen juvenile Histories of England before us, (and these not all,) of different degrees of merit—some of them so dry that the pupil has all the task of Hume and Smollett without the honor and glory; while as regards Geography, such are the ramifications into "Civil Geography," "Historical Geography," "Political Geography," "Physical Geography," "Natural Geography," "Grammar Geography," &c., that among them all the good old "Common Geography" seems to have but a slender chance. Less harm, however, has been done than might have been supposed. Mere transposers have not the time to alter much more than the name, nor the ability to go far wrong; while, on the other hand, several first-rate writers have employed both, to the great advantage of elementary instruction. Nevertheless, we are inclined to consider that the chief improvement in this department is chiefly attributable to the judicious retaining and remodelling of old works; for much as Goldsmith may require rectification, and Mangnall continuation, no modern work has excelled either. In passing, we must regret that much knowledge that is useful and interesting should be conveyed in the form of conversations. *Vivá voce*, this is a mode of instruction which stands unrivalled; but in the transition to print, it seldom fails to acquire a pedantry and mannerism, which ever since the days of "Tutor, George and Harry," have been very obnoxious to children. If the subject discussed be merely hard information, these flowery links in no way assist to beguile it—if it be one of amusement and interest, it does not require them. In either case it conveys the idea of filling a book for filling's sake. In private and maternal tuition these roadside endearments are best supplied impromptu, and in school they are somewhat out of place. Mrs. Markham's History of England is one among the few exceptions, but this lady's Conversations have so little *talk* in them as hardly to come under that denomination. Altogether it is to be feared that in the multiplication of works of instruction now supplied, much time is engaged that might be more profitably spent. Much, it is true, is taught

that is worth *knowing*, but little attention paid to what is worth *reading*. Young people are directed to authors who will be forgotten in a twelvemonth, to the exclusion of those who have stood for a century: and girls especially leave school with no knowledge of those standard English works which ought to be put into them next to their Bible.

Recent times have produced many works in which vast exertion has been made to bring down the difficulties of *science* to the comprehension of childhood; but without depreciating the intention, we are inclined to regard the pains expended as, in great measure, labor lost. Any one concerned in the education of children must soon become aware that all matters of science, however familiarly put, must depend mainly on the explanation of the teacher. There is no reason, therefore, why the best books should not be used at once; and this, in point of fact, is most generally done by those who teach such things with any success.

We must, we suppose, include under the category of school-books—at least we know not where else to place them—those “much-ado-about-nothing” systems—those ingenious teachers who “climb o’er the house to unlock the little gate,” who care not how vague an idea their pupils may possess of the multiplication-table, or of the number of the commandments, but sternly insist on their accuracy of distinction between a horse and a cow,\* and on their clearness of apprehension of the “kingdom of a needle,” and “the *parts and properties* of a halfpenny!” By which we beg to observe no allusion is intended to the conventional province of the one, or the fugitive disposition of the other—no assistance tendered as to the use of the needle, or the disposal of the halfpenny, but, on the contrary, the attention is solely concentrated on certain minutiae, which the negligence of all former ages had unaccountably left children to find out for themselves. Indeed, it is sad to think how many a needle has been plied in mere vulgar mechanical industry, without one thought of its being “mineral, artificial, metallic, opaque, bright, cold, taper, pointed, slender, useful, fusible, grey or steel-color, hard, brittle, solid, steel.” It is painful to reflect how many a halfpenny has been pocketed, and, what is worse, spent too, without the slightest attention to its “surfaces, edges, milling, impression, image, superscription, reverse, date,” &c.† What has the world been about?

Another feature of this novel system is a species of exercise which, we understand, in those particular schools where they teach long words and little matters, is called “*Elliptical Questions*,” but in a printed form assumes the name of “*Rational Readings*.” The recipe consists in leaving blank spaces in the narrative, whether verse or prose, for the child’s imagination to fill up—a plan which combines the twofold advantage of requiring no thought to do, and conferring no instruction when done. For instance—

“A London merchant had \_\_\_\_\_, James and Richard. James, from a boy accustomed to every indulgence in his power, and when he was up, was quite a fine \_\_\_\_\_. He dressed expensively—frequented public \_\_\_\_\_—kept his hunter at a livery \_\_\_\_\_, and was a \_\_\_\_\_ of several convivial \_\_\_\_\_. At home it was almost a footman’s sole \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ on him. He would have thought it greatly \_\_\_\_\_ him to \_\_\_\_\_

buckle his \_\_\_\_\_ shoes, and if he \_\_\_\_\_ anything at the other \_\_\_\_\_ of the room, he would ring a \_\_\_\_\_, and bring a servant up two \_\_\_\_\_ rather than rise from his \_\_\_\_\_ and fetch it,” &c.

Or this—

“Around the fire one winter night,  
The farmer’s rosy children \_\_\_\_\_,  
The fagot lent \_\_\_\_\_ blazing light,  
And jokes \_\_\_\_\_ round and careless chat;  
When, hark! a gentle \_\_\_\_\_ they hear,  
Low tapping at the bolted \_\_\_\_\_,  
And thus to gain their willing \_\_\_\_\_,  
A feeble voice was heard to implore.”

Now what can possibly be gained by such exercises as these? A clever child might possibly conceive that the blanks in the prose piece were typical of certain lapses in James’ life; but the gaps in Miss Aikin would decidedly be too much for him. If puzzling the brain in search of a word be a necessary portion of education, a few charades from old pocket-books will answer the purpose much better. There is no child but who would look upon this kind of exercise as mere play, and get sick of it on that very account. And yet, reader, these are *Rational Readings*! and are mixed up *pari passu* with lessons on astronomy and hydraulics, &c., requiring a mind of about thrice the age.\*

Equally absurd in principle, but older we believe in practice, are those specimens of false spelling, the rectification of which is supposed to be instrumental in promoting a correct idea of such matters; but which, in reality, much more generally succeed in leaving impressions of the wrong way than of the right. This would hardly be worth mentioning here had we not observed a recent advertisement announcing the pains which have been taken to supply the present rising generation with “quotations from the *best* poets, and the choicest sentences from our *great* writers,” all *spelt wrong*!† So that it may be reasonably expected that for the sake of a *t* too little or an *e* too much, the best ideas of writing will henceforward be inseparably connected in their minds with the worst of spelling. It is like cutting a Sir Joshua to shreds to show them the texture of the canvas.

Having thus expressed our opinion of the majority of modern juvenile books, it may be urged upon us, that, with few exceptions, the minds of children are far more healthily exercised and generally cultivated than in a former generation. But, while gladly admitting this to be the fact, we are inclined to attribute it far more to the liberty now allowed them in promiscuous reading than to any efforts which have been made of late in their own department—far more to the power of ranging free over field and pasture than to all the little racks of ready-cut hay that have been so officiously supplied them. Children seem to possess an inherent conviction that when the hole is big enough for the cat, no smaller one at the side is needed for the kitten. They don’t really care for “*Glimpses*” of this, or “*Gleanings*” of that, or “*Footsteps*” to the other—but would rather stretch and pull, and get on tiptoe to reach the sweeter fruit above them, than confine themselves to the crabs which grow to their level. The truth is, though seldom apprehended by juvenile book-writers, that children are distinguished from ourselves less by an

\* See *Aids to Development*.

† Dr. Mayo’s *Lessons on Objects*.

\* A Series of Lessons in Prose and Verse, by J. M’Culloch, D. D.

† Pinnock’s Exercises in False Spelling.



*inferiority* than by a *difference* in capacity—that the barriers between manhood and childhood are marked less by the progress of every power than by the exchange of many. A mere weaker decoction of the same ideas and subjects that suit us will be very unsuitable to them. A genuine child's book is as little like a book for grown people cut down, as the child himself is like a little old man. The beauty and popularity of Lamb's "Shakspere's Tales" are attributable to the joint excellences of both author and transposer, but this is a rare exception:—generally speaking, the way in which Froissart is cut into spoon-meat, and Josephus put into swaddling-clothes, has only degraded these authors from their old positions, without in any way benefiting the rising generation by their new. The real secret of a child's book consists not merely in its being less dry and less difficult, but more rich in interest—more true to nature—more exquisite in art—more abundant in every quality that replies to childhood's keener and fresher perceptions. Such being the case, the best of juvenile reading will be found in libraries belonging to their elders, while the best of juvenile writing will not fail to delight those who are no longer children. "Robinson Crusoe," the standing favorite of above a century, was not originally written for children; and Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," addressed solely to them, are the pleasure and profit of every age, from childhood upwards. Our little friends tear Pope's "Odyssey" from mamma's hands, while she takes up their "Agathos" with an admiration which no child's can exceed. Upon the whole, the idea of a book being too *old* for a child is one which rests upon very false foundations. If we do not mistake his department of enjoyment, we can hardly overrate his powers of it. With most children the taste for Robinson Crusoe will be carried out into Columbus' discoveries, Anson's voyages, and Belzoni's travels; the relish for scenes of home-life into Evelyn's Diary, Cowper's Letters, or Bracebridge Hall. With very many the easy neatness or pompous sounds of verse, from John Gilpin, or Gay's Fables, to Alexander's Feast, or Paradise Lost, have an ineffable charm. Some, of no uncommon capacity, are known to be smitten with the mysterious pathos of Young's Night Thoughts. But yesterday we saw one little miss sucking her thumb over Thalaba.

But to return to the present liberty of indiscriminate reading: we doubt in most cases if it be owing to any conviction of its real superiority, or whether, in the great increase of publications, and the prevailing fashion of throwing open libraries and scattering books through every room of a house, it has not rather been suffered from an impossibility of prevention. We fear, in short, that parents are far more inclined to look on this as a necessary evil than as an incidental good, and are by no means satisfied in their consciences as to the time spent in useless reading, or the risk incurred by pernicious. But may not these misgivings, like many another concerning the education of children, be traced to our giving ourselves too much credit for judgment, and them too little for discernment? As regards useless reading, so long as it does not interfere with habits of application, and powers of attention, we are but poor judges of its real amount. Children have an instinct of food which more cultivated palates lose; and many is the scrap they will pick from hedge and common which to us seem barren. Nor may

the question of pernicious reading be left to its usual acceptance, more especially as what is so called deserves the epithet, not so much on account of any absolutely false principle as from a tendency to inflame the passions or shock the taste, and therefore falls innocuous on a mind where the passions are silent and the taste unformed. With the immense choice of irreprehensible works before us, no one would deliberately put those into a child's hands where much that is beautiful is mixed up with much that is offensive; but, should they fall in their way, we firmly believe no risk to exist—if they will read them at one time or another, the earlier perhaps the better. Such works are like the viper—they have a wholesome flesh as well as a poisonous sting; and children are perhaps the only class of readers which can partake of one without suffering from the other.

We are aware that a small party exists who not only deny the utility of the modern juvenile school, but go so far as to question the utility and policy of children's books altogether. Tieck, a true genius as well as a most learned man, is said never to have allowed one to enter his house. Such a mode of prevention, however, is worse than the evil itself. Juvenile books are as necessary to children as juvenile companionship, though nothing can be worse for them than to be restricted exclusively to either. Doubtless the imaginary exemption from the rules and ceremonials of general literature, which little books as well as little folks enjoy, has, as we have seen, fostered a host of works from the simply unprofitable to the directly pernicious, which would otherwise not have seen the light. But neither this nor any other consideration should forbid the cultivation of a branch of literature which, properly understood, gives exercise to the highest powers both of head and heart, or make us ungrateful to those writers by whom great powers have been so devoted. For children are not their only debtors—nor is the delight with which we take up one of the companions of our childhood entirely attributable to associations of days gone by—nor the assiduity with which we devour a new comer solely ascribable to parental watchfulness—but it is with these as with some game which we join at first merely to try whether we can play as we once did, or with the view of keeping our little playmates out of mischief, but which we end by liking for its own sake—though we do not always say so.

In truth it is good for both the young and the old should frequently exchange libraries. We give them a world of new ideas, but they do more, for they purify and freshen our old ones. There is nothing like the voice of one of these little Mentors to brush up our better part. There is no reading from which we rise more softened in heart, more strengthened in resolution, nay, not infrequently, more enriched in information. And this brings us to a more grateful portion of our task, and one in which that general tone we were bound to observe in our deprecatory remarks may be exchanged for a more particular kind—for, considering the numbers of little volumes that have passed through our hands with a view to preparing this article, it may perhaps not seem presumptuous in us to specify modern works both of amusement and instruction which have struck us as, on the whole, most worthy of the attention of parents and teachers. At the same time the following list has been the incidental more than the

intentional result of our search, and therefore professes no systematic completeness, or categorical accuracy: moreover, we doubt not that by many a reader our selection has been already anticipated. As regards also the old children's books, the much-read and roughly-treated friends of a whole little generation, whose crazy backs and soft cottony leaves have stood a greater wear and tear than any of their sprucer successors could survive—which tell not only of the times when they were devoured, but of the very places—which recall the lofty bough whence the feet hung dangling at a height which now does not take them off the ground, or the pleasant nook where the little reader sat huddled up in a position which it would now be extremely inconvenient to assume—which speak of days when, engrossed in their pages, all sorrow was forgotten, and when there were no real sorrows to forget, and when even solitary confinement was borne without a murmur, if one of them could be kidnapped to share it—as regards these dearly-loved books, which tell all this and much more, our impartiality of judgment might be well suspected had we not lived to see their charm extend to the hearts of the present generation as well as linger round those of the past. In our enumeration, therefore, of such works as we would most willingly see in the hands of children, we must be allowed to name many of the old school which have been superseded in circulation by works bearing no comparison with them in value, and which, though never to be forgotten by some readers, are, we have reason to know, totally unknown to others. We commence, then, with the books of direct amusement, attempting no further classification than such as the age of the child suggests.

*The House Treasury*, by Felix Summerly, including

*The Traditional Nursery Songs of England,*  
*Beauty and the Beast,*

*Jack and the Beanstalk*, and other old friends, all charmingly done and beautifully illustrated, which may be left to the discretion of parents. These are a grateful relief after the spiritless flippancies—the Prince of Wales' Alphabet, for instance, and other such trash of the day—while the involuntary pleasure they afford to grown-up minds will go far to convince us what the delights of children really are.

*Puss in Boots*, with the designs of Otto Specker. We consider this as the *beau-ideal* of a nursery-book; yet it will afford much entertainment to older readers, and please all admirers of art. The engravings in the English book are even better than those in the German original.

*Nursery Rhymes,*

*Original Poems*, by the Misses Taylor, of Ongar. Admirable little books. It was justly said of them by a contemporary Review, "the writers of these rhymes have far better claims to the title of poet, than many who arrogate to themselves that high appellation." Nevertheless they are too generally superseded by a tribe of very contemptible juvenile versifiers.

*Aesop's Fables*. There are several versions in English of this book—which furnishes more amusement to the child and wisdom to the man than almost any other we could mention. Good fables cannot be too much recommended. While other books are laboring at a fact, they are teaching a principle, and that the more securely from the child's complete unconsciousness of the process.

*Persian Fables*, by Rev. H. G. Keene. A very wise and attractive little volume.

*Gay's Fables*—it is enough to name: the first we believe in date, and inferior surely to none in merit, of all the classics of the nursery.

*Prince Leboo*. We would wish this beautiful character to live in the hearts of all children.

*German Popular Tales*, translated from Grimm. An exquisite book for children, and one far surpassing in every way the many recently published German collections, for which it has mainly supplied the materials. Care should be taken to procure the original edition of 1823, illustrated by George Cruikshank—a baser edition being in circulation.

*Evenings at Home*, by Mrs. Barbauld and Dr. Aikin; but Mrs. Barbauld deserves the greater share of credit, as the scientific dialogues will scarce find a voluntary reader. There is a classic beauty and simple gravity in this lady's writing, which, knowing how great a favorite she is with all children permitted to possess her, shows how unnecessary as well as ungraceful is that flippant-clap-trap manner now so much in vogue. We have been surprised to find the little request at juvenile libraries for this work.

*Parent's Assistant*, by Miss Edgeworth. Popular as Miss Edgeworth's writings were in the last generation, they deserve to be still more so now, when the beauties of her writing are more than ever wanted, and their few deficiencies, if we may say so of one to whom we owe a deep debt of gratitude, less likely to take effect. Therefore it is with the greatest pleasure that we have observed the preference evinced for her books by children who are plentifully supplied with the more showy works of her successors—all, it is needless to say, greatly her inferiors in mind and skill.

*Popular Tales*, by Miss Edgeworth.

*Garry Owen*, by the same, is a charming little piece, perhaps not so universally known.

*The Child's Own Book*. One of the best modern versions of old materials, and far superior to one entitled "*The Child's Fairy Library*."

*Leila on the Island,*

*Leila in England,*

*Mary and Florence*, by Miss Anne Fraser Tytler. These are excellent—especially the *Leilas*. Miss Tytler's writings are especially valuable for their religious spirit. She has taken a just position between the rationalism of the last generation and the puritanism of the present, while the perfect nature and true art with which she sketches from juvenile life, show powers which might be more ambitiously displayed, but cannot be better bestowed.

*Mrs. Trimmer's Robins.*

*Adventures of a Donkey*. These two books have saved numerous nests from plunder, and warded off many a blow from a "despised race." They give, it is true, no precise ideas of the anatomical formation of the animals described, but they invest both the robin and the donkey with a sentiment of kindness and humanity in the heart of a child, which we are inclined to think of far more value.

*Son of a Genius*, by Mrs. Hofland. A very beautiful tale, and the best of this lady's numerous little books, which are mostly too much of the *novellette* style to recommend.

*Hope on, Hope ever,*

*Strive and Thrive*. Both excellent—by Mary Howitt,—whose children's books are numerous, but very unequal in merit, and some of them, we regret to say, highly objectionable.

*Holiday House*, by Miss Catherine Sinclair; a book full of mirth for children; the work of a genuinely kind, and very clever spirit.

*Lamb's Shakspeare's Tales*. This is a juvenile gift of the highest value. He indeed understood Shakspeare and children too.

*Lamb's Ulysses*. Also a beautiful specimen of art in itself.

*Robinson Crusoe*. No wonder that Burckhardt found the surest plan for captivating a group of wild Arabs—the children of the desert—was to translate for them a chapter of Defoe's masterpiece.

*Settlers at Home,*

*Feats on the Fiord,*

*The Crofton Boys*, by Miss Martineau. These volumes of "The Playfellow," especially the first and third, will be read with delight through every generation in a house. We purposely omit the remaining volume, "The Peasant and the Prince," which has a reprehensible purpose and tendency.

*Masterman Ready*, by Captain Marryat. The best of Robinson Crusoe's numerous descendants, and one of the most captivating of modern children's books. The only danger is lest parents should dispute with their children the possession of it.

*May You Like it*. A pathetic and fascinating volume.

*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*. We have already said a word or two of this delightful volume—the work of one of the highest and most amiable of contemporary minds—a genius which shines with equal felicity in the tender and the humorous vein. It is fast becoming a child's book.

*Croker's Fairy Legends*. A book quite after a child's own heart—full of dancing fun and grotesque imagery.

*Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia.*

*The Fool of Quality*—a well done abridgment—in our early day highly relished by young people.

*Undine*, translated from the German of La Motte Fouqué—a romance for all ages.

*Vicar of Wakefield.*

*Phantasmion*, by Mrs. Henry Coleridge; a tale of fairyland, full of captivation for man, woman, and child.

*Arabian Nights*. We forbear to intrude our prejudice in favor of the old edition over Lane's more correct version, because we are convinced that whichever children have the pleasure of reading first will be the lasting favorite.

As regards those works which convey more direct information without any expense of interest, we may mention,

*Contributions of Q. Q.*, by Miss Jane Taylor; a work which cannot be too highly praised; religious precepts, moral lessons, and interesting information, all given in a sound and beautiful form. Another instance of the popularity of *good writing*—this book being in high favor with children. In its present form this work is perhaps not generally known, as it was published in detached portions in the "Youth's Magazine," and the parts have only lately been collected. But many a reader is acquainted with "The Discontented Pendulum," "How it Strikes a Stranger," &c., which appeared in separate pieces, and will be found in various selections of prose reading.

*Willy's Holidays*, by Mrs. Marcet.

*The Boy and the Birds*, by Miss Emily Taylor; a delightful little volume.

*Bingley's Stories of Dogs,*

*Horses,*

*Travellers,*

*Shipwrecks.*

A set of works which, professing only to amuse, instruct and edify in no common degree.

*Uncle Philip's Whale Fishery*, of which the same may be said.

*Stanley's Birds*. This is by the present Bishop of Norwich—it well deserves its great popularity.

*Mrs. Marcet's Conversation on Land and Water*. This is so far superior to the usual class of modern books, in which it is thought necessary to give instruction a garnish of amusement, that, though drawn up in that garrulous form we so much condemn, we cannot omit to recommend it here.

*Harry and Lucy*, by Miss Edgeworth. It matters not how learned Miss Edgeworth may make her Harrys and Lucys, we defy her to make them dull.

*White's History of Selborne*, for young people. The omissions are judicious.

*Peter Parley's Tales of Animals*. A collection of interesting anecdotes, and very attractive to children, but the only work by the real Simon Pure we should care to see in their hands. Nor have we been more satisfied with the other writers under the same mask, which in most cases seems to have been assumed only to carry down a shallowness and flippancy of style which otherwise would not have been tolerated.

*Goldsmith's Animated Nature.*

*Selections from the Spectator, Guardian, and Tatler*, by Mrs. Barbauld. To the credit of children, this is one of their greatest delights.

*Howitt's Country Boy's Book*. A capital work, and we are inclined to think his best in any line.

*Stories for Children from the History of England*, by Mr. Croker. This skilful performance suggested the plan of Sir W. Scott's

*Tales of a Grandfather.*

*Southey's Life of Nelson.*

*Mutiny of the Bounty.*

*Lives of the Admirals.*

*The (abridged) Life of Columbus*, by Washington Irving.

*Hone's Every-Day Book*. Excessively interesting to children from the earliest ages.

*Sketch Book.*

*Bracebridge Hall.*

*Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, by Captain Basil Hall.

*The Waverley Novels.*

We should think a selection of these, with some of the prints representing realities from the Abbotsford edition, would be the most popular child's book in the world; and the drawing-room set would last a good while longer.

Works of a more directly religious cast:—

*Watts' Hymns,*

*Hymns for Infant Minds*, by the Misses Taylor of Ongar,

*Mrs. Hemans' Hymns for Childhood*. These are all that can be required for the exercise of early piety, and three more beautiful little works cannot be desired.

*Child's Christian Year.*

*Tracts and Tales,* and

*Sacred Dramas*, and other writings, by Mrs. Hannah More.

*Agathos*, and other tales, by Archdeacon Wilberforce. These are indeed the works of a master. Their success can surprise no one.

*The Distant Hills*,

*Shadow of the Cross*. Two beautiful little allegorical works, of which a child can make no false application. The explanatory dialogues at the close of each will be found of the utmost utility.

*Gospel Stories*, by Mrs. Barrow. This is not to be confounded with the mob of little books bearing similar titles; it is a very remarkable specimen of skill, and treats some of the most difficult passages in Gospel History with a clearness that may guide and help many an experienced parent in the instruction of her children.

*Ico and Verena*. A most impressive little volume.

*Loss of the "Kent" East Indiaman*. A lesson to young and old.

*Burder's Oriental Customs*.

*Translations from Fénelon*.

*Keble's Christian Year*.

*Pilgrim's Progress*. The sooner read the better.

As regards the regular school-book, we pretend to no systematic catalogue; for, great as are their number, their purpose is much defeated by the modes of verbal instruction now current in schools, in which each instructor proceeds upon notes and abridgments of his own, the results of general and extensive knowledge, and not to be furnished by any one book or set of books. It is, therefore, only in private and maternal tuition that the following short list can give assistance, and that also dependent on the mode of application and the auxiliary instruction with which they are accompanied.

*Mary's Grammar*, by Mrs. Marcet. A sound and simple little work for the earliest ages.

*Lindley Murray* for all others.

*Mrs. Markham's History of England*.

*History of France*.

*School History of England*. The best of the numerous class, especially written for instruction.

*Elements of Geography*, by Mr. Croker. The best of elementary books on the subject.

*Stewart's Geography*. More simple, more correct, and better arranged than any other we have seen.

*Arrowsmith's Geography*.

*Mangnall's Historical and Miscellaneous Questions*. The most comprehensive book of instruction existing, and to be preferred to all the others to which it has served as model.

*Hort's Pantheon*. Superior to all other juvenile mythologies in form and tendency, and decidedly in the pleasure it gives a child.

*Flowers of History, ancient and modern*. We fear this work is now forgotten; but we must say we think we learned more from it than from any one of its class that we ever read. The author was a Mr. Adams, a clergyman, schoolmaster at Putney.

*Goldsmith's History of Rome*—

*Greece*. Goldsmith's picturesque writing will always make him preferred by children, while the love of history, which his works induce, is a far greater benefit to them than the more correct facts they may imbibe from later writers, who have little other merit than that of rectifying his inaccuracies.

*Keightley's History of Rome*—

*Keightley's History of Greece*. For a more advanced age.

*Rollin's Ancient History*.

*Mavor's Classical English Poetry*.

*Selections from Wordsworth*—a small volume.

*Readings in English Prose, from Lord Bacon downwards*.

*Dr. Arnott's Physics*. This answers the purpose of juvenile instruction far more than all the juvenile works of science.

*Dick's Christian Philosopher*. A work of a very delightful tendency, and eminently qualified to assist the teacher.

In the list thus offered, it would be absurd to imagine that all have been mentioned that are worthy of attention. As we said before, we offer what has indirectly presented itself to us, more than what we have directly sought for. The aim, also, has been more to contract than to expand—to the exclusion of many works highly respectable in ability, but too similar and numerous to be distinguished. Being also convinced by experience, that it is the out of school reading which equally leaves the deepest impression on the child, and gives the greatest license to the writer, it is this branch of juvenile books to which our chief attention has been devoted. As to the works of an older kind, fitted for children's reading, we need hardly remind those concerned in their welfare, that Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, and Addison, are enjoyable and appreciable from a very early age, and that the child's store of such reading is one of the richest legacies the adult can inherit. And in an age when, by a strange perversity of reasoning, a twofold injury, both in what is required and what is withheld, is inflicted upon children, it behoves us the more to supply them with those authors who, like old plate, though their pattern may go out of fashion for a season, yet always retain the same intrinsic value.

Upon the whole, we should be happy if, by calling attention to the real excellence and beauty of a genuine child's book, we could assist in raising the standard of the *art* itself—the only effectual way, it seems to us, of checking the torrent of dressed-up trumpery which is now poured upon the public. For on taking a retrospective view of the juvenile libraries of the day, it is very obvious that there are a set of individuals who have taken to writing children's books, solely because they found themselves incapable of any other, and who have had no scruple in coming forward in a line of literature which, to their view, presupposed the lowest estimate of their own abilities. Nor has the result undeceived them—on the contrary, they write simple little books which any little simpleton can understand, and in the facility of the task become more and more convinced of its utter insignificance. The whole mistake hinges upon the slight but important distinction between *childish* books and *children's* books. The first are very easy—the second as much the reverse—the first require no mind at all—the second mind of no common class. What indeed can be a closer test of natural ability and acquired skill than that species of composition which, above all others, demands clearness of head and soundness of heart, the closest study of nature, and the most complete command over your materials? A child's book especially requires that which every possessor of talent knows to be its most difficult and most necessary adjunct, viz., the judgment evinced in

the selection of your ideas—the discretion exercised in the control of your powers. In short, the *beau-ideal* of this class of composition lies in the union of the highest art with the simplest form; and if it be absurd to expect the realization of this more frequently in children's books than in any other, it is quite as absurd to attempt to write them without keeping it in any way in view.

#### PEEL AND GUIZOT.

Who would ever have dreamed that the results of the Reform Bill in England, and of the July Revolution in France, would have been to place at the head of affairs in both countries ministers as powerful as those who reigned in ultra-monarchic times; ministers hateful to the great liberal parties in both countries, yet equally odious to the great body of the conservatives! That two men, like Peel and Guizot, without aristocratic followers, without that ascendancy over a large body of companions which genius gives, being, on the contrary, lone, monkish, repugnant beings, without the prestige of high birth or courtly manners, without hospitality, popularity, without, in fact, one element of power or greatness—that two such men as these, by dint of cleverness, and manoeuvring, and tergiversation, not gross enough to destroy character, tacking with every wind, but never running right before any—that these men should have borne away the prize of power, and kept it, is certainly one of the most unexpected results and inexplicable enigmas that history has yet been given to solve.

Could ballots take place in the House of Commons and the Chamber of Deputies, each member to vote for the prime minister by his predilections, setting aside the necessity of voting for him who could best keep out their enemies, Peel and Guizot would not have twenty votes each. How is it, then, that these men have become indispensable even to those who hate them! Simply because both have altered the whole system of political conduct, and exchanged the character of the statesman representing a party for that of the factor who is prepared to act for all or for any in the proportion of their predominance. In the legislative assemblies of both countries, parties are closely balanced, so closely that, the minority for the time in opposition can always render government impracticable to the majority in power. But liberal principles extend far in upon the conservative benches, and conservative scruples far on the liberal ones. On different questions, and in different moods, the majority changes, therefore, like scenes upon a stage; and a first-rate political actor must have the faculty of chiming in with both these tones. This is the science of Sir Robert Peel and of M. Guizot.

It is but fair, however, to M. Guizot to observe that in taking this double part under the agency of the times, he has broken no pledges and committed no gross deception. He has never promised the

landed interest that their monopolies should be sacrosanct, in order that, as public opinion sapped them, he might let these monopolies go down one by one. On the contrary, M. Guizot has kept more than his promise to the conservative monopolists of France. He came into power hoping to facilitate commercial relations between England and France, but finding the dominant powers of the French Chamber, the owners of wood, of iron, and manufactures of all kinds, firmly opposed to such liberal concession, he abandoned them frankly, and has declared himself a prohibitionist. He might safely do so, for the opposition professes the same principles. M. Guizot has turned, and has taken for his commercial motto, *Prohibeamus*.

The consumers in France are, however, a dull, ignorant, nose-led set, carried away by a stupid clamor for war, an idle jealousy of their neighbors. They care not so much for the luxuries of life, such as cheap sugar, cheap clothing, cheap iron. They can do without these, provided the passions of vanity and vengeance be gratified. The leading monopolists join their cry against England and other countries, knowing that while this lasts they will not clamor for free trade or cheap luxuries or foreign imports. But whilst they join it, they allow it to be no more than a cry, taking care that it shall not grow into any result. M. Guizot, in this respect, is the very minister for the French monopolists. He keeps them safe from war, takes upon himself the popular odium of shrinking from it, and leaves the conservatives the pleasure of vaporing and swearing at England, as if they intended to eat her. M. Guizot thus renders himself so valuable to the French monopolists, that he can thwart and bully them upon other points.

Sir Robert Peel is supported by a precisely analogous body of monopolists, but who have not the same facility for gulling Englishmen that French brawlers have for stultifying their public. The French consumer is not on the verge of indigence, and if any French manufacture lose its power of exporting, it is not ruin to populations of half or of quarter of a million. The English consumer wants necessities; the French one as yet wants but luxuries, and the lesson of his life has been to be frugal and to abstain. Sir Robert Peel, therefore, must struggle with the monopolists where M. Guizot has comparatively little to do but to conciliate. The French ones grumble, indeed, but the English fellows rebel. They are met by the English prime minister with the threat of "Send me away, and see what will become of you." And straight the creatures are cowed, cowed by their political factor, who tells them they shall have such price and no more, and that they should be glad to get it.

If such be a true statement of the revolution in political science, it becomes a query, whether we are warranted in demanding consistency of a great and successful statesman. Must not cleverness suffice us? And if we have a tory minister who can bully the monopolist and dominant party, and so keep their rapacity and arrogance within some limits, is it not as much as we can hope for the present!—*Examiner*.

From the Quarterly Review.

*Travels through the Alps of Savoy, and other parts of the Pennine Chain; with Observations on the Phenomena of Glaciers.* By JAMES D. FORBES, F. R. S., &c. 1 vol. imperial 8vo.; with Plates and Map. Edinburgh, 1843.

THE object of Professor Forbes, in this elaborate and beautifully-illustrated work, is to give a detailed account of the great glacier districts of the Pennine Alps, from the western slopes of Mont Blanc on the one hand, to the eastern sides of Monte Rosa on the other, including the giant peak of the Muttterhorn, and innumerable other intermediate regions. His excursions had in view principally the accurate observance of glaciers, and the careful study of whatever might tend to the establishment of the true theory of these great natural phenomena; but the volume is as far as possible from being a frigid specimen of scientific writing. On the contrary its peculiar merit consists in the combination of minute and ever watchful attention to the details of technical observation and experiment, with an expansive, and indeed poetical perception and expression of those most wonderful aspects of nature by which the Alpine traveller is surrounded.

Switzerland is without doubt the most finely-featured and strikingly diversified country in the world for the admirer of natural scenery. We do not believe that even the loftier heights of the Himalaya or the Andes afford effects more magnificent, if indeed they equal the grandeur of the great central groups of Europe. The latter, if less vast, are for that very reason more varied; and the traveller thus never feels the tedium of monotony which is doubtless produced by a long continuance of the same kind of grandeur, however superlative.

"Add to this," says Professor Forbes, "that the actual height of the zone of perpetual snow is as great as that of any mountains in the world, with one or two exceptions; for the highest land on the surface of the globe is near the equator, where the corresponding high temperature raises the limit at which perpetual snow commences to nearly the extreme height of European mountains. The eye, which must always have some actual or conventional standard of reference, if it cannot judge by the level of the sea, takes the level of the plain as a starting point; or, if there be no plain, the level of perpetual snow is a natural index of elevation, which, connected as it is with height, solitude, and vastness, impresses the mind with the highest sense of grandeur in natural scenery. It has often been observed that Chimborazo is less elevated above the table-land from which it rises than Mont Blanc is above the valley of Chamouni; and taking the level of perpetual snow in the Alps at 8500 feet, Mont Blanc is snow-clad throughout its higher 7000 feet. Now, a peak in the Himalaya range, in order to show as much, would need to rise to above 22,000 feet—a height which few of them exceed."—p. 12.

It is these and other notices of a corresponding

kind which, pervading the present work, bestow upon it a substantiality so seldom found in our ordinary journals and "Tours de force," so many of which illustrate rather activity of body than accuracy of mind. We may add that, in addition to Mr. Forbes' natural and acquired qualifications for the fulfilment of his task, his opportunities have been ample. He had the advantage, he informs us, of receiving his first impressions of Switzerland in early youth; and these he has carefully refreshed and strengthened by successive visits to almost every district of the Alps between Provence and Austria. He has crossed the principal chain twenty-seven times, generally on foot, by twenty-three different passes, and has intersected the lateral ranges in various directions. His accomplishments as a natural philosopher are widely known. Had he been an angler and an entomologist, the circle of his capacities would have been complete.

That portion of the Alps of Switzerland and Savoy called the Pennine chain is strongly characterized by the great number and large extent of its glaciers. From the increasing coldness of the atmosphere as we ascend, the upper portions of all extremely lofty mountains must be covered with snow. "Whilst the plains are covered with the verdure of summer, eternal winter reigns upon the summits; and thus the stupendous ranges of the Himalaya or the Andes present, in one condensed picture, all the climates of the earth, from the tropics to the poles."\* A snow-covered mountain, however, is not itself, neither does it necessarily produce, a glacier; and why these icy ranges are found in certain countries and not in others, of which the natural climate and prevailing attributes seem quite the same, is a point which we shall not attempt to solve; but let Professor Forbes now inform us of what is meant by a glacier, in the ordinary acceptance of the term:—

"The common form of a glacier is a river of ice filling a valley, and pouring down its mass into other valleys yet lower. It is not a frozen ocean, but a frozen torrent. Its origin or fountain is in the ramifications of the higher valleys and gorges which descend amongst the mountains perpetually snow-clad; but what gives to a glacier its most peculiar and characteristic feature is, that it does not belong exclusively or necessarily to the snowy regions already mentioned. The snow disappears from its surface in summer as regularly as from that of the rocks which sustain its mass. It is the

\* Mr. Moore sings of Eastern Alps,—

"Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,  
And whitens with eternal sleet,  
While summer, in a vale of flowers,  
Is sleeping rosy at their feet."

There is, however, no *sleet* upon the extremest heights of any Alpine mountains, where the snow, from never-absent frost, falls dry and powdery. There is a great difference between perpetual snow and perpetual congelation. The latter condition is inconsistent with sleet, which results from a reduction of temperature; but it would be scarcely fair to expect always both rhyme and reason.

prolongation or outlet of the winter world above ; its gelid mass is protruded into the midst of warm and pine-clad slopes and green-sward, and sometimes reaches even to the borders of cultivation. The very huts of the peasantry are sometimes invaded by this moving ice ; and many persons now living have seen the full ears of corn touching the glacier, or gathered ripe cherries from the tree with one foot standing on the ice.

"Thus much, then, is plain, that the existence of the glacier in comparatively warm and sheltered situations, exposed to every influence which can ensure and accelerate its liquefaction, can only be accounted for by supposing that the ice is pressed onwards by some secret spring, that its daily waste is renewed by its descent, and that the termination of the glacier, which presents a seeming barrier or crystal wall immovable, and having usually the same appearance and position, is, in fact, perpetually changing—a stationary form, of which the substance wastes—a thing permanent in the act of dissolution."—p. 19.

From the lower end of all large glaciers there consequently runs a stream of very chill and rather turbid water, derived from the melting of the ice and snow, the rain of summer, and the natural springs which no doubt occur in the bed or basin of the icy vale. The waste of the glacier itself during the warmest months may be presumed to yield the main supply of moisture, and hence many of the continental rivers which flow from Alpine sources are observed to have their greatest floods in July. So also does the voice of the mountain torrent become louder and louder as the day advances, while it diminishes towards evening, and is least of all in early morning.

"Nothing is more striking than the contrast which day and night produce in the superficial drainage of the glacier. No sooner is the sun set than the rapid chill of evening, reducing the temperature of the air to the freezing-point or lower, the nocturnal radiation at the same time violently cooling the surface—the glacier life seems to lie torpid—the sparkling rills shrink and come to nothing—their gushing murmurs and the roar of their waterfalls gradually subside—and by the time that the ruddy tints have quitted the higher hill-tops, a death-like silence reigns amidst these untenanted wilds."—p. 21.

But how beautiful to the eye and mind—more striking, indeed, from their increased solemnity—are the subdued glories of that nocturnal scene ! The moon, an unconsuming fire, may be rising slowly from among the wooded steepes of the Montanvert, casting her silvery light into the depth of shadowy vales, or spreading a more ample lustre over the vast expanse of snow-covered mountains. The gigantic rocky spires, called *Aiguilles*, rise in gray and ghastly grandeur amid the eternal snows, attaining to various elevations from 10 to nearly 14,000 feet above the sea, while "between those heights,

"And on the top of either pinnacle,  
More keenly than elsewhere, in night's blue vault  
Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud."

The sky itself is indeed almost black from the excessive depth of its crystalline clearness.

The lower extremity of a glacier, where its huge wedges seem to furrow up the "clods of the valley," is usually steep, broken, and nearly inaccessible ; its intermediate portion, if not level, is at least more regularly inclined ; its upper part becomes again rougher and more precipitous. Its entire surface is more or less broken up by what the French term *crevasses*, which are not crevices in our sense of the word, but rents or dislocations of various dimensions, some being so large and prolonged as during their continuance to debar all passage from one portion of the ice to another. Although the vertical sides of these crevasses are often translucent as glass, yet the general surface of a glacier presents no resemblance to that of water frozen in a state of tranquillity, such as we see it on lakes. The surface is not only irregular but rough, and the texture of the ice wants that unity of structure observable on frozen lakes. From a distance it no doubt presents a more unbroken aspect ; but on a near inspection, or on actual contact, the irregularities are frequently found so great as to render a walk of any length extremely toilsome—even the staunchest pedestrian will by-and-by prefer a scramble along the broken rocky ground on either side. The ridges are caused chiefly by the flowing of surface water, which collects into little rills and runs along the ice, thus scooping out the intermediate hollows, till it meets its match in some great crevasse, into whose icy jaws it drops and disappears. Smaller portions of the glacier, protected from solar heat by some huge stone, have also a singular *apparent* tendency to rise above the neighboring surface ; that is, the shade of the stone screens them from the melting process to which the general superficies is subjected, and so, raised as it were on stalks or pedestals, they stand for a time in ghostly preëminence—"a city of death distinct with many a tower."

On the Mer de Glace, nearly opposite the place called Convercle, there is a remarkable block of granite which particularly attracted Mr. Forbes' attention on his visit to that portion of the glacier in 1842—

"It is a magnificent slab, of the dimensions of 23 feet by 17, and about 34 feet in thickness. It was then easily accessible, and by climbing upon it, and erecting my theodolite, I made observations on the movement of the ice. But as the season advanced it changed its appearance remarkably. In conformity with the known fact of the waste of the ice at its surface, the glacier sunk all round the stone, while the ice immediately beneath it was protected from the sun and rain. The stone thus appeared to rise above the level of the glacier, supported on an elegant pedestal of beautifully veined ice. Each time I visited it, it was more difficult of ascent, and at last, on the 6th of August, the pillar of ice was *thirteen feet high*, and the broad stone so delicately poised on its summit, (which measured but a few feet in any direction,)

that it was almost impossible to guess on what side it would ultimately fall, although by the progress of the thaw its fall in the course of the summer was certain. On a still later day I made the sketch in the frontispiece, when probably it was the most beautiful object of the kind to be seen anywhere in Switzerland. The ice of the pedestal presented the beautiful lamellar structure parallel to the length of the glacier. During my absence in the end of August, it slipped from its support, and in the month of September it was beginning to rise upon a new one, whilst the unmelted base of the first was still very visible upon the glacier."—p. 92.

The lowest portion of the Mer de Glace, where it is named the Glacier des Bois, being steep and rugged, the great ice valley is usually visited by ascending the Montanvert, which bounds a portion of its western shore, and then descending to its lateral surface. But the scene from the terminal slope below is extremely fine :—

"To the right and left the prospect is enclosed by the warm green firwoods, which touch either snow-line of the glacier, and behind and aloft the view is terminated by the stupendous granitic obelisk of Dru, which has scarcely its equal in the Alps for apparent insulation and steepness; a monolith by whose side those of Egypt might stand literally lost through insignificance."

The summit of the Montanvert is about 6300 feet above the level of the sea, and its ascent forms a pleasant and picturesque morning walk from the village of Chamouni, of which the elevation is already upwards of 3400 feet. In the days of Saussure (1778) there was no other shelter on the mountain than a huge block of granite, with an overhanging face, the hollow portion screened by a rude wall, in the upper part of which was a small doorway. Such was the ancient castle of the shepherd of Montanvert. A few years later, we find from one of Link's colored views, that a small cabin with a wooden roof had been erected, probably by an Englishman, as it bore the name of "Blair's Hospital." At the period of our own visit (in 1816) there was a substantial hut, of one apartment, which had been built at the expense of M. Desportes, French Resident at Geneva. How long it continued we cannot say, but Mr. Forbes describes a far superior sort of *hostellerie* :—

"The principal floor consists of an ample public room, a small kitchen, a guide's room, and three bedrooms for strangers, besides accommodation below for the servants of the establishment, of whom two or three remain here for four months of the year. This establishment, though simple and unobtrusive, is sufficiently comfortable and cleanly, and I should be very ungrateful not to acknowledge the kindness and attention which I uniformly experienced during many weeks' residence in this house; cold and desolate it certainly was occasionally—in September the thermometer fell to 39° Fahr. in my bedroom, and there was little choice of provisions beyond the excellent mutton of the Montanvert; yet, on the whole, I preferred the tranquillity of the arrangements to the bustle

of the hotels of Chamouni, whither I seldom resorted but under stress of weather."—p. 74.

The building was erected at the expense of the commune, and is let with the grazing-ground, for 1400 francs per annum. It was on the precipices of Trelaporte, a mile or two higher up the glacier, that the professor and his party were the means of saving the life of an American traveller, who had been lying all night on a narrow ledge (on which he had fallen from above) overhanging a height of 200 feet, with the gaping chasms of the glacier directly beneath. Our philosopher says his "nervous system was so greatly affected, that for a time I doubted whether he was not deranged;" but he soon came to himself, and the poor guides, who had exposed their own lives with the most admirable bravery in his preservation, found him a genuine repudiator.

Although glaciers are fed by the snows which fall in the higher Alpine regions, and of which they are so far the natural outlets, yet their central and lower portions receive no increase from any snow which falls directly on those portions. All that snow is dissolved and disappears every season, just as regularly as it does from the surface of the adjoining ground. A patch of snow may here and there be seen within some shady, northern nook, but its texture and opacity of color distinguish it at once from the more compact character and translucence of the glacier. But as we ascend upon the ice, the snow disappears more tardily from its surface, and we finally of course reach a point from which it never disappears. This is the snow-line of the glacier, and it is somewhat lower than that of the mountain-side. Here, the professor informs us, a marked change occurs. There is frequently an insensible passage from perfect snow to perfect ice: but at other times the level of the superficial snow is well marked, and the ice occurs beneath it. The transition is supposed to be effected in the following manner :—

"The summer's thaw percolates the snow to a great depth with water; the frost of the succeeding winter penetrates far enough to freeze it at least to the thickness of one year's fall, or, by being repeated in two or more years, consolidates it more effectually. Thus M. Elie de Beaumont most ingeniously accounts for the alleged non-existence of glaciers between the tropics, by the fact that the seasons there have no considerable variations of temperature, and the thaw and frost do not separately penetrate far enough to convert the snow into ice."—p. 31.

Hence the general absence of ice in the higher portions of the zone of snow arises, we may say, rather from the want of heat than of cold, although upon the exposed summits of the great mountains, from the stronger action of the elements, and the influence of the solar rays, the snow is frequently compact rather than powdery, or in such places is even converted into an opaque ice.

The glaciers, then, being in some way or other slowly moving masses, or icy streams, which par-



tially convey the immeasurable reservoirs of Alpine snow into the lower regions, it naturally became a question of deep interest to ascertain the cause of such majestic movement.

The theory of glacier motion suggested by Gruner, and adopted by Saussure, was this—that the valleys in which glaciers lie being always more or less inclined, their own weight was sufficient to urge them downwards, pressed on moreover by the accumulation of the winter snows of the higher regions—this sliding process being facilitated by the fusion of the bottom of the glacier, where it comes in contact with the natural heat of the earth on which it rests. But this theory of gravitation, like the “sliding-scale” of our corn-law politicians, has been contravened, and another, named the “dilatation theory,” substituted in its place. This latter, if not originally proposed, has at least been recently brought forward in renewed strength and systematic form by M. de Charpentier. His notion is, that the snow being penetrated by water becomes gradually consolidated; that even in the state of ice it continues permeable to water by means of innumerable fissures which traverse its mass; that these are filled with fluid water during the heat of the day, which water is frozen in the fissures by the nocturnal cold—thus producing by *expansion* a force of tremendous power, by means of which the glacier tends to move itself in the direction of least resistance, that is, down the valley.

In regard to the first of these theories, Mr. Forbes very naturally inquires how it is, that a vast and irregular mass like a glacier, with a mean slope of only  $8^\circ$ , and often of less than  $5^\circ$ , can *slide* according to the common laws of gravity and friction, over a bed of uneven, and consequently resisting, rocky ground, and through a channel so sinuous and irregular, that its icy stream is often embayed in a valley, whence it can only escape by an aperture of half its actual width? On merely mechanical principles, motion under such circumstances seems impossible; for it is well known that even hewn stones, finely dressed with plane surfaces, will not slide over one another until the slope exceeds  $30^\circ$ . And if the great glacier mass is actually *sliding* down its bed, what prevents the *acceleration* of its movement,—in other words, why does it not result in an avalanche of the most appalling and disastrous kind?

The theory of dilatation, on the other hand, is shown to be founded on a mistake as to a physical fact. According to M. de Charpentier, the maximum temperature of a glacier is  $32^\circ$  Fahr., and the water in its fissures is kept liquid only by the “small quantity of heat” which reaches it by means of surface water and surrounding air. “Take away this sole cause of heat, i. e. let the surface be frozen, and the water in the ice must congeal.” Mr. Forbes maintains that this is a pure fallacy,—the *latent heat* of water being entirely overlooked. This *latent heat* expresses the fact, that where water is reduced to  $32^\circ$ , it does

not immediately solidify,—the abstraction not of a “small quantity,” but of a very large quantity indeed, being necessary to change water at  $32^\circ$  into ice at  $32^\circ$  :—

“Admitting all the premises, the ice at  $32^\circ$  (it is allowed that in summer, during the period of infiltration, it cannot be lower) is traversed by fissures extending to a great depth (for otherwise the dilatation would be only superficial) filled with water at  $32^\circ$ . Night approaches, and the surface freezes, and water ceases to be conveyed to the interior. Then, says the theorist, the water already in the crevices and fissures of the ice, and in contact with ice, instantly freezes. Not at all; for where is it to deposit the heat of fluidity, without which it cannot, under any circumstances, assume the solid form? The ice surrounding it cannot take it; for, being already at  $32^\circ$ , it would melt it. It can only, therefore, be slowly conveyed away through the ice to the surface, on the supposition that the cold is sufficiently intense and prolonged to reduce the upper part of the ice considerably below  $32^\circ$ . The progress of cold and congelation in a glacier will therefore be, in general, similar to that in earth, which, it is well known, can be frozen to the depth of but a few inches in one night, however intense the cold. Such a degree and quantity of freezing as can be attributed to the cold of a summer's night, must therefore be absolutely inefficient on the mass of the glacier.”—p. 37.

Moreover, were this theory of motion by congelation and expansion true, how does it happen that during summer, when the diurnal variations of temperature within the glacier are inappreciable, and we have positive evidence that no internal congelation is taking place, the motion should be more rapid than at any other time? And why is the motion least in cold weather, when the increase of the glacier is the greatest? Were this dilatation theory the true one, a sudden frost following wet weather would give the very conditions of greatest expansion and most rapid motion; but it will be seen from Professor Forbes' tables of glacier motion, (pp. 139–144,) and from his account of an examination of the Mer de Glace, (p. 359,) after a week of premature winter weather in September, prior to which the ice had been completely saturated by wet weather, that the progress was retarded by cold, and immediately advanced on the return of thaw. So also, a rapid movement, perceptible about the end of June, took place in connexion with the very hot weather which then occurred, just as a marked retardation at the end of July accompanied a week of cold. We quite agree, then, with the professor in thinking it established, in reference to the motion of glaciers,—

“That thawing weather, and a wet state of the ice, conduces to its advancement, and that cold, whether sudden or prolonged, checks its progress.”—p. 148.

If, therefore, the state of *imbibition*, or wetness of the glacier be the main cause of its increased velocity, it is easy to understand how “mild rain, or thawing snow, produces the same effect as intense sunshine.” (p. 150.) But while it may be

regarded as certain that the motion of the ice is greatest in warm and least in cold weather, it by no means follows (though this has been assumed) that in winter a glacier is completely stationary. The dilatationists, of course, say in reference to this alleged hybernal immobility, that a glacier being completely frozen in winter, cannot expand on account of there being no alternation of frost and thaw—thus

“Le mouvement des glaciers suppose des alternances fréquentes de chaud et de froid. \* \* \* Il en résulte que l'hiver est pour les glaciers l'époque de repos.”—*Agassiz*.

“C'est un fait reconnu et attesté par tous ceux qui demeurent dans leur voisinage, que les glaciers restent parfaitement stationnaires dans cette saison (l'hiver).”—*Charpentier*.

But Lord Byron tells quite another story:—

“The glacier's cold and restless mass  
Moves onward day by day;”

and it is evident that the poet is right 365 times in the year, while the philosophers are wrong, in their facts, from the end of autumn till the beginning of spring, and in their theory, all the seasons round. For it has been recently and accurately ascertained that the motion of the Mer de Glace in winter, that is, from 20th of October to 4th of April, was 212 feet. Even during the very depth of the season—from the 12th of December to the 17th of February—the motion measured 76 feet—above 13½ inches daily. The entire annual movement of the lateral parts of the Mer de Glace is estimated at 483 feet, that of the central portion being probably two fifths greater.

This last allusion conducts us to another point of great importance. The generality of authors had asserted that the sides of these great icy streams move faster than their centre. But our author fixing his telescope on one side of the Mer de Glace, and having previously painted a tall red cross on the face of a rock upon the other, by pointing his instrument upon the cross, and causing it to describe a vertical circle, the velocity of the intermediate ice, also marked in line at side and centre, could be accurately determined as it glided downwards. In this way he immediately ascertained that a glacier stream, like that of a river, flows fastest in the centre. He has also pointed out another conformable law, that the parts at and near the surface move more rapidly than those which lie closer to the bottom, where the friction is greater. These two tendencies in combination produce the peculiar elongated loops or parabolic curves which distinguish the structure of the glacier, as well as the inward dip, or overlying position, and eventual horizontality of the laminæ of which it is composed. They also explain the occurrence, or rather the form and direction of the “dirt bands” upon the surface, and other allied phenomena, all of them inconsistent with either the sliding theory or that of dilatation.

It was the observance of these curvilinear forms upon the surface of the ice which first directed Professor Forbes' attention to the true principles of glacier motion. They recalled involuntarily the idea of fluid motion, so perfectly did they resemble the lines formed by scum upon any viscous liquid when propelled along an inclined trough, or those upon the soiled or foamy surface of sluggish water—the cause of both of which is well known to be the difference of rapidity between the sides and centre. A pailful of thickish mortar, a barrel of tar, a pot of honey, or of any other fluid or semi-fluid matter poured down an inclined plane furnished with sides and bottom, will obey and exemplify the same law. Now a glacier, though on the whole rather hard as well as very cold, is composed not only in some measure of nearly solid ice, but also in a still greater measure of moist ice, snow, slush, and water; and possesses, under certain circumstances, especially when much saturated with moisture, “a rude flexibility,” sensible even to the hand. The reflection, therefore, naturally occurred: it is not only *probable* that such would be the motion of any semi-fluid or pasty mass placed in the conditions of the glacier, but it is *certain*, from

“my own experiments already detailed, that the actual motion is such as we have supposed it to be; it *does* move faster at the centre than at the sides; it is no hypothesis to say that the glacier moves as a viscous or pasty mass would move—for we know that opposite the Montanvert the motion of the ice at the centre of the glacier is two fifths greater than at even a very sensible distance from the bank.”—p. 176.

Professor Forbes' own theory of glacier motion is therefore this:—*a glacier is an imperfect fluid or viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination by the natural pressure of its parts*:—and he illustrates and explains this view by such a variety of practical proofs and observations as to set the matter, though a moving one, at rest forever.

The ice of glaciers, as we have already mentioned, is not uniformly transparent. But although in many places porous and full of air bubbles, and these may result from the freezing of snow imbibed with water, it is not granular. Thin plates of compact ice, blue and transparent, alternate with other laminæ, also firm and perfect, but pervaded by multitudinous air-globules, which bestow upon it a semi-opaque aspect. It is the alternation of these bands or veins of different texture that is the proximate cause of what is called the *ribboned structure* of the glacier. If we take up a piece of this veined or chalcedony kind of ice, and look through it *across* the direction of the structure, it seems opaque or dim; but if we hold it in another direction, and look *parallel* to the plates, we shall then perceive that the obscure portions alternate with others of glassy clearness. This peculiar structure has all the appearance of being

due to the formation of fissures in the aerated ice or consolidated snow of the glacier, afterwards filled by water frozen during winter into clear or compact ice. As the general mass does not move with uniform velocity in its transverse section, where every line of particles has a velocity proper to its own position in the icy stream, innumerable rents or fissures must take place, with a direction parallel to that of its motion, and these fissures,

"becoming filled with water, and ultimately frozen during winter, will produce the appearance of bands traversing the general mass of the ice, having a different texture."

Although this structure seems to have been noted in an unpublished memoir by M. Guyot, of Neufchâtel, some years ago, as an insulated fact in the history of the glacier of the Gries, and had been privately recorded by Sir David Brewster so far back as 1814, Professor Forbes was the first to draw public attention to its importance and generality.

These veins appear, in a general way, to be parallel to the sides of the glacier, but this is only because the branches of the curves which represent their real forms merge into parallelism along shore, as they actually converge from either side to a point in the centre, the direction of structure there for a short space being across the strata, and at the same time dipping inwards at a considerable angle.

The phenomena called "dirt bands" seem also to result from a corresponding structure upon a larger scale, and as their form and character illustrate both the structure and movement of glaciers, we shall quote the professor's account of the way in which they first attracted his attention:—

"On the evening of the 24th of July, I walked up the hill of Charmoz to a height of 600 or 700 feet above the Montanvert, or about 1000 feet above the level of the glacier. The tints of sunset were cast in a glorious manner over the distant mountains, whilst the glacier was thrown into comparative shadow. This condition of half illumination is far more proper for distinguishing feeble shades of color on a very white surface like that of a glacier than the broad day. Accordingly, whilst revolving in my mind, during this evening's stroll, the singular problems of the ice-world, my eye was caught by a very peculiar appearance of the ice, which I was certain that I now saw for the first time. It consisted of a series of nearly hyperbolic brownish bands in the glacier, the curves pointing downwards, and the two branches mingling indiscriminately with the moraines, presenting an appearance of a succession of waves some hundred feet apart. They were evidently distinguished from the general mass of the glacier by discoloration of some kind, and indeed they had the appearance of being supernumerary moraines of a curvilinear form, detached from the principal moraines, and uniting in the centre of the glacier. Although this was my first idea, I was satisfied, from the general knowledge which I then had of the direction of the 'veined structure' of the ice, these discolored bands probably followed that direction: and, accordingly, next

day I carefully examined the surface of the ice, with the view of determining, if possible, their connexion and course, being well satisfied that this new appearance was one of great importance, although, from the two circumstances of being best seen at a distance or considerable height, and in a feeble or slanting light, it had very naturally been overlooked, both by myself and others."—p. 162.

Our author had often observed that certain parts of the ice were dirty and others clean; but it was not till he had examined its surface minutely on the 25th of July, that he discovered that the "dirt bands," as he calls them, (we wish they had an equally accurate yet more euphonious name,) had a definite position upon the glacier, and a regular recurrence. He had now no difficulty, whilst examining the ice when on its surface, in ascertaining whether he was standing upon one of the said "dirt bands" or on clean ice, although, from the inequalities of the surface and the local effects of light, it would have been impossible to have traced out step by step the forms of the discolorations. They resemble the "blind paths" on moors—very apparent from a distance, but lost when we stand upon them:—

"The cause of the discoloration was the next point; and my examination satisfied me that it was not, properly speaking, a diversion of the moraine, but that the particles of earth and sand, or disintegrated rock, which the winds and avalanches and water-runs spread over the entire breadth of the ice, found a lodgment in those portions of the glacier where the ice was most porous, and that consequently the dirt-bands were merely indices of a peculiarly porous veined structure traversing the mass of the glacier in these directions. A most patient examination of the structure of the ice opposite the Montanvert satisfied me completely of the parallelism of the 'veined structure' to the 'dirt bands'; the former was the cause of the latter; and some more general cause, yet to be explained, occasioned the alternation of the porous veins at certain intervals along the glacier."—p. 163.

The professor deems it not improbable that the recurrence of these beds of more or less porous structure to which the dirt bands are due, may depend in some way upon the season of their first consolidation in the higher glacier, and that this character being, though modified, preserved throughout their future course, may cause the recurrence of the porous bands at annual intervals, so that they may actually represent the "annual rings" of growth, and the intervals between them the yearly progress of the glacier at any point. But many circumstances tend to show that at least the ordinary veined structure is developed during the downward progress of the ice, that it is subject to variations according to the conditions of its course, and that it cannot be referred in any way to the snow-beds of the *névé*, or head of the glacier, or to any primitive conformation whatever.

It seems certain that the surface of a glacier becomes depressed or lowered in summer, and that

there is during that season a great waste of its general substance, without any increase either from congelation or any other cause. The sun melts, and the rain washes away its superficies; a thousand tiny rills erode its chilly walls, and hide their glittering radiance amid the dim seclusion of its icy chambers; sub-glacial streams flow unseen and silently beneath its ponderous mass; while the genial bosom of mother earth herself assists the fusion even of the deepest portions. All these causes combined produce a kind of collapse in the summer season amounting to a depression of several inches in a day. Now, it has been inferred, in accordance with the dilatation theory, that while the surface of a glacier continually wastes, it is at the same time heaved bodily upwards, so that its absolute level remains unchanged. But Professor Forbes has proved by experimental observation, that the surface of the ice near the side of the Mer de Glace was lowered *upwards of twenty-five feet* between the 26th June and the 16th September, and to a still greater depth towards the centre. It is the annual congelation, that is, the continuous and prolonged cold of winter, which freezing the water of glaciers, increases their dimensions; but the effect of this admitted dilatation is not to shift the mass of ice onwards by causing it to slide upon its bed, but to enlarge it in the direction of least resistance, that is, vertically, and so increase its *thickness*.

Although the ice of every portion of a glacier is changing from year to year, each successive season presents in the same place a surface so similar to its former state, that

"an experienced guide will make his way over the ice in the same direction, and seem to avoid the same crevices, whilst he is, in fact, walking upon ice wholly changed; that is, which has replaced in position the ice of the previous year, which has been pushed onwards by the progressive movement of the glacier. This is a fact which, though generally enough admitted, has not yet excited sufficient attention."—p. 78.

"Every year, and year after year, the water-courses follow the same lines of direction; their streams are precipitated into the heart of the glacier by vertical funnels called 'moulins,' at the very same points; the fissures, though forming very different angles with the axis or sides of the glacier at different points of its length, opposite the same point, are always similarly disposed; the same parts of the glacier, relatively to fixed rocks, are every year passable, and the same parts are traversed by innumerable fissures. Yet the solid ice of one year is the fissured ice of the next, and the very ice which this year forms the walls of a 'moulin' will next year be some hundred feet farther forward, and without perforation, whilst the cascade remains immovable, or sensibly so, with reference to fixed objects around. All these facts, attested by long and invariable experience, prove that the ice of the glaciers is insensibly and continually moulding itself under the influence of external circumstances, of which the principal, be it remarked, is its own weight affecting its figure in connexion with the surfaces over

which it passes, and between which it struggles onwards. It is, in this respect, absolutely comparable to the water of a river, which has here its deep pools, here its constant eddy, continually changing in substance, yet ever the same in form."—p. 411.

These facts, and many others, are adverse, both to the modern theory of downward motion by dilatation, and to the older one of the gravitation of a *rigid* sliding mass; but they are all harmoniously conformable to Professor Forbes' plastic or viscous views of a glacier, which he regards not as a mass of solid ice, but as a compound of ice and water, more or less yielding, according to its state of wetness or infiltration. He has shown that its motions are regulated exactly by the same laws which regulate the motion of fluids, that is, that its movement is less rapid at the sides than centre, in consequence of being retarded by friction; that when embayed by rocks it accumulates like the waterpools of a river, while its declivity and velocity diminish together, the latter increasing when it passes down a steep, or issues from a broad expanse by a narrow outlet; that when rendered more fluid by heat, its motion is increased—when made more solid by cold, retarded; that its pace is more rapid in summer, because that is the season of greatest fluidity; but that it is not stationary in winter, because the frost of that season does not penetrate the ice, any more than it does the ground, except to a limited extent, and that, although it moves fastest in warm weather in consequence of the sun's heat filling the cracks and crevices with water, the proportion of velocity does not necessarily follow or accord with the proportion of heat, because a sudden thaw after a fall of surface snow in September would produce the same effect as a greater increase of warmth without the previous fall, and so a cloudy summer day with heavy rain will accelerate the movement as much, or it may be more, than a sunny dry one. He has pointed out the peculiar and pervading veined or ribboned structure of the ice, and explained how that structure is chiefly developed in the middle and lower portions of the glacier, independent of any character traceable to the original mode of deposition of either ice or snow in its higher sources, but that on the contrary it may be locally destroyed, and renewed again in its downward course; and that its formation is consequently connected with the different rates of motion of the different parts, these rates being demonstrated by the parabolic or curvilinear forms which indicate the alternations of opacity and translucence, and which themselves result from *crevices formed by the forced separation of a half rigid mass, whose parts are compelled to move with different velocities, becoming infiltrated with water, and frozen during winter's cold*. The important observation of the rapid declension of the summer surface of the glacier has been already noticed, and we shall here close our account of this branch

of the more strictly scientific portion of the volume.

The extraordinary geological agency and influence of existing glaciers in conveying away detached masses of rock, and grooving and grinding the surface of those *in situ*—and the theory deduced from the observation of these acting causes, of the prodigious power of ancient and now extinct glaciers of gigantic size, as the means by which enormous insulated blocks have been at some former, though by no means excessively remote period, transported on an icy cradle from their original granitic bed, and deposited after a journey of sixty or eighty miles upon mountain slopes of secondary limestone—these and other kindred subjects, so ably discussed and illustrated by Professor Forbes, we must also leave, for the present, in his own pages.

We shall now present a few notices regarding the general features of the neighboring Alpine districts, as the valley of Chamouni, although the most famous and best-frequented highway to Mont Blanc, is, of course, only one out of many wonders. The tour or circuit of that mighty mountain, beginning and ending with the village of Chamouni, exhibits scenery of the most admirable and varied character. Descending by the banks of the Arve, and passing the fine glacier des Bossons, the lower extremity of which is probably now not less than 5000 feet below the level of perpetual snow, the traveller turns leftwards by the Vallée de Montjoie, and crosses the south-western shoulder of Mont Blanc by the Col du Bonhomme, one of the most dreary passes in the Alps. With a strong west wind the snow is here raised into frightful eddies called *tourmentes* by the French, and *guren* in the German Alps. The passage is, therefore, greatly dreaded by the guides in bad weather. Two English travellers lost their lives while attempting it some seasons back. The summit presents a wide view of the valleys of the Tarentaise. The mountains of the Upper Isère are in full view, and "in shape and gesture proudly eminent," rises the Aiguille de la Vanoire, a snow-clad pyramidal summit of a most striking aspect. In front is the wild deep valley of Bonneval, an uninhabited gorge which extends to Bourge St. Maurice, and by that route may be reached the pass of the Little St. Bernard. But the traveller to the Allée Blanche will proceed by the Chalets of Motet, and cross the Col de la Seigne, of which the ascent is easy though tedious. Its elevation is something more than 8400 feet above the sea, and the vast western steep of Mont Blanc are seen descending to the leftwards. The bottom of the valley is not more than 4000 feet above the sea, and close upon it rises the great mountain, composed not certainly of a single and unbroken precipice, but yet of a steep and savage mass of rock, of 11,700 feet of vertical height, on which even the snow cannot lie except in patches. The aspect of Mont Blanc is, therefore, far more grand and

imposing from this side than from Chamouni, where the eye, in ignorance of the actual distance, misconceives the height. But besides these Alpine views, the Allée Blanche is glorious for its glaciers. Its entire extent is traversed in the way to Courmayeur, which is not more than five hours' walk from the summit of the Col, and affords a good head-quarter for those who desire to explore the wonders of the ice world on the south-eastern sides of Mont Blanc. "I am acquainted," says Captain Basil Hall, "with only one scene in the world which can pretend to rival, in natural magnificence, the Glacier de Miage; I mean the Falls of Niagara." Professor Forbes, who traversed that glacier in several directions, says:—

"Its immense extent deceives the eye as to its inequalities; and I scarcely ever remember to have had a more laborious or rougher walk than the traverse of the lower part of the Glacier de Miage, which I followed down its centre to the spot where, as will be seen by the eye-sketch, it divides into two branches. This icy torrent, as spread out into the Allée Blanche, appeared to me to be three and a half miles long, and one and a half wide; but I am aware of the uncertainty of these measures. After struggling for a long time among fissures and moraines, I at length mounted a heap of blocks higher than the rest, and surveyed at leisure the wonderful scene of desolation, which might compare to that of chaos, around me. The fissures were numerous and large, not regular, like those of the Mer de Glace, traversing the ice laterally, but so uneven, and at such angles, as often to leave nothing like a plain surface to the ice, but a series of unformed ridges, like the heaving of a sluggish mass struggling with intestine commotion, and tossing about over its surface, as if in sport, the stupendous blocks of granite which half choke its crevasses, and to which the traveller is often glad to cling when the glacier itself yields him no further passage. It is then that he surveys with astonishment the strange law of the ice world, that stones always falling seem never to be absorbed—that, like the fable of Sisyphus reversed, the lumbering mass, ever falling, never arrives at the bottom, but seems urged by an unseen force to ride on the highest pinnacles of the rugged surface; but let the pedestrian beware how he trusts to these huge masses, or considers them as stable. Yonder huge rock, which seems 'fixed as Snowdon,' and which interrupts his path along a narrow ridge of ice, having a gulf on either hand, is so nicely poised, 'obsequious to the gentlest touch,' that the fall of a pebble, or the pressure of a passing foot, will shove it into one or other abyss, and the chances are, may carry him along with it. Let him beware, too, how he treads on that gravelly bank, which seems to offer a rough and sure footing, for underneath there is certain to be the most pellucid ice; and a light footstep there, which might not disturb a rocking-stone, is pregnant with danger. All is on the eve of motion. Let him sit a while, as I did, on the moraine of Miage, and watch the silent energy of the ice and sun. No animal ever passes, but yet the stillness of death is not there: the ice is cracking and straining onwards—the gravel slides over the bed to which it was frozen during the night, but now lubricated by the effect of sunshine. The fine sand, detached, loosens the gravel which it

supported, the gravel the little fragments, and the little fragments the great, till, after some preliminary noise, the thunder of clashing rocks is heard, which settle in the bottom of some crevasse, and all again is still."—p. 199.

At some distance down the valley trees appear on both sides, and especially on the northern slopes of Mont Chetif, called the Pain de Sucre. There the wooded pathway leading to Courmayeur shows, even before emerging from the pines, through perpendicular stems, and here and there between masses of sombre foliage, the dazzling gleam of the great glacier of La Brenva, one of the most magnificent among the Alps. It is also very accessible, descending far into the valley, and may be finely seen from the mule road which traverses the Allée Blanche. It exhibits the veined structure in the highest perfection, and the alternate bands of bluish green and greenish white bestow upon it a most beautiful aspect. It is known to have increased enormously since the days of De Saussure. About twenty-four years ago it attained so great a height as partially to dislocate a rocky promontory, and destroy a chapel—the latter, from the dangerous state to which it was reduced, requiring to be taken down, and reconstructed in another place. The seasons had been comparatively rather cold for several years, and there had no doubt been also a greater fall of snow than usual in the higher regions. The tradition of the country is, indeed, that at a more remote period this glacier did not at all occupy even the bottom of the valley; but on a certain 15th of July, (St. Margaret's day,) the natives of St. Jean de Pertus, a village which was then overhung by this glacier of La Brenva, instead of keeping the *fête*, thought proper to make their hay while the sun shone—a sacrilegious occupation, which was speedily punished—for next day the glacier descended in the twinkling of an eye, and swallowed them up, with all their goods and chattels. The guides declare that an individual still living at Courmayeur went, when a child, with other children, for devotional purposes to the chapel of Berrier, which overlooks the glacier, and there he heard the low sweet chanting of vespers from beneath the ice, and saw a radiant procession issue from and return within its crystal archways. But such sights are seldom vouchsafed to natural philosophers.

Courmayeur is the highest considerable village in the great valley of Aosta. It is distinguished by the exquisite freshness and purity of its atmosphere; and as it also possesses mineral springs, it is much frequented by the Piedmontese in summer. It forms an excellent station for a glacier-exploring pedestrian, being so near the opening to the Allée Blanche, and its great prolongation, Val Ferret. One of the most noted excursions from this quarter is the ascent of the Cramont, a mountain which commands a complete view of all the southern precipices of Mont Blanc and the adjoining chain; and

on the road towards it, on descending from La Thuille, there is a magnificent burst of Alpine scenery, just where the Aiguille du Géant, the Grande Jorasse, (a peak of 13,496 feet in height,) and the entire eastern chain of Mont Blanc, come first in view.

But a more remarkable and much more arduous undertaking may be accomplished from Courmayeur, by those who wish to try a near cut to Chamouni—that is, by crossing the shoulder of Mont Blanc, and descending to the Mer de Glace by the passage of the Col du Géant. The great mountain mass of which Mont Blanc and its tributary heights are composed may be said to form an oval group, extending from the Col du Bonhomme on the south-west, to the Mount Catogne, above Martigny, on the north-east, a distance of about thirty English miles; while the transverse distance from Courmayeur to Chamouni is not more than thirteen miles. The most direct passage is by the Col du Géant, which forms the crest of the chain; and notwithstanding its enormous elevation, it would in all probability be more frequented but for the dangerous character of the Glacier du Tacul (an upper arm of the Mer de Grace) upon its northern side. Although there is a tradition of its having been more open in ancient times, it had certainly been deemed impracticable for centuries; and so late as 1781, M. Bourrit, referring to its crevasses, has observed, "Elles sont si effroyables qu'elles font désespérer de retrouver jamais la route qui conduisait à la Val d'Aoste." Indeed, it was only in the fourth volume of De Saussure's "Voyages," (1788,) that that author talks of "la route nouvellement découverte" from Chamouni to Courmayeur. It may give some idea of the difficulty, if not the danger, of this pass, when we mention that these thirteen miles usually occupy the traveller for a couple of days, one entire night being spent without protection on the snow; but Professor Forbes took the plan of starting, after a few hours previous repose, during the night, so as to reach the Col soon after sunrise.

"Being fairly on foot at thirty minutes past one, A. M., of the 23d July, my ill humor" [he had been previously a little ruffled by the presentation of a supplementary bill, when he believed himself to have settled all just claims the evening before] "was soon dissipated by the exquisite beauty of the scene which the valley of Courmayeur presented. The full moon was riding at its highest in a cloudless sky, the air calm and slightly fresh, blowing very gently down the valley. The village and neighborhood lay, of course, in all the stillness of the dead of night; and as I headed our little caravan, and walked musingly up the familiar road which led to the Allée Blanche and the foot of Mont Blanc—that vast wall of mountain, crowned with its eternal glaciers, seemed to raise itself aloft, and to close in the narrow and half-shaded valley of Courmayeur, verdant with all the luxuriance of summer, and smelling freshly after the lately fallen rain. Of all the views in the Alps, few, if any, can in my mind be compared with the majesty of this; and seen at such a moment, and

with the pleasing excitement of thinking that within a few hours I hoped to be standing on the very icy battlements which now rose so proudly and so inaccessibly, it may be believed that I had never before regarded it with so much complacency."—p. 220.

Having crossed the stream which descends from the Val de Ferret, he ascended by Mount Frety; and having passed over the top of that mountain, he gained the base of the chief ascent, after not more than three hours' continuous walking. There he and his companions (one guide and an assistant) halted, at half-past four, to breakfast by a spring. After this the ascent began in earnest, and now all vestige of grass or herbage disappeared. Keeping upon a rugged ridge, they climbed patiently among masses of bare rock, touching the snow only at a single point, and that only for a few paces. They gained a summit station (11,140 feet in height) soon after seven, A. M.

"It is very rare to be at this elevation at so early an hour as seven in the morning, and still rarer to combine this essential for a distant prospect with such magnificent weather as the day afforded. The atmosphere was perhaps, as the event proved, too clear for very permanently fine weather—not a cloud, not even a vapor, being visible. The air of this lofty region was in the most tranquil state. Range over range of the Alps, to the east, south, and west, rose before us, with a perfect definition up to the extreme limit which the actual horizon permitted us to see. Never in my life have I seen a distant mountain view in the perfection that I did this; and yet I have often been upon the alert to gain the summits before the hazy veil of day had spread itself. Perhaps it enhanced my admiration of the scene that a great part of the labyrinth of mountains were familiar in their forms to my eye, and that from having penetrated many of their recesses in different journeys, this wide glance filled my mind with a pleasing confusion of the images of grandeur and beauty which had been laboriously gathered during many pedestrian tours, whose course and bounds I now overlooked at a glance."—p. 225.

Our author then describes the vastness of the panoramic view around him, naming the giant peaks and Alpine ranges in succession—the inaccessible obelisk of Mount Cervin or the Mutterhorn, a pointed rock not a thousand feet lower than Mont Blanc itself, and certainly one of the most remarkable natural objects of the Alpine world—the entire mass of the many-headed Monte Rosa, subdued and beautified by the blue aerial tint of distance—the jagged rocks of the Valpelline, guarding, as it were, a world of snow—the stern gray masses of Champorcher—the white wastes of the Rutor—the Aiguille de la Vanoire, a lofty and conspicuous peak—and westward and beyond, in clear perspective, the more distant ranges of Mount Thabor, separating the valleys of the Arc and Durance—Savoy from France. Then beneath his feet, at the base of a great steep slope of 8000 feet of actual depth,—

"Oh, what a fall is there, my countrymen,"—

lay the Allée Blanche with its far-gleaming glaciers, its quiet lake and inaudible torrents, all *in plano*—the peaks of Mont Chetif, and even the lofty Cramont, now subdued and lowly—the monotonous length of the Val Ferret, the hamlets of Courmayeur and Le Saxe, and the green meadows of St. Didier, begirt with pine-covered crags. These and other well-known objects scarcely withdrew attention from the almost continued contemplation of the Alpine view beyond. Yet lofty as was the point to which they had attained, behind and above still towered the final summit of Mont Blanc, with its giant sentinel the Aiguille of Peteret, to a further height of 4600 feet. But the reader will be glad to be informed that although we spoke of entrancement, your true philosopher is never in a trance, and so

"Whilst admiring the scenery, a second and more substantial breakfast of cold fowl was proceeding with marked advantage to the prospects of the journey—for our appetites were excellent. I scarcely tasted the wine, and not at all the brandy, which Couttet had plentifully provided and liberally partook of. We had yet many hours' walk in the heat of the day, over dry snow, where no drop of water is ever seen."—p. 227.

The rock under which they breakfasted had once supported the *cabane* of De Saussure, and the professor pleased himself by contemplating a piece of old board which still remained of the materials, and a quantity of straw which lay beneath the stones. There the straw had continued without decomposition for more than half a century, preserved, we presume, by frost. The Genevese philosopher and his son took up their abode in this lofty encampment on the 3d day of July, 1788, accompanied by numerous guides and porters, carrying tents and utensils. They had ascended from the other side, having slept the preceding night by the small ice-encompassed lake of the Tacul. They descended on the 19th of the same month to Courmayeur, having resided for more than a fortnight on the snowy mountain. It is believed that the guides were so exhausted by the tedium of their prolonged hardships, that they secreted the provisions assigned for the day of descent, to render impossible their further exile from the world of warmth and comfort:—

"Here this remarkable man passed sixteen days and nights, keeping with his son (the only surviving sharer of the expedition) almost perpetual watch upon the instruments which he had undertaken to observe. No system of connected physical observations, at a great height in the atmosphere, has ever been undertaken which can compare with that of De Saussure. At any time such self-denial and perseverance would be admirable, but if we look to the small acquaintance which philosophers of sixty years ago had with the dangers of the Alps, and the consequently exaggerated coloring which was given to them, it must be pronounced heroic."

He was by this time on the borders of fifty, while his youthful assistant, the hardy son of a hardier sire, was only eighteen.

Our party left the Col on their descent towards Chamouni at eight o'clock. The most striking feature in the northern prospect is the dazzling mass of glaciers which occupies the downward basin to the depth of several thousand feet, intermixed with craggy pinnacles, here and there connected with the lateral rocks, but sometimes standing apart like islands in that icy sea. The account of the descent is so interesting that we make no apology for a long extract.

"It is difficult to say whether the ascent or descent of such a glacier is more arduous; but in descending, one is at least more taken by surprise: the eye wanders over the wilds of ice sloping forwards, and in which the most terrific chasms and rents are hidden like the ditch in a *ha-ha* fence. The crevasses of the glacier gradually widened; the uniting streams from different quarters met and jostled, sometimes tossing high their icy waves, at others leaving yawning vacuities. The slope, at first gradual, and covered continually with snow, became steeper; and as we risked less from hidden rents, the multitude and length of the open ones caused us to make considerable circuits.

"But the slope ended at last almost in a precipice. At the point where the glacier is narrowest it is also steepest, and the descending ice is torn piece-meal in its effort to extricate itself from the strait. Almost in a moment we found ourselves amidst toppling crags and vertical precipices of ice, and divided from the Mer de Glace beneath by a chaos of fissures of seemingly impassable depth and width, and without order or number. Our embarrassment was still further increased by the very small distance to which it was possible to command, by the eye, the details of the labyrinth through which we must pass. The most promising track might end in inextricable difficulties, and the most difficult might chance ultimately to be the only safe one.

"The spectacle gave us pause. We had made for the north-western side of the glacier, near the foot of the Petit Rognon, hoping to get down near the side of the rocks, although not upon them; but when we neared this part of the glacier, even Couttet shook his head, and proposed rather to attempt the old passage by the foot of the Aiguille Noire, where De Saussure left his ladder—a passage avoided by the guides on account of the steep icy slopes it presents, and the great danger which is run from the fragments of stone which, during the heat of the day, are discharged, and roll down from the rocks above. These stones are amongst the most dangerous accidents of glacier travels. A stone, even if seen beforehand, may fall in a direction from which the traveller, engaged amidst the perils of crevasses, or on the precarious footing of a narrow ledge of rock, cannot possibly withdraw in time to avoid it; and seldom do they come alone: like an avalanche, they gain others during the descent. Urged with the velocity acquired in half rolling, half bounding down a precipitous slope of a thousand feet high, they strike fire by collision with their neighbors—are split perhaps into a thousand shivers, and detach by the blow a still greater mass, which, once discharged, thunders with an explosive roar upon the glacier beneath, accompanied by clouds of dust or smoke, produced in the collision. I have sometimes been exposed to these dry avalanches:

they are amongst the most terrible of the ammunition with which the genius of these mountain solitudes repels the approach of curious man.\* Their course is marked on the rocks, and they are most studiously avoided by every prudent guide.

"It was, however, in the direction of La Noire that it was thought that we might pass, and we accordingly crossed the glacier to inspect the passage; but there, barriers still more insurmountable appeared. One prodigious chasm stretched *quite across the glacier*; and the width of this chasm was not less than five hundred feet. It terminated opposite to the precipices of the Aiguille Noire in one vast *enfouissement* of ice, bounded on the hither side by precipices not less terrible. A glance convinced every one that here, at least, there was not a chance of passing, unprovided as we were with long ropes or ladders. Nothing remained but to resume the track we had at first abandoned; for the whole centre of the glacier was completely cut off from the lower world by this stupendous cleft. Here the experience of Couttet stood us in good stead, and his presence of mind inspired me with perfect confidence, so that we soon set about ascertaining, by a method of trial and error, whether any passage could be forced amongst the labyrinth of smaller crevasses on the northern side of the glacier. A chamois, whose track we had followed earlier, seemed here to have been as much baffled as ourselves: for he had made so many crossings back and forward upon the glacier, and had been so often forced to return upon his steps, that we lost the track for a time. This animal is exceedingly timorous upon a glacier covered with snow, since the form of the foot prevents it from offering almost any resistance when hidden rents are to be crossed. We had accordingly passed earlier in many places where the chamois had not ventured; but the case was now different on the hard ice. He took leaps upon which we dared not venture; and as we were never sure of not being obliged to retrace every step we made, we took good care never to make a descending leap which might cut off our retreat. Many a time we were obliged to return, and many a weary circuit was to be made in order to recommence again; but we seldom failed ultimately to recover the chamois track, which is the safest guide in such situations. The excitement was highly pleasing. The extrication from our dilemma was like playing a complicated game, and the difficulty of the steps was forgotten in the interest of observing whether any progress had been gained; for now we were obliged to descend into the bosom of the glacier, and to select its most jagged and pulverized parts, in order to cross the crevasses where they had become choked by the decay and subsidence of their walls. Thus hampered by our icy prison, we only emerged occasionally so as to catch a glimpse of what lay beyond, and to estimate our slow and devious progress. At length, by great skill on the part of Couttet, and patience on the part of all of us, (for we remained inseparably tied together all this time,) by clambering down one side of a chasm, up another, and round a third, hewing our steps,† and holding on one by one

\* "At saxum quoties ingenti ponderis ictu  
Excutitur, qualis rupes quam vertice montis  
Abscidit, impulsu ventorum adjuta, vetustas,  
Frangit cuncta ruens: nec tantum corpora pressa  
Exanimat: totos cum sanguine dissipat artus."  
"LUCAN, *Phar. III.*, 465."

† "A geological hammer, sharpened at one end, is nearly as good an implement for this purpose as a hatchet;



with the rope, we gradually extricated ourselves from a chaos which at first sight appeared absolutely impenetrable, and that without any very dangerous positions."—pp. 237—240.

At length after several toilsome hours they saw a comparatively easier field before them, and the old familiar features of the Mer de Glace, with the Jardin in the distance, the branching icy beds of the Tacul, the Charmoz, and the Moine became apparent. They halted about one o'clock,

"for we had now reached *water*, always a joyful sight to those who have been long wandering over fields of snow. We drank of it freely, and the guides added fresh libations of brandy, which caused them to complain of intolerable thirst and heat of the head all the way to the Montanvert, which, by confining myself to cold tea and a very little wine with water, I entirely escaped."—p. 240.

"We all felt," continues the professor, "an exuberant cheerfulness at being relieved from our embarrassments, and ran cheerfully down the magnificent glacier, (du Géant,) leaping crêvasses, which at another moment we should rather have avoided. Soon on the platform at the confluence with the Glacier de Léchaud, all was plain and direct, and I reached the Montanvert at a quarter before four, P. M., without fatigue, headache, or lassitude. Here I remained, intending to spend some weeks. My guides, having finished their brandy, descended to Chamouni, where their arrival created, I was told, some astonishment, as no one had before crossed the Col du Géant in a single day, and as it was supposed that the fresh snow must at any rate have rendered the attempt impracticable. I slept that night somewhat sounder and longer than usual, but rose next morning with a freshness and elasticity to which the inhabitant of the plains is a stranger."—p. 242.

Those who either will not or cannot cross the Col du Géant, and desire to make the easier and more simple circuit of Mont Blanc, must proceed by the prolongation of the Allée Blanche already named as Val Ferret. Two long and rather monotonous valleys bear the later name—the one being the Piedmontese, (the nearer to Courmayeur,) the other the Swiss Val Ferret. They stretch out somewhat wearily as the pedestrian supposes, and although extended in the same continuous line, they are separated by a *Col*, which is about a five-hours' journey from Courmayeur. From that intermediate height, looking backwards, there is a striking view of the vast outworks which sustain Mont Blanc upon its southern side, especially the guardian Peteret, which there stands out "like a majestic Gothic pinnacle." The ascent on the Swiss side is of tedious length, and of no great interest. It conducts by Orsières to Martigny, from whence the traveller may face about and journey to the Col de Balme, by crossing which he again gains the vale of Chamouni, and thus completes the circuit of Mont Blanc.

for this reason, amongst others, I generally wore it. A person so provided, if he falls uninjured into a crevasse, possesses the most essential means of extrication."

But the tourist who finds himself at Orsières, and desires to penetrate to the more central portions of the Pennine Alps, instead of proceeding downwards to Martigny, may cross to Chable on the river Dranse, and so ascend the Val de Bagnes. He will there, doubtless, still find traces of the dreadful debacle which in 1818 swept down the bosom of that fair valley—a flood more disastrous than those of Morayshire, but which no Sir Thomas Lauder has recorded. The season had been remarkable for the increase of the ice-world of Switzerland in general, and the Glacier of Gétroz in particular, which lies towards the head of the Val des Bagnes, upon its eastern side, accumulated so greatly as to have formed, by the stoppage of the river Dranse, a lake of half a league long, 700 feet wide, with a depth in one portion of 200 feet. Now if no artificial aid could be had recourse to in the mean time, the sudden bursting of this lake from its icy barrier was an awful certainty, to "come off," as sportsmen say, on the approach of spring—an anticipated deluge of "500 million cubic feet of water—to be let loose in the space of half-an-hour, to sweep through a tortuous valley full of defiles,"—"a flood five times greater than that of the Rhine at Basle, filling the bed of a mountain-torrent." No wonder that M. Venetz, the intrepid engineer of the Valais, should have endeavored to avert this impending catastrophe by cutting a canal through the ice, with a view to the gradual drainage of the imprisoned water. This good work was effected between the 10th of May and the middle of June, and it was hoped that the channel would be sufficiently deepened to allow, in this gradual way, of the lake's escape. But it seems that water already at 32° exercises a very feeble action of erosion upon ice, and the awful result was, that the cataract, tumbling over its icy barrier, worked back upon it so rapidly, that the canal or gallery, which had been originally 600 feet long, was destroyed, and fell away in fragments. The cascade, moreover, acting on the soil beneath, loosened it in such a way as to detach the remaining ice from the mountain, and so the catastrophe was completed. "It was," says our philosophical professor, "an awful, but a grand lesson for the geologist." We fear it taught a severe lesson to many decent men and women who were no geologists at all:—

"The power of water was exerted on a scale such as Hutton and Playfair would have desired to see, could it have been exerted without the destruction of life and property. Bridges yielded; that of Chable dammed back the torrent upon the village, but happily gave way just as the houses seemed doomed to ruin. In this short space of its course (from Gétroz to Chable) the fall is no less than 2800 feet. Its acquired velocity was therefore enormous—at the commencement of its course 33 feet in a second. Its power to *overthrow* buildings, and to *carry with it* trees, hay-stacks, barns, and gravel, cannot surprise us; but its transporting force upon blocks has probably been overrated."—p. 263.

We entirely agree with Professor Forbes, that the original moving power of the granite masses which occur in the neighborhood of Martigny was the grasp of an ancient glacier. We doubt not they had laid there for ages, and were no further affected by the recent debacle than by being turned topsy-turvy, or rolled downwards for a few yards. Our own examination, which was but brief and superficial at the best, did not take place till the spring of 1821, nearly three years after the accident; but the blocks in question seemed entirely analogous in character and position to other insulated masses so frequent in Switzerland, and of which the presumed mode of movement is so greatly strengthened by what we see going on before our eyes in the daily influence and action of the ice-world, independent altogether of the "Hell of waters."

The upper portions of the Val des Bagnes are abundantly supplied with glaciers, and two at its head, those of Chermontane and Durand, almost touch each other, descending from opposite sides. The former is a most magnificent sea of ice, hitherto almost unexplored. Indeed, the head of the Val itself is little known: one of its lofty passes, the Col des Fenêtres, is that by which Calvin fled, in 1541, from persecution in Aosta, where he had previously resided for five years. It is by no means a difficult Col to take in fine weather, although its snow-surmounted height is considerably above 9000 feet.

"The view towards Italy is wonderfully striking. The mountains beyond Aosta and the glaciers of the Ruitor are spread out in the distance, and beneath we have the exceedingly deep valley of Ollomont, communicating with the Val Pelline, which is itself a tributary of the Val d'Aosta. It is enclosed by ridges of the most fantastic and savage grandeur, which descend from the mountains on either side of the Col on which we stood; on the north-east, from the Mont Combin, rising to a height of 14,200 English feet; on the south-east, from the Mont Gelé, which is 11,100 feet high, and almost too steep to bear snow, presenting a perfect ridge of pyramidal aiguilles stretching towards Val Pelline. The side of Mont Gelé towards the Col presents an adhering snowy coat so steep, that seen in front, it appears almost vertical."—p. 271.

Descending to the valley of Ollomont, (our author had been previously joined by his friend, M. Studer, professor of geology at Berne,) the travellers were long charmed by the exquisite freshness of the pastures, enlivened by dwellings, and traversed by sparkling streams. But the condition of many of the native inhabitants was painful and repulsive. Deformed in body and diseased in mind, the melancholy victims of goître and cretinism wandered about in sad and senseless ignorance of all the magnificence by which they were surrounded.

"The scenery continued more and more engaging. In the course of four hours' walk we had passed from ice and eternal snow to the charms of

Italian scenery and climate, with more than Italian verdure."

After a pleasant night's repose in the Piedmontese village of Val Pelline, the next object of our travellers was to make their way, if possible, by a glacier pass at the head of the valley, across the heights to the Vallée d'Erin. They speedily made arrangements with a person whom they had met at the village, "a tall, athletic, and handsome man, below middle age, who passed for being the strongest man of the whole valley, and whose usual residence was some leagues higher up." He assured them that he was quite conversant with the pass, which he designated as that of the Col de Collon. Proceeding up the Val Pelline, the village of Biona was the last of any size they came to. There they halted, and "made a hearty meal in the open air upon fresh eggs and good Aostan wine." An excellent foot or mule path leads pleasantly along—a convenience for which the tourist has to thank the Jesuits of Aosta, who hold extensive possessions in these Alpine pastures. The night was passed in a clean hay-loft some miles higher up—at the chalets of Prarayon, the property of these same Jesuits, and marked in front by a lofty crucifix. The ensuing morn proved favorable for the passage of the Col, but their potent guide, "l'homme fort de Biona," as he was called by reason of his strength, and "l'habit rouge," on account of his coat of scarlet, seemed in low spirits, what the professor's countrymen would have called "down in the mouth," being in no hurry to start, and inclined to draw bad presages from the weather; so that suspicions were entertained that he was unwilling to proceed from a feeling that he had undertaken more than he was fit for. It afterwards turned out that, being less of a cold-tea-totaller than others of the party, the "strong man" had labored under the nervous legacies of "a drunken fit." He soon came to himself, and took the hill in first-rate style.

In the further prosecution of this day's journey all the published maps were found at fault, even Wörl's, the most detailed, presenting no resemblance to nature even in the outlines of the great chain. The way to the pass is not at the extreme head of the Val, but up the first lateral valley on the left (to those ascending) below the head. It is a deep gorge, completely ice-bound at its upper extremity, but, from the nature of its rocks, admits of an easier ascent than by the terminal glacier of the Val Biona. Advancing by the course of a brawling stream, and leaving to the left a glacier which has almost blockaded the passage with its huge moraine, they then bore to the right, and soon came in sight of the great glacier descending from the Col which they required to traverse, and so, working their way by a rocky ascent, extremely steep and toilsome, they gained the lateral surface of the ice-stream leading upwards to the Col, of which they there obtained a distant view. The

only previous traveller who is known, or at least recorded, to have passed this way, is M. Godfrey, the author of a little work entitled *Notice sur les Glaciers*, and so our party were the more surprised to find the pass itself marked by a small iron cross, showing that it was at all events frequented by the country people. They now also ascertained the secret cause of their guide's acquaintance with it. He admitted that he had frequently travelled that way with bands of smugglers, who avail themselves of these less-frequented passes to introduce into the Piedmontese valleys various contraband articles which are of free commerce in Switzerland.

The party reached the Col de Collon in three hours from the Châlet. It was a bright and beautiful autumnal morning, and they sat a long time among the rocks enjoying the noble scene, which, however, notwithstanding its height of 10,333 feet, is by no means extensive, so much is it surrounded by summits of still more majestic elevation. As they were now far above the limits where water occurs upon a glacier, the professor had recourse to his portable furnace, with which he melted a sufficiency of snow for the use of the party, ascertaining, at the same time, the temperature of boiling water to be then and there 195° 15'. Our readers of the fairer sex will bear in mind that it has been ascertained that the temperature of the boiling point falls one degree of Fahrenheit for every 550 feet of ascent, uniformly for all heights; so that the making of a good cup of tea on the summit of a lofty mountain may be not only a friendly but a philosophical occupation. After an hour of great enjoyment, they renewed their journey in a cheerful mood, in order to descend the lengthened stretch of ice which lay before them. When fairly abreast of Mont Collon, the guide startled the very air by a wild cry, rousing the rarely awakened echoes of those stupendous precipices, which sent back the sound in still more fantastic tones. He stated that this echo was well known to the smugglers, and that the reverberation of the mountain served to guide them in foggy weather—"in a track," adds Mr. Forbes, "which must then be singularly perilous, from the great breadth and monotony of the glacier, and the number of branches into which it divides, any one of which might easily be mistaken for another."

But while thus amusing themselves with merry shoutings, and listening to the answering voices of those "viewless spirits of the elements," their attention was suddenly attracted to a far different matter.

"A dark object was descried on the snow to our left, just under the precipices of Mont Collon. We were not yet low enough to have entered on the ice, but were still on snow. This proved to be the body of a man fully clothed, fallen with his head in the direction in which we were going. From the appearance of the body as it lay, it might have been presumed to be recent; but when it was raised, the head and face were found

to be in a state of frightful decay, and covered with blood, evidently arising from an incipient thaw, after having remained perhaps for a twelve-month perfectly congealed. The clothes were quite entire and uninjured, and being hard frozen, still protected the corpse beneath. It was evident that an unhappy peasant had been overtaken in a storm probably of the previous year, and had lain there covered with snow during the whole winter and spring, and that we were now, in the month of August, the first travellers who had passed this way and ascertained his fate. The hands were gloved, and in the pockets, in the attitude of a person maintaining the last glow of heat, and the body being extended on the snow, which was pretty steep, it appeared that he had been hurrying towards the valley when his strength was exhausted, and he lay simply as he fell.

"The effect upon us all was electric, and had not the sun shone forth in his full glory, and the very wilderness of eternal snow seemed gladdened under the serenity of such a summer's day as is rare at these heights, we should certainly have felt a deeper thrill arising from the sense of personal danger. As it was, when we had recovered our first surprise, and interchanged our expressions of sympathy for the poor traveller, and gazed with awe on the disfigured relics of one who had so lately been in the same plight with ourselves, we turned and surveyed, with a stronger sense of sublimity than before, the desolation by which we were surrounded, and became still more sensible of our isolation from human dwellings, human help, and human sympathy—our loneliness with nature, and, as it were, the more immediate presence of God."—p. 280.

The strong guide of Biona then raised the rigid form, and ransacked the clothing, with a view to discover something which might tend to identify the dead. They found, however, nothing in the pockets but a knife and snuff-box, and, concealed in a waistband, a little treasury of mixed coins of Switzerland and Piedmont. It was afterwards ascertained at the Châlets of Arolla that towards the end of October of the preceding year, a party of twelve men had set off to cross the Col, but being overtaken by a tremendous storm they determined to return—a resolution adopted too late for three, who, worn out with fatigue, and benumbed with cold, were at last abandoned in the snow. Two of the bodies had been previously recovered, and now measures were immediately taken to have the third brought down for interment. A little farther on traces were found of another victim—shreds of clothes and remnants of a knapsack—but the fleshy tabernacle had disappeared.

"Still lower, the remains of the bones and skin of two chamois, and near them the complete bones of a man. The latter were arranged in a very singular manner, nearly the whole skeleton being then in detached bones, laid in order along the ice—the skull lowest, next the arms and ribs, and finally the bones of the pelvis, legs, and feet, disposed along the glacier, so that the distance between the head and feet might be five yards—a disposition certainly arising from some natural cause not very easy to assign."—p. 281.

Our friends now descended to the western branch of the head of the Val d'Erin, by continuing their course down the great glacier of Arolla. This glacier is quite normal in its structure, exemplifying well the parallel and vertical bands, sweeping round in the conoidal forms proper to the terminal or unsupported portion.

"The stream which descends the valley rises from beneath an arch of ice at the foot of the glacier. The bottom of the valley is wide, gravelly, and waste. A number of desolate and stunted pine trees occupy the western bank, and seem chilled by the near approach of the ice; many are dead, and some fallen. They serve to give a scale to the majestic scenery behind. Their species is the *pinus cembra*, the hardiest of their class which grows to any size in Switzerland, and they are consequently to be met with at great elevations. This pine has various names. In the patois of Savoy, and many other places, it is called 'Arolla,' whence the name of the valley and glacier. It yields an edible fruit, and the wood is soft, and well fitted for carving, for which it is preferred, especially in the Tyrol and Eastern Alps."—p. 282.

Descending to Evolena, the pedestrians were received after a most cold and niggardly fashion in the dwelling of the curé, whose sister, "a person of ungovernable temper and rude manners, seemed to find pleasure in the arrival of strangers only as fresh subjects whereon to vent her spleen, and to show how heartily she despised the inhabitants of her brother's parish, compared to the aristocratic burghers of the decayed town of Sion,"—her usual residence. We have no doubt that her inhospitality was exceeded only by her ugliness, but on this point the philosopher is silent. Jaded by a fatiguing journey, and without any prospect of beds for the night, she let them sit around a table, for a couple of hours, till some soup, prepared from their own rice, was at last placed before them. At a late hour in the evening they were told that *one* bed might be had somewhere in the village; so they left the *manse*, shaking the dust from their feet, and proceeded to their destined lodging, where, drawing lots for the place of repose, our professor gained the prize. "Where M. Studer slept never transpired;—he had, however, spent a night of misery"—and they parted shortly afterwards, under agreement to meet again at Zermatt.

We close our citations with a fragment from the professor's descent in that direction upon the glacier of Zmutt.

"Pralong proposed to attempt descending the cliff, by which he recollected to have passed when he last crossed, and to have successfully reached the glacier below. We began cautiously to descend, for it was an absolute precipice: Pralong first, and I following, leaving the other guides to wait about the middle, until we should see whether or not a passage could be effected. The precipice was several hundred feet high. Some bad turns were passed, and I began to hope that no insurmountable difficulty would appear, when Pralong announced that the snow this year had

melted so much more completely than on the former occasion as to cut off all communication with the glacier, for there was a height of at least thirty vertical feet of rocky wall, which we could by no means circumvent. Thus, all was to do over again, and the cliff was reascended. We looked right and left for a more feasible spot, but desisted none. Having regained the snows above, we cautiously skirted the precipice until we should find a place favorable to the attempt. At length the rocks became mostly masked under steep snow-slopes, and down one of these, Pralong, with no common courage, proposed to venture, and put himself at once in the place of danger. We were now separated by perhaps but 200 feet from the glacier beneath. The slope was chiefly of soft deep snow, lying at a high angle. There was no difficulty in securing our footing in it, but the danger was of producing an avalanche by our weight. This, it may be thought, was a small matter, if we were to alight on the glacier below; but such a surface of snow upon rock rarely connects with a glacier without a break, and we all knew very well that the formidable 'Bergschlund' was open to receive the avalanche and its charge if it should take place. We had no ladder, but a pretty long rope. Pralong was tied to it. We all held fast on the rope, having planted ourselves as well as we could on the slope of snow, and let him down by degrees, to ascertain the nature and breadth of the crevasse, of which the upper edge usually overhangs like the roof of a cave, dropping icicles. Were that covering to fail, he might be plunged, and drag us, into a chasm beneath. He, however, effected the passage with a coolness which I have never seen surpassed, and shouted the intelligence that the chasm had been choked by previous *avalanches*, and that we might pass without danger. He then (having loosed himself from the rope) proceeded to explore the footing on the glacier, leaving me and the other two guides to extricate ourselves. I descended first by the rope, then Biona, and lastly Tairraz, who, being unsupported, did not at all like the slide, the termination of which it was quite impossible to see from above. We then followed Pralong, and proceeded with great precaution to sound our way down the upper glacier of Zmutt, which is here sufficiently steep to be deeply fissured, and which is covered with perpetual snow, now soft with the heat of the morning sun. It was a dangerous passage, and required many wide circuits; but at length we reached, in a slanting direction, the second terrace or precipice of rock which separates the upper and lower glacier of Zmutt. When we were fairly on the debris we stopped to repose, and to congratulate ourselves on the success of this difficult passage. Pralong then said that he wished to ask a favor of me. To my astonishment, this was that he might be allowed to return to Erin instead of descending the glacier to Zermatt. He was afraid, he said, of change of weather, and did not wish to lose time by going round by Visp. Of course I readily granted his request, and paid him the full sum agreed upon. To return all alone (and it was now afternoon) over the track we had just accomplished was a piece of spirit which would scarcely have entered the imagination of any of the corps of guides of Chamouni. I almost hesitated at allowing him to expose himself, but he was resolved and confident; and having given him most of the provisions, and all the wine, we saw him depart."—pp. 304-306.

We have not touched on many instructive and entertaining chapters; but enough, we hope, has been done to give our readers some notion of glacier-exploring, and also of the skill with which this energetic successor of Playfair manages to combine scientific disquisition and picturesque description.

From the Examiner.

#### LES HOMMES DES LETTRES.

It was the custom in France in Napoleon's time, and in that of Louis the Eighteenth, for the solemn sittings of cabinet councils to be opened, not by prayer and thanksgiving, but by a daily report from the police and the post office. Before entering upon the grave discussion of the business of the nation, the council was enlightened as to the comings and goings of this and that personage, with extracts from their letters, revelations of their amours, and records of their social quarrels. A prime minister once protested against this custom as an egregious loss of time. "Do you want to rob me of the only entertaining part of cabinet councils?" asked the king. "You can't expect me to sit out your solemn tragedies unless you indulge me in my police and post office interludes." The other ministers agreed with the monarch, who was always put in good humor by prying into the *billet-doux* of his courtiers. Fouché had a collection that would have furnished forth another edition of Brantome's *Dames Galantes*. No one knew where he kept it. Napoleon, who paid him to spy, paid another genius to act spy upon him. As the whole French system has been transplanted and acclimated here, we wonder who is employed to watch Sir James. *Quis custodiet istum custodem*.

But Louis Philippe keeps a man of letters and research far more clever than either Fouché or Graham. His insight is quite miraculous, and his mode of arriving at the contents of a letter without breaking the seal is indeed prodigious. No Mazzini ever complained in France that his letters were opened, no Stolzman dunned a Liberal deputy to state that his missives were interrupted. And this is statesmanship as it should be. A chancellor of the exchequer should pick our pockets without supplanting the annoyance of our being conscious of it, and a home secretary should read our letters without disturbing our confidence by stating the mean fact. "They manage these matters better in France." M. Comte is Louis Philippe's man of letters, a gay, convivial, courtly old gentleman, and with such a fund of anecdote—the latter easily accounted for. He is a walking *Biographie des Contemporains*, knows everything that was said, thought or written by an eminent personage of either sex for the last forty years. No man has brought to such perfection as Comte the art of judging of people's characters by their hand-writing. Sir J. Graham might go to school to him. One inestimable quality of such a master would be invaluable to such a pupil—this is the impossibility of being turned out of his office. Most Liberal ministers, who have come into power in France, have commenced by insisting on the removal of M. Comte. All were convinced in a few minutes, that the thing was impossible, or, at least, that it would be attended with the greatest possible inconvenience—to themselves.

M. Comte is the inventor of one of the most efficient checks upon the licentiousness of the press that have ever yet been found. The stamp on French journals being about a half-penny, and the postage but four fifths of one, of course all journals go through the post office. Any fine morning M. Comte gives an order, that all the numbers of any journal shall be seized and sealed up in a bag. He may do this for a week consecutively, thereby burking the journal. Should the law authorities prosecute the said journal, and should it be acquitted, M. Comte returns the papers—six months after date. But in no case can any editor or proprietor bring an action against M. Comte; they must first obtain leave of the Council of State, and that gentleman is of course one of its members. This being on the orthodox plan of prevention better than cure, we recommend it to Sir James, whom the queen's press certainly doth abuse most vilely.

In parts of Germany, not the most envied, persons who write, and don't like to have their seals broken—for when they are awkwardly broken the letter is sacrificed—put their names on the back of the letters, and some add a summary of the contents. This saves police and post office much trouble, and might be adopted advantageously by the refugee population around the Haymarket during the administration of the Baronet of Netherby.

The paternal government of Austria has a way of its own. It is most anxious after the health of its subjects, and is haunted by the idea that the plague might circulate in a letter, or the cholera be enwrapped in a *billet-doux*. The Austrian police therefore breaks the seal, unfolds the letter, takes a copy of the contents by some very awkward mode of impression, which leaves the letter as if it had come off a lithographic stone, and then the double-headed eagle is stamped upon every page. The sight of this tutelary eagle ensures to the worthy Austrian that his letter is free from either plague or political sin, and he blesses the providence of the emperor. Why should not the Netherby arms attest the purity of John Bull's correspondence after examination?

We trust that a commission will be appointed to inquire into and collect these foreign improvements in so interesting a science. The practice of sending commercial delegates has been abandoned, from the hopelessness of concluding treaties, or the determination to make no concession towards them. Let the salaries be transferred to delegates from the A division of Bow street, the A B C division of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and the P R Y council chamber of Whitehall.

**DOMESTIC GAS-APPARATUS.**—Scientific journals notice, among their novelties, an apparatus for the production of gas from any fire which is kept in constant use, such as a common kitchen grate, a steam-engine or other large furnace. The invention is the property of Messrs. Cordon and Smith of Nottingham, who have recently obtained a patent for the apparatus, which is described as exceedingly simple and manageable, and capable of generating an abundant supply of gas at little or no expense beyond the original cost. We have slight hopes, we must confess, of every household becoming its own gas manufacturer; but if the promise of the invention be fulfilled, there can be no doubt of its adoption in factories and other establishments having furnaces at their command, and requiring an almost constant supply of this now necessary article of illumination.—*Chambers' Journal*.

From the Quarterly Review.

*Die Königliche Rede an einen Katelischen Bischoff,*  
&c. Frankfort, 1842.

M. TOPFER, born and bred a Genevese republican and Calvinist, observes in his entertaining "Voyages en Zigzags," p. 457, on entering into Italy, "on reconnoît, bientôt qu'on vient d'entrer dans une contrée *sui generis*, dévote mais religieuse, fidèle à son culte, à ses traditions, à ses mœurs, saine à sa manière; chez une nation enfin, et non pas chez un assemblage d'esprits sans lien et sans unité." Fully alive to all the blessings which we ourselves owe to the Reformation, and more keenly sensible than most, from a thorough and intimate knowledge, derived from long residence in the bosom of Romanist families, both at home and abroad, of the practical evils of the papal system, we, nevertheless, acknowledge that we never passed from France or Switzerland into Italy without something near akin to the feeling so well expressed by M. Topfer. It is, therefore, with no unmixed pleasure that we proceed to give an account of certain workings which have been long operating secretly amongst the members of the Church of Rome, and which must soon produce a division amongst them, similar to that which has just taken place in the Church of Scotland. Not that we have any disposition to justify or palliate tyranny and cruelty, civil or ecclesiastical, in Russia or in Rome. But we confess that, looking at the European continent as a whole, it is not from that quarter that we think the danger is most imminent. To exclaim in these days against oppression and superstition is much as if a Frenchman, an Italian, or a German, in the midst of a deluge of rain, were to be taking precautions against a fire. It is impossible to have resided in these countries, and not sympathize to some extent with those sober and reflective natives who dread all attempts to gain increased liberty and increased religious light by appeals to the million, as being but masks for the furtherance of revolution and infidelity. If it were necessary to choose between any such extremes, most Englishmen would prefer to live under the government of Austria rather than in America, and the faith of Rome to the (so called) theology of the North of Germany.

Those amongst our readers who are acquainted with the Life of Monseigneur de Wessenberg, the Prince Primate of Constance, are aware of the contest which was carried on during the whole of his episcopate between him and the Roman government; but in this, as in most similar cases, the true source of disagreement does not appear in any printed account:—all that is manifest is a mere skirmishing of outposts, not the real cause of war. In like manner, in the encyclical letter to the bishops in Poland,\* transmitted at the time of the Po-

\* The words in the *EPISTOLA ENCYCLICA* (1832) are as follows:—

"Agamus idcirco in unitate spiritus communem nostram, seu verius Dei causam, et contra communes hostes pro totius populi salute una omnium sit vigilantia, una contentio.

"Id porro apprime præstabit, si, quod vestri, muneris ratio postulat, attendatis vobis, et doctrinæ, illud assidue revolventes animo, universalem ecclesiam quæcumque novitate pulsari, atque, ex sancto Agathonis pontificis monitu, nihil de iis quæ sunt regulariter definita minui debere, nihil mutari, nihil adijci, sed ea et verbis et sensibus illibata esse custodienda. Immo inde consistet firmitas unitatis, quæ hæc B. Petri Cathedræ suo veluti fundamento continetur, ut undè in ecclesias omnes venerandæ communionis jura dimanant: ibi *universa* et mu-

lish Revolution, the Pope speaks, or rather is made to speak, in very strong terms of certain inquiet spirits which had been for many years troubling the Holy See with unreasonable requests—requests which, although always refused, were with unconquerable pertinacity continually renewed; but they who merely read this letter were as much in the dark as ever as to the nature of these demands; it was not the intention, as it was not the policy, of the Court of Rome to declare them openly. The subject has been referred to in divers journals and pamphlets from time to time, but always in such a way that none could understand the points at issue save those who had other means of information. The censorship of the press, which in most Roman Catholic countries, is in the hands of ecclesiastics, and generally of Dominicans, effectually prevents any thing from transpiring that could give information to the Roman Catholic laity: and no question within the bosom of the Roman Church itself has much chance to attract the attention of Protestant polemicists.

We say within the bosom of the church itself—because nothing but the fear of schism has prevented many members of the Church of Rome in Germany from long ere now taking effectual measures for ensuring the redress of the things of which they complain. Down to this moment they have avowed and acted on the resolution not to admit of any discussion of, or departure from, any one doctrine or article of faith; confining their desire of alteration to such things as are mere matters of discipline, and which the Pope might rectify to-morrow if he pleased; and, till very lately, they also professed their determination to suffer anything rather than produce a separation from the See of Rome. A change, however, has now been wrought on this latter point—and fully admitting the dangers of schism, and all the difficulty of preserving, after separation, anything like authority in matters of government or doctrine—they are, nevertheless, at last resolved to risk all these evils rather than suffer the things of which they complain to continue.

It is obvious that these persons must have a

*rus sit, et securitas, et portus expers fluctuum, et bonorum thesaurus innumerabilium. Ad eorum itaque retundendam audaciam qui vel jura sanctæ hujus Sedis infringere conantur, vel dirimere ecclesiarum cum ipsâ conjunctionem, quâ unâ eadem nituntur et vigent, maximum fidei in eam ac venerationis sinceræ studium inculcate, inclamantes cum S. Cypriano falsò confidere se esse in Ecclesiâ quæ Cathedram Petri deserat, super quam fundata est Ecclesiâ.*

"In hoc idèd elaborandum vobis est, assidueque vigilandum, ut fidei depositum custodiant in tantâ hominum impiorum conspiratione, quam ad illud diripiendum perdendumque factam lamentamur. Meminerint omnes, judicium de sanâ doctrinâ quæ populi imbuendi sunt, atque Ecclesiæ universæ regimen et administrationem penes Romanum Pontificem esse, cui plena pascendi regendi, et gubernandi universalem Ecclesiam potestas à Christo Domino tradita fuit, uti patres Florentini concilii disertè declarârunt. Est autem singulorum Episcoporum Cathedræ Petri fidelissimè adherere, depositum sanctæ religionis custodire, et pascere, qui in eis est, gregem Dei. Presbyteri vero subjecti sint oportet Episcopis, quos uti animæ parentes suscipiendos ab ipsis esse monet Hieronymus: nec unquam obliviscantur se vetustis etiam canonibus vetari quidpiam in suscepto ministerio agere, ac decendi et concionandi munus sibi sumere, sine sententiâ Episcoporum; cuius fidei populus est creditus, et à quo pro animabus ratio exigitur. Certum denique firmoque sit eos omnes qui adversus præstitutum hunc ordinem aliquid moliantur, statum ecclesiæ, quantum in ipsis est, perturbare."

very strong case, or at least think they have a very strong case, before, with such sentiments as we have described them to hold, they could be brought to adopt the measures they now contemplate. Slowly and reluctantly must they have made up their minds that, without a bold movement against authority, their case is a hopeless one. They are well aware of the difficulties they must find in justifying their final resolution to the Roman Catholic world at large; and one great difficulty with which they have to contend, and which is a difficulty to us in stating their case now, arises from their justification being complete exactly in the proportion in which it is unfit for the eye of the public.

The four points upon which they have been insisting are, first, that the public worship shall be performed in all countries in the vernacular tongue; secondly, that the cup shall be given, as well as the bread, in the Sacrament, to the laity; thirdly, that the frequenting of the confessional shall not be compulsory; fourthly, that vows of celibacy shall not be obligatory on the clergy.

With regard to the first of these points—they complain not of the doctrine that “the law of the church is one and unchangeable;” but they assert and complain that the doctrine has been pushed and used so as to have the effect of a fraud. They complain that the priests of Rome have multiplied the unchangeable laws to an extent which they know it is impossible to maintain, in order that they may obtain money for dispensations to break them. They complain, too, that this particular law against vernacular prayers *has been relaxed elsewhere—but not for them*. In France the people commonly use a prayer-book called the “*Paroissien*,” which has the Latin service and the French translation in parallel columns; but such a work is prohibited in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and all countries where the power of the church is absolute. In the North of Germany and the Tyrol they use a German mass-book, but it is rarely to be met with in Austria, Bohemia, or Styria. Nor let it not be supposed that this is a question affecting the laity only; a large majority of the priests in these regions are as ignorant of the meaning of the Latin which they chaunt, as the Jews are of the Hebrew which they read in the synagogue. Jews and Romish priests learn to read Hebrew and Latin, but they do not learn to understand it; even in the towns, to say nothing of the country parishes very many priests understand no more of Latin than the people; and hence the importance, even as respects the clergy, of this first point for which they are contending.

On the second point, the custom of the Church of Rome is for none but the celebrants to partake of the chalice; the expression, therefore, “refusing the cup to the laity,” so common at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, is not correct; priests are as much refused as laymen if they present themselves to receive the blessed sacrament; but they seldom present themselves, because each one ought to say mass himself every day, and therefore he would not go a second time to receive it. It is certainly remarkable that of the two elements, the one of which it is specially said, “Drink ye ALL of it,” should be that one which is refused to all.

With the third point commences our difficulty, and one before which we confess ourselves compelled to yield; we are precluded from the possibility of proving our position, and we must state at once our conclusion, which is this—that if it

had been the intention of any body of men to corrupt the morals of the human race, to habituate children of both sexes to impurity, filth, and profligacy, it would have been impossible to have devised a scheme more completely adapted to produce that effect than the practise of the confessional, as it is now carried on in the Church of Rome. The common sense of mankind, the ordinary feelings of morality, would have made it impossible to carry into practice such a project, unless it had assumed the mask of religious duty to God; and when the sense of morality is so far deadened, as that any persons should suppose that burning alive can be well pleasing to God, it is not difficult for such to imagine that obscenity in thought and language should be so likewise. Whilst it is obvious that it is impossible here to prove our assertion, we will at least furnish the means by which any one who is so inclined may satisfy himself; we recommend such an one to read the ordinary English Roman Catholic prayer-book, called, “*The Garden of the Soul*,” at the parts which relate to self-examination in order to confession; next, the books which are written to instruct the priests to extort from reluctant females in the confession things which no pure-minded woman has ever imagined; e. g., “*La Méthode pour la direction des âmes dans le tribunal de la Pénitence, et pour le gouvernement des Paroisses, Paris, 1834*,” “*Il Confessore diretto per le confessioni della gente di campagna, Bologna, 1824*,” “*Le Rituel de Toulon*,” or any similar books which make in all countries the stock in trade of a priest, and some or other of which are to be found in all their houses; and then let them read any work of *Theologia Moralis* on the confessional and the seventh commandment.

This subject in Protestant countries is merely either a matter of speculation and theory, or a handle for controversialists wherewith to attack papists—a task for which, it must be confessed, the heroes of “discussion meetings” are singularly ill qualified. But with the honest ecclesiastics of Germany, the Tyrol, German Switzerland, Poland, Bohemia, and Hungary, these things are no speculations and theories, but sad and painful realities. They know that corruption of the youthful mind is the natural and almost invariable result; and some are determined that the fruits of this system shall not be hid in a corner any more; but, let the consequences be what they may, the secret recesses of infamy shall be exposed, and the system be put an end to.

It is impossible in the very nature of things that a young female, or almost any female, can have such a burden on her conscience as can make her desire often to resort to special and private confession to a priest; and certainly it ought not to be tolerated that she should have indecent thoughts suggested to her, even at the early age of seven years old; for at this period do they begin to insinuate their filth in the convents in which girls are commonly educated. The heads of the church themselves admit the liability of abuse through the confessional, and frequent exhortations are published desiring all women who have improper solicitations made to them there to denounce the confessor; but a moment's consideration will show the inutility of this exhortation; and one instance which we will give must suffice for all. An Italian gentleman of our acquaintance removed with his family from the place of his nativity to a town in another state; soon after their arrival the wife went to the confessional in the parish church,



where improper proposals were made to her; she ran home and acquainted her husband; he made a formal complaint to the proper authorities in her name; a day was appointed for the examination of the charge; and when the time arrived the lady naturally declined to appear. It is obvious that just in proportion as the person offended is delicate, and the offence gross, there will be the greater difficulty of inducing the complainant to come forward. Scarcely any woman could be found who would go into the presence of several strange men and repeat the expressions by which her ears had been insulted. The result, however, was, that the priest had his license for hearing confessions taken from him; and neither husband nor wife have ever gone to the confessional since that period. The authorities at Rome do all that in them lies to repress these disorders; the licenses for hearing confessions are renewed from year to year, and always refused where well-grounded complaints have been made; but in country parishes there are no means of redress; the curé and his vicaire are the only priests in it, and the people are completely in their power. Knowing this blot in their system, the Mendicant orders turn it to their own profit. Two Capuchins, the one a priest, the other a lay brother, make a tour through a country district. The former goes into the church and receives the confessions of those who for various reasons do not choose to confess to the secular priest; whilst the lay brother, with his donkey and hampers, goes round from house to house to collect the contributions of the faithful for the benefit of the community. The system cannot be improved—*Delenda est*.

The effect of the system upon the minds of the people is obvious; and Sir George Sinythe might have given a much fuller defence of the term "heastly," which he applied to Maynooth, (*see his pamphlet, published at Chelmsford*), than that which he has done, if he had been more fully acquainted with the subject. The immediate object, however, of bringing forward this point at the present time is not so much with reference to its effect upon the laity, as to its effect upon the priests themselves; and whoever intends to take the trouble of consulting the works to which allusion has above been made, should remember that these books are the private and secret studies of those who from their earliest years have taken vows of celibacy upon them; who live alone, shut up in their own solitary chamber, apart from all the world, for many hours every day. Such persons require a peculiar absence from all demoralizing words and thoughts: it ought to be their unremitting labor to banish every imagination, even the most transient, upon details of vice; whereas, to sit alone and study all the forms and varieties of impurity on which Spanish and French casuists have written, analyzing and classifying every variety of crime which the most brutal and sensual of mankind have ever perpetrated, as in the works of *Sanchez, Escobar, Sa, Facundez, Gobat, &c.*, is the sure and certain method to make the vows a nullity.

That such is the fact of the case is known but too well to all whose duty and station compel them to be informed. We will confine ourselves at present to two dioceses in France, and two in Germany—in each of which we have ourselves resided. In each of the former, on a certain fixed day, a very excellent prelate assembles all the clergy of his see in the cathedral, where with closed doors, and in secret, they celebrate together the

holiest mysteries of their faith. Mass being ended, the bishop proceeds to address a *concio ad clerum*, in which he enumerates all the cases of immorality which have occurred amongst the clergy in the course of the last year, with the sentences which have been passed by the ecclesiastical tribunals. The names of the parties are carefully concealed; some are known to priests resident in the immediate neighborhood—but the greater part have escaped even local notoriety; many have become known only through the confessional: the *participes criminis* have perhaps been removed into other parishes and then revealed to new confessors that which would otherwise have remained secret, and which has thus come round to the ears of the prelate in whose diocese the culprit resided. Sometimes the weight of sin can be no longer borne on the conscience, and voluntary confessions have been made. A thrill of horror pervaded the assembly on one occasion when the good bishop had finished his recital; and then, with many tears, at the head, and in the name of the whole body of his clergy, he confessed the sin of the priests and people, and implored forgiveness.

Such is the practice in two different dioceses in France; probably of more; and certainly in all some measures are taken by the bishops of the present time to repress the outbreaks of vice amongst the clergy. These things, however, are most anxiously concealed from the laity; indeed, scarce a Roman Catholic layman of any rank, or of whatever general intelligence, has the smallest information upon any subject connected with the priests. Nor do we wonder that even pure and worthy dignitaries should shrink from the tremendous hazard of overthrowing what yet lingers in France of the old veneration for the priests. They may be forgiven for dreading a reform which should begin by loosening the already too weak bands that bind religion in any way on the people; for being anxious rather to discover some means of giving a strength and vigor to the good that remains, in order that the diseased parts may be sloughed off through increasing health.

In the German dioceses to which we referred, the same assemblies of the clergy indeed do not take place; but the bishop's court sits twice every week, being exclusively employed in trying complaints made against ecclesiastics. So great and so incessant are the horrors here brought to light, that the excellent prelate who presides over one see more immediately under our eye, passes the whole night afterwards in fasting and tears of penitence for the things which have come before him. The extent of immorality is so great that it is considered a good sign of a priest if he is known to keep a mistress without causing any public scandal, and no notice is taken of him. If, however, she lies in at the parsonage, or if they quarrel so that a disturbance is produced in the village, then he is removed to another parish; if the same thing occurs a second time, the same treatment is pursued; if it is repeated a third time, he is degraded, all employment and means of livelihood are taken from him; and many such are to be seen throughout Germany breaking stones on the road, or serving as privates in the army. These, however, are not the immoralities which produce upon the minds of bishops such effects as have been above described. They are such as cannot be put upon paper: hideous, unnamable crimes—committed in the most holy places, because supposed to be the most secure from the eye of man, regardless of the eye of God.



In Italy such offences, when not screened by some powerful patron, are punished by incarceration in a convent, with starving, and repeated flagellation, which frequently terminate in death. But in Germany no such power exists; more liberal, but less cruel; more tolerant both of good and evil. The example of the court in the neighborhood of the place to which we are now referring, tended not many years ago to sanction some of the worst of the crimes above alluded to; and though it is now mended, the effects of past days are not worn out.

This state of morals is not peculiar to the clergy of these four dioceses, but they have been selected exclusively because we would refer to nothing with which we were not personally acquainted. The German ecclesiastics who are now resolved to bring these things to light have no wish for writing libellous accusations against their brethren:—but they will bring them forward as proofs, damning proofs, of the effects of the practice of the confessional, of the necessary studies of the priests, and of the vows of celibacy, upon the morals of the clergy: and they will draw their proofs not from one diocese here and another diocese there, but from all dioceses; not from the last years only, but from the uninterrupted course of the last century. It is a remarkable feature in the case that all the profligate clergy are strong in favor of the continuance of the law of celibacy, whilst all the moral clergy are for abolishing it. The Protestants in these dioceses generally say that that is in order that they may continue their flagitious courses in a way which it would be more difficult to do if they were married, but that is not the real ground of their resistance. They resist it because they know that it is popular at head-quarters to resist it; and they take the side of the authorities at Rome in order to make friends to themselves of the mammon of unrighteousness, that they may be in their turn befriended.

It is quite a mistake of the Protestants to suppose that the heads of the Church of Rome are indifferent to priestly enormities; nothing can be farther from the truth. The Court of Rome uses every means in its power to punish such things—save where the offenders are supported by powerful patrons;—in those cases it is indeed tolerant and corrupt; but in all other cases its severity is very great and even cruel. The Court of Rome would very willingly see the manners of the clergy decorous everywhere; but it resists all reform through the means of public exposure: for, that once countenanced, where would it stop? It was this fear of exposure which paralyzed many efforts for internal reform in Italy itself prior to the age of Luther. It is this same fear that will at least strain every nerve to paralyze the efforts of the German ecclesiastics who now avow their zeal for amending what is evil; and it is the fear, not of an individual, but of a perpetual Ecclesiastical *Bureaucratie*. The movers of reform say that the four points towards which their efforts are directed are mere matters of discipline, and within the power of the Pope to correct at any moment he pleases; but some of them at least well know that practically the Pope is as much a cipher in the church as the Emperor of Austria is in Germany, or as the most constitutional king in his own dominions.

No Pope, we believe, ever ascended the Chair with better intentions than the present one; but he was elected, as has long been the rule, when old and enfeebled, and proved accordingly unfit to make any effectual struggle against the inveterate

*malaria* of the system about him. Without doubt there is much genuine piety and virtue in Rome; but there is also a great deal of wickedness and infidelity, and these are only the more pernicious by reason of the hypocrisy which does and must result from the composition of a society in which the most prominent persons are at once professed courtiers or place-hunters, and ecclesiastics. Their priestly attire does not make a thousand busy place-hunters internally much different from those who follow similar objects in lay dresses at Vienna, Paris, or London; but it compels superficial pretence; and men trained in such a school, accustomed to breathe such an atmosphere, constitute a ruling caste far more likely to produce stern despotic avengers of indiscretion dangerous to its own *prestige*,\* than zealous reformers of wide-spread, long-inherited abuses, which strike at the essentials of character throughout Rome and Italy, and all Papal Europe. Come anything rather than a general searching exposure of any class of facts involving the priesthood as a class! Anything rather than such an exposure as must end in convincing Lay Romanists that the Holy See has for centuries upheld, as part and parcel of the Divine Law, a regulation necessitating the habitual violation of the plainest precepts of religion and morality on the part of an order claiming exclusive reverence and submission as the delegates of heaven.

The “*Epistola Encyclica*” of 1832, already quoted, reasserts accordingly in the fullest and fiercest terms the determination of the Court of Rome, that nothing shall be listened to from any quarter on the subject of that grand radical evil—the enforced celibacy of the clergy.

“Cum autem, ut Tridentinorum Patrum verbis utamur, constet ecclesiam *eruditam fuisse a Christo Jesu ejusque Apostolis, atque a Spiritu Sancto illi omnem veritatem in dies suggerente edoceri* absurdum plane est ac maxime in eam injuriosum, *restauracionem ac regeneracionem* quamdam obtrudi, quasi necessariam, ut ejus incolunitati et incremento consulatur, perinde ac si censi ipsa possit vel defectui vel obscurioni, vel aliis, hujusmodi incommodis obnoxia. \* \* \* “Hic autem vestram volumus excitatam pro religione constantiam adversus fœdissimam in clericalem cœlibatum conjurationem, quam *notis effervescere in dies latius*, connitentibus cum perditissimis nostri ævi philosophis nonnullis etiam ex ipso ecclesiastico ordine, qui persone oblitum munericque sui, ac blanditiis abrepti voluptatum, eo licentiæ proruperunt ut *publicas etiam atque iteratas aliquibus in locis ausi sint adhibere principibus postulationes ad disciplinam illam sanctissimam perfringendam*. Sed piget de turpissimis hisce conatibus longo vos sermone distinere, vestræque potius religioni fidentes commit-

\* Men's tongues are silent, because every one is afraid to speak. Relations even are often in ignorance of what happens to each other. We know the case of a priest who, for speaking disrespectfully to his bishop, was suddenly taken away from the little village in which he lived, and wherein his brother was one of the principal proprietors, and yet none either knew or thought of inquiring what had become of him: at last it turned out that he had been taken to the prison of the Santo Uffizio, sixty miles off, kept nine months in a cage, in which he could not stand upright, and when he returned to his family at the expiration of his sentence, he was in a condition which need not be described; for he had had no opportunity all that time of washing or cleaning himself, shaving, or cutting his hair or nails. Yet to this day some of his relations do not know of his ever having been in prison at all.

timas, ut legem maximi momenti, in quam lascivientium tela undique sunt intenta, sartan tectam custodiri, vindicari, defendi, ex sacrorum cononum præscripto, omni ope contendatis."

That movement in Bavaria and Western Germany, which at this moment excites the well-founded alarm of the Roman court, may be traced principally to the zeal and abilities of the late Bishop Sailer; and hence the importance of the speech of the king of Bavaria upon the appointment of Bishop Riedel, which ended with the expression of his Majesty's hope that he should find in him a worthy successor of Bishop Sailer. The pamphlet, therefore, named at the head of these remarks is properly and truly an answer to the question, "Who was Sailer, and what were his principles?"

Bishop Sailer died in 1832. In one of his last works he says,—

"He that knows anything of that unsteady thing, the human heart, now pressed into despondency, and now uplifted in presumption, will not cease to cry aloud these three things:—1st. What the authorities in the church *ought* to do? 2d. What those under authority *may* do? 3d. What the providence of God *shall* do?"

"1. To you, ye noble and venerable heads and fathers, belongs the task of amending and improving the ritual and liturgy of the church where they are defective; to introduce what is suitable and appropriate to the present times and circumstances of the church; to reform what *in the houses of the priests* (especially in Germany) calls aloud for amendment; and to spread around blessings and contentment among all parts of the church.

"2. To you, my brethren, whose hands are tied from introducing voluntary changes, belongs the noble task of breathing into the existing formularies of the church all the life they are capable of containing: and is not that a noble field for you!—of setting before your flock the light of a holy example, and so blessing all the families of your charge.

"3. But if neither those in authority nor those under authority will fulfil their duties, then will Nemesis appear, and the providence of God will clear a place for new plantings of the Holy Ghost; it may be after this fashion, it may be after another, it may be here, it may be elsewhere.

"The word that links the spirit of improvement on to the spirit of obedience, the responsibility of man to the providence of God, stands not in vain there where it is written, 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.'"

Bishop Sailer had been preceded by some men of great piety and intelligence—Boos, Lindel, Gosner, and others; but he was distinguished not only by a degree of mental power superior to any of them, but also by a prudence and caution in which some of them were very deficient. It is not therefore wonderful that the movement should be identified more peculiarly with his name. Those in favor of it are now generally styled "Disciples of Sailer;" and the King of Bavaria, it is obvious, has no objection to share the designation. But they have received another title from the many bystanders who sympathize little either with them or their antagonists. They are called "Jesus worshippers," the others "Mary worshippers" (*Mariadisten*;) and these *sobriquets* clearly indicate another great practical abuse of the papa-

cy, as to which the two parties have already come into open collision. We say *practical*—for, however clearly educated Romanists may see the demarcation between *douleia* and *latreia*—however sincerely they may protest against injustice when charged with giving to a dead woman the honor and worship due only to God—the fact is entirely undeniable that in Roman Catholic countries thousands and tens of thousands live and die in habitual reliance on the intercession and mediation, not of the Saviour, but of the Virgin and other saints departed.

Those worthy men who are laboring at the reformation and purifying of the Roman Catholic Church will be opposed by the rulers at Rome—for any acknowledgment of error would be a confession that they have not been infallibly right in all they have said and done on every occasion, in every age. They will also be opposed by the radical party in Rome, because they are not seeking to overthrow the state, or revolutionize, or even dismember it, as O'Connell is doing. Their only chance of not being speedily crushed is from the increasing disunion in the papal councils. The doctrines of Lamennais have made great progress; and Padre Ventura, who was silenced because of the countenance which he gave the French Abbé when at Rome, is again in favor, and preached the Quadresimal sermons this year. Hence the O'Connellite faction in Rome, which has always been opposed by Father Routham, the general of the Jesuits, as being against all government alike in church and state, whilst assuming the mask of attacking only the supremacy of an heretical church, has gained much support. That O'Connellite faction, we grieve to say, has been taken up by all the English Roman Catholics resident in Rome; and the admirers of Lamennais are talking more composedly, and with less alarm, of the possibility of their throwing off all connexion with governments everywhere, and placing themselves at the head of the revolutionists throughout Europe. Some such desperate plunge seems, indeed, the natural death of a system so mighty, and with so much vitality, as the papal system still possesses: it cannot die the way of all flesh, and expire like a candle burnt down into the socket, with a bright, perhaps, but momentary glare; it must die in a convulsion, and in such a convulsion as will shake all Europe to its very foundation.\*

The great respectability of the bishops in France and Germany has alone kept the thing together for a long time past. In the former country several were soldiers under Napoleon, and a few also have been military men in the latter; but all are men of a certain age, well educated; and have seen much of the world. In Germany also the Pope has always been obliged to be more measured in his dealings than in other countries, for the old northern spirit has ever brooked but ill a submission to an Italian Cæsar, be he imperial or ecclesiastical.

Having said so much upon the real grounds of the movement in Bavaria, we must add our ex-

\* The press, too, is becoming more ingenious in disseminating its productions. A pestilent tragedy, lately printed at Florence in defiance of the authorities, entitled "Arnaldo da Brescia," by Nicolini, a tolerably good poet, is sought after with avidity, and circulates largely, though everywhere prohibited. It has a life of that reformer, with many historical documents appended; and the whole volume is full of bold expressions against priestcraft and arbitrary rule, stated with much power of language.

treme disappointment at the inadequacy of the arms which are wielded in the conflict. The advocates for filth, sin, superstition, and worship of dead men and women, have long been supported by a very powerful Journal—one fully equal in ability to the “Dublin Review.” It does not hesitate to denounce the followers of Sailer as “Aftermystische;” and it must be confessed that the tendency of part of their system is to produce religious twaddle, and to generate a race of Madame Guions, as the school of Fenelon did in France. The first numbers of the “Wahrheitsfreund,” a Journal undertaken by the friends of right principle, are full of instances of this kind. Their enemies, however, have done one piece of service by occupying the ground before them: they have taken from the Court of Rome the power to apply for the suppression of this Journal, on the ground that it is contrary to the discipline of the church for anything to be published by an ecclesiastic without the express authority and sanction of his bishop; and it has received the approbation of the bishop. They must, however, give their Journal a very different cast and tone. It is idle for them to waste their time by appeals to the fathers and councils; such a proceeding will only make a *logomachia*, and multiply quibbles upon quibbles. Let them appeal to principles which all acknowledge, and to morals which all pretend to respect. Let them publish fully and truly the result of the trials in the ecclesiastical courts; and they may rest assured that they must be successful in urging every right-minded man to join with them against the sin denounced in Scripture, of “forbidding to marry.”

The speech of the King of Bavaria, which has been the occasion of the pamphlet whose title is placed at the head of this article, is most important. His Majesty not only mentions Sailer with praise, but recommends his example as a model to be followed—Sailer the friend of Stolberg, Haller, and Schlegel—Sailer the despised of the despised by the Ultramontane party. The king no doubt feels that, in laboring at the civilization of his people, his chief endeavor must be to deliver the clergy from the vices of heathenism. Let him stand resolutely by those whom he has here recommended to follow Sailer, and the followers of Sailer will soon cleanse that Augean stable which the secular arm alone can never do. The priests are too crafty for any layman, even for a king. The common saying at Rome is, that they—the priests—“have the promise of God for their support, even to the end of the world, which no kings have;” a position into which we shall not now enter further than to observe how characteristic the sentiment is of that grand usurper, of whom it is written that she says, “I sit as a queen, and shall see no sorrow.”

The movement in Bavaria has already created much stir throughout Germany; and the Austrian government, concluding that all who feel disgusted at popish abuses must verge towards Protestantism, has lately issued a proclamation, reminding its subjects of an old law which punishes with banishment any Roman Catholic who turns Protestant. It is possible, indeed, that the Protestants in Hungary may be generally more opposed to the Austrian maxims of government than the Roman Catholics; but it is certain that the leaders in the Diet are of ancient Roman Catholic families and Roman Catholics themselves. Into the Hungarian part of the question, however, we shall not at this time enter.

#### ANECDOTE OF WOLFE.

FROM Lord Mahon's History of England we take a curious anecdote of Wolfe, which we could hardly have credited on a less authority:

“After Wolfe's appointment, and on the day preceding his embarkation for America, Pitt, desirous of giving his last verbal instructions, invited him to dinner, Lord Temple being the only other guest.—As the evening advanced, Wolfe—heated, perhaps, by his own aspiring thoughts, and the unwonted society of statesmen, broke forth into a strain of gasconade and bravado. He drew his sword, he rapped the table with it, he flourished it round the room, he talked of the mighty things which that sword was to achieve. The two ministers sat aghast at an exhibition so unusual from any man of real sense and real spirit. And when at last Wolfe had taken his leave, and his carriage was heard to roll from the door, Pitt seemed for the moment shaken in the high opinion which his deliberate judgment had formed of Wolfe; he lifted up his eyes and arms, and exclaimed to Lord Temple: ‘Good God! that I should have entrusted the fate of the country and of the administration to such hands!’ This story was told by Lord Temple himself to a near and still surviving relative,—one of my best and most valued friends.”

—If this is true, it certainly confirms one of Wolfe's self-criticisms, that he was not seen to advantage in the common occurrences of life. It depicts a shy, nervous man, seeking relief in desperate extremes. We take another, and more agreeable anecdote, of the great young soldier: the landing at “Wolfe's Cove,” the night before the siege of Quebec:

“Swiftly, but silently, did the boats fall down with the tide, unobserved by the enemy's sentinels, who were,—or who should have been,—at their posts along the shore.—Of the soldiers on board, how eagerly must every heart have throbbed at the coming conflict; how intently must every eye have contemplated the dark outline, as it lay pencilled upon the midnight sky,—and as every moment it grew closer and clearer,—of the hostile heights! Not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard beyond the rippling of the stream. Wolfe alone,—thus tradition has told us,—repeated in a low voice to the other officers in his boat those beautiful stanzas with which a country church yard inspired the muse of Gray. One noble line,—‘The paths of glory lead but to the grave,’—must have seemed at such a moment fraught with mournful meaning. At the close of the recitation Wolfe added: ‘Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec!’”

Our last extract is of an affecting incident in the seven years' war:

“It was before the dawn of the 16th of October, and near the closter (or convent) of Campen; the allies, marching silently on, shrouded by the double darkness of the night and of the woods. They were already close upon the enemy, when they, at a sudden turn, came upon the Chevalier d'Assas, a young officer of the regiment of Auvergne, who commanded an outpost, and had rambled a little in advance of it. In an instant a hundred bayonets were levelled at his breast, with a threat of immediate death if he gave the least alarm. But the high-minded Frenchman did not hesitate. Collecting all his voice for one loud cry,—A MOI AUVERGNE, VOILA LES ENNEMIS!—the next moment he fell back, pierced through with mortal wounds. This heroic act,—worthy the Decii of another age,—saved the French army from surprise, and, probably, destruction.”

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

*Notice of the Employment of the Flesh of Small Whales for feeding Cattle in the Faroe Islands.*  
In a letter to the Editor from W. C. TREVILLAN, Esq.

I YESTERDAY received a letter, dated June 2d, from the Faroe Islands, which contains further information regarding the capture of whales by means of nets, of which a notice appeared in the Journal for January. The total number of the *Delphinus melas* (Caaing whale) taken in Faroe in 1843, was 3146, besides a few individuals of other species; most of these were captured by means of the net before mentioned. The quantity of oil obtained from the blubber and exported, was 87,404 gallons, and its value £5665; besides this, about one-eighth of the blubber was salted for food, and some oil reserved for domestic uses, &c. During the past winter, a novel but important experiment has been tried with the flesh of these animals:—it was then for the first time used as food for cows, and apparently with perfect success. For this purpose the flesh is cut into long and narrow strips, and dried, without salt, in the air, in the same manner as when used for food by the natives; when well dried it will keep good for two years. When used, it is cut into pieces two or three inches long, and slightly boiled; any oil rising to the surface is skimmed off, and then the soup and meat are given to the cows, together with about one-half or one-third the usual quantity of hay. On this food they appear to thrive well, giving an increased quantity of milk; and neither it nor the cream has any unpleasant flavor, as they have when the animals are fed on dried fish, as in Iceland and other northern countries. Many cows have usually perished in Faroe from the scarcity of fodder in winter; and my correspondent, the Rev. Mr. Schroter, (who has for many years exerted himself in improving the condition of his fellow-countrymen,) calculates that the lives of more than 600 cows were saved last winter by the use of this food; which, he remarks, might be found of value for the same purpose in Shetland and Orkney, where, from the flesh of the *Delphinus* being disliked as food, great quantities of it are wasted which might be profitably employed in this way—a more valuable application of it than for manure, as formerly suggested; and if the supply were at all regular, it might enable the inhabitants to increase their stock of cows in winter, and thus add much to their domestic comfort.

Edinburgh, 25th June, 1844.

YOUNG IRELAND.—*The National* newspaper. Are our readers acquainted with this new organ of the new spirit which has recently grown up in Irish politics? We assure them it is a sign of the times not to be neglected. The *Young Ireland* of which this journal is representative, is well worth being studied and understood by all Englishmen and Scotsmen. This *Nation* is not a mere O'Connellite, nor a mere Catholic organ. It has a life of its own. Its writers treat Catholicism with all due respect, as the religion of their country; but they do not write at all like Popish devotees: they venerate and love O'Connell, but do not seem to subscribe implicitly to certain items of his political creed. There is as much of Theobald Wolfe Tone in these men, as of Daniel O'Connell. On the "morality of war," they hold their own opinions. The O'Connellite doctrine, that "Repeal is not worth purchasing at the price of one drop of

human blood," is regarded as a crotchet of the great man's,—respectable in him, but deserving no quarter when enunciated by unprivileged lips. Meanwhile they sink minor differences; vote for keeping the peace until they are better prepared for war, and watch the Oregon question with a most lively interest. This war section of the Repeal party are as patient, practical, and business-like a set of men as the pacific O'Brien section. They neither gloss over the vices, nor flatter the vanities of any portion of their fellow-countrymen. They can afford a good-humored, half-contemptuous smile at the patriotic vagaries of the Monster Meetings—make no scruple of owning that Irishmen all lived too fast in the summer of 1843—broadly hint that it was nonsense to speak Dungannon speeches, and vote Dungannon resolutions, without the Dungannon *matériel* of war—avow a strong distaste for "drums without soldiers,"—and take no particular pains to draw the line exactly between Repeal and Separation. We doubt whether the British empire contains within its limits a set of more dangerous enemies to its integrity and power, (thanks to Lords Lyndhurst and Stanley,) than this war section of the Irish repealers. To have armed such men with a grievance like the imprisonment of O'Connell, is the worst thing the Tories have done for us yet.

How much of the mischief may even now be undone by the Euthanasia of the indictment in the House of Lords, it will be time enough to consider, should that devoutly-to-be-desired consummation be realized. In the mean time, we trust that the British people will not be slack or sparing in the expressions of their sympathy with a nation whose enemies are our enemies, whose wrongs are our wrongs,—only in a greatly aggravated form, and with other special ones of their own superadded,—and whose zealous friendship in peace and war is worth a thousand-fold more to us than the forcible and formal maintenance of any artificial political tie. We cannot lose too little time in making it clear to our rulers that we will not be accessory, either before or after the fact, to a war,—whether of statutes or of bayonets—against a people who peacefully agitate for the redress of wrongs, the like of which we, of England and Scotland, would not endure for an hour. We heartily dislike Repeal, as a dividing and weakening of the empire, and a probable occasion of new jealousies and dissensions between the countries; but that most horrible of calamities, a war with Ireland, would divide and weaken the empire far more fatally than even the dissolution of the Legislative Union—would give us, instead of probable dissensions, certain, permanent and deadly hatred. The case has not even yet, we believe, got beyond the reach of wise and honest imperial legislation. The misfortune is, that of honesty and wisdom imperial legislation gives no sign: it is only within this past month that imperial legislation has again voted the perpetuity of that nuisance of nuisances, the Protestant Church Establishment. We take leave of this subject, for the present, with the expression of our conviction that, if Ireland is ever to be other than a drag on us in peace, and a fearful peril and weakness in war, she must have either Repeal, or that for which Repeal is sought—a free and vigorous national life, in church and state, a full development of her internal resources, and the weight and consideration to which she is entitled as a constituent portion of the British Empire.

*Tait's Magazine*

## THE SEAMAN'S LIGHT.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

In darkness the sky and the ocean were blending  
As we steered for our own native isle in the west,  
A twinkling light o'er the waters extending  
Its lengthening ray, gave us hope of our rest.  
Oh! 't was sweet, that soft light, from the harbor in sight—

As we dash'd through its track, it said "Welcome,  
boys, back!"  
Yet I longed for another—the twinkle that shone  
Where my Susan kept watch, in our own little home.

No longer by duty on shipboard delay'd,  
Our frigate at anchor, my messmates at rest,  
My parting salute to the officers paid,  
Like an arrow I flew to my own little nest.  
'T was a year and a day we had sail'd from the bay,  
Not a scrape of a pen had I fingered since then;  
And my poor heart was fearful some evil had come  
To my babes, or my Sue, or my snug little home.

The grog-shops were full, and the fiddles were playing,  
Old messmates would hail me, and offer me prog;  
But homeward I steered, without stopping or staying—  
My heart was too full for their victuals or grog.  
I knew 't was all right—there twinkled the light;  
Up the stairs, then, I flew—"Are you there, my sweet Sue?"

Like an echo she answered—"Dear Jack, are you come?"

'Tis a year and a day since you parted from home!"

If I was to be made a post-captain, believe me,  
I could not have then been a happier man:  
The girl by my side that would never deceive me,  
My babes on my knee and a full flowing can.  
Oh! sweet was her smack, and the little ones' clack,  
And sweet on my welcoming glass was the foam;  
And though but a rushlight, I ne'er saw, day or night,  
A light to compare with the light of my home.

Then here's to our frigate, the old Madagascar,  
And here's to each messmate the best I can wish—  
May the girl of your heart still be kind when you ask her;

May a friend share your glass, and a friend heap your dish;

May your ship still have luck, boys, to swim like a duck,

Whenever across the wide ocean you roam;  
And joy to the life of the jolly tar's wife,

Who watches for him by the light of his home.  
*Dublin University Magazine.*

## THE NIGER.

*A Few Remarks addressed to those who desire the Amelioration of Africa; with an Outline of a Plan by which it is believed Commercial Inter-course with Central Africa may be established.*  
By ROBERT JAMIESON, Esq.

This pamphlet is virtually addressed to all Great Britain and Ireland, with the Colonies thereunto belonging; for who does not more or less desire the "Amelioration of Africa;" and how is that to be effected save by commerce? Every one, we assume, must have desired this consummation, from the time that Mr. Pitt's famous speech on the civilization of Africa is read in their school-books. And when Mr. Jamieson demands, "Is Central Africa sealed against intercourse with the

civilized world?" we unanimously answer, "No; by no means, if human enterprise and ingenuity can avert so great a calamity from the species." And this prepares us for Mr. Jamieson's plan. Before the late unfortunate expedition to the Niger was undertaken, this gentleman, an eminent and spirited Liverpool merchant, had, in 1840, despatched his steamer the *Ethiophe*, on a kind of exploratory or experimental voyage. The vessel was commanded by Captain Becroft, an intelligent officer, and had but a small complement of white men on board. The great error of the late government expedition, and also of that from Liverpool in 1832-33, Mr. Jamieson considers to have been the employment of too large a proportion of Europeans. Captain Becroft remained nearly seven months on the Niger in the *Ethiophe*, and then learned that it was necessary, for a successful attempt, to form his crew *entirely* of black men. And in 1841, in prospect of another voyage, he had done so,—the only Europeans retained by him being the officers. The government expedition put an end to his second projected cruise; but, by orders of Mr. Jamieson, he remained three years on the coast with his black crew, trading there and in the Bight of Biafra without accident or sickness. With this "great fact" before us, Mr. Jamieson demands, If the hope of navigating the Niger, and of carrying peaceful commerce, and all its civilizing influence into Central Africa, is to be abandoned? Certainly we should hope not. Mr. Jamieson gives a detailed account of the facilities and prospects of opening a trade by the Niger, with Central Africa, for which we must refer to his short and pithy "Remarks." He proposes that another expedition should be undertaken on the plan of that conducted by Captain Becroft, and a fund of £20,000 raised by subscription, to defray the expense that may arise, should the enterprise yield no profit. If any profit should result, it is farther proposed to devote it to the grand object. This, however, is an undertaking for the enlightened philanthropist, and not for the mere speculator. Mr. Jamieson volunteers all the aid and assistance in his power to any Association that may be formed for so desirable, and, as he believes, so practicable an object; and he cannot doubt but that twenty persons will be found in Great Britain ready to risk £1000 each, or two hundred persons ready to subscribe £100 each. But we must refer to the pamphlet, content with doing all that is in our power to bring the scheme before THE FRIENDS OF AFRICA.

## PETITION FOR MR. O'CONNELL.

THE subjoined memorial to the queen, written by Mr. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, is at present receiving signatures in Bath. We are happy to be able to lay before our readers an argument so temperate and forcible. Men of all parties may read it with advantage.—*Examiner*.

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of Bath, yielding to none in loyalty toward your gracious Majesty or in veneration of our established laws, crave to approach the throne with our petition.

We pray of your gracious Majesty that the royal mercy may be extended to Daniel O'Connell, against whom a verdict of "Guilty" was delivered in Dublin on a charge of conspiracy, and who at this time is suffering the penalty of fine and imprisonment.

We presume not to question the justice of the sentence, nor the composition of the jury; but we implore your Majesty's pardon of the offence, on these considerations.

First. That the act of union, which we hope will be indissoluble, was brought about by such practices as would disfranchise any borough in England.

Secondly. That Ireland did not obtain by it such advantages as were obtained by Scotland; namely, that the religion of the majority should be the established religion of the land.

We reflect with shame and sorrow that Ireland at the present hour is treated less liberally in regard to religion than Greece was treated under the dominion of the Turks, which dominion she was aided in overthrowing by the arms of England. And yet the Turks do not "profess and call themselves Christians."

We remember by what evil counsels two millions of British subjects in America were severed from the dominion of England. They had incomparably less cause of complaint than, according to the public opinion of Europe, Ireland always had, and has: on the correctness of which opinion it is not our business, or our duty, or our wish to speak. Two millions, who had no free states to sympathize with them, were able, contrary to the expectation of many wise and experienced statesmen, to declare and enforce their independence. Seeing that Ireland, at the present day, contains seven millions of malecontents; seeing that the nearest and the most powerful nations are ready to espouse her cause, and omit no opportunity of displaying their sentiments, of uttering their threats, and of attacking the weak who are under your Majesty's protection; we cannot dissemble the danger we apprehend, nor can we believe that it is remote.

We doubt not that your Majesty's most dutiful parliament will readily grant all supplies which your Majesty's ministers (for any purpose) may demand. But, in the poverty, the want, the almost famine, which three millions of your Majesty's subjects are enduring, and under the long and hopeless loss of employment which another million, for the most part manufacturers and artificers, impatiently bear and angrily lament, we doubt whether it is possible to add to the national debt, in one year, even so moderate a sum as thirty millions of money; a sum which we know by experience is quite insufficient for the first year's expenditure. We are assured, by the highest authority in military affairs, that a little war is beneath the dignity of England: we believe that it lies not in human power to circumscribe the extent of the calamity, or in human sagacity to calculate its duration: and we are certain that not only one people, nor only one continent, is alert and eager to meet us again in arms.

Formerly, when a tempestuous tide of war set in, we considered Ireland as the great breakwater of our country: we grieve to see this breakwater loosened in the whole length of its foundations, and propelled against us. We know how much easier it is to alienate the affections of a people than to recover them when once estranged; but we believe that the virtues of your Majesty will atone for the errors of your predecessors; and we are confident that a single word of your Majesty may silence forever that turbulence which the most eloquent and potent man in the empire has for a time, and perhaps only for a time, suppressed.

We deprecate the unwise and (as it seems to us) somewhat harsh and inhumane threat, that Ireland is to be conquered again. She has been conquered four times already, and by the four wisest of our governors: Henry II., Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William. But a part was yet unwon; a part which your Majesty has never failed to win elsewhere; the heart of the people. This is a conquest far beyond the reach of the sword, and your Majesty, without the hand or the voice of another, can achieve it.

We reflect with shame and sorrow that every other

part of your Majesty's dominions is more favored than Ireland in that which is dearest to a virtuous man, namely, in the maintenance of his religion.

We reflect with shame and sorrow that greater indulgence was recently shown to the impure idolatry of Asia than to the religion of a Fenelon and a More.

And we cannot but wonder that all the eloquence and all the influence of Daniel O'Connell have been sufficient to restrain the passions of his countrymen, seeing these things.

We attribute solely to his great exertions the tranquil state of Ireland, which no other man in six hundred years hath been able to establish.

We entreat of your Majesty to render it durable by that gracious act, which will of itself be the truest and surest Act of Union; and we shall be rejoiced to see the accession of seven millions to your family.

And your petitioners shall ever pray, &c. &c.

**FLOWERS AND FRUITS OF AUSTRALIA.**—Many fruits grow and flourish in these colonies which can be reared in England only when they are housed, when means are taken to temper the keenness of the winter's blast, and when the temperature of the air is increased by artificial contrivances. It is a matter of doubt, however, whether anything is gained by the inhabitants of New Holland in this particular; for many fruits which are admirably adapted to the temperature and moist climate of Great Britain, either do not come to perfection, or will not grow at all, in the dry, hot atmosphere of New Holland. A decision on the relative advantages and disadvantages will depend, in this instance, on the tastes of the individual; and, in arriving at a conclusion on this point, the native of Great Britain must not forget to bear in mind that every one is apt to attach somewhat more than its intrinsic value to that which is beyond his reach. For example, the Englishman will be in danger of forming a highly favorable opinion of the capabilities of that country for the growth of fruit, where the orange and the grape flourish and yield abundantly in the open air; but it will do him no harm to remember, that if the Australian colonists gain the orange and the grape, they lose the apple, the currant, the gooseberry, and that most delicious of all fruits, the strawberry. As it is with fruits, so is it with flowers. The native flowers are many of them exceedingly beautiful, and the geranium is almost a weed; but still very many of the sweetest and most beautiful English flowers will not grow in the climate of New Holland. The native flowers are, with very few exceptions, perfectly inodorous, and they gladden the eye with their grateful presence but for a short period. The dreary wastes of New Holland are relieved by the varied tints of the native flowers in the spring-time only. But few persons, I apprehend, would estimate the beautiful but scentless native flowers of New Holland, beyond the more quiet-tinted but sweet-smelling flowers of Great Britain. Even were they on a par in point of beauty and fragrance, the English flowers continue blooming a great part of the year, whilst the dull monotony of the arid shrubs of Australia is relieved only for a short time by beautifully-formed and exquisitely-tinted, but inodorous flowers. With all the charm of form, the Australian flowers must yield to the delicious fragrance and simple coloring of the flowers of the charming hedgerows of "merry England."—*Bartlett's New Holland.*

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

## "NEVER WASTE BREAD."

THE Dutch are a reflecting and sententious people; and one of them, according to the report of a gentleman who had lived among them, defined education thus—"Every word a precept, every action an example." The Scotch, in their practice, seem very strictly to follow this definition; for with them example to the young is anxiously attended to, and instruction introduced upon every fitting opportunity. "Mind the bairns! mind the bairns!" would a late Presbyterian pastor settled in London say, when calling to chide any laxity in attending church; and

"The father mixes a' wi admonition due,"

says Burns, in one of the most true and beautiful pictures of Scottish life ever drawn.

They give their instructions in various ways—by example, by precept, and by story. In humble and middle life in particular all are anxiously adhibited; for in these ranks generally the young person has nothing to look to but his or her good conduct; and often when strangers consider the young Scotchman or Scotchwoman as naturally wary and calculating, they are only following precepts, or reflecting on examples, anxiously impressed upon them by friends now far distant, and whose precepts have from that circumstance a sort of sacredness, for they are associated with all the deep and moving memories of home.

One of their earliest precepts is against unnecessary waste of anything; not from the natural and proper consideration that *it is* waste, and consequently an unnecessary and improper expense, but from the yet higher consideration that, however they themselves might be able to afford that waste, it is unlawful as others are concerned; as the rich cannot waste anything that they do not thereby render dear to the poor. And, above all things, they are apt to look with horror on the waste of human food, or indeed any food; first, from the trouble and toil it occasions to produce it; and next, because it is indispensable to existence. Bread in particular is recognized as the symbol of all subsistence, and is therefore termed "the staff of life." And as every Flemish child is taught to look with alarm on pulling up grass, as tending to destroy the tenacity of the soil, and consequently the security of the country which depends upon the maintenance of its dikes, so the Scottish child is taught to look with alarm on the waste of bread, because the want of that article is fatal, and in Scotland has been often felt.

The following little story, which the writer heard when very young from the lips of a revered relative, and has never forgotten, discloses also some other of the feelings peculiar to Scotland at that period:—"My father," she said, "was a tenant of the good but unfortunate Lord Pitsligo. It was in the spring of the year '45, immediately after the defeat of the prince's army at Culloden, and when the gentlemen out upon that unfortunate occasion, and many of the commons too, were hiding for their lives, that I, then a very young woman, was left in charge of the house, my father and all the servants being engaged at their seed-time, and my mother, who was delicate, being not yet out of bed. I was busy preparing breakfast, when a very old and infirm man came to the door, and in the humblest manner requested to be allowed to warm himself by the fire. He was trembling from cold, and

I not only requested him to enter, but hastened to place a chair for him, and make the fire warmer for his use. After sitting a little time, he asked if I could give him a little bread and milk, and I immediately brought some, and placed the milk on the fire to take the chill off it. As I gave him the bread a small morsel fell on the floor, and I touched it with my foot to put it out of the way among the ashes, when the old man immediately stopped me. 'Do not that!' he said, trembling from cold or from emotion; '*never waste bread!*' The time has been that I have given gold for a handful of drammack,\* kneaded in a soldier's bonnet. They that waste bread may fear that they shall one day come to want it!" And as he said this, he stooped down and picked up the crumb I had dropt, and cleaning it on his bosom, and looking upwards, put it reverently into his mouth. I saw, as he stretched forth his hand, that it was fair as a lady's, and that his linen, though coarse, was very clean; and as soon as I could, without alarming him, I asked if I could serve him in anything farther, as I thought I heard my mother call. I went to her, securing the outer door in passing, for I feared he might be some person in trouble, and told her what I had seen. She immediately sprung up to dress herself, requesting me to stay where I was, and in a very few minutes she was in the kitchen, closing the door after her. As I immediately heard her sobbing, I ventured to peep through the key-hole, when I saw my mother on her knees at the old man's feet, and bathing his hands in her tears. It was Lord Pitsligo!

"After many sufferings from age and illness, and many hair-breadth 'scapes in many disguises, and from living often in holes where scarcely a wild creature could have lived, he had drawn towards his own estates, to live the short period he might be allowed to live, or die among his own people; knowing that if they could not save him, at least he should have their sympathy.

"He had been driven from a cave in the neighborhood, in consequence of having been dragged by some soldiers, who did not know his person, to discover the scene of his own concealment; and where, if he had been found, instead of in its neighborhood, he would certainly have been secured; he had therefore since been less comfortable. On a part of his estate there were some large cairns, called the Cairns of Pitsligo, memorials, as it is thought, of former battles and burials. On the top of these the shepherds had formed hollows, in which they might sit sheltered, and yet see their herds. In one of these the old nobleman had taken up his abode, because from it he could see to a distance around, and on occasion creep into a hole that had been scooped out in it, just capable of receiving him, and even of concealing him if not narrowly sought for. There he spent many days, looking upon his ruined residence, and upon the lands no longer his, and envying, doubtless, the humblest laborer upon them; and there he had passed the cold and cruel night preceding this interview. I well remember," said my old friend, "the thick carpeting of his spacious dining-room, its curtains of velvet deeply fringed with gold, and the proud looks of himself and his ancestors, as they were pictured on its walls, now ruined and blackened by the fire of the destroyer. I had even seen his proud bearing, as, walking on the sea-beach between his castle and the humbler but

\* Meal and water.



still beautiful residence of his near neighbor Pittulie, he endeavored to persuade him to join in the rising for the prince; and the solemn courteousness with which he rode through the village, as he departed for the expedition, bowing on all sides to his tenants, who had come reverently to see him leave them; and, young as I was, I could not but contrast all this with what I now saw.

"My mother, suspecting I might be listening or anxious, came out, and hurried me before her, putting her hand on her lips at the same time to impose silence. When we reached the bedroom she broke out afresh, regretting beyond everything that he must again encounter the cruel season, without the possibility of their adding almost any comfort. A blanket, however, or blankets, were, I suppose, carried that night to the cairn, and also some food and drink. He was soon after conveyed to Auchiries, where he lived long, and, after many escapes, at last died in peace. Everybody in the neighborhood knew of his residence. The very children would go and peep through the chinks of the garden door as he sat reading, but they never breathed his name. The farm on which the cairn where he was concealed is situated, though now disjoined from his estates, is called the farm of 'Lord's-Cairn' to this day, and will never be named without remembering the cause; nor shall I ever forget the lesson he taught me, 'never to waste bread.'"

**FREE TRADE.**—On this side the Channel, our free-trade politics are making all the way that can be expected, with a monopolist parliament and tenant-at-will constituencies. The League has lost—that is, has failed of gaining—South Lancashire; but the League has a most invaluable talent for making present failure instrumental to future success, and turning the minority of to-day into the majority of to-morrow. That their first county contest has cut down some two thirds of the oligarchical majority, may be taken as a sign that they are getting ready for the next general election, whenever it may come. For the present, Liverpool and Manchester are beaten out of the field by the free and independent electors of those great marts of national industry, Newton and Ormskirk,—a fact which tells on other controversies than that of free trade and monopoly. The League, as the League, meddles with no other question than its own; but it is silently accumulating materials and paving the way for the laborers in the next agitation that will stir the heart of this country. Contests like this, in which industry and intelligence are swamped by the political serfdom of the dependents of the aristocracy, are of invaluable efficacy for exposing the rottenness of our electoral system, and the need of a new Reform Bill. To the advocates of an extended and protected suffrage, a South Lancashire election is worth six months of agitation.

In Parliament, we have Sir Robert Peel still in the Free Trade groove, sliding, like his own scale, with long "rests," by the way. The doctrines of the import-duties Committee of 1840, are making their own way despite of all obstructions. The minister who was set up specially to resist them, is stealthily working them out as fast as his sense of decorum permits. The Moabites of monopoly have got their Balaam, and he uses them most Balaam-like, blessing, in a small way, where he was hired to curse. By large words, and little

deeds, we are quietly coming on:—in 1842, Improved Sliding-scale, and New Tariff; last year, the famous ministerial utterances of "Free Trade in the Abstract," and the "Doctrines of Common-sense;" this year, the Wool-duty Repeal, and the Free-labor-Sugar juggle. Thus, from hour to hour we ripe and ripe towards the maturity of our commercial and industrial emancipation. The monopolists take it, all things considered, pretty quietly—a kind instinct warning them that it is in vain to kick against the pricks. Even the Duke of Richmond bears these doses of Free Trade better than might have been expected. He yields, we may almost say gracefully, to the Peel ascendancy; he talks no more about "making and unmaking ministers;" disclaims altogether being the "leader of the agricultural interest;" mentions his fishmongering losses on salmon, more in sorrow than in anger; and thankfully accepts compensation for the same, in the shape of a provision for a younger brother at the Treasury.

*Tait's Magazine.*

*Songs for the Nursery.* Small quarto, pp. 108. Glasgow: Robertson.

THIS little collection of juvenile lyrics deserves a place in every Scottish nursery, and will find one at many a cottar's ingle nook. The authors, or bards, are the popular living lyrists of Scotland; and the volume is worthy of its parentage. We know of no other country that could have produced it. The songs by William Miller, Ballantine, Thom, Smart, Rodger, and others, are sweet, simple, tender, cheerful, and instructive; softening the young heart, while they nurture the awakening fancy of childhood. The finest of the series, "Wee Willie Winkie," has already graced our pages; and so, we think, has Mr. Ballantine's sweet and pawkie "Creep afore ye gang;" so we now choose one of the effusions of Alexander Smart, passing many songs of equal merit in this interesting collection:

#### THE LITTLE ERRAND RUNNER.

AIR—"O'er the muir, amang the heather."

I never saw a bairnie yet  
An errand rin mair fleet than Mary,  
An' O she's proud the praise to get  
When hame she trips as light's a fairy.  
In ae wee hand she change she grips,  
An' what she's sent for in the ither;  
Then like a lintie in she skips,  
Sae happy aye to please her mither.

She never stops wi' bairns to play,  
But a' the road as she gaes trottin',  
Croons to hersel' what she's to say,  
For fear a word should be forgotten;  
And then, as clear as A, B, C,  
The message tells without a blunder,  
And like a little eident bee,  
She's hame again—a perfect wonder.

It's no for hire that Mary rins,  
For what ye gi'e she'll never tease ye;  
The best reward the lassie wins  
Is just the pleasure aye to please ye.  
If bairns would a' example tak',  
An' never on their errands tarry,  
What happy hames they aye would mak',  
Like our wee errand-rinnin' Mary.

*Tait's Magazine.*



From Chambers' Journal.

## HELP YOURSELF. A TALE.

ON the banks of the Severn, about half a mile from Worcester, there stands in the midst of a green, sloping towards the river, a small but neat-looking cottage. At the time to which the commencement of this little history refers, the spot was scarcely in a state of cultivation. No fences guarded the immediate approaches to the dwelling, and the grass grew wild and unweeded. Still, the profusion of creepers which clung around the porch, and two circular patches of earth that had been dug up before it, showed that some little pains had been bestowed to give the neglected plot a civilized appearance.

One sunny morning during a recent autumn, an angler in a small boat stationed himself immediately opposite to the cottage, under pretence of fishing; but his eyes were more frequently fixed on the door of the humble dwelling than on his float. After some hours of anxious watching, he was rewarded with a sight of the object he had shown so much patience in endeavoring to see—a young and handsome girl came forth, and began collecting a number of flowers, and arranging them carefully in small bouquets. At the same moment, however, a good-sized salmon was nearly running away with the angler's tackle; and it was not till he felt the rod nearly tugged from his grasp, that he was conscious of his good fortune. His attention being thus divided between the fish and the lady, he lost both; for the salmon got clear off, and the girl retired into the cottage without the word of greeting he had intended to address to her.

"What a fool I am!" exclaimed the angler, "to be wasting my time here, lying in wait for opportunities of seeing her, when there is nothing whatever to prevent my going boldly up to her door, and paying a regular visit." He then paused a while to supply a length of gut to his line. "Why, the fact is, I have not the courage, and that is the truth of it. Besides, she is always so busy with her painting, and it is a sin to disturb her. Then, again, she is alone very likely; and I know she never asks one in when that is the case. However, if she does not come out again soon, I certainly *will* make bold to call at the cottage."

While the angler was muttering these words to himself, a dialogue, of which he was the subject, was going on in the cottage-parlor. There were two girls seated at a small table, busily employed in copying on china the bouquets just gathered from the miniature garden; for Jane Lambton, who was the hostess, gained her livelihood by her skill in that humble department of art. Her companion was a neighboring clergyman's daughter, who occasionally visited her, and lent her a helping hand for amusement.

"Surely," said Emilia Mason, "that man in the boat must be young Thomas Polter, the attorney's son. I wonder what makes him choose this spot so often to fish in."

"Perhaps," replied Jane archly, "you would rather he took his station now and then a little higher up the river, and a little nearer to a certain back-window of the parsonage."

"Oh, Jane! how can you say such a thing? I am sure I never dreamed a wish of the sort."

"Then I am sorry I put it into your head," replied Jane laughing; "for the mere suspicion of it makes you blush as red as this vermilion."

Emilia Mason did in reality betray more emotion than the allusion warranted; and presently, when footsteps were heard approaching the cottage, she exclaimed, "Bless me! I hope he is not coming to disturb us!" with an expression of fright and hope which was perfectly intelligible to her companion. Jane, however, betrayed an anxiety of another kind, and trusted the angler was not going to intrude on them. On looking out, however, she saw him still in his boat.

A moment after, the outer door was opened, and a young man hastened into the little parlor with eagerness and haste. He saluted Jane with much more cordiality than her friend; and his looks seemed to express disappointment that the former was not alone.

"I have come, Jane," he said, "to tell you something of consequence which has happened to me."

"Then perhaps I am in the way," said Emilia, rising.

"Not at all, Miss Mason," replied Jane Lambton; "there is nothing Mr. Barnton can have to say which you may not hear."

"But it concerns my own private affairs," added the young man.

This was so strong a hint, that the young lady retired, and was shortly afterwards observed in close conversation with the fisherman, who had by this time landed.

The moment she left the cottage, Edward Barnton seized Jane's hand. He was much agitated, and exclaimed, "Alas! all our hopes are disappointed. My uncle still refuses to do anything for me."

The moment Jane could release her hand, she went on with her painting, with a degree of composure not at all in accordance with the excited state of her companion. He repeated what he had just said, adding, that Jane could not possibly understand the extent of his misfortune, or she would sympathize more warmly with him.

"On that point, Edward," she replied, "you know I cannot sympathize with you. You are always speaking of depending on your friends instead of on yourself."

"Are they not bound to see me placed in a sphere of life to which I was born?"

"They have done all they can to do so already. They have given you a good education, and furnished you with opportunities for making your way in the world, yet you never use them."

"Why should I?" he replied, a little tartly, "when my uncle, the county member, might get me a government situation by asking for it." Here young Barnton paused. He again took Jane's hand, and after much hesitation, proposed to her that they should marry at once, for he was quite certain that when his relations saw the new responsibility he had undertaken, they would the more readily exert themselves in his favor.

Whatever feelings of grief and unhappiness this proposal inwardly caused Jane Lambton, she did not exhibit them, but merely withdrew her hand, and resumed her task. It cost her, however, a mighty effort to suppress her fast-rising tears. When she had sufficiently mastered them, she spoke. "Edward," she said, turning her eyes full towards her lover, "you think me cold, unsympathizing, unfeeling, because I have invariably opposed your impracticable schemes for the future. That which you have just proposed I must reject decisively, and not without some feel-

ing of indignation. It gives me more pain than all your former plans, wild as they have appeared."

"Wild only to you," replied Edward, stung with disappointment, "who are worldly-minded, and, I must add, selfish!"

This was too much from one deeply, though rationally in love. Jane burst into tears: but Barnton, foiled in his intentions, and smarting under the bitter disappointment his uncle had that morning inflicted on him, heeded not the anguish he now caused, except to augment it. And unhappily for both, it was in this mood that Barnton—impulsive, easily-excited young man as he was—left the cottage.

When it was perceived that he had departed, Miss Mason rejoined her friend, with Polter. The sorrow which so fully betrayed itself in Jane's countenance took a widely different effect on the two visitors. Emilia was all sympathy and kindness, while Polter seemed perfectly bewildered and perplexed by it. "So," he thought, "it is as they told me; Barnton is the lucky man after all, and I may pack up my tackle, row home, and never return to this spot again, for any chance I may have of making my way in Jane Lambton's regard. Poor girl! something has annoyed her. I'll ask her to accept a dish of the fish I have caught this morning."

This intention was carried into effect on the appearance of old Mary, Jane's factotum and housekeeper; and Polter having gallantly offered to row Miss Mason up the river to the parsonage in his boat, left the lady he so much, but so vainly admired, to solitude, often the best balm for sorrow.

Had a stranger observed Jane Lambton when left to herself, he would have perhaps been inclined to agree with the harsh opinion of her lover—that her disposition was phlegmatic; for all external signs of grief had passed away, and she went on painting with increased rather than relaxed diligence. Yet her thoughts were more busy than her hands. She mentally retraced her past sad history, to justify herself—though unnecessarily—for her repeated refusals to participate in the headlong course proposed by the being whom she loved with enduring sincerity. The daughter of a gentleman who had been ruined by a dissipated and wicked brother, she was at the age of twenty, left—if we except the cottage and the small plot of ground which surrounded it—quite destitute. While her parents were alive, an attachment had sprung up between her and Edward Barnton, who was the son of a neighboring proprietor. At that time it was thought she would have a good fortune; yet when, on the demise of her parents, the contrary was discovered, Edward's affection for her seemed to increase, and this, perhaps, strengthened her already strong affection for him. Her disposition was one of high principle and unwearied industry; and, contrary to the advice of her neighbors, she persisted in taking shelter under the only roof to which she had a right, and in obtaining her livelihood by an art which, in happier hours, she practised as an accomplishment. A life of dependence was quite uncongenial to her nature, and happy would it have been if her lover had been imbued with the same spirit.

In Jane's strong mind, however, sorrow seldom dwelt long, and the next morning she had manifestly recovered her usual composure. But her affection was doomed to receive a new and severe

shock. She received a letter from Edward, in which his reproach of selfish coldness was not only repeated, but others added even more unkind and unfounded. He had heard, he said, of Polter's admiration of her, and doubted not that she thought him a better match than one with blasted and uncertain prospects. He bade her farewell. He was going to London, and would at last take the worldly advice she had so frequently given: he would endeavor to "help himself," by turning his attention and talents to literature.

Bitter, unkind, and undeserved as this letter was, Jane softened its effects by framing every possible excuse for her lover. Disappointment, she argued, had soured him, and he would in cooler moments reflect on what he had written, and retract it. She was, however, glad that he had at last made up his mind to exert his own energies, instead of constantly dancing attendance on the patronage and interest of his friends, as he had unwisely done for several years.

On the other hand, a proper sense of her own worthiness came to her aid, to point out that it would be highly inexpedient to receive Barnton again on the same footing as formerly, even were he to repent of his unkindness, until some decided change had taken place not only in his sentiments, but in his circumstances. She therefore, in her reply to his letter, simply disclaimed the feelings he imputed to her, and congratulated him on his resolution of depending on himself more than he had hitherto done. She declined his visits in future—at all events for a time—and the letter concluded with these remarkable words:—"You who have known all my misfortunes, *must* know my heart better than to suppose me capable of disregarding you in the hour of your affliction and disappointment. I am not ashamed to own that my affection for you is unchanged; but a change is necessary in your sentiments ere we might hope for happiness, even under the most favorable circumstances. That change you are about, you say, to effect. Go! I know it will be for your good, and have made a resolve, in which I fervently intreat your concurrence: it is not to see or communicate with you for twelve months. At the end of that time we will meet, either to be united, or to part—forever!"

Edward, who had more of romance than of practical sense in his composition, readily agreed to this proposal in a farewell letter he sent to Jane. Next day he departed, to stem the strong current of life's stream which sets in against the unknown and unenergetic stranger in the overwhelming metropolis.

From the day of the separation, Jane Lambton and Edward Barnton trod their respective but opposite paths in the walk of life; that of the girl smoothed by peaceful energy and unflinching self-dependence, that of the young man made, by his peculiar dispositions, rugged and uneven—now sinking into a valley of despair, now raised on a summit of hope. In this way six months of the probationary twelve passed away.

It will be remembered, that during the February of the year before last there was some severe weather. Much snow fell, and the little plot of ground which surrounded Jane's cottage was nearly hidden by it. Still, it was not thick enough to conceal the improvements which had recently taken place. Fences had been put up, and the two flower-pots removed to make a little lawn before the porch, the flowers being transplanted to a more

genial situation behind the cottage, where a regular garden was formed. One evening about the end of the month Mr. Mason and his daughter left the parsonage, and, guided by the dim light which appeared in the cottage window, traced their way amidst the snow to Jane's dwelling. On entering it, they found her painting with her usual assiduity.

"You really must forgive me," she said, after the first greetings were over, and her visitors were seated, "but I am obliged to be rude. I must go on with my task, and talk the while, for there is not a moment to be lost. This biscuit\* must be finished for the furnace by to-morrow morning."

"Why 'must,' Jane?" asked the clergyman, "for well I know that one piece is of little use until the whole set be completed. Do not blush, for I know all about it; Emilia has told me. You want to purchase something at the sale to-morrow. Now, suppose you leave off work at once, and let us all three trudge to town to-morrow morning, and make the best bargain we can. This day-week will do as well for Lord Bollington's dinner-service as to-morrow."

"But—" stammered the blushing artist.

"I won't allow you to finish any sentence that begins with 'but,'" interposed Emilia. "You must obey your spiritual pastor even in things temporal; so drop your pencil, miss, and listen. He has come on purpose to scold you. Pray begin, papa."

"All I would say, Jane, is simply in the way of caution respecting your unremitting exertions. Believe me, such constant application is a very bad economy of time. This light, which we can see from our parlor windows, betrays the late and early hours you keep; and I am sure you will ruin your health, and soon be able to do nothing at all."

"Well," Jane replied, "I will promise reform; only let me transgress this once."

"There is no necessity for it," said Emilia; "if you will only be a little more like a friend, and accept the proposal I made this morning."

"Not for the world," answered Jane; "would you take from me all the pleasure I derive from my exertions? If I were to allow you to lend me, even for a day, the money to buy what I have set my heart upon, I should not value it in the least. No no, my dear kind friends; let me only finish this little task, and get my reward for it, and I will promise reform."

"I perceive you are incorrigible," said the clergyman, seeing her resume her pencil.

"So now, as our mission is ended, we will leave you to your task," said Emilia rising. "Do not rise, as you are so greedy of your minutes; old Mary will light us out. Good night, dear Jane," continued her young friend heartily, as they shook hands; "may Heaven reward your labors!"

"Amen!" exclaimed the pastor, with a sigh so deep that Jane was startled. Emilia had left the room, and Mr. Mason, on taking Jane's hand, said, with a deeply-sorrowful expression, "I sincerely pray that all your toils will be repaid in the way you wish."

"Have you a doubt, then?" asked the girl with anxious eagerness. "Have you heard anything? Is he—?"

"I have heard," was the hasty reply; "but nothing fatal, or even alarming. Hope for the best; but be ever prepared for the worst. Time, the best physician for wayward as well as for sorrowing hearts, will *perhaps* bring all to a happy result. Good night."

When left alone, Jane gave way to the agitation which Mr. Mason's last words were calculated to produce. The agreement not to correspond having been rigidly kept, she was in total ignorance of Barnton's proceedings and circumstances, and eagerly caught at the least glimmer of intelligence respecting them. She knew that her friends at the parsonage were fully aware of the goal to which she desired to hasten. She had labored with unceasing assiduity to make for herself a *home*—one, indeed, which might be rendered capable of being shared by another, should his career prove at the end of the twelvemonth as successful as her own. Alas! the hint which had been just dropped tended to lessen this hope, and Jane's bitter emotions could only find relief in tears. She did not, however, relax in her labors, and retired not to rest till her task was finished.

The next day Jane took home her painting, received the money for it, made her purchase, (which was a quaint old writing-desk,) and returned to the cottage. She seemed to attach a strange value to this article of furniture, for, when it arrived, she placed it with her own hands in a room concerning which many mysterious surmises had gone abroad. She always kept it locked, and no person but herself—not even her old house-keeper—was allowed to enter it. She, however, passed every hour she could spare from sleep and labor in this mysterious apartment. The windows were closed, except a small aperture at the top, and a hundred conjectures about Jane Lambton and her secluded little room soon floated about the neighborhood; not one of the persevering attempts to fish out the secret, which had been made, having succeeded. Whenever the subject was alluded to, Jane invariably changed it, and betrayed so much embarrassment, that questions were seldom pressed. One thing was, however, certain, that the room was in the course of being gradually furnished, for every now and then there was brought to the cottage a curious old chair, an odd-looking table, or a parcel of books in bindings of a bygone fashion, which Jane seemed to have purchased out of her earnings; and these must have been deposited in the mysterious sanctum, for they were never seen in any other part of the house. So close a secret did Jane keep everything relating to this little room, that she never made allusion to it, even to her friends the Masons.

At length an uncertain light was thrown on the dim mystery. The carrier reported that he was ordered to call one morning for a parcel for London. This set curiosity on tiptoe to know what kind of a parcel it could be, and the carrier was watched; but nothing satisfactory elicited. All that could be seen was a flat square box, directed to some unknown person in London.

It was, however, remarked, that after the despatch of this box, Jane took more relaxation, and worked less. Her spirits were lighter, her eye brighter, and her disposition more cheerful. Emilia Mason, who continued occasionally to assist her in her daily tasks, remarked that she performed them with more alacrity than formerly; but she forbore to question her friend on the change, as the subject was evidently painful, so she contented

\* The technical name of porcelain when in a state for painting on.

herself with guesses. "It is clear," she thought, "that this improvement in Jane's spirits is in some way connected with the mysterious chamber, for she seldom goes into it now."

One morning Emilia came rather earlier than usual. She appeared much agitated; not painfully so, but in a curious kind of half-pleasurable half-disagreeable flutter. She had something of consequence to tell her confidant, "for," she added archly, "I keep no secrets from you, dear Jane."

"Though you would imply I am not so generous," returned Jane. "But be patient; you shall know all in time."

"You shall know all now," said Emilia; "for, last evening, what do you think happened? George Polter came, and—and——"

"Well, and what?" asked Jane, anxiously filling up the blank of her friend's hesitation.

"And—and—took tea with us."

"Very likely; for I am told he does that almost every evening. But what else did he do?"

"Why," said Emilia, struggling as hard as she could against some strong emotion—"he told me"—here the poor girl's feelings overcame her, and bursting into tears, she fell on her friend's neck, and murmured—"he said he loved me!"

Jane had great difficulty in restraining her own tears, but wisely fought against them by an attempt at pleasantry.

"Then," she said laughing, "he is a false traitor!—for have you not told me that I was at one time the object of his admiration?"

"So you were; and it was from his conversing with me of that admiration, and from my so truly sympathizing with it, that when he found your heart entirely preoccupied, his affection for me sprung up. He owned this last night."

"But what will Mr. Mason say about it?"

"Alas! Jane, I tremble to think. It may be very wrong; but I always loved George Polter; and if my father should refuse his consent, I shall be wretched."

A new circumstance soon occurred to break off this interesting topic. The postman arrived with a letter having a large official-looking seal. It was now Jane's turn to be agitated. She broke it with a trembling hand, read the first line, and clasping her hands, looked upward, in the attitude of one at prayer. She exclaimed, "Thank God!" and sank into a chair, weeping for joy.

We must now change the scene to London, and advance the course of events to the first of May. It is on that remarkable day that the exhibition of pictures is opened. Crowds of artists, amateurs, and critics of all denominations assemble in the rooms of the Royal Academy, anxious to get an early glimpse at the labors of native talent during the past year. On this occasion the day happened to be wet, and not so many persons as usual visited the rooms, but they still contained what may be called a crowd. Mixing with this motley but generally well-dressed assembly, was one individual who presented a contrast to it. His clothes were shabby, his face wan, his manner melancholy and depressed. He appeared to shun observation, devoting himself to the pictures, and marking the catalogue with the stump of a cedar pencil against the numbers of the most notable works. He refrained from looking to the right or to the left, lest he should be recognized by some person who knew him. Still, his efforts to avoid observation were of no avail, for he was accosted by a person equip-

ped in a very different style. He was fashionably dressed; the pencil which he used was of gold, and the smile which he constantly wore, showed that he was on excellent terms with everything around him, but more especially with himself. Both of these young gentlemen were critics—the one belonging to a new, unknown, and unimportant periodical; the other was attached to a journal of old standing, being a son of one of the proprietors.

The critics went over the pictures, as critics of that stamp and standing generally do, finding a great deal more to condemn than to praise. At length they were attracted to a painting which, though not in a very conspicuous place, had attracted a number of spectators. They overheard many praises lavished on it from lips recognized "about town" as oracles, and at length were able to get a sight of it. It was a domestic scene; simple, unpretending, but full of sentiment and truth. It represented a small room, in the midst of which stood an antique writing-table, on which were strewn papers, writing materials, and an open book. Across a high-backed chair was thrown a dressing-gown—a pair of slippers lying negligently on the floor. There was only one figure, that of a female, who was placing flowers in a vase, her needle-work having apparently been just laid on the table to arrange the bouquet. Honey-suckles and woodbines were creeping in at the window; and beyond it appeared a pretty landscape, intersected by a river. The tone, keeping, and character displayed in this simple subject, the expression—so fraught with happiness and contentment, which sat on the face of the female—the arrangement of the various accessories of the picture, gave to it a stamp of excellence and originality which caused each beholder to look at the catalogue to discover the painter. They found the picture entered thus—"His study—Jane Lambton." One of the spectators, on reading these words, became agitated; his head swam, and he laid violent hold on his fashionable friend's arm to prevent himself from falling. He was led out in a state bordering on insensibility, and with difficulty reached his wretched home.

This little scene made a great effect on the fashionable critic; he attributed it all to the beauty of the picture, which he thought must therefore be very fine. Accordingly, a high eulogy on Jane Lambton's production appeared next day in his father's influential paper.

In the torn-down depressed critic the reader will readily recognize Barnton. From the time he left Worcester, he had, instead of rigorously setting himself to some definite branch of art or literature, first created, and then fed himself on delusive hopes. His uncle had died in embarrassed circumstances, and his expected government situation was point blank refused. He made a set of literary acquaintance, not so much for the purpose of following literature as a means of existence, as an amusement. His family had become too poor to assist him; one friend dropped off after another, as his demands for the "help" he refused "himself" increased; and he was now reduced to a low stage of poverty and actual privation. True, his literary friends sometimes furnished him with employment, but it seldom brought pay; and it was to perform one of these profitless tasks that he found his way to the exhibition. It is a singular fact, that the earliest character which nearly every literary adventurer undertakes in the metrop-

olis, is one which requires the greatest amount of experience, acumen, and learning—that of a critic!

In an ill-furnished room, in a court leading out of Fleet-street, Barnton had for several months dragged on a hopeful yet listless existence; but gradually hope after hope fell away, and now not one remained. He had refrained, according to the mutual agreement, from communicating with Jane; besides, the impression of her which he expressed in his farewell letter had always rankled in his breast. Would she sympathize with his distresses, even if she knew them? Far from it, he thought; she would, on the contrary, blame, or perhaps take no notice of his letter. He turned over the catalogue to assure himself that it was really she who had painted the successful picture; and even that, instead of gratifying, embittered his mind. "Still," he argued, "the same cold, plodding girl, with no idea more refined than money, and earning it. Yet some sentiment was surely expressed in the picture! But who had awakened it? Certainly not he. A new rival had perhaps sprung up. Time would show, for the anniversary of their parting was near at hand. But how was he to live till then, short as the interval was?" Overcome with these thoughts and bodily exhaustion, Barnton threw himself on his pallet, and wept tears of vexation—not, alas! of repentance; for he was as far from "helping himself" as ever. Fever, brought on by grief and privation, confined him to that bed for weeks; never was an unfortunate dreamer rendered so perfectly helpless and destitute.

There was a very different aspect of affairs in Jane's cottage as the long-expected day drew near. Her increasing industry had been crowned with the brightest success. Her China painting was so much admired, and her pencil in such great request, that her prices doubled. Her picture was sold on the first day of the exhibition; and, to her astonishment, instead of the modest sum she had asked for it, double its amount was enclosed from the purchaser, with a letter apologizing for, rather than making a merit of the liberal act. He also commissioned her to paint another, leaving her to choose the subject.

O how happy Jane was when she went with Mr. Mason to deposit this large accession to her savings in the bank! Her companion was not, however, so joyous; he advised her to moderate her expectations, for in proportion as they were raised, so would her disappointment be great. "Remember," he added, "it is only a week to the time."

Jane promised to bear the worst with resignation, even should the worst come. She could safely promise this if her present feelings would only last, they were so full of hope for the future—so modestly, yet truly self-applauding. The cottage, as she approached it on her return, lay smiling under a shining spring sun. She compared it with what it was last spring; then it was surrounded by a waste; now a pretty garden, and a handsome lawn, adorned it, and all effected by her own industry. "What a pretty picture it will make!" she exclaimed, as she tripped in to tell Mary to get lunch ready for her kind friend the clergyman. A thought crossed her, and a tear stood in her eye. Would it be ever in her power to give the same order for *him*? O yes; she felt, she knew it would.

Poor Jane! with all her prudence and industry, she, too, nursed sanguine and chimerical hopes,

the results of enthusiasm and romance, a tinge of which was by no means inconsistent with her otherwise staid and common-sense character. Day by day her glowing fancy planned out Barnton's career. Perhaps he was studying some science, or writing a great poem which would secure his fame. She always coupled him with industry and success, judging of his progress by her own, and never doubting that he would keep his promise, and strive for himself. It was these feelings which prompted her to choose the subject of her picture, and to which, perhaps, its success must be traced. Her whole soul was brought to bear upon it. It was like truth and nature, because she never once doubted that it *would* come true, sooner or later.

Borne up by this hope to the last, the important day arrived, without there being any visible alteration in Jane Lambton's demeanor. When, however, the postman brought her a letter, a full tide of emotion swept over her. "He has *not* forgotten me!" she exclaimed; and old Mary could only with difficulty support her, so violent were her sobs.

It was long before her agitation subsided sufficiently to enable her to peruse the epistle. Luckily, the reaction was complete, and the girl was perhaps firmer, better nerved to encounter the shock that she was doomed to receive, than if it had fallen upon her in a calmer moment. The letter was in the form of a journal, commenced about four days previously—the writing was faint and indistinct. Barnton began by asking a blessing on Jane Lambton's head. He bitterly regretted they had ever loved; sickness had overtaken him; he was, he thought, dying, and wrote before the time, lest he should never live to see the day they had appointed to communicate with each other. Under the next day's date he described himself as worse—scarcely able to hold a pen. Under the third date he implored her to forgive his failings, and to forget him. This was all! death, perhaps, had stayed his hand from writing more!

This, the direst ending of all her anticipations it would have been possible to inflict, Jane bore with wonderful fortitude. There was no time lost in unavailing grief. That night she and old Mary were on their way to London!

Jane, in alighting from the coach, was accosted by a well-known voice, that of Polter. "I hope you will forgive us, Miss Lambton," he said; "but your measures not having been so swiftly taken as to escape the wishful anxiety of Emilia, she insisted upon my travelling up in the same vehicle, to offer any assistance that lies in my power."

Jane thanked him from her heart. She had already had time to reflect that the step she had taken was sufficiently rash to be open to misconception, and was glad to avail herself of Polter's guardianship. He, who knew everything from Emilia, knew what to do, and having deposited Jane and her attendant in the inn, went straight to Barnton's lodging.

The morning was just breaking as he entered the court. He found the house with difficulty—knocked, and was answered by a saucy girl. He inquired for Barnton; but as he was only known to the handmaid as the "two pair back," there was some difficulty in making her understand whom he meant. Her reply was, that she believed he was dying, but that he was welcome to go and see.

Lying on a wretched pallet, and surrounded by

every mark of destitution, Polter beheld, not without shuddering, his former friend. Barnton's impaired consciousness prevented him from at first recognizing his visitor. When he did he grasped his hand with a faint pressure, and tears stood in his eyes. Polter, who knew that too much sympathy tended to aggravate rather than to assuage suffering, made as light as he could of his friend's condition, and assured him that he was commissioned by his best friends to allow him to want for nothing. Barnton scarcely heeded what was said. In a faint voice he inquired about "Jane."

This inquiry Polter declined to answer for the present, alleging the sufferer's weakness as an excuse for not agitating his feelings. He begged him to calm himself while he went to obtain proper assistance. He then hastened to a physician known to his father, and brought him to Barnton's bed-side. Nourishment continually administered was prescribed, and its effects were visible on the patient's frame even before the end of the day. On the morrow it was thought safe to communicate to the patient what had happened—that Jane had travelled to London on purpose to help him, now he could no longer help himself. The physician, however, forbade any interview for the present; and it was not till Barnton was able to be removed from his wretched abode that the lovers met.

Polter had already established Miss Lambton and old Mary in lodgings, and it was there that the meeting which had caused Jane so many pleasurable anticipations, and such bitter disappointment, took place. Jane's true, enduring, and sincere affection, was forcibly displayed at this interview. Every violent indication of emotion she purposely suppressed, lest it should affect the invalid. The characteristics of their sex were changed; for while the girl displayed a vigorous mastery over her mind, the man wept. The first emotions over, a new and delightful set of feelings stole over Jane Lambton; she was at length near him to whom her heart was knit—she was able to help him, and this ability she had earned by her own unaided exertions. But, more than all, it was manifest that he still loved her; for his proud, hitherto unyielding spirit, did not refuse the proffered assistance. Still he accepted it under a solemn promise, which he made to himself, never to need assistance again if his own exertions could prevent that necessity.

Barnton has kept his word. As soon as his recovery was complete, he separated himself once more from Jane Lambton. She returned to Worcester, while he sought employment in London with untiring perseverance, and at length gained it—condescending to commence as clerk to a merchant at a very small salary, out of which he contrived during six months to save money. Recently, the firm which had so long employed Jane required the services of such a person as Barnton, and having obtained the most satisfactory testimonials, he was engaged. Meantime Jane, devoting herself entirely to her easel, had given up China painting, and her next picture established that reputation as an artist which she now enjoys. In the present year's catalogue, however, her name will appear as Mrs. Barnton; for George and she were recently married by Mr. Mason, who had already made Polter and his daughter man and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnton reside in the cottage, and, small as it is, they find it quite large enough for happiness. As Barnton's daily employment leaves him some leisure, he employs it profitably by con-

tributing to the periodical literature of the day. The scene of these labors is "*His study*," and thus the dearest wish of Jane's heart is fulfilled—her picture is realized.

#### THE DYING SPANIEL.

OLD Oscar, how feebly thou crawl'st to the door,  
Thou who wert all beauty and vigor of yore;  
How slow is thy stagger the sunshine to find,  
And thy straw-sprinkled pallet!—how crippled and blind!

But thy heart is still living—thou hearest my voice—  
And thy faint-wagging tail says thou yet canst rejoice;

Ah! how different art thou from the Oscar of old,  
The sleek and the gamesome, the swift and the bold!

At sunrise I wakened to hear thy proud bark,  
With the coo of the house-dove, the lay of the lark;  
And out to the green fields 't was ours to repair,  
When sunrise with glory empurpled the air;  
And the streamlet flow'd down in its gold to the sea;  
And the night-dew like diamond sparks gleamed from the tree;

And the sky o'er the earth in such purity glow'd,  
As if angels, not men, on its surface abode!

How then thou would'st gambol, and start from my feet,

To scare the wild birds from their sylvan retreat;  
Or plunge in the smooth stream, and bring to my hand

The twig or the wild flower I threw from the land:

On the moss-sprinkled stone if I sat for a space,  
Thou would'st crouch on the greensward, and gaze in my face,

Then in wantonness pluck up the blooms in thy teeth,  
And toss them above thee, or tread them beneath.

Then I was a schoolboy all thoughtless and free,  
And thou wert a whelp full of gambol and glee;  
Now dim is thine eyeball, and grizzled thy hair,  
And I am a man, and of grief have my share!

Thou bring'st to my mind all the pleasures of youth,  
When hope was the mistress, not handmaid of truth;  
When earth looked an Eden, when joy's sunny hours  
Were cloudless, and every path glowing with flowers.

Now summer is waning; soon tempest and rain

Shall harbinger desolate winter again,  
And thou, all unable its gripe to withstand,  
Shalt die, when the snow-mantle garments the land:  
Then thy grave shall be dug 'neath the old cherry-tree,

Which in spring-time will shed down its blossoms on thee;

And, when a few fast-fleeting seasons are o'er,  
Thy faith and thy form shall be thought of no more!

Then all who caress'd thee and lov'd, shall be laid,  
Life's pilgrimage o'er, in the tomb's dreary shade;  
Other steps shall be heard on these floors, and the past

Be like yesterday's clouds from the memory cast:  
Improvements will follow; old walls be thrown down,  
Old landmarks removed, when old masters are gone;  
And the gard'ner, when delving, will marvel to see  
White bones where once blossomed the old cherry-tree!

Frail things! could we read but the objects around,  
In the meanest some deep-lurking truth might be found,

Some type of our frailty, some warning to show  
How shifting the sands are we build on below;  
Our fathers have passed, and have mixed with the mould;

Year presses on year, till the young become old;  
Time, though a stern teacher, is partial to none;  
And the friend and the foe pass away, one by one!

*Domestic Verses, by Delta.*

From Tait's Magazine.

## THE CURATE ; OR, HOPES.

TRANSLATED FROM FREDRIKA BREMER'S SHORT STORIES.

I ALWAYS had a peculiar method of travelling with the least possible distress along the stony road of life ; although, in a physical as well as in a moral sense, I generally walked barefoot. I hoped ! hoped on from day to day, from morn to even, at evening for the next morning ; in autumn for spring, in spring for autumn ; from one year to another : and thus I had hoped away almost thirty years of my life's journey, without feeling severely any of my troubles, except the want of good boots. I consoled myself under this calamity when in the open air ; but when introduced to respectable company, I was tormented with a desire of setting my heels foremost, because they were best covered with leather. I ought to confess, too, that I felt my poverty still more when, in the huts of misery, I could give no better comfort than friendly words. But I comforted myself like thousands beside, with a hopeful glance at fortune's rolling wheel, and the philosophical observation, "Time will bring good counsel."

When I was curate under a country clergyman, with scanty pay and mean fare, morally languishing, with no society but the ill-tempered wife of the tippling parson, the booby son, and the daughter who, with high shoulders and feet turned in, went prying about from morning till night, I felt a sudden rapture of tenderness and delight when a letter, from one of my acquaintances, gave me the information that my uncle P., a merchant in Stockholm, personally unknown to me, lay at the point of death, and, under a sudden attack of family affection, had expressed a desire to behold his good-for-nothing nephew.

And now see the thankful nephew, with a little lean bundle under his arm, and a million of rich hopes in his breast, seated upon a most uncomfortable stiff-necked market cart, jogging along, up hill and down hill, to the capital !

At the tavern where I alighted I ventured to order a little, only a very little, breakfast—just a slice of bread and butter and two eggs. My landlord and a fat gentleman walked to and fro in the room, and chatted. "I must say," said the fat gentleman, "this wholesale tradesman P., who died yesterday, was a rascal."

"Ha, ha," thought I, "but a rascal who had plenty of gold. Harkye, friend, (to the waiter,) can you bring me a slice of roast beef, or whatever meat you have, to make me more substantial fare here. A dish of soup would not be amiss ; but quick, if you please !" "Yes," said my landlord, "it is heavy—thirty thousand dollars, and bank-stock beside ! No one in the town would have dreamed of it—thirty thousand !" "Thirty thousand !" I inwardly ejaculated in my joyous soul. "Harkye, waiter ! give me, as soon as you can, thirty thousand—no, no—give me a pint of wine, I mean ;" and all my pulses were beating merrily to the tune of "thirty thousand !"

"Ah !" said the fat gentleman, "and would you believe that among his debts is one of five thousand dollars for champagne ? There stand his creditors clenching their fists ; for all his furniture is worth but a few pence, and outside his door they find for their comfort—his calash !"

"Aha, that's another thing !" said I to myself. "Here, waiter ! take away the beef, the soup, and the wine. I must not taste them : for what have

I been doing all the morning but eating !" "You have ordered them," said the waiter. "Friend !" said I, scratching out an apology just behind my ear, "it was an error ; I ordered them for a rich gentleman, as I supposed, who is now as poor as myself, I find, and will never be able to pay for them : but you shall have the money for the eggs and bread and butter I have eaten, as well as something to drink for your trouble." So saying, and slipping a trifle more than the charge into his hand, I left the tavern, with a wounded heart and unappeased stomach, to seek for cheap lodgings, and to study means of raising money.

This violent collision between my hopes and the reality had given me a headache ; but when I met, during my street wandering, a gentleman decked with bands and stars, but with a faded face and wrinkled brow, and saw a young nobleman whom I had known at the University of Upsal, walking as if the weight of age and "tædium vitæ" would bring him down upon his nose, I lifted up my head, took a deep inspiration of the air, (which, unfortunately for me, was just there strongly scented with sausages cooking,) and felt the happiness of poverty with a pure heart !

In a remote street I found a little chamber to let, which suited better my present condition than my hopes two hours before.

I had gained leave to spend the winter in Stockholm ; "And now," thought I, "what is to be done ?" To let my spirits sink was the worst way possible ; to put my hand in my bosom, and look up to heaven was not much better. "The sun breaks out when we least expect him," said I, while the heavy autumnal clouds were sinking down over the town. I resolved to do my utmost to gain some more comfortable prospect for the future than my stay with the country pastor afforded me, and at last I fixed upon seeking employment as a copyist.

Then I spent many days in fruitless endeavors to find ears that were not deaf to my applications, and then in the breast-burdening toil of copying out the empty productions of empty heads. My dinners became more and more economical ; but my hopes continued to rise until an evening, from which, in my calendar, I date a new era with a cross. My landlord had just left me to my meditations, with the comfortable observation, as a text, that to-morrow I must pay down my quarter's rent, unless I preferred (quite French politeness !) making another tour of discovery about the streets.

It was an indescribably cold November's evening, and I had just returned from visiting a house of sickness, where I had, perhaps imprudently, emptied my purse, when I was greeted with this amiable salutation.

I trimmed my sleepy, dim-burning lamp with my fingers, and then looked about my little dingy chamber for plans of money-making.

"Diogenes was worse accommodated," I sighed, as I pulled my lame table away from the window, for the wind and rain seemed unwilling to stay outside. At the same moment, my glance fell upon a cheerfully glowing fire in an opposite kitchen. "O cooks ! you have a glorious lot among mortals !" thought I, while with some secret pleasure I watched the well-nourished dame, who stood like an empress amid the pots and stew-pans, surrounded with the glory of the fire, and swaying the tongs as a sceptre over her glowing dominions.

On a higher floor I had a view through the win-



dow, covered with no envious blind, of a gaily illuminated chamber, where a numerous family were assembled around a tea-table. I was stiff in every limb with cold and damp, and how empty that part of my animal economy, which may be styled the magazine, was that evening, I will not say; but—"Merciful heaven!" thought I, "if that pretty maiden, who is just now reaching a cup of tea to the stout gentleman upon the sofa, who seems too heavily replenished to rise from his seat, would but put out her fair hand a little farther this way, and could—with a thousand thankful kisses—how foolish!—The fat gentleman takes the cup, and dips his bun in the tea so deliberately—it is enough to make one cry! And now that pretty maiden is caressing him! I wonder if he is her papa, or her uncle; or perhaps, enviable mortal!—but no, that cannot be; he is, at least, forty years older than she!"

"That must be his wife surely; that elderly lady who sits beside him on the sofa, and to whom the fair maiden just now offers a platter of cakes. But to whom does she offer them now? One ear and a part of a shoulder is all that projects beyond the rim of the window. How long he keeps the gentle girl waiting his pleasure! but it must be a lady—no gentleman would behave so!—or it may be her brother. Ah! see his great fist thrust into the biscuit-basket, a rude lout! but, perhaps, he was hungry. Now she turns to the two little girls, her sisters, most likely, and gives them all that Mr. One-ear has left behind. As for herself, she seems to take no more of the tea than I do, except its fragrance. But what a movement suddenly takes place in the room! The old gentleman starts up from the sofa: the one-eared gentleman rushes forward, and gives the gentle maiden a rude shock (a dromedary as he is!) that impels her against the tea-table, and makes the old lady, who was just rising from the sofa, sit down again. The children skip about and clap their hands; the door opens; in comes a young officer; the maiden throws herself into his arms! Aha! there I have it!" I dashed to my window-shutter, so that it cracked; and sat down, wet with the rain, and with trembling knees, upon my stool.

"What had I to do staring through the window? This comes of curiosity!"

Eight days before, this family had returned from the country into the fine house opposite, and all this time I had never inquired who they were. What business had I, this evening, to be prying into their circle? What good could it do me?

I was in a sorry mood, and felt something of heart-heaviness; but, according to my resolution never to yield to despondency, I set about a description of domestic happiness, of that happiness which I had never tasted! Said I, as I breathed upon my stiffened fingers, "Am I then the first who has sought in the hot-house of imagination a pleasing warmth which the hard world of realities denies us? Six dollars for a load of pine-wood; ay, you will not have them till December. I will write!"

"Happy, thrice happy is the family in whose close and warm circle no heart feels lonely in its joys nor in its sorrows; no glance, no smile remains unanswered; where the members daily say to each other, not in mere words, but in their actions, your cares, your joys, your fortunes, are also mine!"

"Beautiful is the quiet, peaceful house, which closes its protecting walls around the pilgrim

through life, which collects around its friendly, gleaming hearth, the old grandsire, leaning upon his staff, the manly husband, the amiable wife, and their happy children, who close the day of sport and enjoyment with hearty thanksgiving, while the mother chants to them a little song, telling how,—

"Angels their vigils keep  
Around the bed  
And o'er the head  
Of innocence asleep!"

Here I had to stop; for something like a drop of rain fell upon my cheek, and I could not see my paper clearly.

"How many," thought I, as my thoughts, against my will, took a melancholy turn, "how many are doomed to know nothing of this happiness!" For a moment I considered myself in the only looking-glass I had in my chamber, that of *truth*, and then with gloomy feelings I wrote on,—*"Unhappy surely is the desolate one who, in the cold and dreary moments of life, (which come so often,) can rest on no faithful bosom, whose sighs are unanswered, to whose complaint no voice replies, 'I understand you; I sympathize with you!' He is depressed: no one raises his drooping head! He weeps: no one regards it! He goes away: no one follows him! He comes: no one hastens to meet him! He sleeps: no one watches over him! He is alone! Why does he not die! Ah! who would mourn over him! How cold the grave which no warm tear of love bedews. He is lonely in the winter's night. For him earth has no flowers, and dimly burn the lights of heaven. Why wanders he here alone! Why does he not flee as a shadow to the land of shadows? Ah! he still hopes. A pauper, he begs for happiness, and hopes, in the eleventh hour, that some friendly hand will bestow it."* It was my own situation that I described.

Early robbed of my parents,—without brother, sister, friends and relatives, I stood so lonely and desolate in the world, that, but for a strong confidence in Heaven, and a naturally cheerful disposition, I should have sought an escape from such an existence. Hitherto, more from instinct than philosophy, I had habitually suppressed all earnest longings for a happier state of life than that which surrounded me; but lately other thoughts had been gaining power over me, and, especially this evening, I felt an unutterable desire for a friend, for one whom I might love; in short, for a bosom-companion,—a wife,—one with whom I might feel myself a king, even in the meanest hut! But I remembered, as involuntarily I shuddered with cold, that all my love, in such circumstances as the present, could not prevent my wife, if I had one, from being frozen or starved to death. More depressed than ever, I arose from my stool, and paced up and down in my little boundary. The oppressive feeling of my situation followed me like my shadow on the wall; and, for the first time in my life, I was *quite* disheartened, and cast a gloomy glance upon the future.

"But what in the world," I exclaimed earnestly to myself, "will all this dull pondering avail!" Again I tried to loosen myself from the anxious thoughts that plagued me. "If but one Christian soul would only come to see me, whoever it might be, friend or foe,—any visiter would be welcome to break this dismal solitude. Yea, if one from the world of spirits would open the door, he should be



welcome. What was that? Three knocks at the door! I'll not believe my senses—Three knocks again!" I went and opened the door. Nobody was there; but the wind howled along the staircase. Hastily I closed the door, put my hands in my pockets, and continued my parade, humming to keep up my courage. In a few moments I heard something like a sigh. I stopped and listened. Again I heard distinctly a sigh, and that so deep and sorrowful, that with considerable emotion I called out, "Who is there?" No answer was returned. I stood for a moment to study what all this could mean, when a frightful noise, as if a host of cats were coming screaming down stairs, ending with a heavy thump against my door, made me decided for action. I took up my glimmering light, but, in the moment that I opened the door, it expired, or was blown out. A gigantic white figure hovered before me, and I felt myself suddenly grasped by two powerful arms. I cried out for help, and struggled so hard, that my antagonist fell to the ground with me; but I happened to be uppermost. Like an arrow I bounded up, and would have run, but stumbled over something,—Heaven knows what,—I believe somebody had seized my feet: again I fell to the ground, struck my head against the corner of the table, and lost my senses, with a sound like loud laughter ringing in my ears.

When I opened my eyes again, they encountered a dazzling glare. I closed them again, and listened to a distracting noise that hovered around me. Again I opened them, and tried to distinguish and recognize some of the objects about me, which seemed so new and wonderful, that I suddenly feared I had lost my senses. I lay upon a sofa, and—no, I was not deluded!—the beautiful maiden who had hovered before my imagination all the evening, now *really* stood beside me, with a heavenly expression of sympathy, and bathed my head with vinegar! A young man, whose face seemed familiar to me, stood and held my hand. I saw also the fat old gentleman and another thin gentleman, and next I discovered the lady, the children, and the paradise of the tea-table glimmering in a sort of twilight distance; in short, by some inconceivable humor of fortune, I found myself in the midst of the very family which I had, an hour before, contemplated with such interest!

As I recovered my faculties the military young man enfolded me in his arms. "Do you not know me again?" said he, while I sat still as if petrified. "Have you forgotten Augustus, whose life you saved not long ago at the risk of your own? whom you fished out of the water, at the risk of remaining to keep company with fishes yourself? See, here are my father, my mother, and my sister *Wilhelmina*." I pressed his hand. Then, with a smart blow with his fist upon the table, the father exclaimed, "And because you have saved my son's life, and you are an honorable fellow, that can suffer hunger to afford food to others, I declare you shall have the benefice at H—." I—I have the patronage, you understand!" For a while I was bereft of the power of thought and speech; and, amid all the explanations that were given, there was only one thing that impressed itself clearly on my mind—that *Wilhelmina* was *not*—that *Wilhelmina* was the sister of Augustus!

He had, that evening, returned from a journey during which, in the preceding summer, I had enjoyed the happiness of saving his life. Previous

to this accident, I had only drunk with him in the brotherhood of the University. He had related to his family, with all the enthusiasm of youth, my good service in his behalf, and all that he knew of me besides. His father, who had a benefice in his gift, and (as I afterwards learned) had glanced with pity, sometimes, through the window upon my scanty table, had resolved, at the request of his son, to raise me from the lap of poverty to the summit of happiness. Augustus, in his delight, would make this resolution instantly known to me; and, in his love of a practical joke, he approached my chamber in the style already described; the consequence of which, for me, was my wound upon the temple and my translation across the street out of darkness into light! A thousand times has the good youth begged forgiveness for his indiscretion, and as many times have I assured him that the benefice of H. would prove a balsam strong enough to cure a deeper wound! Astonished was I to find that the ear and shoulder of the gentleman who at tea time was the subject of my splenetic observations belonged to no one less than my patron. The stout gentleman was *Wilhelmina's* uncle.

The kindness and cheerfulness of my new friends made me soon feel at home and happy. The old people treated me as if I was their child, and the young people admitted me to all the privileges of a brother. After I had received two cups of tea from the hand of *Wilhelmina*, I arose to take my leave of the family for the night. All invited me to stay; but I determined to spend my first happy night in my old lodging, and there to offer thanks to the Guide of my destiny. Augustus attended me to my resting-place. There my landlord stood in the chamber, between the overthrown stool and table, with an aspect something between rain and sunshine. One side of his mouth was screwed up to his ear with an attempt at a smile, while the other was drawn down to his chin with suspicion; his eyes followed the same directions, and his whole face seemed seized with a cramp, until Augustus requested him to leave us alone, and then his countenance dissolved into a smile of the grinning species.

Augustus was most earnestly indignant at the sight of my table, my stool, and my bed, and talked of whipping my landlord for his extortion. I was compelled to assure him that I would change my lodgings on the coming day. When my friend had left me, I spent some time in meditating upon this change in my fortunes, and thanked God heartily for it. Then my thoughts ran away to my pastoral charge, and Heaven only knows with how many fat oxen, with what flowers, and fruits, and trees, I replenished my paradise, where I wandered with my *Eve*, and how many richly-edified souls I saw streaming out of my church. I baptized, I confirmed, I betrothed the dear children of my pastorate, and forgot none but the funeral ceremonies.

At last, beyond midnight, I closed my eyes, and gave up my thoughts to the wild powers of dreamery. Then I preached with a loud voice in my church; while my congregation would persist in sleeping. After divine service, my congregation came out of the church transformed into sheep and oxen, bleating and lowing at me when I reproved them. I tried to lead my wife away; but could not separate her from a great turnip-plant that grew, and grew, till it covered both our heads. Then I tried to climb up to heaven upon a ladder;

but potatoes, grass, tares, and peas, entangled my feet, and hindered every step. At last I saw myself walking upon my head among my possessions; and as I wondered how this could be, I fell more soundly asleep. Yet I must have continued my pastoral dream: for in the morning I woke myself at the end of a long sermon, by saying "Amen!" I had some trouble to convince myself that the events of the preceding evening did not belong to my dreams, until Augustus made his appearance, and invited me to be with his family at noon.

The pastorate, Wilhelmina, the family into which I had entered; the new hopes of the future that now glittered in the sunshine of the present; all filled me with a joy to be felt, not described!

From the depth of a thankful heart, I hailed the new life dawning upon me with a resolution, whatever might come, *to do the best, and hope for the best in every case!*

Two years after that happy dinner, I sat, one autumn evening, in my snug parsonage, beside the fire. Close to me sat my dear wife, my Wilhelmina, and span. I was about to read to her the sermon I had prepared for the next Sunday, and which I *hoped* would prove very edifying to my congregation. As I turned over the manuscript, a loose leaf fell out. It was the very paper upon which, just two years previous to that evening, I had written down my thoughts on domestic happiness, in a situation, apparently, so far away from everything of the kind. I showed it to my wife. She read it, and smiled through her tears; then, with an arch expression which is, I believe, peculiar to herself, she took up my pen and wrote on the other side of the leaf as follows:—

"The author can now, I hope, give a picture of his situation quite a contrast to that on the reverse. Now, he is no longer lonely, no more forsaken and desolate. His gentlest sigh is answered; his most intimate sorrows are shared with his wife. He goes; her heart follows him. He comes; she hastens to meet him with a smile. His tears are wiped away by her hand, and his smiles are reflected upon her face. She plucks flowers to strew his path. He has a flock dear to him; several devoted friends; and he counts as his relatives all who are destitute. He loves; he is beloved. He has the power to make men happy; he is happy."

Truly has my Wilhelmina painted my present situation; and, inspired with feelings cheerful and bright as sunbeams in spring, I send forth my hopes to delight themselves in the future.

I *hope* that my sermon for next Sunday will be useful to my people; and though some of the careless ones may be fast asleep, I *hope* that will not be allowed to disturb my temper. For my coming children, I have hopes prepared. If I have a son, I *hope* he may prove my successor; if a daughter, oh, I have *hopes* for her!

I *hope*, in the course of a little time, to find a publisher for my sermons.

I *hope* to live many years with my wife.

We, that is Wilhelmina and myself, *hope* during this time to dry many tears, and for ourselves, to shed as few as may fall to the lot of children of the earth such as we are.

We *hope* that neither of us will long survive the other.

Lastly, we *hope*, that we shall always be able to *hope* while here; and, when all the hopes of

this green earth must vanish away before the light of eternal certainties, then we hope our Good Father will pronounce a mild judgment upon his humble and hopeful children.

#### HOUSE FLIES.

AMONGST domestic plagues flies are generally included. Few persons know from whence they come, or are aware that there are numerous species which inhabit our dwellings. Some of these species a good deal resemble each other, whilst others are so very dissimilar, that the smaller ones are supposed to be the young of the larger individuals. In our days, when natural science has arrived at such a degree of perfection—when every year brings forth works of amusement and instruction adapted to every age, as well as for every class of society—it seems incredible that any one should be so ignorant of the things which daily surround him, as to suppose that flies vary in size according to their age: and that, consequently the large and small are the old and young of the same species. To assist in dissipating such errors, we glean from the Correspondence of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* the following facts, connected with the history of the common house-fly.—[*Chambers' Journal*.]

There are fifty, perhaps a hundred, different sorts of flies and gnats which annually visit our apartments, and establish themselves as regular domestics. Amongst the most familiar of these are the green-bottle, the blue-bottle or flesh-fly, the larder-fly, impatiently bouncing against the windows, the biting house-fly, which interrupts our reveries by its unwelcome attacks on the legs and ankles, and the lesser and larger house flies, alighting on our food, and soiling the furniture. All of them are unpleasant companions—tickling, teasing, devouring; the most uncereemonious visitors—paying respect neither to time, place, nor person.

Their economy and transformation being similar, the domestic fly may be taken as the type of the whole. Like most insects, it lays eggs, which are deposited in hot and moist dunghills, and among other putrifying refuse. These eggs are hatched into minute maggots of a dirty white and yellow color, which feed till they arrive at about twice the size of a caraway seed, and in this state they tumble hither and thither, without any distinct order of locomotion. When fat and full fed, the maggots lie dormant a few hours, during which time the skin hardens, and becomes an oval cylindrical case, of a chestnut color; and in this respect the two-winged flies (*diptera*) differ from all the other orders of insects, which cast their skins when they become chrysalides. In the chrysalis state they remain from a few days to as many weeks, according to the temperature; many of them, no doubt, sleeping throughout winter. During this period of repose, the recent maggot is undergoing a wonderful transformation within his own skin, which ultimately opens at one end by a little circular lid, and out creeps the house-fly, with its body and six legs as large as at any subsequent period of its life; indeed the abdomen is often larger, as it is filled with a fluid necessary to the expansion of the wings. When the fly issues from the chrysalis, the only part which has to grow is the wings—these being at that stage two little crumpled moist objects on each side of the

body. The first act of the insect, therefore, is, before they dry, to crawl up some object, when the fluid in the abdomen gravitates, or is forced into the nervures of the wings, and expands the wrinkles; at last these appendages are stretched out, and covered with a delicate transparent, but iridescent membrane, and then the little animal is ready for flight.

The house-fly, thus completed, is too well known to require any lengthened description. It still bears the technical name assigned to it by Linnæus (*musca domestica*.) It is clothed with black hairs and bristles; the antennæ, or feelers, are black, and feathered; the eyes are remote, and of a dull brownish-red; the space between them is black, but the face is a satiny yellowish-white; and a similar line surrounds the eyes; the thorax or body is bright grey, with four blackish stripes down the back; the abdomen is ash-colored, with clouded markings; and the six legs are long, slender, and blackish. The fly thus described is a very pretty animal; and when seen under the microscope, presents one of the most perfect and elegant objects in animated nature. Its whole anatomy and structure are beautifully adapted to its mode of life; its orbicular eyes enable it to see above, beneath, and around it; its proboscis, which it elongates and contracts at pleasure, can seize and extract the juices of the minutest particle: and its tiny feet which act like a boy's sucker, enable it not only to climb the smoothest surface, but to walk even with its back downwards.

The domestic fly is very generally diffused; and British naturalists state, that the *musca domestica* of Canada, the United States, Cape of Good Hope, Hobart Town, &c. is one and the same, with that which frequents our own apartment. To the same genus as *musca domestica* belong the green-bottle (*M. Cæsar*) and the blue-bottle (*E. vomitaria*.) The larger-fly, so like the blue-bottle, belongs to another genus, (*anthomyia*), which also includes the lesser house-fly, vulgarly believed to be the young of *musca domestica*. The biting house-fly ranks under a third genus, termed *stomoxys*, from the structure of the mouth, which is horny, and formed for piercing.

From Tait's Magazine.

#### AMERICA.

Angry tongues are warring with thee,—arrows flying thick as hail,  
Beaten like the black thou scornest, or the wheat beneath the flail;  
Still the giant tree is standing, that thy early greatness set,  
And I hold unto the faith—thou wilt reclaim thy glory yet.

For I cannot but remember how in years long past away,  
It was thou who shed o'er dying eyes the light of dawning day;  
It was thou who winged young panting hearts, the noble and the free,  
With the dreams, (oh, were they dreams?) of a happier world to be!

Where the living soul, bestowed of Heaven, should reckon in its worth,  
As a patent of nobility, the fairest on the earth:  
Where the nations tired of senseless rule, might joyfully behold  
A people all of kings, crowned with richer wealth than gold.

And though no poet then hadst thou to glorify thy fame,  
Thy deeds were poems, that could light dead words with living flame:  
Columbia sang each western breeze, while hearts as true as brave  
Leapt—like the young roe o'er the rill—to greet thee o'er the wave;

Where thy flag—then nobly worn as won—was hailed with holy mirth,  
As the starry spangled symbol of a heaven to come on earth;  
Where man as man should reverence have, no pride of birth t' enthrall,  
For God's own love who made us with his image stamp'd on all.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Hark! hark! They scoff, they jeer, they laugh,—  
"His image? In the dust?  
With clutching hand? With eye that twins a felon's, for its trust?  
The brag of freedom on his tongue, 'slave' branded on his brow?"  
For Mammon hath avenged the negro; thou'rt his negro now!

Alas! hope turns away, to take with bitterness her part.  
While thinking of thee as thou wert, to see thee as thou art:  
The pattern of our nation once, thou temp'st them to disown  
Their ancient boast as Englishmen,—to kick thee, now thou'rt down!

While servile throngs of hireling tongues fall in to swell the cry,  
That strives (God knows in vain!) to blast the name of liberty.  
Of her, the radiant angel that rocked thy cradle days,  
Whose voice, among thy morning stars, sang forth its sweetest praise.

Say not the fault is fault of few, that partial blame should fall:  
Till purified your lazar-house, the plague-spot is on us all!  
Oh, foolish, in a fancy crazed, to think belief should wait  
On the worth of a whole nation,—lackeys to a felon state!

\* \* \* \* \*  
No smarting creditor appeals, wit-sharpened by his want,  
Whose private purse's emptiness is measure of his taunt;  
But one who owns the early debt, now rendered back in tears,  
For all those precious golden hopes you gave in former years.

Have pity, oh, have pity, on the noble blood thou hast shed,  
On the memory of thy pilgrims, thy warrior sages dead!  
Have pity on thy living sons, the Great—alas! the few  
Whose eyes are flame with burning shame, at the deeds that ye can do!

Such pity—(it were better than to doom them to behold  
The birthright of their Land of Promise bartering for gold)—  
Such pity as the Hebrew mothers showed their little ones;  
The pity without hope—that wracked out life upon the stones!

Go! plunge your brutal knives deep, deep—find out  
the fount within  
Those noble hearts, whence mounts the blood that  
blushes at your sin!  
And, if you dare go near his grave, then lay them side  
by side,  
With Him, the Irreproachable—your country's hal-  
low'd pride.  
His ashes stir! is it to hail the dead whose hearts  
were true?  
No! for your living crowds are false—too many for  
too few!  
The earth upheaves—asunder breaks the craven-cov-  
ered sod—  
He rises with the might of one approved and blest of  
God!  
The delegate of Him who weighs the mountains in  
his hand;  
Of Him before whose countenance no sinner's soul  
can stand:  
He questions of the glory that he left the land in  
trust:  
—The corpses of your dead are all to answer—"It is  
dust!"  
But there's life within the tree that thy early great-  
ness set,  
And I hold unto the faith—Thou wilt reclaim thy  
glory yet.

## POSTAGE-LABELS AND ENVELOPES.

THE following facts relative to the manufacture of our present postage-labels and envelopes may not be uninteresting to the reader. They are gleaned from a paper, by the Rev. J. Barlow, on the Chemical and Mechanical Processes, and the Social Influences of the Penny Post, read at a recent meeting of the London Royal Institution. The adhesive labels, or "queen's heads," as they are commonly called, are executed by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon, and Petch, on Mr. Perkins' principle of steel-engraving by transfer. This process depends on the property of iron to become hard or soft as it receives or loses a small quantity of carbon—the soft plates receiving impressions of the original hardened engraving, and then being tempered to the necessary hardness for the purposes of the printer. Mr. Barlow lays great stress on the absolute identity of every engraving, however numerous, produced by this method. The engine-work on the adhesive labels is of so close a pattern, that it cannot be taken off by lithography or any similar contrivance; while, on the other hand, the eye is so accustomed to notice slight differences between one face and another, that the most skilful imitator of a minute engraving of a human countenance (like that of the sovereign on the label) could not possibly avoid such a deviation from what he was copying as would insure the detection of forgery. With regard to the qualities of the colored inks with which the labels are printed, Mr. Barlow remarks, that though sufficiently permanent to withstand the effects of sun-light, rain, &c., they would be discharged by any fraudulent attempt to remove the obliterating stamp for the purpose of issuing the labels a second time. The gum used for fixing the labels to letters is chiefly derived from potato starch, and therefore perfectly innocuous.

The manufacture of the postage-envelope is effected by many powerful, yet accurate machines. The paper is pervaded by colored threads, as a security against fraud; and when sent from the manufactory of Mr. Dickinson, it is delivered to the firm of Messrs. De La Rue. It is there cut into lozenges, by the engine of Mr. Wilson, with the utmost precision, and at the rate of sixty or eighty thousand a minute. Previously to being stamped, each lozenge has a notch cut in each side for the convenience of folding: this is done by an angular chisel. The envelopes are then stamped at Somerset house, by a machine which

combines the operations of printing and embossing—the invention of the late Sir W. Congreve. The last process, the folding and gumming, is performed by the Messrs. De La Rue, who employ thirty-nine folders on an average; and a quick hand can fold 3500 in a day.

Mr. Barlow next noticed some statistical conclusions:—One engraving on Mr. Perkins' hard steel-roller will afford 1680 transfers to soft steel plates: these again will, when hardened, admit of 60,000 impressions being pulled from each, so that one original will afford 100,800,000 impressions of labels. Twelve years ago, common envelopes were sold at one shilling the dozen; (now the postage envelope, with its medallion, may be bought wholesale at half a farthing, exclusive of the stamp;) and yet, though the manufacture is peculiarly costly, it returns a small profit to the government. More than two hundred and twenty millions of chargeable letters were posted in 1843; so that, supposing all the letter-boxes in the United Kingdom to be open twelve hours in a day, and to communicate with one large spout, the letters would keep flowing through it at the mean rate of fourteen in a second.—*Chambers' Journal*.

**SNAKE SUPERSTITIONS.**—The superstitious notions of the Syrians respecting serpents and snakes surpass all imaginable measure of absurdity. They attribute numberless powers for good or evil to those disgusting reptiles; and very rarely does a Syrian peasant venture to kill or even to disturb a serpent that has made its nest in a wall, being firmly persuaded that the whole generation of the killed or wounded reptile would implacably pursue the murderer and his kin till their vengeance was satisfied. Precisely the same belief prevails, as we are told by Kohl, among the inhabitants of the southern steppes of Russia, who are generally too much afraid of a snake to kill it, even though it take up its abode under the same roof with them. "Let a snake alone," says the Russian, "and he will let you alone; but if you kill it, its whole race will persecute you." \* \* \* The married woman, whose longings to be a mother have proved vain, in spite of all her vows and her consultations of santons and sages, betakes her, as a last resource, to the aid of the black serpent; and she feels assured, that if she wears the dead body of one of those creatures next her skin for three days, she will not long be deprived of the honors of maternity. Very serious accidents have often resulted from this practice. Some years ago a considerable number of dark-colored snakes, rendered torpid by cold, were carried down by the river to Caiffa, near Mount Carmel. When the circumstance was made known, all the married women of the district who were not blessed with children flocked to the spot, to get themselves a snake for a girdle: but the snakes, many of which were venomous, were only numbed; the warmth of the body revived them, and the lives of several of the women were greatly endangered by the bites they received. It is said that one unfortunate young woman, who had consented with extreme repugnance to employ this horrible remedy, was so terrified when she felt the cold pressure of the reviving reptile, as it writhed round her body, that she threw herself from the house-top and was killed on the spot.—*Library of Travel*.

**EFFECTS OF DRAINAGE ON HUMAN LIFE.**—The Rev. Professor Buckland, at a public meeting lately held in Oxford, said that in the parish of St. Margaret, Leicester, containing 22,000 inhabitants, it appeared that one portion of it was effectually drained, some parts but partially so, and others not at all. In the latter, the average duration of life is thirteen years and a half, while in the same parish where the drainage is only partial, the average is twenty-two years and a half, thereby showing the frightful effects of a bad atmosphere.—*Chambers' Journal*.

From the United Service Journal.

## THE COCKPIT DUEL.

"He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer  
The worst that man can breathe."  
"If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,  
What folly 't is to hazard life for ill."

SHAKESPEARE.

ONE evening, shortly after the death of Capt. Stackpoole of the *Statura* frigate, who fell in a duel with Lieut. Cecil of the *Argo*, at Jamaica, the affair was brought forward, as a subject for discussion, on the fore-castle of a fine eight-and-thirty in which I was serving, and remarks were made that did great credit to the hearts of the honest fellows who felt keenly the loss of a brave man through a delicate point of false honor, and which might have been easily arranged to the satisfaction of all parties had any judicious person been at hand.

The facts were briefly these; two officers of the *Statura* informed Captain Stackpoole, that Mr. Cecil "had declared in their presence, that he (Capt. S.) never spoke the truth." Four years elapsed from the alleged utterance of these words, and the meeting of the captain and lieutenant at Jamaica. The former sent his first lieutenant with a message, demanding to know whether Cecil "had used such language, and if he had, it was impossible for both of them to exist in the same world together, for he should require satisfaction."

Now what could a man, situated as Lieutenant Cecil was, do under such circumstances? The question was accompanied with threats that in the first instance should have been spared; besides coming from the quarter that it did, more might be implied than met the ear, for Capt. Stackpoole was known to be a "dead shot," and, therefore, the avoiding of a meeting might be construed into cowardice. Cecil persisted that, "as far as he could recollect, he had never said anything of the kind; but as he might have made use of the words, he would not deny them."

Captain Stackpoole required a positive denial in writing, or to meet him the next morning with pistols, and the second having thus far delivered himself of his errand, asked Mr. Cecil "if there was anything he could say to the captain, which might induce the latter to accept an apology."

To this Cecil replied, that "the message he had first received put it entirely out of his power to apologize—he much regretted that it had not been required at the outset, but now his only alternative was to give Capt. S. the meeting he demanded."

Thus terminated preliminaries, and Cecil, being well acquainted with the captain's skill as a marksman, prepared himself, as a brave man ought to do, to meet the death which appeared to be inevitable. He had scarcely ever fired a pistol in his life, and consequently, had never practised as his antagonist had done, for I have heard it said, that the latter could throw a half crown in the air, and hit it as it was falling—so much for equality.

About five o'clock (soon after daylight) on the succeeding morning the hostile parties met—took their ground at ten paces, and fired as nearly as possible at the same moment—Cecil, who had bade adieu to the world, stood erect uninjured—Stackpoole was a corpse upon the ground—he expired without uttering a word, or even a groan—the ball of his adversary had entered his right arm a little above the wrist, glanced off through his side, fracturing a rib, passed into the lungs, and life was almost instantly extinct.

"I never liked your 'long shore duels," said the captain of the fore-castle, after the foregoing particulars had been related; "there's never nothing like fair play in 'em as there is in being nailed down by the slack of your trowsers abaft, athwart a sea-chest, or the heel of a spare top-mast."

"Right, Jem," assented an old quarter-master; "besides pistol balls were moulded for the enemy, and not for countryman to let fly at countryman."

"Talking about duels," said the boatswain's-mate, "puts me in mind of one as happened among the midshipmen of a line-of-battle ship I belonged to, and if you like, messmates, I'll just overhaul it to you."

A ready assent was yielded to this proposal, and Tom Whistler, after a short preface, related the following particulars, which I shall give in his own particular idiom.

They were rather a skylarking, randomish set of blades, were the midshipmen in that ship, as, messmates, you know most young gentlemen are—and as full of tricks as Saint Jago's is of monkeys. We were sitting out in port, and had just got the rigging over the lower-mast-heads, and there was only two of the lieutenants had joined, so in course there was plenty for 'em to do 'pon deck without troubling themselves with looking out after the youngsters below, though they kept them pretty taut at boat and dock-yard duty too. Well, one day it was raining heavy, and the hands were principally working under cover on the main-deck, and I was down in the after cock-pit getting the tiers cleared out for the cables as were expected to come alongside. The young gentlemen were all on 'em on the mischievous lay, skulking about and tormenting each other, and one of 'em hauls up close to me and says,—

"Tom, we're going to have a bit of fun with Mr. Moodie," says he, "for he's ownly a know-nothing, and is always boasting of his grandfather, Lord somebody or other, and his uncle the baronet, and his uncle the bishop."

"And why not, Mr. Quinton?" says I, as I went on with my work, "if so be as he's got rich and titled relatives, there's never no harm in being proud of 'em as long as they deserve it, and I hopes they will be able by-and-by to think as much of him."

"Oh, but it is n't altogether that, Tom!" says the young officer, "but he is so proud himself though he is as poor as a rat in a miser's kitchen."

"As to his being poor," says I, "that's no fault of his, Mr. Quinton, and I don't never like to see any one onbraided or punished for his misfortunes."

"But then," says the youngster, "he sails so large in his talk about his courage, and what he'd do if anybody was to insult him, so that they are going to put his bravery to the proof. Hark, Tom, don't you hear them?"

"Why yes, it's plain enough to hear 'em, Mr. Quinton," says I, "but I'm thinking it's hardly fair for all hands to be badger-baiting a young officer as has just joined, and never was at sea afore;" for d'ye see, messmates, it was always a constant practice, when any midshipman came aboard as was a greenhorn, and had never dipped his hands in salt water, to play him all manner of tricks, and they were like young devils as to which could torment him most. Now, Mr. Moodie was a youth of good connexions, and hailed his relations with long handles to their names; but his own father was a poor man with a large family,

his mother having displeased her parents by making a love-match—and I say, messmates, what's the use of getting spliced unless love twists the strands? To be sure a cargo of shiners goes a great way in the regard of hoisting aboard the pleasures of life, such as grog and 'bacca and what not, but money can't clap a purchase on the heart to bowse out its dear affections, as most on you knows. So Mr. Moodie's mother took to loving one of your 'long-shore craft as they calls a poet and wrote books, and her friends tried to make 'em part company—not because he had an ugly figure-head, or was out of trim in his bearings, for he was a fine handsome fellow, and talked all sorts of verses like an angel—nor could they log anything down again him in regard of his carackter, for he was as steady and well-behaved as a first-rate bishop; but then, d'ye see, messmates, he was poor. Howsomever, all her family could do, they could n't put her out of conceit of him, and so they got clandestinely married, which, as soon as it was found out, got her discharged from the family muster-book, and she was cast adrift to seek her fortune. Still she was happy with her husband, and he was happy with her; so that they were both happy together, and cared nothing for the breezes of the world, blow high, blow low. He sarved out his vases and his poems—nothing equal to Dibden's though—and she played 'em off on the penny-forty—a rum name for music, messmates—and so they lived like a couple of turtle-doves. But by-and-by there was a youngster launched into life, and in due course of time another, and so they went on, whilst, as ill luck would have it, an opposition poet starts up, and the world, as it always does, throwing overboard all thoughts of past sarvices, runs down Mr. Moodie, and hoists the t'other over his head. Well, the long and the short of it is, messmates, that as the book-building consarn failed, they slipped their moorings, and dropped down the stream of poverty, for none of the nobs would lend 'em so much as a kedge anchor to bring up and howld on by; and what was the use of a long range of titles to cling to as slipped through their fingers like the buttered tail of a pig, or a topsel-tye well greased? Mr. Moodie tried to get an appointment abroad, and mayhap might have done so, if so be he could have waited long enough; but somehow or another there was so many to sarve, that he always got disappointed; and at last finding he had but small hopes to ride out the gale of adversity, with nothing but promises for ground tackle, he bears up and turns schoolmaster in a small way, sarving out a due allowance of poetry and birch-rod alcum-ternately. But the husband and the wife always rowed in the same boat; there was no wrangling nor grumbling; they never ceased to love each other, and they doated on their eldest boy, who, as I towld you afore, had got the rating of midshipman in the line-of-battle ship, through the kindness of an old friend who had just come home from Ingee. I larned all this arterwards, messmates, but I thought it would be just as well to overhaul the matter here. Well, then, he was down in the cockpit, and about as happy as an onfortunate swab in the darbies looking forward to three dozen at the gangway.

To be sure, the youngster, finding himself in uniform, went off with flowing sheets in his talk about his great relatives who had never done nothing to save his parents from being wrecked, if so be as they'd been driven on the rocks, nor yet gave

him a helping hand in regard of his outfit. But when youngsters get palavering together, they're just as giddy as so many geese; for, d'ye mind, they have n't the experience to lay up the strands of an argyment into a good head-fast, to coil away their ideas, so that when they wants to overhaul a range the fakes may run clear without catching. And so it was with young Mr. Moodie, and whilst the others encouraged him on, he could n't see as they were 'ticing his craft amongst the shoals and quicksands of ridicule on purpose to bump him ashore, and make game of him.

One of the young gentlemen was called Mr. Larkins, and I'm blessed but the name he hailed by tallied exactly with the cast of his figure-head and the trim of his craft, for he was eternally larking about somut or other, and his very face displayed a mixture of fun and mischief that set everybody laughing. But there was always a rogue's-yarn of ill nature and spite laid up with the strands of his merriment, and he never cared what pain he gave to others so as he could enjoy pleasure himself: even the man that he'd make free with as hail-fellow well met one half hour, he'd report and get punished the next half hour, mayhap, for the very fault as he'd led him to commit—nobody liked him, and yet everybody laughed at his humor. Well, this Mr. Larkins took to tormenting young Moodie soon after he was entered on the books and had joined the mess, and now, at the time of my speaking, had got him into a sort of raffle by first of all working upon his pride, and then taunting him in regard of his poverty; and the rest of the young scamps readily joined in the sport, because just then they had nothing else to do—not as ever they were backward in all sorts of devilry; but there being no particular duty carrying on either ashore or afloat, it came more nat'ral to 'em to pipe to mischief.

"Well, we've diskivered it all," says young Larkins to Moodie, as they came out of the berth, "we've found you out at last; and so you're a genelman in disguise, come to sea to wear your old clothes out—eh? I thought it was that from the first."

"You may think whatsoever you please," says Moodie, whose blood was already up. "Let me be what I will, I trust I shall never disgrace myself or my family by becoming Merry Andrew to a midshipman's mess."

"Do you mean that to be personal?" says Larkins, assuming anger, and really vexed at this hard hit, which told all the better in regard of its being the truth. "S'dearth, sir, you had better mind what you are about. But conceit and ragged shirts always stick to the same back."

"As to being personal," says Moodie, "if the cap fits your head, I beg you'd wear it. For the second I am minding—carefully minding what I am about. The last is more applicable to yourself than to any one I know."

"To me, sir—applicable to me?" says Larkins, "I as can show an inventory of four dozen white-frilled shirts!"

"But you have n't got 'em in your chest, Larkins," sings out a youngster; "you have only eight to my certain knowledge, though you have clapped a figure of four in the marking ahead of the other figures, and there they are, forty-one, forty-two, and so on up to forty-eight."

A general laugh followed this exposure, messmates, for the facts were pretty well known to be true. "I wish some on you as is near him,

would give that youngster a clout o' the head for me," says Larkins.

"Which you'll return him again," sings out the other, as he gave them a wide berth, and sprang up the after ladder: "them are the only debts you ever pay, Larkins."

"I'll pay you by-and-by," says Larkins, "and take a receipt in full of all demands, depend upon it, my fine fellow; I'd have you now, but I've got other business in hand."

"With me, I presume," says Moodie, in a rather contemptible manner; "but I would advise you not to carry your nonsense too far; for though but young in the service, I am not ignorant of the circumstances of life and the regulations of good society, though, perhaps, I should be out in my latitude to observe any kind of that last here."

"Mutiny, mutiny!" shouts Larkins, as he claps his hands together—"will you hear these reflections on your gentility, reefers—will you submit to be insulted by a greenhorn as never saw blue water, and don't never know the main-tack from the cook's tormentors? Are our sacred privileges to be invaded by a puny boaster as talks about rich relatives which he never had, and titles that are not to be found among the nobility of this country, whatever they may be at Madagascar or the Sandwich Islands? What do you say, gentlemen! will you endure all this, and yet call yourselves officers?"

"He's in good hands, Larkins," says several as wanted to egg 'em on, "you are the oldest and the ugliest among us, and you shall be our champion—pistols, cutlasses, or boarding-pikes, or 21-pounders, if you like such delicate articles better."

"Yes, yes," says Larkins, "the respectability of the mess demands satisfaction—my own wounded honor—"

"Clap a plaster of tar upon your wound, if so be as you can find it," shouts the youngster on the ladder; "but it arn't by no means possible to injure nothing."

The flight of a boot-jack at the youngster's head, and which he narrowly escaped by bending down, stopped his voice for a few minutes; but it was plain that with all his striving to be cool, Larkins was getting into a passion.

"Gentlemen," says Moodie, in a bit of a half sneer, as he puts on his hat, "gentlemen, I shall leave you to your old pastime, which, from what I have seen, looks as if it had been pretty much practised among you before I joined—"

"And what may that be?" axes two or three on 'em in a breath, for they were nettled at his being so independent and sharp.

"What may that be?" repeats Moodie, as he was walking away, "why, making fools of one another, to be sure." He turns round again—"I came into the service with good feelings and wishes for you all—I hoped to be received with generosity by my new associates, and as I was wholly unacquainted with the duties of a ship of war, I expected to find young and ardent minds ready to show their friendship by giving me a lift in my education. But what have I found it since the very first hour of my coming on board!—persecution—persecution—nothing but persecution, which neither the work of the day nor the silence of night has clapped a stopper on. Base tricks have been played me in the dark—I have met with nothing but mortification in the light—what have I done—"

"You should have taken your text before you began to preach," says Larkins, interrupting him; and the next moment a wet swab, thrown by some on 'em from a gloomy part of the deck, struck Mr. Moodie in the face, and made his nose bleed; but he did not seem to heed it, for snatching up the boot-jack which had been shied at the youngster, as I told you afore, he dashed at Larkins, and with one blow laid him flat on his beam-ends. But he did n't remain so long, for starting up again, he struck Moodie, and being much bigger and stronger, he capsizes him in an instant. Well, this throws 'em all into confusion, and the matter began to get somut serious. One or two sides with Moodie, and takes his part, and the rest goes over to Larkins, talking very big words for such small mouths. At last, after some confab among 'em, it was agreed that the quarrel should be decided off-hand by a duel with ship's pistols, and a couple of brace were got out of the arm-chest. Now, thinks I to myself, this is a little bit too much of the monkey, so I beckons Mr. Quinton to me, and says I, "Them are venturesome things to handle, Mr. Quinton, and I can't lay idle here and see such weapons used, countryman again countryman, as ought only to be pointed at our enemies,—so if the young gentlemen don't carry them back to their proper stowage," says I, "why then I must report it to the first lieutenant."

"Oh, it's all fun," says Mr. Quinton, "there'll be no harm done,—only a few grains of powder in each pistol to make a flash, and see whether Moodie can stand fire."

"But even then, Mr. Quinton, it isn't by no manner of means fair," says I, "for Mr. Larkins will know that there is never no shot in the pistol to hurt him, but Mr. Moodie will not know it. To make all square both on 'em should have been led to believe there was ball, and then they would have been equal."

"That's very true, Tom," says he, "but it can't be done now; and, as it's only a bit of harmless fun, why let 'em play it out."

"But I don't like to see game made of anything, Mr. Quinton," says I, somut positively, "specially making game of them there instruments of death, and I shall insist upon its going no further, whether in fun or in earnest."

And so I walks aft towards the gun-room, where they had all gone into, but the door was fast, and afore I could force it open I hears the reports of two pistols, followed by loud roars of laughter, and, bursting in, found the place filled with smoke, which, howsomever, soon cleared off, and there stood Mr. Moodie, the very model of despair, one hand twisted in his curly locks, and the discharged pistol in the other hanging by his side. On the deck, throwing his limbs about as if they did n't belong to him, laid Mr. Larkins, whilst the rest were looking on, and admiring how nat'rally he acted dying to deceive his opponent, who fancied the weapons had been loaded with ball.

"Well done, Larkins," shouts one. "He's regularly done for," sings out another, "My eyes, Moodie, but you're a good shot," says a third; and so they carried on, alcumternately speaking to Moodie and Larkins; and I own, messmates, that I was astonished in my own mind to see how well the fallen middy could counterfeit the last struggles, as one or two of his own party kneeled over him. At last he gave a convulsive spring, turned over on his face, and laid quite still.

"Come, come, young gentlemen," says I, "avast at all this here gammoning consarn. Don't frighten yourself, Mr. Moodie, he's ownly shamming it, and even that's no great credit to him. Rouse up, Mr. Larkins, and show him as it's all nonsense,—you've gone quite far enough."

"Ah—yes," says several of his side, "it's of no use playing any longer, Larkins. Moodie stood fire nobly; and so let's have no more on it."

But the prostrate young man seemed determined to carry on the trick; for he laid without moving a limb.

"Come, come, Larkins," says his second, "you have acted your part most admirably, and frightened poor Moodie out of seven years' growth. It's a shame to carry the farce on any longer,—get up and shake hands with him."

"I shall be most happy to do so," says Moodie, advancing, and being delighted at being tould that it was all gammon; for he had begun to grow a little frantic when he thought he had wounded, and perhaps killed him. "Yes, I shall be very happy," says he, laughing hecsterically, "very happy, indeed, if he will howld out his hand to me and be friends."

But still Larkins never moved nor showed any signs or symptoms of being reconciled. "This is rank folly," says his second, "come, rouse and butt. Well, if you won't, you shall be treated like a dead man. Here, catch howld of his head, arms and legs, some on you, and we'll lay him out on the mess-table. Bear a hand, reefers, d'ye hear!" He stooped down, turned the young man over,—there was a pool of black blood under where his breast had laid,—a ball had passed through his heart—he was a lifeless corpse.

As soon as the truth was known there was a wild cry among the midshipmen, and, upbraiding each other, they rushed from the gun-room so that only I and Mr. Moodie and the dead body remained. In a minute or so the doctor's mate came in; but, after feeling the pulse and examining the wound, he declared the cruise of life was up,—he was no longer in existence, and even his spirit had got beyond hail. As for poor Moodie, he sat himself on the gun-carriage, wringing his hands in agony, and bursting out into loud cries and lamentations. Down came the two lieutenants to inquire into the matter, and all the midshipmen were summoned into the gun-room, to give evidence over the bleeding corpse of their old mess-mate. But no one could tell how the fatal affair had happened,—the seconds, who loaded the pistols, declared they had put in nothing more than a small quantity of powder; and no one had seen anything like a ball. What I knew of it I tould to the lieutenants, from beginning to end. Poor Moodie was placed under confinement; but nobody believed that he had put in the ball himself,—though it's sartin that from the first he supposed it was so loaded, and took the whole consarn quite seriously. It was a moloncholy sight, was young Larkin's funeral; for, though nobody could give him a good name, yet he had those qualities about him that made him missed more than a betterer man. All the ship's boats followed in procession, with their colors half-staff down, and his relatives and the midshipmen tailed on after the coffin when they got ashore. But there was no heart so sad among 'em'all as poor Moodie's, confined as he was in the after-cockpit, and upbraiding himself as having committed murder. His mother almost doated upon him,—he

was her first-born, and had always been her pet, and mayhap it was a bit of pride on her part in telling him of the great families he was allied to, that did all the mischief by making him vain. But he was a clever lad, and had a power of larning at his fingers' eends. Well his mother came aboard, and it was a sad meeting between the two, for everything they said to try and comfort one another did but make 'em more wretched. His father was not able to come, for he was confined ill in his hammock, hove down with a fever burning him up,—and this increased the poor lad's misery. As for Mr. Larkins' friends, nothing could console 'em, and they were dreadfully bitter against poor Moodie for having shot him, though he in a great measure brought it upon hisself. Mrs. Moodie promised to do all she could for her son again the day of trial; and so she did, for she got an owld relative, as was a digmuntary of the church, to stand her friend, and he exarted himself to see as the young man should have fair play.

At last the day of trial came; the court-martial flag was hoisted in the owld Gladiator, and there was as fine a set of fellows collected together as members as ever any one would wish to see. Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton was president, and Sir Harry Neal, Lord Keith, Sir Richard Keats, and ever so many more captains, who were afterwards all hands on 'em admirals, were members,—so that the prisoner was sure of having justice sarved out to him. And his mother in her widow's dress,—for her husband had died,—was allowed to be aboard, and tried to cheer up his spirits, though she was sadly down-hearted herself; but the officers behaved kindly to her, and she hoped all would go favorably for her son. Poor Mr. Moodie, whatsoever he might have felt, behaved like a trump when he got before the court,—and it's no pleasant sensation, messmates, I'm thinking, to stand in the presence of all them officers, with the provoo marshal at your side, carrying his cutlash over his shoulder, and every eye looking upon you, as if they'd look you through and through. Howsomer, he stood it very well, though his lips quivered when the charge of murder was read out again him; but he rallied his courage, knocked off a tear that had trickled down to the tip of his nose, and said "Not guilty" in a voice as clear as my call, and that has n't a flaw in it.

The witnesses were all examined, and every one on 'em spoke of the provocations that the prisoner had received, but none on 'em could say he was backward to fight,—on the contrary, they were forced to admit that he was uncommon eager for it, and believed the pistols were both loaded with ball. The whole story was correctly tould, and then they overhauled the question as to how the pistol came to have shot in it. Here they got to a dead fix,—not a soul could or would tell, and it was at last supposed that the pistol had been put away in the arm-chest undischarged, and the fact was not diskivered by the second, who merely put in some powder.

Two hours was granted Mr. Moodie to prepare his defence, and exactly at the last turn of the glass he was brought up again into the court; and talk about education,—my eyes, messmates, but his'n was a defence, indeed,—the words came as smoothly out of his mouth as if every one on 'em had been buttered; and when he spoke of his youth, and their taunting him about his poverty, and described the general treatment he had received



where he had expected all kindness and good fellowship, there warn't hardly a dry eye in the cabin. He talked about the humble but happy home of his childhood,—the tenderness of his mother, and the care she had taken of him, and he placed alongside of these the insults and ill-usage he had suffered from Larkins. Hurried on by the petuosity of his feelings, and determined to show 'em that he was no coward, he was induced to accept the challenge, for he considered they were all in earnest; and, whatever might be the judgment of the court, he should never cease to regret the unhappy consequences of misguided rashness that had brought a fellow-countryman and a messmate to an untimely grave.

Here he finished, and placing his hands over his face he sobbed as if his heart was bursting. This was too much for the admiral and captains. Sir Richard Bickerton held down his head, and waved his hand for 'em to clear the court,—the other officers looked aft at the president, so as to hide their faces, and many a tar dashed the spray from his cheeks as he hurried out of the cabin. The prisoner was conducted below, and more than an hour passed away in the most painful suspense to both mother and son,—though, for the matter 'o that, there warn't a soul belonging to the ship but felt great interest in the proceedings, and anxiously waited for the decision of the court. At length it was ordered to be opened, and every part was instantly filled,—it was close stowage, messmates, I can tell you. When Mr. Moodie was brought up, and placed on the larboard hand of the Judge-Advocate,—his face was flushed and agitated; but I'm blessed if I don't believe he was thinking more of his mother than he was of himself. There was no need to order "Silence,"—there was scarcely a breath to be heard,—all was so still and solemn, as the president requested that all the young gentlemen should be mustered in the cabin; and after some shoving and squeeging they all got berths.

"Prisoner," says the admiral, "it now becomes my painful duty to pass upon you the judgment of the court." At the word "painful," messmates, there was a heavy drawing of the breath by all who heard it, for it spoke at once what that judgment would be. "Prisoner," continues the admiral, "you have been fairly and faithfully tried by the laws of your country, for wilfully and knowingly taking the life of a fellow-creature, and that fellow-creature a brother officer and a messmate. We, the members of this court, have duly considered both the evidence and the defence, giving to each a patient and impartial investigation; and though on the one hand it must be admitted that you received great provocation—that you were unaccustomed to the service, and perhaps the dread of being thought a coward, operated on your mind, yet we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that you deliberately aimed at the deceased, confident of the deadly nature of the contest. There is no proof as to how the pistol came to be loaded with ball, for it has been shown that the duel which has ended so unhappily, was got up in sport; and here I would warn every young officer in the service to avoid such conduct in future, for as in the present instance there's no telling how it may end. You, prisoner, however, fully believed that the pistol was charged with ball, and fired it with deadly purpose at your opponent, by which his life was sacrificed. This, in the opinion of the court, amounts to murder."

There was a deep groan, messmates, from all hands; the admiral stopped, looked round him, waved his hand for silence, and then went on. "It is truly distressing to see one so young placed in your perilous situation; we all deeply feel it, but there is a superior duty we are bound to discharge. The court find you guilty of the crime laid to your charge, and the sentence is that you be hung."—Here the confusion burst out—there was sobbing and groaning, and cries of "Lord, have mercy upon him!" but it only lasted for an instant or two; the admiral's voice commanding "silence," quickly restored order. As for poor Mr. Moodie, he stood like one stupified or stunned, and yet, I'm sure he was thinking of his mother. The president continued, "at the foreyard-arm of such ship, and at such time, as the lords of the admiralty shall see fit to direct. But, prisoner," the listeners held their breath to catch the rest, "but, prisoner, though we can hold out no certain hopes of mercy, yet we conceive that sufficient has come before us to recommend your case most earnestly to the clemency of our sovereign, in order that your life may be spared."

This was a sudden lull after the gale, messmates; and though many thought the sentence too hard, and others swore it was unjust—not in court though, messmates, for there they were silent after the delivery—yet, mayhap, it was right according to law, and done more to keep others from playing such monkey-tricks by frightening on 'em a bit, than for any real intention to punish severely. At first, Mrs. Moodie forgot the sentence, under a hope that her son's life would be saved. They had, however, but few minutes for communication, for the boat was ready, and he was guarded back to his own ship, whilst she got alongside of the Admiral, and with all a mother's love implored his favor towards the young man. An uncle that had only lately come from Ingee, too, as well as the digmuntary of the church, lent a helping hand, but for some days all was doubt.

One morning the boat came off with the letters from the Post Office, and a portly-looking gentleman, in black, as took a passage in her, mounted the side, and walked aft on the quarter-deck to the captain, who stood near the binnacle talking to the purser. The gentleman pulled off his hat to the skipper, and made a grand salaam, all ship-shape, and proper, and then he hands him a packet with a black seal as big as the truck at the mizen-royal masthead, and makes him another bow. The captain takes the letter, looks at it from clew to earring, and then invites the gentleman in black into his cabin; and "mayhaps," thinks I, "it's the death-warrant for the onfortunate prisoner, poor fellow," and I looks up quite doleful at the foreyard arm.

Well, messmates, just then the flag-ship's cutter pulls alongside, and brings Mrs. Moodie, who runs up the commodation ladder as quick as a maintop man; and says I to myself, "It's all plain enough, she's come to pass a few more miserable hours with him, afore they parts company forever;—it's a hard case though," and my heart seemed to sink down like a dipsy lead. Well, aboard she comes, laughing and crying hecstercially; and the first lieutenant went to her at the gangway, where she was howldng on for support, and offers her his arm, but she could not stand, and so they brought her a chair and a glass of water, and, "poor sowl," says I, "it must be a terrible blow to her, and she already a widow."

Well messmates, as soon as she had recovered a bit, the lieutenant takes her arm under his own, and walks her into the captain's cabin; and he had hardly time to leave her there, when alongside comes the commissioner's barge, with an old army officer in regimentals, with a slip of black crape round his arm, and another little cribbaged-face old gentleman in black, with a shovel-cut skyskel aloft, and a small bit of black silk, like a woman's apron, hanging down afore the flaps of his tights; and as he ascended the side, I heard one on 'em spokey to as "General—somebody," I always forgets names, and the other was called "My Lord," in regard of his being a bishop; and these turned out to be the uncle from Ingee, and the digmuntary of the church, and the captain comes out and salaams to 'em, and there was as much purliteness as would have sarved the whole Chatham division of Jollies for six months; and then away they all goes into the cabin together. By-and-by poor Mr. Moodie was sent for, and he came up the ladder almost the ghost of his former self: he looked pale and thin, and ill, and "they won't have over-and-above much trouble in doing for him, poor young gentleman," thinks I to myself; "it's pretty well up with him as it is."

As soon as he got on the quarter-deck, the lieutenant luffs up to him. "Come, cheer up, Mr. Moodie," says he, rather more joyous than I thought was proper, considering the predickymment he was in; "there may be comfort in store for you yet," says he; "your mother—"

"What—what of my mother, sir?" says the poor young genelman, clasping his hands; "for the love of heaven do not conceal anything from me. What has happened to my mother?"

"Nothing—nothing, my good fellow," says the lieutenant, seemingly surprized at his eagerness, "I merely intended to tell you that she is now on board in the captain's cabin—that's all."

"Is there indeed no other intelligence that you can communicate?" axed Moodie, as he fixed his large dark eyes on the other's face. "Am I—am I?"

"Oh, yes, yes," says the lieutenant, as if almost hove down with agitation. "You are indeed—"

"God's will be done," says the youngster; "Oh, my poor mother! this will break her heart."

"What will break her heart, my lad? axes the lieutenant, as he took the condemned youth by the hand; "oh, no—no, she was a little bit flustered at first, but she is all a-taunto now."

"All a-taunto!" repeats Moodie, as if horror-struck; "what? calmly satisfied when her son has to suffer death?"

"Suffer what?—suffer death!—no such thing," says the lieutenant; "there's a free pardon come aboard;—there's your uncle the sojer, and t' other relation the bishop, alongside of the skipper. The old earl of some place or t' other, and his son, are both dead, and you as the next heir have succeeded to the title and estates; so give us your flipper, my lord—eh!—what's all this?"

The sudden change from the prospect of death to the certainty of life and fortune, was too much for the youth: he turned as pale as a corpse, and fell all along the deck in a strong fit. In an instant I whips him up in my arms, and carries him into the cabin, where I laid him on the sofy, and then skulls for the doctor, who soon brought him to; and, oh, if you had but seen him cling round his mother's neck as she held him to her heart:—if

you had scen how they all tried to smooth him down, for the course of his thoughts was a bit wild-ish at first, it would have done you all good. The captain ordered him a glass of wine, and by-and-by he gets more becalmed; and then they disclaimed to him how everything was, but still he reproached himself about young Larkins, and declared he should never cease to be sorry for what had taken place. After a time they all went ashore in the commissioner's barge, and they called him "My Lord," and paid him every respect. The next day there was a hundred guineas sent off for the ship's company; and so instead of a hanging-match, messmates, there was nothing but jollification, for all hands fore and aft, partook of his lordship's gift; and it was only a short time since as I met him near the admiralty, and he gave me a guinea in token of old remembrances. He left the sarvice though, and made all the reparation in his power to the friends of the unfortunate Mr. Larkins. There, messmates, is my yarn of the COCKPIT DUEL.

"And a good yarn, too, Tom," said the quartermaster; "I was monstiously afraid they were going to make a jewel-block of him, and them relations had come to bid him good-by."

"The old nobleman and his son seem to have died off very conveniently," said the captain of the foretop; "it was just in the nick of time."

"So it was, Bill; but they had been dead nearly two months before in Italy," responded the boatswain's mate, "only they did n't know it in England; and so in course when they were trying Mr. Moodie by court-martial, they were trying a peer of the realm, and they tell me one of them sort of quality can only be tried in the House of Lords. Howsomever, so it was, and there he is now, God bless him, with a beautiful lady for his wife, and lots of babbies, all happy and comfortable; though I am told that he shuts himself up all day long, and won't see nobody on every hangiversary of the duel, and not a soul is allowed to disturb him from morning to night, nor does he eat or drink anything all the while, except a bit of bread and a drink of water; so, messmates,—but there's eight bells, and I must call the next watch."

The next instant his pipe was sounding as shrill as a north-wester, and his voice, summoning the starboard-watch on deck, passed down the hatchway, like an electric shock, to the hammocks of the sleepers below, which immediately discharged their nautical sparks to relieve their shipmates upon deck.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

AMERICAN THEOLOGY.—*The American Book Circular with Notes and Statistics.* Wiley and Putnam. London. 1843.

To this "Circular" we refer those who would form a correct estimate of what the United States are doing for the furtherance of knowledge. In addition to a list of the best works in various departments of literature published in America, it contains a temperate but earnest defence of that country against the censorious remarks of the historian Alison, and other English writers, ourselves included. *Audi alteram partem.*

In no field are the merits of our transatlantic relatives more numerous or more decided than in theology. With thirty-nine theological schools

and 123,600 theological students, there must be in the United States a great demand for theological works. Not content, like the majority of this country, with old and to some extent obsolete works, American divines have successfully labored to transfer to their own some of the best productions of the German soil, offering to us, in the cultivation of German literature, and the translation of German theological works, an example which it is not to our credit that we are very slow to imitate. Meanwhile the impartial and wise theological student may find his account in turning his eye towards the works with which America has enriched and improved her theological library.

In two departments the United States have earned for themselves the honor of independent and original excellence, in practical divinity, and sacred geography. We quote the "American Book Circular:" "Of Channing—it is true that his fame is European; that his works have all, on being republished, had an immense circulation in Great Britain; of some of them, no less than seven rival editions have been reprinted." Not less distinguished in a different direction is Dr. Robinson, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, who by his "Biblical Researches in Palestine," has also earned a European reputation, and whose work, not less by its accuracy and thoroughness than by its bold, yet for the most part judiciously restrained originality, forms, by general admission, an era in our knowledge of the Holy Land.

The subject so well handled in the work last mentioned, Dr. Robinson carries forward in a theological work, which deserves to be widely read in England—we mean the "Bibliotheca Sacra," which is at present conducted by Edwards and Park, professors at the Andover College, with the special cooperation of Dr. Robinson and Professor Stuart. A very valuable volume of the work was completed in 1843. The number for February (the last we have seen) contains, besides other pieces, an interesting sketch of "The Aspect of Literature and Science in the United States, as compared with Europe," by Dr. Robinson; a learned biographical notice of Aristotle by Professor Park; a useful paper on "The Structure of the Gospel of Matthew," translated from the Latin; and the first part of a translation from the unpublished lectures of Professor Tholuck on the very important subject which the Germans term, "Theological Encyclopædia or Methodology," meaning a practical introduction to the study of theology, suited to students and divines. We are of opinion that better matter might have been found in print than what Tholuck's MSS. supply, but his, we are aware, is "a good name" in some influential quarters, and we are grateful to the conductors of the "Bibliotheca Sacra," for this contribution to systematic theology. We also hope that their example will be followed by other conductors of periodicals, in giving the public translations or digests of theological works by men of deserved and established reputation, rather than the crude thoughts of half-formed, or the borrowed materials of would-be scholars.

Connected with the subject which Dr. Robinson prosecutes so successfully is a recently issued work—"Residence of Eight Years in Persia among the Nestorians, by the Rev. Justin Perkins, 1843,"—for which scientific theology owes a debt of gratitude to missionary enterprise, Mr. Perkins having disinterestedly devoted himself to the task of seek-

ing out the Nestorian Christians with a view to the very needful work of their spiritual improvement and social elevation. Setting aside a little Yankee gasconade, which scholars and divines, at least, ought to be above, the work displays an amiable spirit and sufficient knowledge, while it supplies valuable information regarding districts of Persia, comparatively little known, and manners and customs which serve to throw light on the Bible.

If our brethren of the United States surpass us in the cultivation of systematic divinity, they also give English divines an admonition, in their care to provide means for the popular study of theology. Three works are before us which give evidence of this fact—"Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the Epistle to the Hebrews," by Albert Barnes, 1843; "Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the Acts of the Apostles, designed for Bible Classes and Sunday Schools," by Albert Barnes, 1843. "Notes, Critical and Practical, on the Book of Leviticus, designed as a general help to Biblical Reading and Instruction," by George Bush, Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Literature, 1843. These are all cheap, useful books, designed and fitted for popular reading, full of solid and interesting matter. Were we, indeed, to call up our critical powers we might take exception in some cases to both substance and form, and must express a regret that newer sources of information had not been consulted in parts of the compilation; yet, even in relation to this point, the volumes contrast advantageously with the theological information ordinarily supplied to the English people. The appearance of these books is an index of a desire on the part of the public, at which we rejoice, and the supply will serve to feed the appetite and augment the demand. Theological works are more read in the United States than in Great Britain. Barnes received in payment of his "Notes on the New Testament," for part of the copyright, about 5000 dollars in two years. His volume on the "Acts" has reached a tenth edition. A third work, on the "Names and Titles of the Lord Jesus Christ," by Charles Spear, came to a ninth edition in little more than a year. Our copy (1842) is the twelfth edition. All this, especially when taken in connexion with what has before been said on the prosecution by the citizens of the United States of the higher branches of theological knowledge, has a healthy appearance, and justifies the assertion that religion is regarded with a deep and practical interest among them.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY IN 1843.\*

AT no period since the days of early Spanish discovery were men so intent upon exploring little-known regions as during the present century. This is well, since nothing facilitates the progress of civilization more than thus bringing the distant and uneducated people of the various quarters of the globe in constant relation with their more favored brethren. A glance at what has been done during the past year will amply demonstrate our position.

In Europe, Hommaire de Hell has employed himself, and is still actively engaged, in exploring

\* This article has been prepared for our pages by a gentleman who, from official situation, enjoys considerable advantages for the purpose.

the Crimea and the steppes of Russia. With indefatigable zeal he has crossed a great portion of this country in every direction, followed the course of rivers and streams on foot and on horseback, visited the Russian shores of the Black Sea, of the Sea of Azof, and the Caspian; joining to all this the study of man in every sense. His wife accompanies him, taking careful and ample notes of all that she observes. Odessa was the starting point, whence he diverged in every direction which promised interest or advantage: the Volga, Astracan, the Caucasus, the Calmuc Cossacks, were each examined in their turn. His examination of the Caspian Sea is singularly interesting. For a long time a diminution has been observed in the waters of this great inland sea, even distant salt lakes marking the former vast extent of its surface. M. Hoinnaire's examinations tend to prove a former union with the Black Sea, its separation from which, and the decrease in the waters of the Oural, Volga, and Emba, partly caused by agricultural operations on their banks, appear to be the principal causes of the phenomenon. Xavier Marmier, a French traveller, has recently visited Finland, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, and Cracow, collecting much interesting matter relating to the literature of a people becoming daily more and more interesting. The Russian government, also, has favored exploring expeditions; that of Humboldt to the Oural mountains, and the geological examinations of Baër, who, in Lapland, Nova Zembla, and the islands on the coast of Finland, has discovered subterranean stone labyrinths of great antiquity, to the origin of which no clue is yet known.

Flandin and Coste, lately engaged in drawing the ruins of Persepolis, have started to examine those of Nineveh, said to be recently discovered by Botta. The site of the ancient capital of Assyria was known to be near Moussoul, on the Tigris, and called Nino. Botta has therefore only found the ruins, not the place, and having bought them for a few thousand francs, it will soon be known how much remains of the great city, which, according to Strabo, was three days' journey in circuit. Eugene Boré—it will be seen that the French are great travellers—is now in Persia; while Teliatcheff, late of the Russian expedition to Khiva, has announced his travels in Altai.

In Africa, despite the terrors of the climate, much has been done, though many have perished, victims to their zeal. A Norwegian, Mensen-Ernst, on his way to discover the sources of the White Nile, died in Upper Egypt, where he was buried near the first cataract. Nestor Lhôte, a learned Frenchman, died also in the same country. A crocodile devoured Dr. Petit in the river above-mentioned, which proved also fatal, a short time afterwards, to a Mr. Lloyd. Still, others advance in their footsteps; and one Prisse, in April, pushed up the country to visit the ruins of Carnac, ere they were quite destroyed by the workmen of Mohammed Ali. Meanwhile, a Prussian scientific commission, under Lepsius, was exploring a portion of the same country, discovering and describing a hundred and six tombs near the pyramid of Gizeh. Despite its terrors, in how many points has Africa been assaulted by the enterprise of Europeans!—through Egypt and Algiers, Senegal and the Niger, the Cape and Port Natal, and Abyssinia. While Lieutenant Christopher has discovered a river of great depth and width, bordered by a most interesting people, while Harris has pene-

trated to the Christian kingdom of Shoa, Rochet d'Hericourt travels in Abyssinia, strengthening the commercial relations of France in that quarter. It is stated in his recent letters, dated Ankober, that he is about starting to visit Djingiro and Anaria, as well as the lake Aoussa, as he calls it, about fifty miles from the sea, and receiving the waters of the Aouache. To cross Africa is the ultimate object of the French government agent. Abadie, Combes, Tamisier, and the late Dr. Petit—whose materials on the Azoubo-Gallas are deeply interesting—have penetrated also into these regions. Thibaud and Arnaud, in Nubia and the Bahr-el-Abiad, are seeking the sources of the White Nile; as well as Mr. Bailey, an English traveller, who is penetrating in the direction indicated by the natives—that is, about Bakka Kalla. Captain Jehenne and his subordinate, Parsama, are exploring the coast of Socotra and the north-east of Africa. Berbera, or Beurbura, presents the singular aspect of a town without a government. The Somalis, who inhabit it, are fine well-made men, darker than the Arabs, with regular features, large eyes, and an intelligent expression. Tadjoura will, it is said, be constituted a British port for trading with Abyssinia. In Algiers, the French government is carrying on extensive geographical surveys, which from time to time are given to the public.

In America, which, since the publicity given to its ruined cities, has become doubly interesting, much has been done. Major Poussin has visited the United States, and an elaborate work is promised. California, of which Forbes' history is the only satisfactory account ever yet published, has just been explored most fully by Dufos de Mofras; and his account of his labors on a country which promises so wide a field of emigration, is looked forward to with much interest. Farnham's Travels in California are announced, and, if we may judge from his previous delightful work, will be valuable. Gay's researches in Peru and Chili will unfold much that is mysterious in these celebrated countries: on the kingdom and town of Cuzeo in particular, it is said that Mr. Gay will give extensive information. De Castelnau, after exploring Florida, has started to mount the Amazon river, and cross the cordillera of the Andes. This is a magnificent field for geographical research. Since Francis Orellana, in 1539, who first spoke of a republic of Amazons; since Pedro de Ursoa, who sought in 1560 the famous lake of gold and town of El Dorado, this part of the country has been little visited: Raleigh, Pedro Texeira, in 1638; Fathers Acuna and Artieda, Father Fritz, Condamine, in 1743; Messrs. Smith, and Man, and Humboldt, make up, we believe, the entire list. De Castelnau, therefore, has a fine and little explored field; and in proportion as his task is immense, and fraught with difficulty and danger, in proportion will be the reward. Accident appears to have recently aided very much the cause of science. While Humboldt, by means of his vast erudition, is seeking to prove that America was known to Europeans before the time of Columbus, one Nathaniel Schoolcraft, agent of the United States government at Michillimackinac, has found in the valley of the Ohio a stone bearing an inscription composed of twenty-four Runic figures; a silver pair of pincers, exactly similar to those so often found in bronze in Scandinavian tumuli, has been discovered in Bahia by Krover, a Danish naturalist; arrows collected in California are the same as

those used by the Greenlanders, undoubted Scandinavians; and three Peruvian vases lately dug up are no other than Etruscans. A vast amount of attention has been excited amid the learned by these curious facts.

Oceana, or the South Seas, is rife in voyages. Baron Thierry, at the Bay of Islands, leading a miserable life, is a curious feature in colonization. His history is strange. Born during the political emigration, of French parents, held at the baptismal font by the Count d'Artois, the Baron Thierry yet received an English education. Wishing to colonize New Zealand, where he had purchased some million of acres, he essayed to obtain the support of the British government, failing which he sought that of France. Losing his means in a speculation, one fine morning he found himself in the West Indies, whence he crossed over to Panama, tried to colonize the Musquito shore, and failing, sailed for the Marquesas. Here he obtained, by way of pastime, a sovereignty over Nouka-Hiva, and then started for Tahiti, whence he visited New Zealand, where his unfortunate attempt was an utter failure. Here he learned that France had seized the Marquesas. Recollecting that he was king of Nouka, he was indignant; but not possessing the means of warring with France, he sold his sovereignty to a Belgian, and Thierry I. abdicated in favor of a good citizen of Brussels. It appears that Borneo is likely to become a colony of Great Britain. Mr. Brooks, whose residence in that country has brought it into prominent notice, has already obtained a cession of the territory of Sarawak, sixty miles long and fifty wide, admirably fertile, and producing almost every conceivable vegetable and plant. The return of Ross is an event of great importance in a geographical point of view, and doubtless, when the details are fully known, will prove of deep interest. Such are the principal features in geographical progress for the year 1843, which, it must be seen, are of great importance.

**LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS INFANT SON.**—A proof how compatible are the domestic affections and gentlest charities of life, (as well as the most touching simplicity of character,) with the utmost zeal for, and most courageous assertion of, great public principles, the following letter from Luther to his little son John, then four years old, was penned by the same hand which, at that very time, was shaking to its foundations the Vatican, and defying the power of the empire:—

"Grace and peace in Christ to my dearly beloved little son. I am glad to know that you are learning well, and that you say your prayers. So do, my little son, and persevere; and when I come home I will bring with me a present from the annual fair. I know of a pleasant and beautiful garden, into which many children go, where they have golden little coats, and gather pretty apples under the trees, and pears, and cherries, and plums; where they sing, leap, and are merry; where they have also beautiful little horses, with golden bridles and silver saddles. When I asked the man that owned the garden, 'Whose are these children?' he said, 'They are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are pious.'

"Then I said, 'Dear sir, I also have a son; he is called Johnny Luther, (Hansichen Luther;) may he not come into the garden, that he may eat such beautiful apples and pears, and may ride such a little horse, and play with these children?'

Then the man said, 'If he loves to learn and to pray, and is pious, he shall come also into the garden; Philip, too, and little James; and if they all come together, then may they have likewise whistles, kettle-drums, lutes, and harps; they may dance also, and shoot with cross-bows.' Then he showed me a beautiful green grass-plot in the garden prepared for dancing, where hung nothing but golden fifes, drums, and elegant silver cross-bows. But it was now early, and the children had not yet eaten; therefore I could not wait for the dancing, and said to the man, 'Ah, dear sir, I will go instantly away, and write about all this to my little son John, that he may pray earnestly, and learn well, and be pious, so that he also may come into this garden. But he has an aunt Magdalene; may he bring her with him?' Then said the man 'So shall it be—go and write to him with confidence.' Therefore, dear little John, learn to pray with delight, and tell Philip and James that they must learn to pray; so shall you come with one another into the garden.

"With this I commend you to Almighty God; and give my love to aunt Magdalene; give her a kiss for me. Your affectionate father,

MARTIN LUTHER."

*In the year 1530.*

**CONTINUED DAYLIGHT WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.**—Nothing made so deep an impression upon our senses as the change from alternate day and night, to which we had been habituated from our infancy, to the continued daylight to which we were subjected as soon as we crossed the Arctic Circle. The novelty, it must be admitted, was very agreeable; and the advantage of constant daylight, in an unexplored and naturally boisterous sea, was too great to allow us even to wish for a return of the alternations above alluded to; but the reluctance we felt to quit the deck when the sun was shining bright upon our sails, and to retire to our cabins to sleep, often deprived us of many hours of necessary rest; and when we returned to the deck to keep our night-watch, if it may be so called, and still found the sun gilding the sky, it seemed as if the day would never finish. What, therefore, at first promised to be so gratifying, soon threatened to become extremely irksome, and would, indeed, have been a serious inconvenience, had we not followed the example of the feathery tribe, which we daily observed winging their way to roost, with a clock-work regularity; and retired to our cabin at the proper hour, where, shutting out the rays of the sun, we obtained that repose which the exercise of our duties required. At first sight, it will no doubt appear to many persons that constant daylight must be a valuable acquisition in every country; but a little reflection will, I think, be sufficient to show that the reverse is really the case, and to satisfy a thinking mind that we cannot overrate the blessing we derive from the wholesome alternation of labor and rest, which is in a manner forced upon us by the succession of day and night. It is impossible, by removing to a high latitude, to witness the difficulty there is in the regulation of time; the proneness that is felt by the indefatigable and zealous to rivet themselves to their occupations, and by the indolent and procrastinating to postpone their duties, without being truly thankful for that all-wise and merciful provision with which nature has endowed the more habitable portions of the globe.—*Beechey's Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole.*

## SOUNDS AT SEA.

THE weary sea is tranquil, and the breeze  
 Hath sunk to sleep on its slow-heaving-breast.  
 All sounds have passed away, save such as please  
 The ear of night, who loves that music best  
 The din of day would drown. The wanderer's song,  
 To whose sweet notes the mingled charms belong  
 Of sadness linked to joy; the breakers small  
 (Like pebbled rills) that round the vessel's bow  
 A dream-like murmur make—the splash and fall  
 Of waters crisp, as rolling calm and slow,  
 She laves alternately her shining sides—  
 The flap of sails that like white garments vast,  
 So idly hang on each gigantic mast—  
 The regular tread of him whose skill presides  
 O'er the night-watch, and whose brief fitful word  
 The ready helmsman echoes: these low sounds  
 Are all that break the stillness that surrounds  
 Our lonely dwelling on the dusky main.  
 But yet the visionary soul is stirred,  
 While fancy hears full many a far-off strain  
 Float o'er the conscious sea! The scene and hour  
 Control the spirit with mysterious power;  
 And wild unutterable thoughts arise,  
 That make us yearn to pierce the starry skies!

*Literary Leaves, by D. L. Richardson.*

**CURIOUS INDIAN TRADITION.**—Some two hundred miles in the interior of the republic of Texas, where the flat interminable prairies have ceased, the rolling country has commenced, and the ever-green summits of the verdant and flowery hills are in sight, was built not long since, on the very skirt of the territory of the fiercest and most turbulent Indian tribes, a small town, to which the name of Austin was given. For its healthy locality it was selected as the seat of government of the republic, and it gave every prospect of becoming one of the most populous and active, as it is the most lovely city in this exceedingly picturesque and beautiful country. Situated in a gently sloping valley on the banks of the wild Colorado, just below the cataracts, and surrounded on all sides by groves of trees, green hillocks, and sparkling fountains, it lies in quiet seclusion, almost hid from the sight of the passing stranger. In fact, the only object to be seen at a distance is the president's house, a white neat building on the top of a little hill. Not far from the town, gushing from the broad fissure in the rocky base of a hill, and falling into a deep natural basin, almost like a well, is a pure and delicious fountain, known as Barton's Spring. Perhaps no water was ever more truly cool and refreshing. Surrounded on all sides by rocks or lofty trees, interminable groves of which branch off on three sides, it does not feel the effect of the sun's rays but during a very short period of the afternoon, when, through a large opening between certain lofty and stately cedars, the beams of the great luminary fall upon the spring, and gild its sparkling and virgin waters with every tint of the rainbow. This lasts during about three quarters of an hour, when the sun sinking still lower, its rays are utterly concealed from the fall. This has given rise to a most curious and characteristic superstition on the part of the many tribes of Indians who at different times have camped near the spring. In ages gone by, say they, during a severe and terrible storm, of which they profess merely to hand down the tradition, a more than usually gorgeous rainbow was driven along with such force against the base of the hill from whence the spring gushes, as to shiver the rocks, and give place unto the water which instantly welled forth.

They farther add, that the rainbow received equal damage with the more durable material, and being shattered to pieces, the fragments were mingled with the fountain, and caused the prismatic colors which, though brought out by the sun, are ever resident in the translucent body of the fountain; and the tints of the rainbow were blent with the wave. Both town and fountain are now abandoned to the aborigines, the war with Mexico having so weakened the resources of the government as to render them incapable of defending their infant capital from the assaults of the Indian marauder.

**ANGLO-AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.**—Their ships sail better, and are worked by fewer men; their settlers pay more for their land than our colonists, and yet undersell them in their own markets. Wherever administrative talent is called into play, whether in the management of a hotel, or a ship, or a prison, or a factory, there is no competing with them; and, after a little intercourse with them, I was not surprised that it should be so, for the more I travelled through the country, the more was I struck with the remarkable average intelligence which prevails. I never met a stupid American; I never met one man from whose conversation much information might not be gained, or who did not appear familiar with life and business, and qualified to make his way in them. There is one singular proof of the general energy and capacity for business which early habits of self-dependence have produced. Almost every American understands politics, takes a lively interest in them, (though many abstain, under discouragement or disgust, from taking a practical part,) and is familiar not only with the affairs of his own township or county, but with those of the state and of the union; almost every man reads about a dozen newspapers every day, and will talk to you for hours, if you will listen to him, about the tariff, and the bank, and the Ashburton treaty. Now, anywhere else the result of all this would be the neglect of private business; not so here; an American seems to have time not only for his own affairs, but for those of the commonwealth, and to find it easy to reconcile the apparently inconsistent pursuits of a bustling politician and a steady man of business. Such a union is rarely to be met with in England—never on the continent.—*Godley's Letters from America.*

**QUICKSILVER FROM CHINA.**—This metal, so extensively employed in medicine, in the amalgamation of the noble metals, in water-gilding, the making of vermilion, the silvering of looking-glasses, the filling of barometer and thermometer tubes, &c., has hitherto been imported chiefly from Spain, Germany, and Peru. Now, however, there is a prospect of its being obtained from China, some of the provinces of which have been long known to yield it in considerable abundance. One of the main novelties in the Chinese import consists in the mode of package, the metal being simply poured into a piece of bamboo, about a foot long and three inches thick, having each end firmly closed with rosin. This rude form of package is found quite as serviceable as the iron bottle in which mercury is usually brought, while it is lighter, and in every way more convenient for shipment. Specimens were recently shown in the London market; and from the remunerating prices which they brought, it is expected that renewed shipments of the article to Europe will take place on an extensive scale.

From Tait's Magazine.

## WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

AN action was tried at the last Galway Assizes, which turned upon this question—what is a gentleman? Mr. Kelly, the plaintiff, claimed a racing-cup and stakes, which Mr. Younge, the defendant, refused to give up, on the ground that he, Mr. Kelly, was no gentleman; and thereupon issue was joined. It was a condition of the race, that the horses should be ridden by gentlemen; and the judge, a Mr. Augustus Moore, (not Judge Moore, however,) had awarded the prize to Mr. Younge, a subaltern in a marching regiment quartered at Athlone, in preference to Mr. Kelly, the rider of the foremost horse.

This was a pretty case for a Galway jury to try; for the whole Clan Kelly were standing by to see fair play. The celebrated Mr. Fitzgibbon was the advocate of the exclusive party, and he labored hard to break down Mr. Kelly's right to become a competitor in such a contest.

For this purpose, witnesses were examined, who proved that Lady Clanricarde did not visit Mrs. Kelly, though sometimes sojourning within a morning's call; and consequently it was contended, that Mr. Kelly could not, with any proper degree of modesty, presume to weigh himself in the same scales with a Lieutenant of her Majesty's Fifty-fourth Regiment of Foot.

On the other hand, it was submitted, that if none were to be reputed in the rank of gentlemen, whose wives had not been visited by Lady Clanricarde, the notion of a *Corinthian Race* might as well be given up at once, within twenty miles all round Portumna castle. It would amount, in fact, to a *disgentilizing* of two or three counties.

A good deal of curious discussion was entered upon about the "twelve tribes" in general, and about the Kellys in particular. The latter occupy a proud page in Mr. Burke's standard work upon the "Landed Gentry," a book of infallible authority, inasmuch as every gentleman whom it celebrates, sounds his own trumpet, having (as the one who has the best right to know) supplied, at the request of the learned compiler, the pedigree and list of cousins which

"Show how he's greatly allied."

Now, as I have said, the Kellys are there, but the Younges are not. This, with sundry other good and sufficient causes, being shown why Mr. Kelly might ride *pari passu* with a Lieutenant of Foot, a verdict was given in his favor; and he left the court in great triumph with his cup, but as for the stakes, they were little enough for the lawyers.

Of the notions which still prevail on the question of *gentility*, a curious instance was elicited upon this trial. A witness for the lieutenant declared, upon his solemn oath, that he did not consider the Lord Chancellor of Ireland to be a gentleman: not that he could allege aught to the disparagement of that eminent personage's character or demeanor. On such points, everybody allows him to be beyond exception. But because he had raised himself from an humble, though an honest, condition to the head of his noble profession, Sir Edward Sugden is *no gentleman*.

But, oh! the cut of an *aristocrat*, who said—nay, swore, *that!* Gentle reader, you would scarcely pick him out of a knot of *walking gentle-*

*men* at the gate of the Zoological Gardens, of a Sunday, to hold your horse. Such, however, is the wisdom of the West. A gentleman, like a poet, must be ready made. He must have been born with a silver fork in his mouth; no matter whether he picks his teeth with it afterwards when he grows up to be a man, or melts it down into a pewter spoon,—he is still a gentleman all the same. He is of "the ould stock," inoculate it as he will. No overgrowth of moss or rubbish can obliterate his innate quality. Thus, while the seals and the ermine cannot communicate this thorough-bred nature, many an "old coat" with its "becoming" appurtenants,\* cover a *rale jintleman*.

The respectful pity with which one of those relics of former greatness is regarded by the common people, is a generous trait in the Irish character. It proceeds, indeed, from that mischievous grandee-worship which was once our national idolatry, and with which we are still strongly imbued. But it is an amiable sentiment, when the object to whom we bow the knee is in distress; and if, notwithstanding his fallen fortunes, he preserves the feelings and carriage of a true gentleman, there is something deeply affecting in the deference which his presence still inspires.

But it more frequently happens that the broken-down *Hidalgo* is a worthless and unprincipled fellow; and in that case, the respect which he commands seems like a biting satire upon his whole class and race. "Masthur John is a gentleman born: he promises all, and he pays none." Such was the justification, offered in sober sadness, of the swindling practices of one of the greatest liars and rascals in the province, by a man who had suffered by his knavery.

This leads me to another distinctive feature of The Gentleman, as that character is understood in many parts of Ireland. He must possess the ability of getting into debt. "*He a gentleman!*" said one of the *Five Bloods*, in whose presence some exact man of payments was named with honor; "why, the fellow never owed a hundred pounds in his life!" This "in your duller Britain" may be thought a laughable test of the nobler metals of society. But when it seems to be considered a duty which a man owes to his lineage, to live beyond his means, (an Irish way, you will say, of keeping up the credit of the house,) it is not so very absurd after all. Whoever complies with such a usage must owe many a hundred pounds; and those who do not comply with it, are cried down unsparingly, as *screeves*, and fellows of a low caste. "Base is the slave who pays," quoth mine *Ancient Pistol*.

The late Lord C. was a *finished* gentleman, in this sense of the word, and, indeed, in another sense too. For many years before his exit, he owed more than the fee and inheritance of all his demesnes could have been sold for to the highest bidder. Yet he managed to rub on, under the *prestige* of a title, and to fare sumptuously to the last. I believe they found it hard enough to bury him though, the undertaker being a morose fellow, and refusing to take his lordship's word for the price of the coffin. But up to that time, he wanted nothing that luxury could demand.

Some familiar friends, seated round his festive board, ventured once, while the claret was going round, to remonstrate against such extravagance.

\* Vide Sir Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.



They wanted, they said, no costly wines to lure them to his table, but would be perfectly satisfied with the *vin du pays*, the refined dew of his tributary mountains.

"I know all that, my dear friends," said the worthy peer; "and nothing would delight me more than to regale you with whisky-punch, if I could; but, then, consider the expense of it."

"The expense!" cried the astonished guests, holding up their bumpers of Chateau Margaux.

"Yes, the expense. Where are the lemons to come from? Ready money for lemons would break me."

Another necessary test of a gentleman is, that of being fit to be shot at from a pistol at twelve paces. That he be willing to fight upon worthy provocation, is something; but it is not enough; many are ambitious of that honor without being privileged to enjoy it. They must be meet to be met before they can demand a meeting.

But, on the other hand, it will not do to be too nice on points of heraldry, if a challenge has been provoked. Old Grattan's answer to those friends who chid him for condescending to fight with Gifford, the Thersites of the Dublin Corporation, breathes the true spirit of ancient chivalry; "I never insulted any man I would not fight." So, more recently, that Cock of the North, the Father of the North East Bar, being aggrieved by the attacks of a Dublin paper, made inquiries about the editor; and having found that he was "enough of a gentleman for his purpose," sent a friend to request his attendance in the Phoenix Park. Strange enough, that friend, the hostile messenger, was the same Mr. Fitzgibbon already mentioned, and who, on a late occasion, so very properly declined a similar invitation.

The world, however, is growing wiser, and more moral, on this subject every day. Mr. Fitzgibbon has not lowered himself in the social scale by rejecting the mad cartel of the Attorney-general; nor does Mr. Holmes, I am sure, now consider the editor of the *Pilot* less of a gentleman, because he did not answer his call to the Fifteen Acres. It would be much better, to be sure, if those who will not fight, would refrain their lips from abusive or irritating language. But abuse without homicide is not so infamous as when it is "overlaced with the blood" of the injured party. People are beginning to understand this; and therefore the fighting test is looked upon as a rather equivocal mode of proving respectability. Still, however, its negative force remains. He who could not be shot with honor by a gentleman has no business to think of riding a race with one. But the Galway jury decided, *totidem verbis*, that it would be no disgrace to any gentleman to shoot Mr. Kelly; and consequently his character stands henceforth perfectly clear from all derogation.

It is a question undecided yet in the United Kingdom, whether a gentleman can be engaged in the business of education, either as a schoolmaster or a private tutor. As for an usher, such a character is not to be spoken of at all; much less spoken to. The memory of Eugene Aram is infamous more than that of any other murderer, because he was an usher. It is considered more reputable to break stones on the highway-side than to hammer the accidence, either Greek or Latin, into the heads of the rising generation. A riding-master is a prince to the usher of a school. The very name of the latter is so odious to ears polite, that it has been mystified under the more

general appellation of assistant. An usher, by confession, is now as rare as the title of apothecary or butcher over a shop-door in the city of London. The latter are all victuallers and chymists; and the usher takes refuge from the obloquy of his calling in a participle.

It may be doubted, however, if the condition of a private tutor in a gentleman's family be not still more deplorable. Snubbed in the parlor, flouted by the kitchen, laughed at by his pupils, cut dead by the young ladies, and the butt of perpetual side-wind rebuffs and admonitions from their mamma, he is yet a happy man if, on settling day, he be not cheated of half his stipulated and hard-earned stipend, by the respectable head of the house. The dancing-master—that welcome and privileged buffoon—assumes a condescending air in speaking to him; and even the itinerant hair-dresser looks at him with an outrageous eye of commiseration, as who should say, "Poor fellow, I feel for you."

If, in addition to all these, there be an old maiden aunt in the circle, then is the tutor's cup of bliss brimful. For she will either insult him hourly in terms of bitter contempt, or else she will make love to him: and whether she falls upon him as a biting Scylla, or as a devouring Charybdis, 'tis alike uncomfortable.

Even the country people regard the profession of a teacher, in any branch of knowledge, with undissembled scorn. In their opinion, a gentleman "demanes" himself by accepting the highest endowment connected with education. When an Irish lady of high birth married the head-master of Harrow School, the disgrace was acutely felt by many a dependent crone, who would have illuminated her wigwam with pride had the bridegroom been Lord William Paget. "An ould school-masther," as they were pleased to designate the object of her choice, was such a yokefellow as they could scarcely tolerate for a child of their own; but to think of such a match for a daughter of a noble house was beyond all Irish patience.

The contempt of men who live by their learning sometimes shows itself in a ludicrous manner. The late Mr. S——, a fellow of the University, who thought no small beer of himself, had the mortification to see his partner in a quadrille handed to her seat, in the middle of the set, by an angry griffin of a mother, because, as she declared aloud, she "had no notion to permit one of her young leedies to stand *wees-a-wee* to a *tutorer* of the college."

There is but one palliative of these absurdities: they can rarely be attributed to ingratitude.

Whether an attorney is a gentleman or not depends much upon the quality of his practice; not the moral quality, for that has nothing to say to the question; but the class of suitors he is employed by, and the sort of business for which they use him. If he be intrusted with the conduct of equity suits, he is a gentleman by rank. If he be a practitioner at common law, he is a gentleman by courtesy. But if his business lie at quarter-sessions, or on the crown side of assize courts, he is only a gentleman by act of Parliament. Lord Anglesey, when he was Lord Lieutenant, put the whole profession, as it is sometimes proudly called, into the same sack, and ordered attorneys of all sorts to be shut out from the levees at the castle. But this was an invidious distinction to make, considering the indiscriminate nature of a gathering at the Irish court. The at-



torneys are not a fraternity to be easily discomfited or abashed. *Expellas furcâ*,—you know the rest. They came to the castle, notwithstanding the prohibition, with their wives and daughters; and the question of their admissibility was at length happily set at rest by a lord lieutenant marrying the daughter of one of them.

One hears much of the "Gentlemen of the press," and their "Fourth Estate;" which, however, not being an estate of inheritance, some have doubted if they be gentlemen at all. Their occupation certainly is not inconsistent with that character; and in every part of Europe, except Great Britain and Ireland, it is a passport into the very highest circles. Perhaps it may be, in some degree, their own fault that their company is not so highly prized or courted here. The French satirist has said—

C'est un mauvais metier, que celui de médire.

The personalities in which their argument is too often lost and the small account they seem to set by the plain truth, when the purpose of a party cannot be served by it, have brought an honorable calling into disrepute. Thus they degrade themselves from the rank and dignity of censors, who might command general respect, to that of lictors, prepared to execute the vengeance or gratify the malice of their patrons.

But although writers for the daily press, of all political hues and complexions, are unhappily prone thus to pervert an engine which might be, in careful hands, inferior to the pulpit alone as an agent of moral and social improvement; they are as good gentlemen, if not better, than numbers of dainty and conceited prigs who affect to despise them. Your *scavant*, who has once in a way been admitted to fill an unreadable corner of a review, tosses the head at a writer of paragraphs, just as Tommy Moore might be supposed to do (but would not do it) at a street ballad-singer. The barrister, of a term old, counts it a brighter thing to draw a declaration on a bill of exchange than to produce the leading article of *The Times*; and your "unco guid Christian," though he will slip a sly paragraph, to answer his own ends, into the letter-box, scowls at an editor, like *Jack Cade* (the comparison is orthodox) frowning at the *Clerk of Chatham*.

Cobbett's sneering attacks upon "the Reporters" tended much to prejudice the world against them; and, truth to say, the tribe who provoked his gall were a strange, impertinent, vulgar crew. They had a club at that time in London, which was hermetically sealed against such public writers as could not of themselves gentlemen by the exhibition of a university degree. That stamp was indispensable to satisfy them that there could be any "gowd" in the man; though they should have known—none better—that it is often used to give currency to pinchback. Cobbett himself would have been blackballed had he sought admission amongst those "learned Thebans;" and the great Captain (Sterling, I mean, not Wellington) would have fared no better.

The graduate gentry, however, form a very small minority of the present effective force of our diurnal press. The leading journals of the [Irish] capital are in the hands of men, "most of whom, it is true, have had *mathers*," as Counsellor Tim Doolan said to a Cork jury,\* but not one of them (un-

less, peradventure, it may be Dr. Gray of *The Freeman's Journal*) can boast an *Alma Mater*. They are self-taught men; and to this day more than one of the corps take a sort of pride in "treading upon the Greek and Roman grammar."

I may tell you something more about *that* hereafter; but it is more pat to our present subject to affirm, which I do confidently, that "The Gentlemen of the Press" in Ireland are gentlemen, and that they have the means at their fingers' ends, if they had but the will and the virtue, to raise themselves to a very high degree upon our social scale.

We will pass now to a more ambitious class than any we have yet referred to among the great untitled. These I will take the liberty of naming the *castellated gentry* of Ireland. They reside in castles, or in houses contiguous to what are called castles; and, by means of that location, acquire for themselves, in the nomenclature of the country, a distinction almost baronial. For a gentleman so situated has but to call his dwelling after his castle, and his castle after himself, and he at once stands out the very head and front of his name, to whom the whole tribe of synonymous mortals will appear to do homage for the bread they eat and for the air they breathe.

#### THE MARINER'S HYMN.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

LAUNCH thy bark, Mariner!  
Christian, God speed thee!  
Let loose the rudder-bands—  
Good angels lead thee;  
Set thy sails warily,  
Tempests will come;  
Steer thy course steadily,  
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,  
Breakers are round thee;  
Let fall the plummet now,  
Shallows may ground thee,  
Reef in thy foresail, there!  
Hold the helm fast!  
So—let the vessel wear—  
There swept the blast.

"What of the night, watchman?  
What of the night?"  
"Cloudy—all quiet—  
No land yet—all's right."  
Be wakeful, be vigilant—  
Danger may be  
At an hour when all seemeth  
Securest to thee.

How gains the leak so fast?  
Clear out the hold—  
Hoist up thy merchandize,  
Heave out thy gold;  
There—let the ingots go—  
Now the ship rights;  
Hurra! the harbor's near—  
Lo, the red lights!

Slacken no sail yet,  
At inlet or island;  
Straight for the beacon steer,  
Straight for the highland;  
Crowd all thy canvas on,  
Cut through the foam—  
Christian! cast anchor now—  
Heaven is thy home!

\* "And, gentlemen," said Tim, deploying a very snuffy handkerchief, "my client had a mother. Gentlemen—

(after a pause of irresistible pathos,) most of you have had mothers!"

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

REVOLUTIONS IN HAYTI.

1. *Colonies Étrangères et Hayti.* Par V. SCHOELCHER. Paris. 1842.
2. *Brief Notices of Hayti, with its Condition, Resources, and Property.* By JOHN CANDLER. London. 1842.
3. *Le Manifeste, 1er Mai, 1842—Avril 23, 1844.* Published at Port-au-Prince, now Port Republicain.

THE history of Hayti, Hispaniola, or St. Domingo, is an epitome of that of America. It was the first island at which Christopher Columbus landed. He was received by its hospitable inhabitants with kindness, which his successors repaid by treachery and massacre, terminating in the total destruction of the aboriginal population. A foreign race now took possession of the soil, introducing a foreign religion and foreign manners, to be modified and corrupted by the almost unavoidable influences of climate and circumstances. The new comers, however, seized with so faint a grasp on their rich acquisition, that a few hundred Gallic buccaneers were sufficient to dislodge them from the mouths of the Artibonite, and the two promontories that embrace the great bay which indents the western extremity of the Island. France, ever prone to accept established facts of such a nature, and not to pry too curiously into causes, recognized the proceedings of her lawless sons, and founded thereon a claim which the dialectics of the Spanish government were unable to refute. One third of the island was, therefore, ceded to her; and the superior industry of the colonists she sent out, soon began to develop the immense resources of the soil. But the fatal impulse to which all the nations of Europe have successively yielded was soon given. Cargoes of African blacks, first imported by the Spaniards, were not long in finding their way to the French side. A vast slave population, that terrible enemy, in modern times, to all institutions, was rapidly formed. It would be painful to relate in what manner they were treated by their masters; but when we reflect that these were descended from the friends and associates of Monbars, the Exterminator, and a rabble of women raked from the prisons, hospitals, and most abominable quarters of Paris, it is easy to conceive that it was anything but paternal. What ensued when this heterogeneous mass was leavened by revolutionary principles, is well known. All, at least, have heard of a frightful disruption of society, of the arming of every rank against the others, of confusion, war, bloodshed, alternate exhibitions of patriotism and treachery, of Toussaint's heroic conduct and melancholy fate, of the savage Emperor Dessalines' frightful tyranny, with its fruits, conspiracy and assassination. A republic and a monarchy then appeared upon the scene. The former,

by its expansive energy, subdued the latter; and then, breaking its bounds, overran the island as far as Cape Samana, and united the whole under one government. Since then, a virtual despot, ruling under the deceptive mask of a president, kept the population in order, until the occurrence of events, long looked for by politicians, and fated to affect materially the destinies of Hayti, and perhaps of the whole West Indies.

To unfold the causes of these events, we must look a little into the constitution of society in the island. The first feature that strikes us, is the difference, the next the rivalry of races. Without seeking farther, this is the fertile source of dissension and misery. This it is that converts every civil broil into a revolution, and makes every political controversy a signal for massacre. The white population in the French part has been long exterminated or driven out; but they left behind them the mulattoes, or the browns, the mixed or the colored race, which first operated as the instrument of their destruction, and became a legacy of torment to the enfranchised blacks. The fruit of crime, in this case, as in every other, was misery and more crime. Every mulatto that came into the world, was an additional enemy to society. Hating the superior, and despising the inferior class, with all the pride of the one, and all the ignorance of the other, impatient of subordination and incapable of command, the mixed race, until it had passed through the crucible of revolution, was an all but declared enemy to the existing order of things. They were the first to set the example of revolt, and driven to desperation, no doubt, by the atrocious cruelties of their masters, were the first also to encourage the negroes to the perpetration of those deeds of horror, the relation of which must ever form one of the most melancholy chapters of history. Nor did they suffer themselves to be excelled in any species of villany. By their very position, indeed, they were enabled to perform acts of excessive wickedness which were denied to the blacks; and parricide was never committed with so much profusion and so much recklessness as by them. But this result was almost inevitable. There was scarcely a single colored man who was not the offspring of crime, and bred up to the licentiousness of which he was the child. Every one of them almost was a living proof of the total immorality of the island. They were all—it is useless to carry on the exception in favor of a few individuals—ignorant, covetous, lazy, proud, vindictive, and cruel, with scarcely any religion, none of any value, almost totally destitute of moral feeling. They had learned, however, to contemplate their own numbers. In an ancient state, when it was proposed to distinguish the slaves by a separate costume from their masters, it was objected that they

would thus be enabled to ascertain their own numerical strength. Nature had provided for this in Hayti. Every mulatto beheld, at once, in the sinister face of his fellow, the reason and the pledge of his coöperation. They required no peculiar badge. Friends and foes were sufficiently distinguished by their complexion.

The extirpation of the whites at the first outbreak of the revolution, left the negroes and the mulattoes on the field face to face. Whilst dread of foreign interference was entertained, they appeared to coalesce; but as soon as the outward pressure was taken away, the chasm by which they were naturally separated began to open. The process is easily conceivable. The liberated African slaves, by their very position, were forced to entertain one single feeling, in common with those men who, in more fortunate countries and under happier combinations of circumstances, have labored, from principle, to infuse a democratic spirit into society—we mean an impatience of inferiority. In them, however, this feeling was associated with none of the nobler impulses of our nature. They were a bruised, degraded, unhumanized set of beings, suddenly, and as if by magic, relieved from their chains. This liberation was the result of no profound conviction of wrong in their own minds. Oppression and tyranny had elaborated for them no theory of the rights of man. They saw the door of their cage open, and, like tigers, slipped out to rend and tear those who had confined them. It was consistent with their nature that they should seek to wipe out every trace of their former degradation, and to expend the yet unexhausted rage of their hearts upon the imperfect representations, the mimics, the parodies of their former masters. But in these it was equally natural that they should cling to that distinction, that preëminence, to which their superior origin, they thought, entitled them, and they nourished, therefore, sentiments of contempt for the negro race, which produced the most unfortunate results. It at once disgusted the mass of the population, and, acting fatally on their own minds, served to distance them every day more and more from those with whom they should have sought amalgamation. Had these feelings not existed on both sides, the barrier between the two races would have been speedily broken down, and, on the principle that the physical type of the majority must ultimately prevail over that of the minority, in the lapse of years, one homogeneous population would have dwelt in peace and quietness in Hayti. But a bias of the mind is as unchangeable as a disposition of the body; and we must speculate on facts as they exist.

The two antagonistic sentiments we have been describing became at length embodied, as it were, in the two states which rose on the ruins of the French colony. The mulattoes, by their superior wealth and intelligence, had obtained the political preponderance in the south, the blacks in the

north. The former established a government republican in form, the latter a monarchy. But the two constitutions were, de facto, exactly similar. Pétion was as absolute as Christophe; and when President Boyer overthrew the black king of the north, there was no triumph of the principles of liberty, but a temporary victory of one race over another. Though not openly acknowledged, this was generally felt at the time. When Christophe, or Henri I., the "humane and benevolent" monarch of the "Quarterly," who was so eminently distinguished "in the exercise of all the social virtues, and so strict in the observance of all the duties of morality and religion," began to grow old, he determined to make the citadel of La Ferrière one of the strongest fortresses in the world. Men and women were employed upon it, as on the great public works of Mohammed Ali, and forced to labor with such severity, that it was calculated that every stone cost the life of a human being. Among the rest, Captain Agendreau, with thirty other colored men, was compelled to join in dragging stones up the steep sides of the mountain, because two of his race had deserted to Pétion. On every occasion possible this "humane" king evinced his hatred to the descendants of the whites. At one time they feared a general extermination, and the mulatto women of Cape Haytien met in the great church to offer up prayers for the black monarch's downfall. No sooner did this reach his ears than a company of soldiers was ordered to make domiciliary visits. The unfortunate women were torn from their families, taken to a retired spot about a mile from the city, and there butchered. Their bodies were thrown into a well, still called the "well of death," of the water of which nobody until this day will drink. This persecution of the mulattoes by the king was intended to operate in his favor with the majority of the people, the blacks; and he placed so much reliance on this resource, that, when all other means had failed, he thought it sufficient to issue an order for the massacre of the colored race to regain his popularity. But it was too late. He had not been exclusive in his tyranny, and Boyer besides was advancing with an army. The result is well known. Christophe fell by his own hand; and the conqueror, with the idea of the rivalry of races ever present to his mind, immediately sent his troop of African descent to the south, where, at that time, his own race was predominant, and his colored regiments to the north, to keep down the black population. That this precaution was wise, will be acknowledged by those who have observed that every attempt made against him, during the early part of his rule, was concocted and led by blacks, who in his triumph saw their own defeat.

The expulsion of Boyer, though he was succeeded by another mulatto, was virtually a reaction of the negro population against the rival race, because it was brought about by a black army or

mob. The result also would have been the choice of a black president, had not Herard, a man of great ability and influence, procured his own election by intrigue backed by menaces. Eight tenths of Boyer's troops were black, but these West Indian sipahis were officered by mulattoes. Such a state of things could not be expected to continue in a country where any of the principles of republicanism were recognized in theory, however they might be violated in practice. The great struggle, indeed, which began with the first introduction of the blacks, and which we fear will only terminate when they shall become the sole possessors of the island, took a step in advance in 1843. Since then it has made rapid progress every day, and will continue leaving a track of blood behind until the consummation we have predicted.

At any rate, it is not from France that Hayti must look for its political regeneration. It must never again come within the sphere of the pernicious influence of that power. It can never do so but by war, and a war of the most terrific description. The present unprincipled attempts of Louis Philippe to disturb the island,—already, alas! sufficiently disturbed,—show a desire if not to conquer, yet to revenge the former defeats of the French armies. But they must be classed with the rancor exhibited by the French inhabitants of Jamaica to the fugitives of Aux Cayes, as impotent to effect any great result. The subjection of Hayti would be even more difficult than that of Algiers. Twenty battles would not decide the affair. The discomfited blacks would lay aside the musket and take to the torch and the dagger. They would devastate their fields, burn their plantations, give their towns up to the flames; and if finally overcome, would bequeath nothing but a desert to the victor. The antipathy of the blacks, in fact, to French domination is unconquerable. They have been injured past forgiveness. Their traditions teem with nothing but the horrors of slavery.

A rapid coup-d'œil over the state of the island, in the early part of 1842, will show that everything was prepared for a civil commotion; and that an accident only was wanted to precipitate it. In the first place, as we have before hinted, the government, though in form free, was in reality little better than a downright tyranny. No authority but that of Boyer was recognized, and where his grasp relaxed there was none to replace it. The miniature houses of parliament were completely under his control; he could silence or expel obnoxious members at pleasure. The courts of justice even were not free from his influence; and it was the custom to dig the graves of persons accused of treason against the state before they were tried. Hayti was a monarchy tempered not by songs but by the feebleness of the executive. Cultivation and commerce, which had gradually been on the decline since the separation of the

island from the French crown, reached nearly the lowest possible ebb. The vast plain in the east called La Despoblada, or the Unpeopled, had become almost characteristic of the island. Plantations occurred only here and there in the midst of jungle or deserts; and the coffee in most places had run wild among the woods, an experienced planter having calculated that one tree would not produce more than two pounds of coffee in the husk. A general confusion pervaded the island. It was like the house of a fraudulent bankrupt given up to the pillage of his servants.

During such a state of things it was not to be expected that the exchequer would be in a very prosperous condition. However, we find that about two millions and a half of Haytien dollars were annually extracted from the people, a great portion of which went to the support of an absurdly large army, not to be depended on, as subsequent events have proved, and actually disbanded for two weeks out of every three. During this time the major part gained an honest or dishonest livelihood in the neighborhood of head quarters, whilst some few went to cultivate their estate in the mountains! This, however, they could not very effectually do, having to present themselves once in every seven days of their furlough. The other establishments of the state were on the same scale, and conducted in the same slovenly manner. The church subsisted on enormous though irregular fees, and was anxious only to multiply occasions of receiving them, actually baptizing doorposts, houses, and boats for a consideration! Morals, as may be supposed, were in accordance with this state of things. We have no space for details; but one fact will speak for itself. Children born out of wedlock were calculated to be three in every four.

The distribution of wealth, especially if it coincide with that of races, is not an unimportant consideration in any state. In Hayti, property was in the hands, to a certain extent, of the mulattoes. At least these formed the majority of the opulent inhabitants. There were doubtless many blacks possessed of wealth; but as a general rule this ignorant and savage race lived almost wild among the mountains, never coming in contact with the government, except under the provisions of the *Code Rural*; by which labor was made compulsory in this free country.

It would have been a curious story for a philosopher to have examined completely the state of Hayti during the latter years of Boyer's government. Mr. Candler's volume, published in 1842, and the work of M. Schoelcher, furnish the best accounts; but the opinions of the first mentioned gentleman were too much influenced by his honorable aversion for slavery to be impartial. He endeavored to persuade himself that the Haytians were to a certain extent happy, and that they would work out peaceably a reform in their institutions. Results have proved his mistake; and if

he had suffered himself to contemplate with a little more coolness the political aspect of the island, he might have foreseen what actually occurred. Society, he would have discovered, was still tremulous from the shock imparted to it by the French Revolution, and the vibrations striking upon hearts differently attuned by circumstances, produced strange discord. It required no very fine ear to detect on every side rising above the turmoil and clamor of daily business, the echoes of 1793. Theories of government suggested as alleviations of temporary and local evils occupied the minds of the most speculative; but it was more common to encounter an unreasoning discontent with the present, exhaling itself in lowly muttered threats against society and plans of reform by the strong hand at once unwise and reprehensible. The great evil—namely, the distinction of races—few had courage to contemplate face to face; but if any were so daring, the result was not any scheme for assimilating the two; but on the part of the mulattoes a sort of yearning after an aristocracy of color, on the part of the blacks a wild desire of vengeance, an appetite for massacre tending to the total extirpation of the objects of jealousy. These feelings, it was said, Boyer was himself so culpable as to encourage. *Divide et impera* became in reality his motto. In the beginning of his reign he was the representative of the colored race. Towards the close, finding these advancing in knowledge, and desiring reform and an abridgment of his authority, it suited his policy to foment to a certain extent the prejudices of the blacks against the mulattoes, and even against the whites. Towards the English he was always decidedly hostile, probably because his former rival, Christophe looked on them with a friendly eye, and even attempted to extirpate the French language by causing English alone to be taught in his schools. Three weeks before his abdication, he issued a proclamation declaring that no *white* merchants should for the future have patents granted them to do business, and that those firms that possessed patents should only be permitted to trade during the lifetime of their present partners. This policy, however, was one of retaliation. All European governments, not excepting England, discouraged and almost forbade intercourse between Hayti and the other islands of the West Indies.

It is probable that these acts would have had no effect on Boyer's popularity, had he not attempted of late years to play the despot too openly. He went so far as to imitate the Russian autocrat, by forbidding his subjects to leave the island without his permission; and, feeling that the House of Representatives sometimes crippled his movements, undertook to purge it of the malecontents. He began this system in 1838, by expelling, under awe of a body of troops, though nominally by a vote of the house, certain members who had been most forward in the promotion of an address, pray-

ing for redress of grievances, among the principal of which was the appointment of a president for life, with power, like a Roman emperor, to adopt a successor. In 1842, Herard Dumesle, brother of Charle Rivière Herard, and one of the expelled members, and André Laudun, a man of known liberal principles, were elected for Aux Cayes. The latter was chosen president of the chamber, and actually invested with the office. But Boyer procured, partly by threats, partly by persuasion, another vote, which reversed the former and deposed Laudun. No sooner was this made known throughout the country than a gradually increasing excitement, manifesting itself at first in murmurs, and then assuming the shape of open threats, evinced to the president that he had taken too bold a step. At the same time a conspiracy was set on foot at Aux Cayes, which soon spread over the whole country. A sort of carbonarism was instituted, and the materials of revolution rapidly accumulated. The chamber, encouraged by the general state of feeling, attempted to assert its dignity. Mobs collected to encourage it. But an army of 20,000 strong was called out on the side of government, and the unripe movement for a while checked.

Such was the situation of affairs when a most unexpected element of confusion was added to those that already existed. For many months a severe drought had parched the plains and dried the streams in almost every quarter of the island. An unusually sultry atmosphere filled the valleys, and the sky, whether clouded or serene, assumed strange aspects, as if to presage the misfortunes to come. Heavy volumes of vapor hung on the peaks of Cibao and La Selle, and overspread the country like so many vast umbrellas; and before the going down of the sun every day an extraordinary livid tinge painted the whole heavens. Travellers coming across the mountains told of strange phenomena they had witnessed. To some groves of palm trees stretching along the edges of cliffs had appeared wrapped in fire. The moon and stars by night, and the sun by day, seemed dilated and wore an unnatural hue. But there was no prophet to speak in the language of warning to the unfortunate Haytians. They had eyes to see, but they did not see. Though many felt anxious and uneasy, none fled. They were fated to destruction. On the 7th of May, 1843, at a little past five o'clock in the evening, after a calm, sultry, hazy afternoon, the whole island began to shake and quiver, and roll like a drunken man. The loftiest mountains trembled, chasms opened on every side, streams hung suspended in their course, houses, towers, churches, palaces, came to the ground; and the sea, rushing up the shore, threatened for a moment not to leave a single Deucalion to tell the tale. It is useless to enumerate the places where the shock was felt and disasters occurred. Not a single town escaped without some casualty. In many quarters powder

mills blew up ; in others conflagrations began to rage as soon as the earthquake manifested itself ; water and sea-sand gushed up in many places in the interior, and lakes took the place of savannas. Thousands of lives were lost, and property to an incalculable extent was destroyed. But it was at Cape Haytien, the capital of the north, and the great depôt of agricultural produce, that the earthquake produced the most disastrous effects. It was Saturday, and the town was full of people come to buy and sell in the market. No preluding noises, no roaring of the sea, no subterranean rumbling announced the approach of the calamity. It came on suddenly. The vibration was generally lateral or horizontal, and from west to east, though one or two vertical movements were felt, as if the subterranean fire was struggling for an exit. The very instant the shock was experienced the houses began to tumble or rather to rush down upon the heads of their twelve thousand inhabitants, more than half of whom were buried in the ruins. For forty minutes there was one continual deafening sullen roar of falling houses. The bellowing of artillery in the greatest battle that ever was fought can impart no idea of the overwhelming torrent of sound that rose from the devoted city. Every building, small and great, was levelled with the ground. Not a fragment of wall remained entire. The sky became suddenly dark and lowering, and clouds of blinding dust rising through the hot air increased the horror of the scene. It is easier to imagine than describe the shrieks, the wailings, and the struggles of the wretched crowd that survived the first shock. Climbing over tottering walls and smoking ruins, all endeavored to make their way to the outskirts or the great square in front of the church, which, like everything else, was humbled in the dust. Some miraculous escapes are recorded. Men, women and children who were sitting in balconies or in the upper stories of their houses, suddenly found themselves unhurt in the streets. Some were saved by standing under arched door-ways, that protected them from the falling mortar and stones, and were the last to yield to the successive shocks that finally laid all prostrate. An English surgeon, Mr. Daly, was stopped in the streets by a father who bore his child with a broken arm, and had courage enough to splinter it with a shingle in the midst of the toppling houses. There was only one family in which no death occurred. Many, with limbs shattered by huge stones, endeavored still to drag themselves along. Others lay down awaiting patiently the death that soon came to relieve them. Affection now displayed its untiring energy. Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, friends who had made their escape in obedience to the first impulse, hurried back amidst the tottering ruins to save those who might have been buried alive. Some were dug out within less than half an hour ; others bruised, wounded, bleeding and faint, were extricated in

the dead of the night ; but the greater number were left until the following morning ; and many remained four, five, twelve, and even thirteen days before they were found. It is scarcely possible but that some were left to perish of hunger and thirst. Hundreds were drowned by the rushing in of the sea, or swallowed up in the chasms, some of them three quarters of a mile in length, that opened in the streets. There perished, it is supposed, about seven thousand souls.

The principal place of refuge was an elevation called La Fossette, close to the town. Here the survivors, most of whom were dreadfully wounded, collected and lay down on the bare quaking earth, almost heart-broken, to pass the night. The shocks were repeated every five minutes, but there was nothing more to shake down. The roaring in the bowels of the earth was uninterrupted. Most expected, some wished, that the earth would open and swallow them up. To add to the horrors of the scene, the ruins were soon wrapped in flames, and many poor creatures, who had sunk exhausted upon them, were burned to death. Their shrieks could be distinctly heard at La Fossette, and added to the misery of the survivors, who imagined every now and then that they recognized the voice of a friend in his agony. Few could muster strength or courage to go to their assistance, and several of those that went perished miserably. A torrent of rain, that fell about midnight, increased the wretchedness of the wounded, without extinguishing the flames, which shone so brightly on the limestone rocks that crown the mountains behind the town, that many thought a volcano had burst forth. By this light, too, the vessels in the harbor, crowded with fugitives, could be seen tossing and rolling on the disturbed sea, that hissed like a seething cauldron along the shore. Suddenly, a column of light, more vivid than ever, shot high into the heavens. It was followed by a terrific roar. The great powder magazine had exploded, and blown numbers of miserable men to atoms.

The morning of the eighth dawned bright and balmy, but served only to reveal the extent of the general misfortune. At the foot of a huge heap of shattered hills, covered with uprooted trees, lay the smoking ruins of the town, and beyond stretched the still heaving sea, white with foam, and bearing on its breast the four ships which had served as a refuge to so many of the inhabitants of the cape. Presently, issuing from every ravine, and swarming along every road, hordes of black savages, armed to the teeth, appeared rushing on with wild yells to plunder the devoted town. In a few hours the streets were one dreadful scene of fighting. Everything of value that was found, these inhuman villains madly struggled for ; and those who had taken refuge on La Fossette, could everywhere descry groups of infuriated blacks with swords, daggers, and guns, engaged in desperate conflict with each other. A desultory fire was kept up on every side. Many of the mer-

chants collected in armed bodies, and attacked the plunderers, putting them to death without mercy, as they deserved; for they stabbed and shot the wounded wherever they found them, and tore necklaces and ear-rings from women who lay half dead among the ruins. Even the soldiers and their officers joined in the pillage. The surviving inhabitants, that ventured unarmed into the town, were ruthlessly murdered. Four men found a piece of linen and fought for it. Two fell beneath the strokes of the others, who were about to renew the contest, when some officers rode up and shot them dead. An article of trifling value was discovered by two blacks armed with swords. They left it on the ground and rushed at each other. A desperate encounter ensued, and one being at length cut down, begged for mercy, but his ruthless opponent plunged his sword into his breast. At that moment, a shot from a neighboring ruin brought the villain to the ground, and he never spoke more. No city taken by storm was ever sacked with greater ferocity. A gentleman, armed with a pistol, was endeavoring to save some of his property; five blacks came up in succession to disturb him, and he shot them all, reloading coolly after each discharge, and continuing what he was about until the next plunderer came to meet his death.

This state of things continued with little abatement for nearly a week, during which a pestilence, engendered by the effluvia of so many dead bodies, swept away a great number of the survivors. At length, however, order was restored, and the wretched remnants of the population of Cape Hayti began slowly to endeavor to clear and rebuild it. But many, their hearts overlaid with sadness and unable to bear the sight of a place where they had suffered so much, embarked for various foreign countries, or retired to remote quarters of the island; and even unto this day, in spite of the great events which have since occurred, many who were witnesses of the terrible calamity we have described, retain a sadness which they will probably carry with them to the grave. It was remarked, however, at the time, that not a tear was shed; the blow was too severe and too sudden; it stunned the faculties, and checked the natural overflowings of feeling.

The most remarkable circumstance in the history of this catastrophe is the total apathy with which the blacks of the interior, even when they did not actually join in the plunder, beheld the misfortunes of their fellow-citizens. The same feeling seems to pervade the whole of this injured and vindictive race. Even in Jamaica, when a fire takes place, the former slaves look stupidly on without attempting to afford any assistance, and in every other part of the West Indies their conduct is almost invariably the same. Frequently, indeed, the first flash of a conflagration is a signal for plunder. In Hayti, we must regard the conduct of the blacks on this occasion, as partly indicative of a state of political feeling directed against the mulattoes, and

those more fortunate negroes, who, by acquiring property, had learned to identify themselves in some respect with them. It must be remembered, indeed, that an upper class had by degrees been formed in Hayti, composed of the two races, actually divided amongst themselves, but apt, like the aristocracy of England, to combine against the lower orders. This circumstance had diverted the attention of many from the incessant action of the rivalry of the two races, which in reality is the cause, proximate or remote, of almost every event that has taken place of late in Hayti.

The mass of the population, though astonished for a while by the awful visitation we have described, soon recovered sufficient elasticity of spirits to return with fresh ardor to their intestine discords. But it is very possible that the physical convulsions which had taken place around them may have prepared their imaginations calmly to receive impressions of civil strife. Many, besides, had been totally ruined, and looked forward to the storms of revolution for an opportunity of regaining their position in the world. It was their fancy to fish in troubled waters.

Meanwhile the secret society, at Aux Cayes, was taking advantage of the general excitement to diffuse its principles and dispose the minds of the people for a revolt in their interest. But it was not until the beginning of 1843 that they had sufficiently ripened their plans to put them into execution. A frightful hurricane had, in the mean while, again devastated their unfortunate country; and a third disaster ushered in the new year. On the 9th of January a dreadful fire burst out at Port-au-Prince, which the late earthquake had scarcely touched. Six hundred houses were burned down, and property to an immense amount destroyed. No sooner did the volumes of smoke that swept along the sky and the deep red glare of the flames announce the disaster than the blacks of the mountains were again in motion, and the scenes of Cape Haytien were renewed. Houses which the fire had not reached were attacked by the mob, and defended with desperate energy, though with various success, by their masters. The authorities were paralyzed, and it was not until the savages returned, glutted with blood and plunder, to their haunts, that they made any attempt to assert the majesty of government. Malouet might now have exclaimed, with reason, "*Il faut que la colonie de Saint Domingue soit encore dans les ténèbres; car je cherche sa police, et je ne la trouve pas.*" The weakness of the government now became evident. If they could not repress an unorganized multitude, what could they do against a real revolt? The argument was cogent; and towards the end of January, it was resolved to be doing. A place called Praslin was selected as the scene of the first overt act, which circumstance has gained for the leaders of the revolution the name of the "Heroes of Praslin." The commandant of artillery, Rivière Herard, (absurdly reproached by the

"Jamaica Gazette," which has furnished us with some valuable materials, with being a horse-breaker,) here assumed the title of chief of the executive. Aux Cayes was now invested, and General Borgella, who held it for Boyer, compelled to capitulate.

When General Herard proposed to treat with Boyer, the only answer he received was, that no negotiation could be opened with rebels having arms in their hands. But as the troops began to exhibit signs of disaffection, and even to go over to the popular party, it became evident that the most prompt and energetic measures would alone suffice. These, however, there seemed no one capable of resorting to. General Inginac, the secretary of state, came trembling back from Goave with his forces towards Port-au-Prince, without waiting for the enemy. Herard, meanwhile, and his rapidly increasing army, remained stationary at Tiburon, whither Boyer should have marched and driven him into the sea. But he suffered the whole country to be excited to such an extent that at length to attempt to exert his authority would have been merely to betray his weakness. On the other hand, the committee of public safety, at Jeremie, agitated the country with untiring perseverance; and, at length, began to advance its forces along the promontory eastward towards the mainland and the capital. At Pestel took place the first serious collision, in which General Lamarre, commanding for the president, was shot by one of his own officers. In a second battle, not far from Jeremie, another of Boyer's generals, Cazeau, was killed, and his men routed or taken prisoners. Herard then marched upon Little Goave, the troops of the president retiring before him, and dispersing as they went; but at Leogane he came up with a force which, though much inferior to his own, gave him battle. The result was decisive of Boyer's fate. He now resolved on flight, applied to the commander of a British sloop of war then in port to receive him on board with his family, collected about 1000*l.* in money, with a quantity of jewels, and then published a proclamation, by which he formally abdicated the presidentship, embarked, lamented and unpitied. All felt that something was removed from over their heads which had cast a dreary shadow on their souls. His tyranny had been continuous and depressing than wild anarchy. Accordingly, many who did not precisely hate him, felt relieved when he was gone, and pressed forward with something like hope to the provisional government which was shortly installed at Port-au-Prince.

We will pass over the remaining events of the year with a remark or two. The victory achieved by the blacks did not enable them to take that position in the government which they had expected. This may be explained by the fact that nearly all the great military offices having been in the hands of the mulattoes, they alone were qualified to command. Accordingly, on the

17th of December, General Riviere Herard was proclaimed president by his troops and adherents. There was a momentary show of opposition; Quixotic allusions were made to the illegality of a military election—the poor people thought themselves in a free country—they had cheated themselves with a name; but on the 9th of January, 1844, the choice made in the camp was confirmed in the city, and the news spread over the world that Herard had been elected by the unanimous suffrages of his fellow-citizens. Sanguine politicians began, thereupon, to indulge in delightful anticipations. We were now to have a real black republic. Every packet was expected to announce the appearance of a negro Solon at Port-au-Prince. Philosophers and philanthropists, whigs, and even Tories indulged the fond delusion; and many enthusiastic advocates of emancipation began to look forward, already, to the reception of the rights of citizenship. But alas for the mutability of the affairs of this world!

It is well known that in 1822, the Spanish portion of the island, occupying two thirds of its whole extent, but comparatively unpeopled, was annexed to the republic by President Boyer. This was consummated with the utmost ease. The French, it is true, and this is worthy of remark, endeavored to prevent it, but were foiled. The Spaniards, one and all, were weary of the rule of the mother country; but a portion of them only desired to be united with Hayti; the others would have preferred the yoke of Colombia, separated from them by seven hundred miles of ocean. However, Boyer's rapid march silenced all discussions among the Dons, and the whole island was united under his rule. Whatever may have been the faults of this distinguished man, he cannot be refused a capacity for government superior to most of his fellow-islanders. From 1818 to 1843 he maintained the integrity of his dominions, and it is only since his abdication that a sort of centrifugal tendency has shown itself in various parts of Hayti. January and February of this year passed away in quietness. It was thought that, satisfied with this amended constitution, in which the principal feature was the reduction of the term of the presidentship to four years, the Haytians would now work out their own regeneration. But, on the 1st of March, the Spaniards set forth their grievances in a public manifesto, and, flying to arms, declared themselves a free and independent state separate from the Haytian republic. The charges made against Boyer and the Haytian government are expressed by the Dominican people in vague language, but one fact is established, namely, that the white portion of the population of the eastern division looked upon the black with the utmost hatred and abhorrence. It appears also that the Spanish portion of the island had greatly deteriorated under Boyer's rule, and that he had committed many acts of oppression, and treated the people as if they had been conquered by force.



But the immediate cause of the Spanish revolt was the excitement which spread like a contagion to every nook of the state in 1843, and the disappointment that was general throughout the country when Rivière Herard took the lead. The Dominicans complained that in the interval during which this general governed by martial law, he traversed the department of St. Jago, stripped the churches, sold employments, annulled elections; and they point to the notorious fact that he reached the presidency by means of his army. Not the least offensive of his acts was his incarceration in the dungeons of Port-au-Prince of a number of Spaniards accused of entertaining designs of going over to Colombia. It is a curious circumstance that Boyer, during his stay at Jamaica, was detected intriguing with some Colombian officers to join him in endeavoring to recover his power. Another fact must be coupled with this, namely, that in May the ex-president was seen at Havre on his way to the West Indies. Has he received any encouragement from the French government? Several reasons may be assigned for believing that he has. On the 13th of January last arrived for the first time at St. Domingo, the focus of the Spanish insurrection, a French consul, by name M. Juchereau de St. Denis. On the 16th his official installation took place, the French flag was hoisted and honored by a salute of twenty-one guns. "The arrival of our consul," says the writer of a letter in the "Journal du Havre," "seems to have caused much satisfaction in the town, *where everything is at present tranquil. The articles of the new constitution were already known, and its promulgation was expected every day.*"

Is there not here an evident presentiment that all would shortly be not so very quiet, and that whatever disturbance took place would be in consequence of dissatisfaction with the constitution, just as was ostensibly the case? To our mind the connexion of M. Juchereau with the affairs of St. Domingo, however the French journals may deny the fact, is as evident as that of M. Lesseps with those of Barcelona. As to the papers containing plans of French domination found on Colonel Pimental when he was taken prisoner by Herard, they may or may not have been the offspring of his own imagination; but we confess it appears to us very unlikely that he should have no ground whatever for his speculations. Certain it is, however, that when the garrison of St. Domingo was surrounded by an overwhelming force, it was the French consul who negotiated their capitulation; and it is equally certain that Admiral Moges commanding the French West India squadron offered his *mediation* to Herard. This, however, was indignantly rejected.

The more recent events in Hayti, though full of interest, cannot arrest us long. Accounts are so contradictory, that it is almost impossible to state anything positive concerning any but the most leading facts. The general outline, however,

seems to be that Herard marched with what he conceived to be an overwhelming force upon the Spanish side, that his forces were encountered and defeated in a pitched battle, and that as he was preparing to renew the contest, intelligence of another insurrection of the blacks in the neighborhood of Aux Cayes, compelled him to retrace his steps. But it was now too late. A general rising against the mulattoes, who were compelled to fly into the ships in the harbor and escape to Jamaica, proclaimed the true state of feeling in the island. The movement rapidly spread, and we learn by the last accounts that General Guerrier, a black, has been elected president. How all this will end it is impossible to say; but it seems that, if the blacks are as powerful as their numbers would testify, they will without check or control exercise supreme sway. The independence of the Dominicans is for the time, at least, achieved. There will be struggles, however, both between them and their neighbors, and between the various parties of the Haytian republic. May the end of the strife be peace. All we hope is, that on the one hand, France may desist before it is too late from her endeavors to avenge her former defeats by inciting her conquerors to destroy each other; and that on the other, the Haytians will abstain from any propagandist system, such as that of which they are accused in Cuba. If they are let alone, and if they themselves are content to fight out their own quarrels on their own soil, they may at length, weary of bloodshed, settle down into some rational form of government.

From Chambers' Journal

#### STORY-TELLERS.

IN nine cases out of ten, when a stranger fits himself in a mixed company where there are celebrated persons, he will be disappointed with them. Instead of the marks of genius and flashes of intellect he has been led to anticipate, he very often beholds plain, commonplace-looking men, who make remarks not a whit more striking than the most obscure of the party. On the other hand, some individual whom he had never heard before, of whose very name he is perhaps ignorant—a person who has nothing remarkable about his appearance, except, indeed, a closer attention to the niceties of costume than is observable in the more scientific part of the company—a man makes himself extremely conspicuous either by the brightness of his wit, the appositeness of his remarks, or the excellence of his stories. You think there must be some mistake, inquire the name of the brilliant talker and are surprised when told he is not one of the celebrities you have come to meet. A little reflection, however, shows that the reason why he appears to be a great luminary than the rest, is because he is in his proper sphere; while the more deeply philosophical professor or artist is not. If you want to appreciate the acquirements of your neighbor the scientific discoverer, go to his lectures or visit his laboratory; the royal academician's genius is best understood in his painting-room and by his pictures: that of the author by talking with him *tête-à-tête* in his study,

or by reading his books. It is not their destiny to shine at the dinner-table. Powers of amusement they have none; they cannot make jests or smart repartees; and as to stories, like Canning's knife-grinder,

"They have none to tell, sir."

On the contrary, the man who has a quick wit, or a talent for story-telling, being in his real element, is fully appreciated. His light shines with so much brightness, that it casts the philosopher into the shade. For this reason it is that, of all the various classes of "men of society" which exist, none is so popular as the clever story-teller. Where he appears, conversation never flags, for its gaps are filled up by one of his narratives. Is there a painful pause between the courses of the feast? the story-teller banishes its tedium and the hostess' chagrin by a smart anecdote. Has a wine-glass been broken, or an awkward allusion made? the story-teller buries the misfortune by interposing an amusing tale; in short, he is in himself a fund of entertainment, which he is never slow in dealing out, or tired of affording. His reward is the numerous invitations which crowd upon him—the most *recherché* dinners, the choicest wines, the snuggest tea-drinkings, the most splendid suppers, are at his command. As he is usually a bachelor, accommodations for eating and drinking are next to superfluities in his domestic establishment; and, but for the necessity of having a place of address for his numerous invitations, the modern story-teller might—like his predecessors the bards and troubadours of the middle ages—wander throughout the year from house to house, from castle to country seat, and escape the expenses of board, lodging, taxation, and all the *ceteras* which a local habitation entail.

A story-teller of first-rate qualifications is obliged to possess an almost unlimited store of stories, and of so various a character, that he must be able to warrant them apropos of every topic of conversation that may chance to be afloat. Then, to make them glide discreetly, gradually, imperceptibly into the stream of conversation, requires consummate adroitness. He never dreams of introducing a story after the manner of bunglers, with "that puts me in mind of a singular circumstance which happened to a friend of mine, who was one day," &c., for he is convinced its failure may be reckoned upon as certain. Everybody knows that the main source of interest in the listener's mind springs from the narrative being in point to, and consequently illustrative of, the subject in hand. The clever story-teller, therefore, never lets you know by any such preface as the above that he is going to tell a tale, but artfully leads you into the very depth of the incidents before you are aware of it. He makes you think, for instance, that he is merely continuing the discussion on the subject under consideration—say the opium question—and you are not undeceived till you find your attention absorbed by a Chinese tale; your sympathies inveigled, perhaps, into the very depths of the "Sorrows of Han." Nay, even after the story is finished, when poor Han has been laid in the grave of his ancestors, the narrator keeps up the delusion by finishing off the catastrophe thus—"which, you perceive, fully bears out Mr. Capsicum's remark, that the Chinese principle of filial love is so strong, that," &c.—thus honestly replacing the discussion he had borrowed (for the sole purpose of bringing in his tale) exactly in the same position in which

he found it, and not robbing Mr. Capsicum of his opportunity for displaying his knowledge of Chinese manners and customs.

Your first-rate story-teller is so fully aware that the perfect harmony of his narrative with the prevailing tone of conversation is a thing of primary necessity, that he will sometimes sacrifice his best tale and be silent, rather than risk its not "telling" on the auditors by telling it out of place. Now, it is obvious that the most capacious memory would be unable to retain a sufficient number of stories to suit all societies and all subjects that may be discussed in them. He is obliged to call in the aid of imagination to modify, alter, and invent, so as to bring the story he has selected within the pale of the apropos: but all this he does with such a truth to nature, that his trespasses are rarely, if ever, detected. He colors a little, but it is to heighten effect, not to conceal the original lineaments. In this way, it is astonishing how vastly interesting he will make the most commonplace circumstance. While on my way with my friend Glib (the best story-teller extant) one day last winter to a dinner-party, a beggar-girl was encountered, who told the usual story about a sick father and several starving brothers and sisters, to excite our sympathy. Of course we did not believe her, but we asked where she lived. She gave us an address readily; it lay in our way, and we looked in to see if she had told truth. She had; for we found a man lying in a bed and three wretched children. This was a great chance for Glib; he was set up with a new story at once; and when the time came, he made the most of it. Of course the distress of the country was one of the earliest topics after dinner when the ladies had retired. Glib chimed in at the right point of the discussion. "Why, only an hour ago," he began, "an instance came under my own eyes that would have appalled the stoutest heart." The tattered girl was then described in a most effective manner; her spare form, and sharp, want-expressing features, her piteous tones, were minutely portrayed. Changing the scene to her father's dwelling, Glib left not an article in the room, or a hole in the windows, undescribed. The few words we exchanged with the sick man were amplified with dramatic skill. One touchingly innocent exclamation which he attributed to the youngest child (but of which I had not the slightest remembrance) caused an electric sensation amongst the company. Of this he took full advantage. "Here we are," he said in conclusion, "enjoying the choicest luxuries that a bounteous Providence and a liberal host can provide, while thousands are dying of want. Happily, however, there is one satisfaction we can lay up in our hearts—it is in our power to rescue at least one fellow-creature from the grave, and to snatch his starving family from destitution. Let us make up a purse for this poor man—." The story-teller was allowed to say no more, being interrupted by a clamor of assent, by the opening of purses and the rattling of coin; and when the party broke up, Glib had the satisfaction of effectually relieving the distressed family. Verily, the story-teller sometimes hath his reward.

The proficient story-teller's triumphs are not, however, always so great. It is occasionally his misfortune to find amongst the auditory a matter-of-fact man, who, though he pays the most eager attention to his narrative, only takes an interest in it to find opportunities for tripping him up upon

some unimportant discrepancy or immaterial omission. This sort of hostility is usually declared at the very outset, the enemy's first care being to put himself in possession of materials for contradiction by pinning the narrator down to time, place, and circumstance. At my last dinner-party, a piece of that sort of torment was inflicted on Glib. He had that morning "caught" what he deemed a capital story, and succeeded pretty well, I thought, in introducing it in the midst of a discussion on costume and the superiority of Parisian tailors. "I have heard," he remarked, "that the most eminent of these artists will not work for any but well-made men, lest their fame should be injured. Moreover, they carry their art to such a nicety, that they deny to their 'clients' ordinary wear and tear for their garments. A friend of mine ordered a pair of inexpressibles of Monsieur Staub, and——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted a Scotch gentleman, "but would you oblige us with the name of your friend?"

Glib winced, and said "Smith" at a venture; but his tormentor was not satisfied.

"What! Christopher Smith of the Green?" he added.

"No, John Smith of the Blues," answered Glib, hoping to silence the querist by this manifest fiction. "Well," continued the story-teller, "the garment was duly made and sent home. My friend——"

"Mr. Smith," interpolates the rigid listener.

"Mr. Smith, then, thought their fit was not good, and wore them to the tailor's to complain; but——"

"I daresay you will forgive me, but the question I am going to ask is really important:—of what color were the trousers?"

"I cannot see the importance of the interruption," replied Glib, reddening slightly; "but, if you *must* know, they were gray trousers."

"Not dress trousers?"

"No."

"Then it is difficult to understand how a man can be so fastidious about his morning costume:—I say it does not seem very likely that——" Here the interrupter was in turn interrupted by the expostulations of the company, and Glib was allowed to proceed, after trying to remember where he left off.

"Oh yes, I recollect, my friend——"

"Smith—John Smith," persevered the unsilenced man of fact.

"My friend went to Staub to show him the twist in the left leg. The tailor examined every seam, without finding out the cause of the misfit. At last he made the desired discovery, and looking with surprise and indignation at my friend, said in a tone of bitter irony, "I think you ordered these for *morning* wear—to promenade in——"

Mr. Macnab again begged pardon. Would Glib positively assert that those were the identical words used by the tailor? Glib replied with that kind of decisiveness which a man assumes when in a pet, "Most assuredly." Upon this Mr. Macnab's countenance became irradiated with a smile of triumph—it was evident he was going to say something which would annihilate the story, and prove it to be utterly unworthy of credit. "Now, sir," he said, leaning his arms heavily on the table, "do you mean to say that the tailor, being a Frenchman, spoke in English?"

The success of this query was not so annihilating as the querist imagined, for a ruefully appealing

look from Glib to the company produced an off-hand vote of censure on the Scotchman, and the narrator was begged to go on with his story as if no interruption had occurred. But it was too late; Glib's enthusiasm had evaporated. Once more he had to "try back," to remind the company that the tailor impressed on his customer that the trousers were intended for walking. "'No wonder, then,' continued the man with severity, 'that there is a twist in the leg, for I perceive you have *actually been sitting down in them!*'"

This was the point of the story; but, alas! it hung fire terribly. The general laugh which followed was evidently a forced one. The truth was, that Glib, rendered nervous by the interruptions, forgot to give his well-studied imitation of the Frenchman's manner—to shrug his shoulders, and assume a look of contempt and indignation when the tailor discovered the violence Mr. Smith had done to his workmanship—and which was so necessary to give full point to the last sentence. Poor Glib was completely upset; he remained dumb for the rest of the evening, and the company was deprived of at least two more of his best stories. He conceived such a horror of the Scotchman, that he resolved never again to attempt a story in his presence.

The proficient story-teller never deals in second-hand articles; or, if he does, he takes good care that the tale, though not perfectly original, is not very generally known; for, if it should happen that one of his auditors has heard it before, he is subjected to another species of annoyance. There are some things which it may be declared as a rule, that every man thinks he can do better than his neighbors. Amongst these are, dressing a salad, poking the fire, and—telling a story. Wo, therefore, to the story-teller who takes a tale out of the hands of another who has been anxious to tell it: interruption is equally inevitable as if the table were surrounded with thorough-going matter-of-fact men. The story-teller begins his tale, and the first symptom of dissent is a whisper made by the disappointed man to his next friend; "Ah! I knew he would spoil it. The circumstance no more happened in Kent than it did in the moon. Why, it was in Birmingham." The story proceeds; the company enjoy it; the malcontent gets more fidgetty, and at length assures the story-teller aloud that he is quite wrong—indeed he is; it is a pity such a capital story should be spoiled; the lady's name was Hopkins, and not Tomkins. "Whichever you please!" remarks the successful candidate, and forthwith proceeds to call his heroine Hopkins, to show that the name is of no consequence whatever. On he gets a little further; but presently his rival assures him that he has again fallen into an error; he had it from the best authority—indeed from the cousin of an intimate friend of the young lady's brother—and she was *not* married at eleven o'clock, but exactly at fourteen minutes to twelve, which made it all the more singular. The professed story-teller—who must always have tact and temper fully at command—feels that to proceed would be useless; he therefore smother his chagrin, smiles blandly, and says that as Mr. Captious knows the circumstances so much better than himself, perhaps *he* had better finish the anecdote. This is exactly what Mr. Captious wishes; and he proceeds with the narrative, but of course makes a bungle of it; fails to get so much as a smile from his hearers; and the clever story-teller is amply revenged.

To meet these little crosses and emergencies, the "man who tells a story capably" (for by that generic phrase are the best of the order known) must possess nerve, self-command, and infinite good nature. To make his stories effective, he must be gifted with eloquence, a flexible set of features, consummate judgment to know when to bring in his tales, and that kind of modest assurance which gives a man a taste for hearing himself talk.

Though there are many who are famous for telling stories, and for nothing else, yet good story-tellers are to be found in all ranks and professions—the best of course exist amongst those who see most of the world and of human nature. Hence, if you meet with a first-rate hand in this line, you will most likely discover that he is either a barrister, an attorney, or a medical man; but for extent of stock and breadth of humor, none shine so much in this department of talk as commercial travellers. The general information and knowledge of human character they acquire during their journeys is extensive, and the number of their stories almost unlimited. I have heard that story-telling is by some considered a part of their profession, and a means of doing business. A customer is for instance shy with his orders; trade is dull, and the stock on hand "moves" but slowly. The traveller instantly changes the subject, takes his seat on an edge of the counter, and begins to tell a good story. The shopkeeper smiles, pays eager attention, follows the tale to its climax—which the story-teller delivers with irresistible humor—the man of business laughs with the heartiest gusto, and in the very midst of his roars the cunning bag-man returns to the attack with—"But to revert to those gingham; say fifty pieces by way of sample. I'll warrant they'll sell as fast as you can measure them." "Well, well," returns the other, before his sides have done shaking, "you may send them!"

Of story-tellers there are, however (as Tartini said of fiddle-players,) two kinds—those who tell stories very well, and those who tell them very badly. Let us conclude the subject by taking a glance at the latter. Amongst the most conspicuous, are people who *will* tell stories in spite of every discouragement, and every assurance that they bore rather than amuse. Such individuals will sometimes stop the flow of an instructive or entertaining conversation by one of their prosy narratives, and so depress it by some twaddling history, that it never regains its buoyancy. Nothing is so painful as the silence which reigns while the monotonous voice is doling out a single incident, in "linked *dulness* long drawn out"—except, indeed, the still more sombre silence which at the close of the story takes the place of approbation. I have seen, however, one or two methods by which these nuisances have been abated. The first is by forestalling the tale; for as these people have seldom more than a limited collection of old stories, and have no memory for new ones, the first sentence generally tells what is coming. Some spirited listener immediately interrupts the beginning by saying, "Oh yes, we all know; you mean about the man—a Spanish scholar was not he? Yes, a Spanish scholar, who kept reading a favorite author on his way to the scaffold, and when summoned by the executioner to the fatal block, turned down the leaf for fear he should lose his place!—a capital story, but everybody has heard it." The poor man who ought to have told the tale makes a most piteous face, and seems ready to weep with

vexation. Nevertheless the company is saved from a vast deal of dulness. Another plan I have seen successfully put in practice is, when the prosing narrator has wasted a great deal of time, and is still only in the middle of his story, one of his hearers pretends to think it at an end, and cries out, "Very good!" "excellent!" "an extraordinary catastrophe!"—the rest of his companions echo him, and he goes on talking about something else: leaving the unfortunate prosier in the middle of his story. Good-breeding, we know, demands that these expedients should be put into operation as seldom as possible, and when they are, with the utmost delicacy; but there is a point beyond which politeness may be allowed to step, and surely never with so many excuses as for the purpose of smothering a long, dull pointless story, badly told.

#### EFFECTUAL MEANS OF CHECKING RUNAWAY HORSES.

WHEN a Canadian family-party, travelling in winter over ice-covered rivers and swamps, is so unlucky as to cross a place where the horse sinks, they save him from drowning, and themselves from the danger of sharing the same fate, by pulling a rope so arranged that it instantly chokes him. The water being thus prevented from entering his gullet, or windpipe, he floats on the surface, and it only requires a long and firm pull to bring him to solid ground, when, the rope being relaxed, he quickly recovers his wind, and is ready once more to start on his journey. This plan of saving a horse's life by suffocating him is spoken of by the Canadians as an equally effectual and safe means of attaining the desired end, and it is in universal practice. A similar means of stopping runaway, and subduing infuriated horses, whether in riding or driving, has been lately adopted by Mr. Miller, an ingenious saddler of Lothian street, Edinburgh, not in consequence of any knowledge of the Canadian plan, but as an original idea. It consists of a rein composed partly of thread-covered cat-gut and partly of common leather, one end of which is attached to the bridle at the top of the horse's head, while the other rests at the pommel of the saddle, or on the splash-board or coach-box, as the case may be. Running upon the cat-gut part by means of loops, is a short *cross piece* of cat-gut, which rests against the windpipe of the animal, ready to be pulled up against that organ, by taking a hold of the nearer end of the rein. A quick and firm pull, to stop the breathing of the animal, is all that is necessary to bring him to an instantaneous pause. He may be in a state of panic, and running off with the bit between his teeth, in spite of every ordinary means of checking him; but no sooner does he feel the stricture on his breathing, than he is conscious of being outwitted and nonplussed, and becomes instantly as quiet as a lamb; at the same time he keeps quite firm on his legs—the check not being by any means calculated to bring him down. On the contrary, from the position in which it places the horse, his shoulders being brought up, and being pressed back upon his haunches, the check is, indeed, eminently calculated to keep him up. A horse in a gig, fitted up with the safety-rein, was lately paraded before ourselves in one of the streets of Edinburgh, and the animal was several times, in the height of his career, (once when coming rapidly down hill,) brought to a sudden stand. We understand that the safety-rein is rapidly coming into use; and, friends as we are to everything that tends to diminish evil, and promote the convenience and agreeableness of human life, we cannot but wish to see it in universal application. We feel assured that henceforth, by means of this rein, accidents from the running away, or other violent conduct of horses, may be altogether prevented.

From the United Service Journal.

### THE NAVY OF RUSSIA.

THE naval power of Russia, in itself unimportant, has some claims on the interest of a British reader, from the evidence which its very regulations, and a contemplation of the general policy of the Russian cabinet affords us, that its government entertains the instinct of seriously employing it, for the first time, against that of Great Britain.

If we consider the present relative condition of the maritime power and resources of all nations, and the vast changes which the introduction of steam navigation has effected in the naval art, we are impressed, 1st, with the conviction that the superiority of England's power upon the seas over all the nations of the world has never been so great as at the present time; 2ndly, with that of the change which has taken place in the relative importance of naval supremacy, of which the effects, formerly limited, now entail the speedy and utter destruction of the adversary forced to acknowledge it. Up to the last was a conquered navy, though conquered, remained still formidable—still occupying the powerful fleets of its victorious antagonist to watch it for years in the harbor in which it had taken refuge, and though vanquished, seldom entirely crushed, or even rendered harmless. We believe it, in fact, to be the generally received opinion of those untrammelled by prejudices, who have carefully investigated the subject, that in the present state of the arts of navigation and destruction, whichever power asserts its uncontrovertible superiority at sea will, in a brief space, be not only supreme, but alone, and leave in a few months, no hostile flag in rivalry on any of the waters of the ocean. Steam, the use of hollow shot, the perfection daily attained in concentrating the fire of broadsides, have rendered utterly insecure those fort-protected harbors in which the vanquished fleet found certain refuge, but in which they are now in no more security than the rabbit in its burrow from the inroad of the ferret. What wind or current can prevent the pursuer from steaming rapidly up, or being towed up by his innumerable steamer sea-horses? What land defences cannot, at the present day, be silenced or crumbled by the thunder of ships' batteries when once brought to bear upon them? And this is to say nothing of the vast additional capabilities of steam mechanism to purposes merely destructive, when coupled with the substitution of iron for oak—iron which, stronger than oak, may be made in honeycombed compartments more buoyant than cork—means yet undeveloped, from the unhappy fact of their greater applicability to the arts of war than those of peace.

The past history of nations furnishes us with examples, where the less powerful or least successful of two adverse navies has proved, in the long run, even more advantageous than its victorious rival to the interests of the nation to which it

belonged; but future history will have no such anomalies to record, for, from the present time, it is evident that any nation struggling with a great maritime power to which it is widely inferior will find its navy, not comparatively, but *utterly useless*. This fact, as well as that of the hopeless inferiority of any of the most powerful foreign nations in a naval struggle with the sea-might of Great Britain, is forcibly impressed on the master minds, and what we must venture to call the "directing intelligences" of these countries, although they may not always care to admit these convictions.

Without losing sight of the superior excellence of Danish, Dutch, Greek, and Swedish seamen over any other excepting our own, we may assume that there are only three nations which, from the magnitude of their armaments, or the extent of their resources, are usually considered as *maritime powers*, however little they may be entitled to the epithet of *Maritime States*—France, Russia, and the United States.

It will be in the recollection of most of our readers, when war with the United States was last canvassed in England and trumpeted forth with hot eagerness in the former country, how France, with which we were on terms of greater amity and cordiality than we had been for centuries, (and towards which all animosities and prejudices in our own population had long subsided,) rose as one man, uniting all her parties to join in the insensate cry, "that the hour of war with England and retribution against her was arrived." This feeling was not alone the blind hatred of the ignorant, whose passions had been casually or artfully inflamed, but was shared by the mass of her statesmen, her orators, and generally of her talent, and took its rise with them from the conviction that in the event of war between Great Britain and the United States of North America, in the latter a presumptive ally must be destroyed, whose strength united to that of France, might, in the hour of need, have enabled her to cope with that of Great Britain on the ocean. This idea, it can hardly be doubted, also animates the policy of the Russian cabinet; and at least France and Russia consider both themselves and the United States, as far as regards their maritime power, like the divided rods of the licitor in the Roman allegory, which united, they hope, may baffle the strength of England, but which separately she may snap asunder at her pleasure. If the hope of successfully measuring even the united naval strength of these powers against that of Great Britain be, as we believe it, fallacious, we must admit that the more just the appreciation of her strength by them, the more imperiously their policy will dictate the expediency, whenever one of them is engaged with the Leviathan sea power of England, of not neglecting an opportunity of assailing it, which will never occur again so favorably when one of them is destroyed. Between following this line of conduct and that of abandoning all idea of cultivating

navies before this vast ascendancy, we must confess that no alternative is reasonable.

England must, therefore, look forward to the probability, in assailing any of these three nations, to being assailed by all of them, and involved in a struggle which will decide the empire of the watery world.\* With regard to its results—we have, on the one hand, France with her immense inferiority of seamen—we have the United States, our rebellious firstborn, the flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood, nearest to us in resources, superior to us in energy, *but almost without a native sailor*, and little likely for half a century to possess any but such as they now employ—men seduced by high wages from our own flag, and whose services—a matter of purchase—our superior capital would always enable us, when worth while, to purchase back by outbidding their employers.

These stirring Republicans—comparatively without a sea steamer or a native seaman—are yet the most formidable of our antagonists, by the facilities the numerous works employed to construct her countless lake and river-boats and locomotives afford for building steam-boats.

We have Russia, with her fleets numerically large, but whose deplorable weakness and contemptible condition it is our purpose to describe.

On the other hand, we have Great Britain with treble the number of sailors (not men-of-war's-men) of these three nations combined. A land which could put to sea, if required, four times the number of steamers of all the world combined, who, if her people chose, alone of the world could find the funds to equip such gigantic armaments.

The commercial navy of Great Britain consists in round numbers of 27,000 sailing vessels, of above 30 tons; collectively, of three million tons admeasurement. These and her vessels of war are manned by upwards of 220,000 seamen. Fishermen, and crews of vessels beneath 30 tons, amount to 150,000 more—together 370,000 men.

France, Russia, and the United States have collectively a commercial marine not exceeding one million seven hundred thousand tons, floating on salt water. Seamen, men-of-war's-men, and all connected with aquatic pursuits, in these states, do not number above 240,000, of which at least 100,000 have no claim to the appellation of seamen, viz.,

France has 5000 vessels above 30 tons, tonnage 600,000 tons. Her seamen, men-of-war's-men, fishermen, boatmen, &c., inclusive of the superannuated, are under 90,000.

The registered tonnage of the United States' commercial marine amounts to two million tons, of which one million is employed on salt water—collectively manned by 90,000 men, of which one half are employed on fresh water, and 25,000 British subjects.

Russia has no mercantile navy, except some boats and vessels, employing less than 10,000 Finns, and her 50,000 recruited men-of-war's-men.

If we turn to the Navy of Great Britain, we find it numbering 120 sail of the line and 140 frigates; whilst the united world in 1840 could only boast of 175 ships of the line and 195 frigates; whilst Russia, France, and the United States together, do not muster of this amount more than 120 sail of the line and 117 frigates.

Facts and figures thus show us, firstly, a numerical superiority in our own over their united navies, and secondly, that our military navy is the smallest in proportion to the resources which our commercial marine offers, by drawing on which to the same extent as our neighbors, we should at once attain even to a numerical naval superiority over the whole world leagued together.

Confident as any comparison of our naval resources, if even we compare them with those of the united world, must leave us of our strength, it should not blind us to the probabilities of its being assailed. The fortunate discovery of steam to a land of inexhaustible coal, and iron, and industry, and a proud preëminence to start with in this new career, must give her, by the natural course of things, the undivided empire of the waves; where she has been the proud arbitress, she must become the sole and absolute mistress; but it is not to be expected that the rest of the world will let their share of the ocean's empire, which they see daily escaping from them, be usurped without one last blow to retain it. It cannot be expected that they will bow to the inevitable fate of which the future offers the prospect, whilst their sanguine hopes may still see in their united energy a last chance of averting it.

We who feel in England that we have made even greater progress in the universal appreciation of human rights, and, consequently, in cosmopolitan feeling, than we have in the positive and utilitarian sciences, cannot but regret that France, the Athens of our modern Rome, with which our real interests, once opposed, in the future, like two diverging lines, can never come in contact, should force on us a fruitless war, bootless to herself and injurious to us in common with humanity, by arousing fresh enmities and checking that civilization and enlightenment to the progress of which the union of these nations is so essential, and to which the genius, the talent, and the learning of her children so powerfully contribute. We may regret, but we cannot be surprised at an eventuality so lamentable. We may lament that war may arise from the arrogance and conceit of American mobs, intoxicated by the adulations of those flatterers to which the plenitude of power gives rise in a democracy the same as in a despotism, and from whom it has an equal tendency to conceal unpalatable truths, and acting the more readily on a semi-educated nation where an ignorant man is as scarce as a well-educated one. Education, as we have too often experienced, acting sometimes in the inverse ratio of those medicines, which taken in larger quantities are poisonous; educa-

tion being poisonous only in the smaller doses, medicinal in the large. Let us not, however, be understood as guilty of the sacrilege of advancing an argument against the spread of knowledge, for it is obvious that the small dose must be taken before the larger one, of which we acknowledge the efficacy and merit. We may regret that war may arise, which, without benefiting humanity, will, for so many years, retard the prosperity of a young and thriving people. But we must acknowledge that predispositions to it exist in the envy, vanity, and ignorance of its democracy, no less than in the wounded pride of the French people, to whom we, the conquerors extend the hand of fellowship, willing as such to bury in oblivion injuries which, as the conquered, we might still as sorely and acutely feel. This feeling it has not been the lightest task of the statesmen of these nations to restrain, but the bold politician, when a favorable opportunity presents itself, influenced by the considerations into which we have entered, will only have to rouse and give the rein to them when the fitting moment is arrived. With regard to Russia, which, like a vast inanimate body, has not a breath or feeling to animate it, excepting that which, galvanic-like, its government inspires, it is naturally more difficult to gather indications of its future conduct; and we are led to place an emphasis on signs which, in a free country, would be unworthy our consideration. For instance, the jealous despotism of Russia advances aliens and foreigners, without credit, kin, or influence in the country, to all offices of responsibility, in preference to her native subjects. Russia appreciates the services of British adventurers, in every branch of her civil and military administration, excepting the naval, for which their peculiar adaption is obvious. From this career, which is open to all other foreigners, of late years they have been strictly excluded. We cannot, therefore, doubt that Russia, who finding in British power the great obstacle to her aggrandizement at half the points of the compass, has, in the conceit of her cabinet, swollen her natural enmity into rivalry, has not been the last of those who have understood the moral of the allegory of the licitor's rods. Whilst we, therefore, appreciate and acknowledge the colossal resources of England's maritime power, and the certainty, as far as human calculation can avail, not only of her unshakeable security, but of her eventual triumph against all and any external foes, we see in them no security that her power will not be once more assailed; and on this account we think that there are things which an English public neglect, which, independent of the technical interest they afford, an English public should study—we mean the real amount of the nation's strength when it chooses to exert it; and the strength or weakness of those who, before becoming brethren, will be yet arrayed against it as enemies and rivals.

It is far from the verge of improbability that we may yet see a Russian navy, with its fifty thou-

sand sailors, arrayed against us, amongst other foes, startling, if not alarming, our countrymen; and it is, therefore, well that they should learn what value to put upon that thing of "shreds and patches," woven into the scarecrow giant's form, which, seen from a distance, indistinct and dim, looks awful,—but, closely viewed, becomes merely ludicrous to the beholder. It is, however, difficult to give an account of the Russian navy, any more than of any of the other national institutions of this country, without reverting to the man who was the founder of them all, and within the narrow circle of whose biography the history of the most brilliant period of their existence is contained.

When Peter the First, who,—savage and barbarian as he was,—so well deserved the name of Great, stood on the islands of the Neva's Delta, the newly-conquered soil of Ingria, still within reach of the hostile Swedish cannon, and resolved to build there a city and a fleet, possessing then no outlet to the Great Northern Sea but the one river whose marshy banks and islets he occupied, and exposed to the aggression of a redoubtable enemy, in whose very teeth it would be necessary to complete his undertaking, there was a boldness in the conception which success has justified. When, a few years after, he made his triumphal entry into the new capital which had risen up from the morass,—palaces and dwellings having sprung up where only the bulrush raised its head, and the acclamations of a vast population greeting him on the spot where only the cry of the sea-mew and the voice of the marsh-frog fell formerly upon his ear,—when history tells us that it was on the occasion of a naval victory, obtained over the Swedes with the very fleet of which a few years before he only contemplated the construction,—a design towards the accomplishment of which he had neither a single artisan to construct, a sailor to man, or a port to harbor the ships, which were still trees in the forest,—when we remember these things we must confess that the annals of the past offer no parallel to the boldness of the idea or the success of its execution, except in the solitary instance of the rise of the Roman naval power, in the face of the Carthaginian supremacy. Indiscriminately as the wisdom and talent of this man has been praised in all his actions by the enthusiasm of his admirers, and overrated as his merits have been, the real grandeur, hardihood, and skill of his efforts to create a maritime power defy the panegyrics of his warmest eulogists to exaggerate. The genius of Peter was essentially nautical, and, whatever may be related of his early aversion to the water, through his after-life he gave ample evidence that it was his natural element, his marked predilection for everything concerning it proving instinctive of the peculiar tendency of his talent in this direction. Setting aside all the fables of cotemporary flattery, and of the adulation of posterity, which attribute to him the personal execution of herculean labors, and a skill as uni-

versally comprehensive as it was marvellous, we may distinctly gather that he was really one of the boldest and cleverest seamen of his time, and acquainted in the minutest details with all the collateral branches of his profession relating to the construction of fleets,—an advantage which few men, if any, have ever combined in the same degree, and which, in his situation, perhaps, alone enabled him to perform what he did. Peter,—at once the despotic sovereign, the shipwright, the sailor, and the pilot,—succeeded in building an excellent fleet, which his liberality gained over a due proportion of foreign officers and seamen to man; whilst his discrimination and knowledge of the subject allowed him to distinguish the exact ability of those he employed. He commanded himself,—skilful and bold as an admiral, he was at the same time the supreme arbiter of reward and punishment,—and thus, with a fleet which he had just created, he defeated the navy of a warlike nation, whose flag had been already formidable on the waters a thousand years before. It must, however, be admitted that the Swedes, who as soldiers have performed the most remarkable exploits of any nation whatsoever, both in point of talent and bravery, at sea have distinguished themselves more by reckless gallantry than by skill; and, if surpassed by none in valor, they have certainly held a nautical rank inferior to the English, the Dutch, and the Danes. Peter rendered his fleet decidedly superior to that of Sweden, and from his contests with it we may take the measure of the naval power which he had the merit of thus calling suddenly into existence, to occupy a very prominent station in the European scale. Far from keeping the promise of its early and auspicious years, the infancy of the Russian navy proved the most brilliant period of its existence. Since the days of Peter it has never shown itself so formidable as under his command; and in recent times it has so far degenerated as to be one of the very worst in Europe. Although it consists of fifty sail of the line, and though these have fifty thousand armed men to work them, if it were necessary to hold two thirds of the number in commission, so small would be the proportion of even tolerable seamen on board each ship that they would be about as ill-managed as the Chinese war-junks. Independent of this, two thirds of the vessels constructed in the Baltic are too rotten to put to sea,—but even if this were remedied, the deficiency of proper crews cannot.

It was, no doubt, the idea of Peter, when he founded the Russian navy, that it would be supported by a commercial marine, which he might naturally suppose would flourish with such an extent of coast as he appropriated to Russia on the shores of the Gulf of Finland, where every material for ship-building existed in abundance, and where an extensive trade would soon have furnished ample occupation for a merchant-fleet, if early measures had been taken to afford it sufficient protection against foreign competition. But the successors of Peter, who were no sailors themselves, could never be convinced that it is beyond the power of a Tsar to make a sailor by ukase,—and, therefore, entirely neglecting their merchant service, which was the only school for them, they never thought of removing the social obstacles which insuperably opposed its prosperity, and contented themselves with building fine ships, sending soldiers to man them, and hiring the services of foreign officers to command their fleets.

The obstacle we allude to,—which prevents, and has always prevented, the Russian from adopting a sea-faring life, if, indeed, it offered sufficient inducements to remove the prejudices natural to a nation of landmen,—is simply the fact of his servitude. Almost every Russian of the laboring class is, and always has been, a slave, whom his master will not trust abroad, and who, without his permission, cannot leave the country; and of late years, since the effect of this state of things has been too clearly perceived, the jealousy of all foreign intercourse which has sprung up, and which dreads “the march of opinion” more than the inefficiency of the fleet, has prevented any attempts at remedying the evil. In the whole of the Baltic there is, therefore, no such thing known as a Russian sailor serving on board a merchantman,—the crews of the few vessels engaged in commerce being composed exclusively of Finns, Germans, Danes, and Swedes. It is true there is a law which obliges every vessel sailing under Russian colors to have a Russian captain; but, whether the ship belong to a Russian, or, as is generally the case, to a foreign owner, a peasant, who does not, perhaps, know the head from the stern of the ship, is engaged as nominal captain, and receiving a salary of thirty shillings a month, as soon as the vessel goes out of port is sent down to sleep in the fore-cabin, resigning the command to a Finn or a foreigner, to whom he very often acts as cook. The sailors for the navy are, therefore, recruited in the same manner as the soldiers for the army, from the class of agricultural peasants. Obligated, by the ice, to remain utterly inactive in the Baltic for half the year, and in the Black sea for several months so, on account of its periodical storminess, they are destined to act half as sailors and half as soldiers, and, perfectly military in their organization, habits, and uniform, are disciplined to the use of the musket, and the infantry evolutions, much the same as our own marines. They are formed into equipages, which represent regiments or battalions, and into companies. They are dressed in stiff military coats, or great-coats, very tight at the collar and waist, and this seaman-like costume is completed by boots, and a heavy glossy leather chako, which may serve as a fire-bucket, of which it has much the appearance. Of the fifty thousand sailors employed in the navy, thirty thousand are stationed on the Baltic, and twenty thousand on the Black sea. Those of the Baltic fleets, composed principally of the refuse of the army recruits, are as miserable in appearance as they are lubberly. At sea only a small portion of the seven months during which the navigation is open, the greater number of them never thoroughly get over their sea-sickness; and, on account of the expense of sending vessels on any foreign station—where the pay increases to more than treble, besides the merciless plundering of the officers,—they are kept cruising in the brackish water of the Gulf of Finland, between Cronstadt and Revel, where they can never, on a clear day, lose sight of land. In fine or moderate weather, considering all the disadvantages under which they labor, they manage to work their ships tolerably; because, with all their ignorance and awkwardness, strict order is preserved. As soon as rough weather comes on, the officers, losing all confidence, resign the command of the ship to a few of the older sailors on board,—for the little knowledge that is possessed by a ship's company is usually to be found before the mast,—and ex-



changing the stern brutality of their manner for a sudden affability, loose the rein to all discipline, and every one begins to talk and advise together, who is not obliged by the confusion of his stomach to hold his tongue. The want of dexterity in manœuvring a ship—the want of silence when fighting her—and the want of active courage to board an enemy's vessel, or to repel the attack of his boarders—constitute all the evils requisite to ensure the capture of a vessel by one of far inferior size; yet these are evils to which every Russian ship in the Baltic fleet will be subject on the day of trial, with the exception of, perhaps, one or two, the crews of which are a collection of all their choicest seamen and officers, chosen whenever a Russian man-of-war is sent abroad.

Those who have had the opportunity of closely examining Russian vessels on a foreign station, seldom imbine any very exalted ideas of their efficiency; but they are generally unconscious of the fact that it is the very pick of the whole navy which is ostentatiously selected to give foreigners as favorable an idea as possible of the condition of their fleets, when they have been led to scrutinize thus severely. A portion of the sailors of the Baltic fleet form the marine guards, and are on that account chosen men; and also it contains a considerable number of Jews, who, in Russia, are not exempted from military service; and it is remarked, that they make some of the best sailors in the navy, being diligent, quick, and intelligent. The observation has frequently been made that the Hebrews, whom both Napoleon and the Emperor Nicholas have tried to force to fight, have never been brought to stand in the field; but on ship-board they generally behave with determined courage. Does not this show that it is the want of taking the remotest interest in the quarrel, for which he is forced to endanger his life, which makes the Israelite seize every opportunity of placing it in security; since, when he finds that he cannot run away, he behaves with as much presence of mind and courage as the best of his neighbors! Even from the land forces, the Jews have been gradually draughted into the fleet, as the emperor is by no means partial to them, whether it be that he follows his own prejudices, or yields to those of his subjects against them. We remember, whilst many of them were still in the Guards, that one of this persecuted race was placed as sentinel on one of the posts which surround the Winter Palace; it happened to be the anniversary of our Saviour's resurrection, a festivity which Russians of all ranks, from the emperor to the "moujik," observe by kissing every one they meet upon the cheek, and saying "Brother! Christ is arisen." The Czar, on quitting his palace, according to custom, thus embraced the sentry at the gate, and uttered the usual exclamation; but the Jew, instead of making the accustomed reply, answered stoutly, "It is false!"

The food of the Russian sailor at home is much the same as that of the soldier; when on a foreign station he is much better fed, as well as better paid; but the long fasts which he religiously observes, and the sour rye biscuit, which is a rusk made from the common bread, seldom allow him, even in this case, to improve much in appearance. With regard to the naval officers—brought up as they are in Cadet schools, which are half the year afloat on board of Lilliputian vessels of war, manned by the students, although no school is

like the broad ocean—it is difficult to understand how it is possible that they should be so grossly ignorant as they prove themselves, if it were not for their avowed disgust and indifference to everything regarding nautical life. It is a very common thing to hear the young officers declare, that in case of war, rather than go to sea, they would exchange into the cavalry; and even at present, these exchanges are not unfrequent, as in Russia the rank a man holds in one department of the service, is understood to fit him to fill a corresponding station in the branch most dissimilar to the one in which he has begun his career. We confess, that not having had the opportunity of seeing the Russian officers at sea, we should have had difficulty in giving credit to the accounts we had received from so many sources of their utter want of seamanship, had we not had the opportunity of witnessing the awkwardness of some of those considered the smartest amongst the rising generation of embryo admirals to whom the command of the government steamers in the river Neva is given. Although the stream is broad, and no more obstructed than the Thames at Purfleet, they scarcely ever make an excursion without running foul of some craft or another, which they always do with impunity, because, in every case, the blame is laid on the injured party, who, if he do not choose to hold his tongue, will be made to smart for it. We never knew but one instance where the government vessels had come in collision with anything, where they were not proved to have been blameless; viz., that of an officer who ran foul of the parapet of the English quay in broad daylight, and knocked away two of the enormous stones with the bowsprit of his steamer—five days previous he had run down a brig at anchor; but the brig was somehow proved to have been in fault, and so would the parapet of the quay, had it not been Imperial property.

After the police and the courts of law, the grossest speculation exists in the navy, though we are bound to say, that in all departments the extent to which it is carried seems exactly to fit the opportunity afforded. No Russian vessels ever go out into the Baltic without losing their anchors, and parting their cables, and the blessing of a moderate storm always furnishes a long account of stores and guns thrown overboard, which, nevertheless, have seldom been intrusted to Father Neptune. When the Russian fleet, in Alexander's reign, was kept as hostage in England, it is well known that every rope and sail, and cable, was publicly sold in detail by its officers. We had always formerly imagined, as perhaps our readers, who may be acquainted with this circumstance, do now, that the consideration of England's having to refit the ships, which their officers were fast reducing to naked hulls and bare poles, had given rise to this conduct; but experience soon convinced us that it is the common custom of the Russian navy, which is carried on to a considerable extent, even under the very eyes of the emperor; but the dangerous prevalence of which, directly a vessel or a fleet sails out of their own waters, it is impossible to check, by any severity, since all classes connive at its continuance. If it would be a rare occurrence to see a Russian fleet sold wholesale by its admiral as the Turkish has been, every part of a Russian vessel of war, except the masts and hull, may generally be purchased in detail.

We could indeed fill a volume with the accounts

of monstrous peculations in this department; a deeply-rooted evil, against which emperors and ministers make occasional efforts by examples of severity, which are as much thrown away, as the angry waving of the traveller's hand against the swarms of mosquitoes which buzz upon the Neva's banks. Some years ago, the present emperor sent down a commission to Cronstadt to seal up the arsenals, and examine their contents; but, by a *singular coincidence*, the arsenals were burnt down that very night; and yet, even the ashes of the buildings brought to light a case of public robbery unparalleled in the annals of other states, viz., the guns of a frigate which had foundered some years before in the Baltic—as reported, with all her guns and stores on board,—were discovered; thus proving that her officers had deliberately taken her out empty for the purpose of destroying her, and selling the stores she was supposed to have contained. The good-humored, indolent Alexander, on hearing some similar instance of peculation, remarked, "They would steal my line-of-battle ships if they knew where to put them."

The naval officers, as well as the sailors, wear mustachios; the latter are also encumbered with cartridge-boxes and short heavy Roman swords, which must both be very convenient to scramble about the rigging with. It is not long since the officers also wore spurs; this custom was abandoned about the same time that it was in Sweden, immediately after Nelson's attack on Copenhagen. The Swedish Admiral being sent over to that capital to make the excuses of his sovereign to the King of Denmark for not having sent him the timely assistance which policy had held back, the mob of Copenhagen, which was considerably excited, followed him in the street, and noticing his spurs, cried out, "There goes the admiral, with the Swedish fleet at his heels!"

The Russian navy was formerly principally commanded by foreign officers, and principally Englishmen and Dutchmen. Peter the Great appears to have been the only distinguished Muscovite admiral—as on land Suwarrow has proved the only remarkable soldier. Some of the Englishmen in her service have distinguished themselves by that daring gallantry which has given them the empire of the ocean. Amongst these we may cite as the most remarkable, the renegade Paul Jones, and Admiral Elphinstone, who both served under the Russian flag in Catherine's reign, during which Count Orloff's expedition to the Morea may be remembered, in which he aroused the Greeks to rebellion, and basely abandoned them—a fault, or a *maladresse*, (which the virtuous and philosophic Prince of Perigord once said was worse than a crime,) whose consequences have clogged the march of Russian policy down to the present day, by obstinately living in the memory of the Greek population, and limiting the confidence they might otherwise have felt in their co-religionaries.

After his battle in the Bay of Tchesmè, where the destruction of the two admirals' ships was followed by the conflagration of the whole Turkish fleet engaged, Elphinstone proposed the daring plan of sailing direct for Constantinople, and by a bold stroke, taking possession of, or at least, destroying the city of the Sultan. Orloff rejected the project as inexecutable, and Elphinstone, departing alone, forced the passage of the Dardanelles, thirty years before the feat was performed

by Duckworth's squadron—and landing within sight of the capital, ate his repast on shore, and safely repassed the Straits, thus practically demonstrating how feasible had been the proposition. The fiery Scott—for Elphinstone, as well as Paul Jones, was from the land of cakes, and proved a remarkable exception to the calm and prudent temper which is ascribed to his countrymen,—disgusted with the mismanagement of an expedition, during the course of which fortune had left the very existence of the Turkish Empire at the mercy of the invaders, had they known how to profit by it, in one of the fits of passion to which he was subject, took the tiller of his vessel, and run it upon a rock. The waves, however, seemed unwilling to devour the man who had so fearlessly courted their embraces—he was saved, though his ship perished. He arrived in Petersburg; his services had been so brilliant—his censure on the conduct of the expedition was so undeniable—that it was not judged proper to bring him to a court-martial—and the influence of the favorite, and the dread of continuing to employ a man who gave way to such insane ebullitions of temper, occasioned his being left—unnoticed and unrewarded—until his resignation was tendered, and gladly accepted. Paul Jones, at the request of England, was also dismissed, but with handsome presents.

Of late years, however, the Russian government seems to think that it is high time, after a century and a half, that its fleet should be able to furnish Russian admirals to command it, and few foreigners have been recently advanced to the exalted station in her marine, which formerly was almost exclusively occupied by them, and even for a considerable time past Englishmen have not been admitted into the naval service at all, a fact which, as we have observed, furnishes some indication of the use Russia some day contemplates making of her fleet; since innumerable English names, formerly upon her navy list—and even now on the superannuated part of it—attest that it is not for want of appreciation of their peculiar adaption for that department of the service. We are aware that the contrary is usually believed of that navy, from the circumstance of one's hearing in every direction of English and foreign admirals actively employed. Gregg on the Black Sea—Ricord in the Mediterranean—Heyden, the Dutchman, commanding the Russian fleet at Navarino—Hamilton, Ogilvy, and at least a dozen more; but Gregg and Ricord, especially the former, the most distinguished men in the service, were born in Russia; the others are all exceedingly old men, originally English midshipmen and cabin-boys of merchant ships, who entered the service in the reign of Catherine, and belong to a period antecedent to the policy now pursued; and from their extreme age, they are dying off so fast, that in a few years probably none will remain. We are far from censuring Russia in trying to render her navy independent, after the example she had, when, on the declaration of war to England in Alexander's reign, his English officers resigned their swords; but this sedulous exclusion of Englishmen—and only of Englishmen—not from the service generally, but only from the naval part of it, shows very plainly that the government anticipate an eventual collision with that country only.

The Black sea fleet is in a much more efficient condition than that of the Baltic; the seamen have more practice, and the crews have mingled amongst them many of the maritime inhabitants of its shores,

as well as Little Russians and Cossacs. Still the same vice exists with regard to its officers; and being further from the central power, it is still less restrained than in the Baltic. The *Tchornomorskie* Cossacs, our old friends of the Dnieper, as well as guarding the line of the Kouban, furnish a contingent for the arsenal service; and their personal hardihood renders them formidable in gun-boats and galleys, about which they are principally employed. In character, in fierceness, and in the purposes to which they are applicable, they are not unlike the Malay pirates.

In the Baltic, the naval establishments consist of the dockyards of Auchta, on the right bank of the Neva, or rather of one of its branches, situated a little above St. Petersburg—of the admiralty, situated on that noble river in the city of St. Petersburg itself—and of the docks and arsenals attached to it, though the English quay intervenes between them. Here ships of the line are built, though large vessels can never pass over the bar at the mouth of the river with their guns and stores, and even without them only at high water. The spacious harbor of Cronstadt—the principal seaport, and the first naval station of the empire—fortified with all the ingenuity of art, and rendered as strong as art, unassisted by nature, can make such a place, occupies on a low marshy island the mouth of the gulf into which the Neva empties itself, and brings five hundred pieces of cannon to bear from the detached forts which rise from the sea on the one side, and the works of the place which command the narrow entrance from the other.

The next great station is Reval, in which is the second division of the Baltic fleet; it is also fortified, and contains docks, arsenals, and dockyards. Perhaps next in importance on the southern shore of the Gulf of Finland, is Baltisport, because the earliest open to navigation, which is here sometimes only impeded for a few weeks by the ice. All the seaports along the coast of Finland are more or less fortified; but the fortifications which defend the harbor and arsenals of Helsingfors, its present capital, are of great strength and magnitude. To the admiralty of St. Petersburg are attached the iron works of Colpenas, besides several similar establishments of minor importance. On the Black sea, the principal harbor and naval station is Sebastopol, on the peninsula of the Crimea—a place of natural as well as artificial strength. The admiralty is still at Nicolaiew, which is much less conveniently situated, but will shortly be removed to the former place, where the new admiralty is in the course of construction.

In the year 1839, the last account which we have before us, and in which no important variation has taken place, the united fleet of the Russian Empire consisted of,—

## SHIPS OF THE LINE.

5 of 100 guns and upwards; and 2 upon the stocks,	7
18 from 80 to 100 guns; 5 upon the stocks,	23
20 from 70 to 80 guns	20
	—
	50

## FRIGATES.

4 of 60 guns,	4
20 from 36 to 50 guns; 1 upon the stocks,	21
	—
	25

The sailors of the Baltic fleet were reckoned at 30,800 men; the sailors of the Black sea at 19,800, making a total number of 50,600. The fleets are

distributed much in the relative proportion of the sailors between the southern and northern waters, excepting that in the Black sea they have a larger number of small craft.

On the Baltic stations the Russians have about fifteen sea steamers, of which two, the *Bogatir*, built at Colpenas, and the *Kamschatka*, constructed in America, are steam-frigates; but as in case of war, the government will not hesitate to appropriate all steamers whatever, we must calculate also those belonging to private individuals, and thus the collective amount may probably exceed fifty. Though all are very indifferent craft, they are all fit for sea, none (excepting a very fast Thames boat, used to convey the court servants, cooks, fiddlers, musicians, and sometimes their masters, to the imperial residence of Peterhoff, upon the Gulf of Finland,) having been merely built for river navigation. The greater number of these have been built either at the private works of Beird, or at Auchta, and the engines constructed at Colpenas. The *Bogatir* is not, as far as regards her engines, a despicable specimen—there are few of the others of which as much can be said.

On the Black sea, the government steamers are seventeen in number, several of two hundred and sixty, and two hundred and forty horse-power: they are all of English manufacture, and are much in request to relieve the garrisons and transport troops along the coast of Circassia and Georgia. Four very large steamers also arrived last year from England. From the circumstance of the steamers being all English, they are on the whole better than those in the Baltic; but there are few private steam-vessels, so that perhaps five-and-twenty would be as many as government could command the use of. They have not attempted to build any here. It is remarkable that both in the Baltic and the Black sea nothing is used but Newcastle coal, as wood is much dearer even on the stations of the former, and from its bulk prevents a vessel from carrying sufficient fuel to enable it to leave the coast.

The pay of the Russian navy is, in English money, about as follows:

A general-admiral, . . . . .	£540 per annum.
An admiral, . . . . .	225 "
A vice-admiral, . . . . .	180 "
A rear-admiral, . . . . .	135 "

## IN THE MARINE GUARDS.

A captain of first class, . . . . .	100 "
A captain, . . . . .	80 "
A lieutenant, . . . . .	63 "

## IN THE REST OF THE NAVY.

A first class captain, . . . . .	£0 "
A captain, . . . . .	68 "
A lieutenant, . . . . .	50 "
A midshipman, . . . . .	38 "

The pay of a general-admiral is rather more than what an English blacksmith receives at Colpenas; the pay of a full admiral is exactly the salary of the shopmen in the English magazine in St. Petersburg; and a lieutenant receives what it is customary to give to a valet in that city.

The navy, like the Georgian and Caucasian army, is a sort of refuge for the destitute, and therefore contains few officers who have property of their own; nevertheless, many of those who are known to possess none, may be seen commonly drinking their champagne at 12s. per bottle. It is a

remarkable fact, that as soon as a Russian vessel is in commission, she is already rapidly beginning to rot ; and this tendency is so remarkable, that fully two thirds of the vessels composing the Baltic fleet are unsound. The navy and the shipwrights are fond of attributing this to some peculiar quality of the water of the Baltic, which, if it exist, must indeed be very peculiar, since it only acts on such vessels as are the property of government, and also to the bad quality of the wood. This, as far as concerns the oak, may have some foundation. It is undeniable that the Russia oak is very inferior in quality, like that of Canada and of all cold countries, in which its growth, confined to a few months of the year, and fostered by great heat and humidity, is too rapid, but the main cause probably lies in the green timber which the government builders employ, and charge on their books, or take from the contractors, as fully seasoned.

All the stores and appointments of the Russian vessels of war are excellent in quality. Their sails and cordage are the best in the world. The decks and rigging are all in the nicest order ; nevertheless, the fastidious eye of a seaman sees at a glance that the latter was never set up by a sailor, the twist of the ropes never having been attended to ; his taste is offended by an ostentatious display of brass—the common sin of most foreign navies ; and if he penetrate below, he will find that all the dirt that has been so carefully cleared from the deck, seems to have taken refuge beneath it. The immense mass of rubbish which the sailors are allowed to collect, is only exceeded by the furniture of the officers' cabins. As in Russia, generally, furnished rooms are unknown, every officer has his own furniture. Those in the navy, when they go on board in the summer, therefore, take with them the whole stock which filled their winter apartments on shore. We have seen a midshipman embarking with a host of chests, two sofas, and a pianoforte, besides his “batterie de cuisine” of kettles, frying-pans, and tea-urn, and the picture of his saint.

Finland alone, of all the Russian dominions, furnishes her with good sailors, but they are far from numerous, notwithstanding the vast extent of her coast, and being much averse to the naval service, Russia dares not yet resort to any very arbitrary measures to force them into it. Taking all things into consideration, we do not seriously believe that the Russian fleet, in the event of war with England, would offer more effectual resistance to anything like an equal British force, than the Chinese junks had done ; and we could quote opinions of great weight in this matter, to show that if the strength with which Cronstadt is fortified, would render the undertaking arduous, a fleet may be destroyed within the shelter of its harbor, and the passage forced, at a determined maximum of loss on the part of the British fleet, with as much certainty as military engineers can calculate on the reduction of one of the artificial forts of the French and Belgian line, within a given space of time.

An experienced mariner, one of that numerous tribe of Smiths and Johnsons, of whom Lord Byron speaks in his *Don Juan*, who have ever since Peter's days sought advancement and wealth in the service of Russia, and who had served on board the Portuguese and Turkish fleets, assured us, that it would be difficult for him to point out any nation whose vessels of war, in equal force, would not overmatch the Russian.

The Russian navy, therefore, in the hands of

her diplomatists, has proved more useful than ever it would have done in those of her admirals ; and the fleets so formidable at a distance—so ineffective when closely examined, remind us strongly of the wooden cannon which King Edward III. used to impose upon the garrison of Calais, when he besieged that stoutly-defended city. Nevertheless, we should never forget, that Calais *did* surrender to these guns, all wooden as they were.

The most reasonable hope which Russia might entertain—if it were not for the all-pervading venality corruptive of energy and power—would be in the prospect of eventually manning her fleets with her Finnish subjects, the only portion of the population of her vast empire containing sailors, which it might furnish to the amount of some twenty thousand. The only direction in which the Russian fleet, exclusive of its moral effect, is likely to exercise any immediate influence on the liberties and interests of the west of Europe, is towards Sweden. But at the same time, both from Finland and from Sweden may arise the greatest dangers to the Russian empire, and the most effective curb to the ambition of her cabinet, and at all events, for many years to come, they lie as ready instruments to the hand of Great Britain to accomplish for her two thirds of the work, whenever she may determine on doing so. The value of a navy, like that of a military force, is always relative ; there are political situations, where a single disciplined battalion is of more importance than tens of regiments in another ; and without some knowledge of the state of Finland and Sweden, it is difficult for us to appreciate the value of the marine of Russia in her Baltic harbors.

#### THE MOTHERLESS.

You're weary, precious ones ! your eyes  
Are wandering far and wide ;  
Think ye of her, who knew so well  
Your tender thoughts to guide ;  
Who could to wisdom's sacred lore  
Your fixed attention claim ?—  
Ah ! never from your hearts erase  
That blessed mother's name !

'Tis time to say your evening hymn,  
My youngest infant dove !  
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine,  
And learn the lay of love ;  
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,  
My poor deserted throng !  
Cling, as you used to cling to her  
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds ! the accustomed strain ;  
Come, warble loud and clear ;  
Alas ! alas ! you're weeping all,  
You're sobbing in my ear !  
Good night—go say the prayer she taught  
Beside your little bed ;  
The lips that used to bless you there  
Are silent with the dead !

A father's hand your course may guide,  
Amid the thorns of life ;  
His care protect those shrinking plants  
That dread the storms of strife :  
But who upon your infant hearts  
Shall like the mother write ?  
Who touch the strings that rule the soul ?—  
Dear, smitten flock !—Good night !

From Chambers' Journal.

## THE BACK STREET.

THE back street is necessarily a poor street, but it has a special character as a poor street. As one who forms part of a great society of uniformly poor people in a secluded rural district, is a different sort of person altogether from a member of a depressed class living in the immediate vicinity of rich people, so is a common poor street different from a poor street which is a back one. The latter is additionally poor by contrast, and by its containing things and persons which suggest affluence without partaking of it. The back street suffers by an unfortunate but unavoidable comparison. We turn the corner from a goodly well-to-do street, and feel ourselves all at once plunged into one full of fifteenth-rate houses and shops. This is a trial which no mortal street can stand. We walk with an easy mind through a regular district of the humblest class; but we *pity* a back street. The worst peculiarity of back streets is their fallen-off, broken-down appearance. Somehow they are always built at first on a supposition that they are to be nice genteel streets, fit for very tolerable sort of people; but they never keep up the character for more than three or four years, and regularly decline into something superlatively shabby. Not that back streets have not their struggles. They do their very best, I thoroughly believe, to resist the downward tendency of circumstances. Often we see a bit at the end, on one side, keeping up a neat appearance—painting the doors green once a year with a desperate earnestness—and making great efforts to suppress a small broker who exhibits old candlesticks and stools out-of-doors at the corner; but it is sure to be in vain. One heroic Leonidas of a proprietor will linger with a powerful apparition of white gauze blinds after all his own sort of people have vanished; but even he has at length to go, for the sake of a better neighborhood for his children; and then the case is settled. Our unfortunate back street never again holds up its head. It breaks out in an inflammation of little shops, loses heart about its window-panes, and begins to have far too many children. The very scavenger disrespects it, and only gives it a cleaning when he likes. In short, it becomes an out-and-out back street.

It is wonderful, all things considered, how a back street lives. The inhabitants all appear extremely poor. Yet it generally contrives to have a small shop for the materials of jollity every alternate door, with rarely less than one good baker's and a tolerable butcher's shop, besides an infinity of places with three penny loaves, two cabbages, and a stick of pipeclay in the window. One wonders whence all the custom comes for these shops, for it is evident the fine streets do nothing for their poor neighbor, and there is no thoroughfare. There is even a grocer, who puts a sugar barrel out in front of his door every morning, as if he was always just done with disburdening it of its contents; the boys have of course discovered the trick ages ago, and know there is not a particle of the sweet merchandize to be had in the inside for love or money; but still it seems to betoken a rather lively business. There is a smaller grocery concern, with two placards in the window, expressing "Agent for Grey's polishing Fluid," and "fresh butter from the country every Thursday." How do they all get business? Has the back street a self-supporting, mutually-devouring character, or how is it? There are also two man-

gles, one old and well established, the other a bustling, noisy rival, eager for a share of trade. You hear the rumble of the machinery, mingled with a conflict of woman's tongue, as you pass along. A chimney-sweep, with strong pretensions as to the putting-up of cans, has been established for years in one of the murky entries. He is an old man as black as Erebus all the week, but washes out gray and respectable on the Sundays. One of the most original sort of people about the street is a man who deals in asses' milk—recommended by the faculty. He has a den in a back court for himself and cattle, the braying of which has often attracted the hostile attention of the police; but he always battles them off. There is also a small millinery shop, with a female name over the door, and a modest insinuation of neatly-ribboned gauze caps in the window. Look in beyond the inner screen, and you catch a glimpse of two poor women, of the age of possible mother and daughter, sewing away as for dear life. The back street has a kind feeling towards these two poor women, for they are unusually industrious and inoffensive beings—tried, moreover, with a sore oppression besides poverty, in the form of an unhappy husband and father, who has been corrupted out of all good feeling, and torments them for the means of supplying his base indulgences. Yet they struggle on, and add to the wonder already excited by the back street in general, as to its powers of self-support. It would almost appear as if there were still some people fed by the ravens.

Amongst the denizens of the back street is a retailer of flour, bran, potatoes, and other articles of rural produce, of which samples are duly presented in the window. But it is a shop of evidently scanty business, and has got quite dusty for want of encouragement. Step in for a biscuit, and you are served by a blooming rustic-looking maiden, whose manner strongly betrays how little she is used to such a kind of life. An old enfeebled man sits sunning himself in a wooden arm-chair within the window, lulled by the hummy, buzzy sound of the flies within the bespotted panes, and with an out-dated newspaper of mouldering appearance spread upon his knees. It is irresistible to make a remark about the fine weather to the venerable patriarch, and he heartily assents, but intimates how much the crops need rain. There is a memory of the Lammernmuirs or Teviotdale in his very voice and the fading red of his cheek. But never more will the lark bid him a blithe good-morrow; never more will he delight to view the sheep and kye thrive bonnie O, on Whitsled lees or the Fairy knowe. He is a broken farmer, obliged at the end of a long hard-working life to seek shelter for his gray hairs in a back street in the city with his wife and two daughters, one of whom was the dispenser of the biscuit. A wreck of household furniture was nearly all that was left to the old Goodman when he forsook his farm; but some neighbors, pitying his state, gave him credit for a very small stock of articles wherewith to set up a shop; and behold him settled here, accordingly, to pine amidst the confinement and nastiness of a town over the recollection of better days. To turn such a man to the occupation of a shopkeeper, is like setting an honest shepherd's dog to play tricks. The concern does not, never can succeed. Meanwhile one of the daughters has gone to be a superior sort of a servant. The other must remain to take charge of

her infirm parents, and attend to business. What a cheerless life for beings lately so happily situated! At first the old man was able to walk almost every day to the outskirts of the town, there to catch a glimpse of the country; but now he hardly can move to the end of the street. He feels that he has had his last sight of the face of nature, that the green leaves and fresh blade must for the future be but ideas of the mind, till the eye that closes in death's sleep shall awake to see, and know all. One only joy ever visits the home of the poor-victual dealer. It is when an old country neighbor stumbles in upon them—no matter what sort of person he be, so he only comes from near Whitsled. The cold sorrow-subdued voice of the family then bursts up in a volcano of energy and gleesome excitement. Loud hearty salutations and inquiries break the forenoon stillness, and the visitor is almost dragged into the room behind the shop, and forced into a chair. There, with his delighted friends around him, he will discourse for a quarter of an hour about their old neighbors, and all the concerns of the country-side they once called theirs; while the best in the house is paraded, and everything but thrust down his throat. If anybody comes into the shop at that moment, Helen serves with a frightful impatience, and hurries back to devour up all that falls from the visitor's tongue, as if it were so precious, that to lose one word of it were a hardship. At length, at the top-flood of a conversation that might be heard as far as a hackney coach, the visitor rises to depart—to their infinite consternation, for they had reckoned him as their own for half a day at least—but country people always are in such a hurry when in town—and this consternation ascends in a perfect coronach or whoop of anguish, as if they felt themselves the worst-used people in the world, and never thought to have been treated in such a manner by an old friend. Amidst the clamor Rusticus breaks off, but not without the most solemn promise to come again and see them next time he visits the town. He goes, and down again sinks the voice of the family to the low tenor to which sorrow has tuned it.

The back street is remarkable for the perpetual mutations of its inhabitants. It has one or two families of four years' standing, who look upon themselves as quite an aristocracy among the rest, one being a pawnbroker, and the other the keeper of a thriving tavern which gives no credit. But the bulk of the people are of a year's continuance at most, or perhaps scarcely so much. The fact is, the back street is only a pis-aller, a harbor of refuge for persons quite at a loss where to go to. Men-servants discharged for marrying, go frantically and set up a shop in the back street. Youths interrupted by poverty in the midst of their studies for professions, plunge headlong into the back street, in the mad hope of living there by keeping a school—forgetting that wherever there are most children, there is always the less inclination for a paid education. Tradesmen who have failed in considerable streets, faintly think to get along under a jury mast in a small shop in the back street. Shops wake, therefore, into new life every few months, and almost immediately die again and make no sign, like babes which give up their breath before they have well drawn it. Presently come the bill-stickers, like so many Robin Redbreasts, and cover them all over with leaves. Long does the landlord wait for a new tenant; incessantly but vainly does he denounce the bill-stickers;

paste keeps the ascendant maugre all his efforts. At length the premises all at once some fine morning break out into a dashing eating-house, with a round of beef in the window, supported by a plate of sausages on the one side and a dish of mince collops on the other, looking all as if mankind could not fail to pour in as they went by to enjoy so many good things. Alas! "I've paced much this weary mortal round," and after a month, it is not half done. The shop for some time can't believe that it is not to be patronized, and goes on looking as bright and hopeful as ever; but it won't do. Mankind either have ceased to eat, or they know not where eating is best; and so, after a desperate struggle of a quarter, the shop resigns itself once more to the bill-stickers, who, like trusty undertakers, right soon come to swathe the corpse. One half of the shops thus fall asleep and wake again twice a-year at an average. In short, everything is in a state of tentation in the back street. It is a place of forlorn hopes and hopeless expedients. All that is unfortunate everywhere else, all that has been cast out everywhere else, takes refuge here—a step in the downward course to nothing. And all this is within a few yards of the back windows of elegant drawing-rooms, where prosperity indulges in its scarcely enjoyed revels. The aching head of the over-self-indulgent, and the dull bosom of those who, with world's wealth, pine from the very absence of all causes of worldly anxiety, throb within hearing of the curse of drunken despair as it staggers in from the tavern amongst anguished women and terror-stricken children, and the low moans which issue from the death-bed of those who, having only known life as a burden and a pain, are at last visited with one gleam of happiness in the prospect of soon leaving it. Huddled, indeed, is the geography of human bliss (or what is called so) and human woe!

Distinct as is the character of the back street, it is not always one thing; it has different aspects at different times of the day. Pass through it in the morning, and you see it at about its worst, head-achey, stiff about the eyes, trying to look unconscious of anything wrong that may have happened over night. The kennels are in no good state, and the fragments of a broken lamp yet bestrew the pavement. Two shops are getting their shutters taken off, one by a girl with a gown not yet fully induced, the other by an old man wearing his nightcap. A cart with buttermilk is an object of general attraction. In the middle of the day things look a little neater. A medical man, who has left his carriage in the neighboring street, is inquiring his way to a patient. The milk-cart is replaced by a wagon from which coal is sold in sackfuls, and an ass-cart dispenses shoals of haddocks and fresh herrings. Few of the ordinary inhabitants are seen in the street. In the evening, again, an entirely new scene is presented. The children, let loose from the schools, throng and fry about. Ten to one, as you go along undreaming of danger, you find yourself suddenly embraced by a skipping-rope, tripped up by a hoop, or hit in the cheek by a ball. The matrons stand in twos and threes at the doors, with dress put somewhat to rights, and knitting or other work in their hands, placidly surveying the sports of the youngsters. One or two of the younger women are seen tripping about with bright new-washed faces and hair excessively in curl, the admiration of journeymen carpenters returning from their work, and the young grocer standing in his door. Meanwhile the sun has

edged himself so far round to the north, that he is able for once in the day to send a few of his rays where in general all is dusky. Just at this time the place looks rather well. It is one little term of something like cheerfulness in the gloomy life of our street. But it soon passes away. Night comes, and on its wings brings things, as Thomas Hood says, which again alter the scene. The common sort of shops are now shut, but a chink in the doors of the taverns, and the swing of a bacchanalian chorus heard through the shuttered windows, tell that intemperance is in its full wakefulness. A few miserable women and children chant drearily along the brink of the kennel. One or two groups of drunken brawlers are seen on the point of quarrelling, and sometimes a window is heard suddenly thrust up, and the cry of "Police!" issued from it in a tone of frantic alarm or indignant fury—too familiar a sound to be much regarded by any one. So concludes the day of a back street, to be followed next morning by the same headachey, eye-rubbing, unconscious look as before. And so will this truthful history ever go on; for, however the persons may be changed, the circumstances remain unaffected. And thus it may be that, if you are now revisiting the back street after an interval of a very few years, you see the very same sort of shops, the same sort of houses and people, the appearance of everything the same; yet, in the quick ordination of poverty, the population will have been so entirely changed, that hardly one person living here at the former time is now present. Where have all the hapless gone! Alas! where do they in general go? It might be troublesome to trace the fate of individuals; but of what has befallen them in the mass, it can puzzle no one to form a conjecture.

## LONDON CHURCHES.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ. M. P.

I stood, one Sunday morning,  
Before a large church-door,  
The congregation gather'd  
And carriages a score—  
From one outstepp'd a lady  
I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,  
And held a vinaigrette;  
The sign of man's redemption  
Clear on the book was set,—  
But above the Cross there glisten'd  
A golden Coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle  
The inner door flung wide,  
Lightly, as up a ball-room,  
Her footsteps seemed to glide—  
There might be good thoughts in her  
For all her evil pride.

But after her a Woman  
Peep'd wistfully within,  
On whose wan face was graven  
Life's hardest discipline—  
The trace of the sad trinity  
Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free-seats were crowded  
Where she could rest and pray;  
With her worn garb contrasted  
Each side in fair array—  
"God's house holds no poor sinners,"  
She sighed, and crept away.

Old Heathendom's vast temples  
Held men of every fate;  
The steps of far Benares  
Commingle small and great;  
The dome of Saint Sophia  
Confounds all human state.

The aisles of blessed Peter  
Are open all the year;  
Throughout wide Christian Europe  
The Christian's right is clear—  
To use God's house in freedom,  
Each man the other's peer;

Save only in that England,  
Where this disgrace I saw—  
England, where no one crouches  
In tyranny's base awe—  
England, where all are equal  
Beneath the eye of Law.

There too each vast cathedral  
Contracts its ample room—  
No weary beggar resting  
Within the holy gloom—  
No earnest student musing  
Beside the famous tomb!

Who shall relieve the scandal  
That desecrates our age—  
An evil great as ever  
Iconoclastic rage!  
Who to this Christian people  
Restore their heritage!

*Hood's Magazine.*

## MR. HOOD—FROM HIS JULY MAGAZINE.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that, after a silence of a month, I renew my intercourse with my readers, through the "still small voice of print."

During the interval it has been my lot to undergo a fearful wrestling with Death; and although I have, for the present, escaped that fatal back fall which he has thrown so many of his mortal antagonists, enough remains in my shattered frame to remind me of the physical pangs and wrenches of so protracted a contest. Indeed, for the future, as at present, the serious and incurable nature of my complaints will require my whole stock of that cheerful philosophy which it has been my aim to recommend, heretofore, by my pen and personal practice. And, after all, (and be this my answer to the correspondent who signs himself "Verity,") it is better to have an enlarged heart than a contracted one; and even such a hæmorrhage as mine than a spitting of spite.

It will doubtless surprise some persons who have read the notice in the last number, to find me so soon resuming the pen and the pencil. The truth is, such exercises are somewhat against the triple injunction of my medical advisers, who strenuously ordered me "to do nothing," but which, on trial, was so hard to do, that a head and hand, unaccustomed to sheer idleness, flew to any work in preference. To the kind, but unknown friends, who have afforded me their sympathy—some, by letter—a few designs and a chapter will be welcome evidences of my recovery, or rather, amendment; for I have not even yet taken a final leave of my physicians, nor made, without reserve, the present, recommended by Macbeth, to the canine race.

THOMAS HOOD.

[Here follows an engraving of dogs, to whom physic has been thrown.]

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Monumens des Arts du Dessin chez les Peuples tant Anciens que Modernes. Recueillis par Vivant Denon, pour servir à l'histoire des Arts; décrits et expliqués par AMAURY DUVAL.* Paris, 1829. Folio. 4 vols.
2. *Illuminated Ornaments, drawn from Ancient Manuscripts.* By HENRY SHAW; with Descriptions by Sir Frederick Madden. London, 1833. Quarto.
3. *Catalogue of the Arundel Manuscripts in the British Museum (with plates engraved and colored by HENRY SHAW.)* London, 1834. Folio.
4. *Carteggio inedito d'Artisti dei Secoli XIV., XV., XVI. Pubblicato ed illustrato con documenti pure inediti dal D. GIO. GAYE.* Firenze, 1839. 8vo. 3 vols.
5. *The Pictorial Bible; being the Old and New Testaments \* \* \* Illustrated with many hundred wood cuts.* London, 1839. Quarto. 4 vols.
6. *Paléographie Universelle: Collection de fac-similes d'Écritures de tous les peuples et de tous les temps, tirés des plus authentiques documents de l'art graphique, chartes, et manuscrits \* \* \* publiée d'après les modèles écrits, dessinés et peints sur les lieux mêmes, par M. SILVESTRE, et accompagnés d'explications historiques et descriptives par MM. Champollion-Figeac et Aimé Champollion fils.* Paris, 1840-1842. Folio. 4 vols.
7. *The Abbotsford Edition of the Waverley Novels.* Edinburgh and London, 1842-1844. Royal 8vo. Nos. 1-56.
8. *Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages from the Seventh to the Seventeenth Centuries.* By HENRY SHAW, F. S. A. London, 1842-3. Imperial 8vo. Parts 1-16.
9. *The Keepsake.* 1843. 8vo.
10. *The Illustrated London News.* Folio. 1843.
11. *The Pictorial Times.* Folio. 1843.
12. *London: by CHARLES KNIGHT.* 6 vols. Royal 8vo. London, 1843.

AMONGST the characteristics of the literature of the present age there is one which, if neither the most striking from its novelty, nor the most important in its tendency, is certainly the most familiar to us all, and silently exercises no little influence upon society; we allude to the rage for ornamented, or as they are now termed, "Illustrated" or "Pictorial" editions of books. Be the books what they may, sacred or profane, old or new; good, bad, or indifferent—destined to remain as monuments to their authors, more durable than brass, or to pass away and be forgotten like the last year's annuals—still all must be adorned with whatever the arts of engraving and fine printing can supply, to form what our Gallic neighbors call "Editions de luxe"—or else, for the most part, be condemned to small type, and, perhaps, double columns, as "Editions for the people." Nearly forty years since, when "Illustrated" books were of comparatively rare occurrence, Professor Christian\* querulously remarked, "we do not grow wiser

than our forefathers; the fury for prints proves the frivolity of the times, and our books, I fear, will shrink from a comparison with those of the age of Queen Anne, which were not adorned with such superfluous and meretricious decorations." How would the professor lament over the "Illustrations" of the present day!

The skill of the engraver has indeed been singularly assisted by modern discoveries in science and in art; the Formschniders and the Intagliatori of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries would start with surprise at the stereotyped wood cuts and the electrotyped engravings of the present day. Maso Finiguerra and Albert Durer, Melchior Pfintzing, and Raimondi (Marc Antonio) would, perhaps, be less astonished at the steam-engine and its wonders, than at the reproduction *ad infinitum* of their most labored and most finished efforts; their own handiwork remaining the while unsoiled by ink, uninjured by the press, and serving only to produce metallic copies for the printers' use.

Five lustres since, and a few hundreds only of impressions could be taken from a copper-plate engraving without its delicacy being materially injured; a "retouching"—almost amounting to a re-engraving—was necessary to produce some few copies of inferior beauty and debased value. Now the "Art Union" can supply its twelve thousand subscribers with impressions from an engraving, of which the last shall be scarcely, if at all, inferior to the first, and could do the same were its numbers tenfold what they are. Five lustres since, and a few small wood cuts, mostly of very questionable design and execution—the works of Bewick and two or three others being the alone exceptions—were with difficulty "inked" with "balls" and "worked" by hand: the price of any book being materially enhanced by the pains and labor necessarily incurred in the printing of its wood cut "embellishments"—for such was then the term. In Johnson's "*Typographia*," published in 1824, is a detailed account of the difficulties experienced in finding either a printing-press of sufficient power, or proper ink, or the requisite skill to print a few copies of "the very elaborate and most extraordinary engraving on wood, executed by Mr. William Harvey, of the Assassination of L. S. Dentatus, from a celebrated painting by Mr. B. R. Haydon." This engraving was composed of eleven pieces of wood, "through which passed four strong iron bolts with nuts at each end," and measured fifteen inches by eleven and a half inches. We may now smile at this difficulty, but the worthy typographer might then boast of his success in achieving such a task with the means at his command. A few months ago the "Illustrated London News" circulated to its twenty or thirty or forty thousand subscribers a well-executed and well printed view of London measuring four feet by two feet, having a superficies about six and a half times that of the Haydonian Dentatus; and, more lately, the "Pictorial

\* "Vindication of the Right of the Universities of Great Britain to a copy of every new publication."



Times" put forth a woodcut of Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," of the same size with Burnet's line-engraving!

To produce great numbers of large engravings in cameo, whether in wood or metal, steam-power is of course employed: for small editions of works of less magnitude the Stanhope or Colombian (Clymer's) presses, worked by hand, are still used, and although "balls" also are even now employed by some printers for "fine work" and for delicate engravings of small size, yet the greater beauty of impression of the numerous "illustrated" books of the present day, as compared with those printed at the beginning of the present century, is mainly due to the almost universal substitution of Mr. Cowper's inking rollers for the "balls" which, until the year 1816, had remained unimproved from the time of Fust and Schoeffer; from the middle of the fifteenth century to the time of Bulmer and Bensley. This simple but most important invention was, we believe, patented, but the patent was as generally and as unblushingly infringed as in the case of the kaleidoscope invented about the same time by Sir David Brewster—"Sic vos non vobis." It is a very singular but well attested fact that, incalculable as have been the effects produced by the invention of printing, (for who can estimate them?) no improvement was made in the mechanical means employed by the early printers, neither by the Manuzj or Giunta, nor the Estiennes, Plantins, or Elzevirs, until the late Earl Stanhope invented the press which bears his name, and Mr. Cowper the rollers which do not bear his. Can we wonder that the Mazarine Bible, the first complete book printed, (certainly before 1455,) has not been excelled, if even it has been equalled, in all that constitutes beauty in a printer's eyes by any printed production of a later date! But to return to our subject.

Five lustris since, and, with the exception of Bewick's works, scarcely twenty books of modern date could be named having wood cut embellishments with any pretensions to merit. Amongst the few were a small Shakspeare in seven volumes, with designs by Thurston; an edition of Fairfax's translation of Tasso; and especially Rogers' Pleasures of Memory, with designs of exquisite beauty by Stothard.\* The number of works with cuts steadily increased; but without doubt the greatest impulse was given by the publication of the "Penny Magazine" of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—followed, "*haud passibus æquis*," it must be confessed, by the "Saturday Magazine" of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The first still continues, we believe, in its original course; the second has been long since cast off by the society which originated it, although it still bears a stamp resembling, in out-

ward appearance, that society's distinctive mark. There is no doubt that these two publications, each with many wood cuts weekly, have been the pioneers in the present march of wood cut illustrations.

The improvements in the art of wood-cutting, or of embellishment in relief, have been followed by their natural consequence—a great increase in the demand, greater means of supply, a lower price for "the article," and a corresponding increase in the "factories," some masters employing from twenty to thirty, or even more hands. If the present taste continues to exist, and shall spread, as is not by any means improbable, we may well anticipate that mechanical means will be found necessary, and something like a Brunel's block-machinery in miniature be adapted to the xylographic process, to aid the engraver in his suburban garret as the larger machinery does the rigger in Portsmouth yard.

A natural effect of all this is, that those means, which at first were called in to aid, now bid fair to supersede much of descriptive writing: certainly they render the text of many books subsidiary to their so-called illustrations. In this partial return to baby literature—to a second childhood of learning—the eye is often appealed to instead of the understanding, not so much on the ground that

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ  
Ipse sibi tradit spectator;"

nor from an acute and accurate perception of beauty of design, as from a low utilitarian wish to give and receive the greatest possible amount of knowledge at the least possible expense of time, trouble, money, and, we may add, of intellect. Verily it is a superficial knowledge which now pervades the country from Berwick to the Land's-End—from Maidenkirke to John O'Groats—wherever the English language is known, and where it is not known: we have seen the "Penny Magazine" in Polish.

One publisher has put forth a "Pictorial Bible," a "Pictorial Shakspeare," and a "Pictorial" History of England. The Napoleon Museum is advertised as an "Illustrated" History of Europe. The boards in the streets are placarded with puffs of some refuse of American literature (!) called Peter Parley's "Illustrated" Histories, written, we suppose, by "drab-colored" Philadelphians, and savoring of democracy and repudiation of honest debts. We have a Weekly "Illustrated News," and a "Pictorial Times;" besides scores and scores of baser newspapers "illustrated" but unstamped. In all these cases it will be seen that the adjective is more prominent than the substantive. We do not know that it would be fair to say the same of "Punch." Mr. Punch has pens of no common mark at his orders, as well as pencils—very clever writers (we are sorry to see not so good-humored as they were at the start;) yet George Cruikshank and his fellows are real artists,

\* Mr. Rogers, as it might be expected, has preserved some of these in the recent more elaborately ornamented editions of his poems. We, however, prefer the wood to the copper.

and to their grotesque fertility this most diverting paper owes at all events half of its attraction.

Five lustres since, and "Illustration" had a quite different meaning from that which now obtains. A book was then called "Illustrated" which was crammed, like a candidate for honors, with all that related to all that the book contained. To this end, every portrait, in every state,—etching, proof "before letters," finished proof, and reverses,—of every person, every view of every place, was if possible procured; and where engravings did not exist, drawings were made, until the artist's skill and the collector's purse were alike exhausted. The germ of this system of illustration existed as early as the time of Charles I. The pious but ascetic Nicholas Ferrar had bought, says Dr. Peckard,\* during his travels on the Continent,

"A very great number of prints, engraved by the best masters of that time, all relative to historical passages of the Old and New Testaments: indeed, he let nothing of this sort that was valuable escape him."

These prints Ferrar employed in ornamenting various compilations from the Scriptures; amongst others,

"He composed a full harmony, or concordance, of the four Evangelists, adorned with many beautiful pictures, which required more than a year for the composition, and was divided into one hundred and fifty heads or chapters."

The history of this "illustrated" book, the first we believe of its kind, is curious:

"In May, 1633, his Majesty set out upon his journey to Scotland, and in his progress he stepped a little out of his road to view Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire, which by the common people was called the *Protestant Nuntery*. The family having notice, met his Majesty at the extremity of the parish, at a place called from this event the King's Close, and in the form of their solemn processions, conducted him to their church, which he viewed with great pleasure. He inquired into, and was informed of the particulars of their public and domestic economy; but it does not appear that at this time he made any considerable stay. The following summer his Majesty and the Queen passed two nights at Aphorpe in Northamptonshire, the seat of Mildmay Fane, Earl of Westmoreland. From thence he sent one of his gentlemen to *intreat* (his Majesty's own word) a sight of *The Concordance*, which, he had heard, was sometime since done at Gidding, with assurance that in a few days, when he had perused it, he would send it back again. Mr. N. Ferrar was then in London, and the family made some little demur, not thinking it worthy to be put into his Majesty's hands, but at length they delivered it to the messenger. But it was not returned in a few days, or weeks: some months were elapsed when the gentleman brought it back from the king, who was then at London. He said he had many things to deliver to the family from his master:—first, to

yield the king's hearty thanks to them all for the sight of the book, which passed the report he had heard of it; then to signify his approbation of it in all respects; next, to excuse him in two points, the first for not returning it so soon as he had promised, the other, for that he had in many places of the margin written notes in it with his own hand; and '(which I know will please you,) said the gentleman, you will find an instance of my master's humility in one of the margins. The place I mean is where he had written something with his own hand, and then put it out again, acknowledging that he was mistaken in that particular.' Certainly this was an act of great humility in the king, and worthy to be noted; and the book itself is much graced by it. The gentleman further told them that the king took such delight in it, that he passed some part of every day in perusing it. And lastly, he said, 'to show you how true this is, and that what I have declared is no court compliment, I am expressly commanded by my master earnestly to request of you, Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, and of the young ladies, that you would make him one of these books for his own use; and if you will please to undertake it, his Majesty says you will do him a most acceptable service.'"

"Mr. Ferrar and the young ladies returned their most humble duty, and immediately set about what the king desired. In about a year's time it was finished, and it was sent to London to be presented to his Majesty by Dr. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Cosins, one of the king's chaplains. This book was bound entirely by Mary Collet, (one of Mr. Ferrar's nieces,) all wrought in gold, in a new and most elegant fashion. The king, after long and serious looking it over, said, 'This is indeed a most valuable work, and in many respects worthy to be presented to the greatest prince upon earth, for the matter it contains is the richest of all treasures. The laborious composure of it into this excellent form of a harmony, the judicious contrivance of the method, the curious workmanship in so neatly cutting out and disposing the text, the nice laying of these costly pictures, and the exquisite art expressed in the binding, are, I really think, not to be equalled. I must acknowledge myself to be greatly indebted to the family for this jewel, and whatever is in my power, I shall at any time be ready to do for any of them.'"

King Charles' statues, pictures, jewels, and curiosities were sold and dispersed by the regicide powers: from this fate, happily, the royal collection of manuscripts and books was preserved; neither was it, like the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, doled out, piecemeal, to Hugh Peters and his brother fanatics. This good service was mainly owing to Bulstrode Whitelocke.\* When the British Museum was founded, King George II. presented to it the whole of the royal library; and Ferrar's Concordance, with another similarly illustrated compilation by him, is there preserved in safety. The Reverend Thomas Bowdler of Sy-

\* "Jan. 18, 1647. The manuscripts and books in Whitehall, because of soldiers being there, were ordered to be removed to St. James' house, and placed there, which I furthered in order to the preservation of those rare monuments of learning and antiquity which were in that library."—*Memoriale*, p. 298, ed. 1732.

\* In Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, ed. 1839, vol. iv., p. 189.

denham, the representative of the last baronet of the Cotton family, the founders of the Cottonian Library, possesses another of the Ferrar volumes. Of those which were presented by Ferrar to George Herbert and Dr. Jackson no record remains.

The system of which we now speak was not fully developed until the publication of Granger's "Biographical History of England." Something may be said in favor of those who, with gentle dulness and patient industry, haunted the print-sellers' shops to collect all the engraved portraits which Granger had enumerated. There is a charm in the human face divine, although it must needs be powerful to call forth—as it does—twenty, or thirty, or fifty guineas from a collector's pocket for a coarsely executed cut of some Meg Merrilies, some Tom of Bedlam, or some condemned criminal, of which the only value is being "mentioned by Granger." However, the dress is always the dearest portion of a collector's treasure, be it in books or prints. Strutt's "Dictionary of engravers," to be completely "illustrated" in a collector's eyes, should contain every work of every engraver mentioned in it (Hollar alone would cost 10,000*l.*, could a set of his works be procured): yet this has been attempted, and so has Rees' "Cyclopaedia!" The copy of Penant's "History of London," which was bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr. Crowle, cost that gentleman 7000*l.*; and the "Illustrated" Clarendon and Burnet, formed by the late Mr. Sutherland, of Gower Street, and continued by his widow, who has munificently presented it to the Bodleian Library, cost upwards of 12,000*l.* This, perhaps the richest "pictorial" history which exists, or is likely to exist, deserves more than a passing notice. It contains nearly nineteen thousand prints and drawings: there are seven hundred and thirty-one portraits of Charles I., five hundred and eighteen of Charles II., three hundred and fifty-two of Cromwell, two hundred and seventy-three of James II., and four hundred and twenty of William III. The collection fills sixty-seven large volumes. Forty years were spent in this pursuit. The Catalogue of the "Illustrations," of which a few copies only were printed for distribution as presents by Mrs. Sutherland, fills two large quarto volumes. In mere numbers, however, Mr. Sutherland was surpassed by the foreign ecclesiastic who is said to have amassed twelve thousand "portraits" of the Virgin Mary! We know of copies of Byron's works, and Scott's works, each "illustrated" with many thousands of prints and drawings, and each increasing almost daily.

The venerable bibliopole and bibliographer, M. Brunet, says, in his "*Manuel du Libraire*," art. Strutt, of a copy of the Dictionary formerly belonging to Messrs. Longman, and valued by them at 2000*l.*:—

"Cette manie de faire des livres précieux me

rappelle la réponse que me fit un capitaliste à qui je montrais un volume d'une valeur considérable. 'Tenez!' me dit-il froidement, en me présentant un portefeuille rempli de billets de banque, 'voilà un volume encore plus précieux que le vôtre.' Ce mot me paraît sans réplique, et je ne crois pas qu'il y ait dans les trois royaumes de la Grande Bretagne un curieux qui pût montrer une *illustrated copie* plus précieuse qu'un pareil portefeuille. Au surplus, ne disputons pas des goûts, mais croyons que celui de l'amateur de billets de banque serait celui de bien des gens."

This system of "illustration" has, however, had its day; it required time, money and, moreover, knowledge and taste. Illustrations are now wanted ready-made for the million.

Five lustres since and manuscripts were things which were rarely seen, and still more rarely understood. The opportunities for seeing them were indeed but few; the British Museum was in comparative infancy; its reading-room frequented by tens, not as now by hundreds of daily students. The libraries of Oxford and Cambridge offered little facility of access to their treasures, and scarcely any means existed of making generally known the various splendid manuscripts to be found in other libraries, public and private. Catalogues of collections of manuscripts were compiled with a view to the subject-matter of each volume, rather than to the accidental qualities of calligraphy and illumination; even when the characters of a manuscript were criticised it was chiefly with the intent to judge thereby of its age and the country where it was written; but little criticism respecting the illuminations of manuscripts is to be found in those most conversant with them, in Mabillon, Maffei, Baring, Kopp, Walther, Trombelli, and the Benedictine authors of the "*Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique*." This last work, to great learning and very little judgment, adds so much quackery that, upon adding together the various classes into which the authors divide the modes of writing found in Latin MSS. alone, we find that they enumerate classes, divisions, sub-divisions, genera, and species, containing one hundred and eighty-nine species of majuscule writing, one hundred and seven species of uncial writing, ninety-three species of demi-uncial writing, and two hundred and thirteen species of writing in minuscules; to say nothing of the different species into which they divide cursive or running hand. It may well be a question how many schools of illumination they would distinguish.

Sometimes, it is true, the words "*cum picturis*" were added to the description of a volume, but to those who had not actually handled manuscripts the words conveyed little meaning, and the few engravings from such "picture" which here and there occurred in catalogues, or elsewhere, excited no wish in the mind of the reader to see the originals. The engravings to be met with in the bulky tomes of Montfaucon, Ducange, Papebroch,

Kollar, and others, were not generally known, nor were those which were published by the Society of Antiquaries, of the Cottonian Manuscript of Genesis, extensively circulated. The illuminated service books of the Roman Catholic Church, which, of whatever nature, breviary or plenary, antiphonar or gradual, hours or psalter, processional or benedictional, were, and still too often are, confounded under the generic term of "misal," afforded, by their more frequent occurrence, the chief means of information.

The first who in this country used, to any extent, illuminations as a source whence to "illustrate" the manners and customs, the dresses and sports, of former ages, was the laborious Joseph Strutt, whose engravings, though always coarse, and often inaccurate, have supplied the small learning of many a self-styled antiquary. A few years afterwards the late Thomas Johnes of Hafod put forth his translations of Froissart's and Monstrelet's "Chronicles," with engravings in outline from some finely illuminated MSS. of those authors. Mr. Johnes' books form an epoch in the history of illustration, as they first made apparent to the general reader the beauty to be discerned in manuscripts.\* In 1814, Mr. Utterson published an edition of the romance of "Arthur of Little Britain," with outline engravings, in the style of those to Johnes' translations. This was another step, for although Strutt had slightly tinted or daubed some of his plates, Mr. Utterson had some of the large paper copies of his book well colored, so as to imitate the originals. This, however, raised a quarto volume, with only twenty-five small plates, to the price of fifteen guineas! The great price of colored plates prevented the increase of publications of this kind, and but little was done until the year 1833, when Mr. Shaw published his "Illuminated Ornaments." To this work unquestionably the public taste is much indebted; it first united good judgment in the choice of subjects, minute accuracy of detail, beauty of execution, and comparative cheapness of price. Each plate was accompanied with a description by Frederic Madden, who added a preface, which, though very short, is almost the only history of "illuminations," to use what is now become a technical term for small paintings in gold and colors. Mr. Shaw had scarcely begun this work when his services were called for by the trustees of the British Museum to "illustrate" the catalogue of the Arundel collection of MSS., and their liberality enabled Mr. Shaw to produce some plates which are as yet unrivalled, save by the work undertaken by the Comte Auguste de Bas-

tard, under the auspices of the French government. The taste was now well excited in England, where public patronage is ever found the best.

By the aid of the French government MM. Silvestre, Champollion-Figéac and Aimé Champollion, *frs*, have completed a large work, the largest as yet on such subjects, which we have named at the head of this article: it contains about 300 plates, mostly colored, comprising specimens of writing as well as of drawings or illuminations. As might be expected in a work so large, the execution is unequal, and many of the subjects are unworthy of the preference given to them over others. It is a vast storehouse, and although, from its price, it is to the general reader as inaccessible as manuscripts themselves, yet we must call it an expensive, not a dear book. In Messrs. Bossange's catalogue it is marked at the price of 80*l*. In point of artistic feeling, and also of accuracy, it is inferior to Mr. Shaw's work.

The colored plates of illuminated MSS., which are found in the large work of Sommerard, *De l'Art au Moyen Age*, are little better than caricatures.

The first number of a humble imitation of M. Silvestre's book, from which indeed some of its specimens are taken, is now on our table: the chief merit is its cheapness—five plates, printed in gold (Dutch gold) and colors, by Mr. Owen Jones, for eight shillings! Were they better drawn, little more could be desired. A Mr. J. O. Westwood, who compiles the descriptions, writes himself "F. L. S.," and indeed he "speaks in Karl Linnæus' vein:" thus, when describing a "Codex purpureo-argenteus," of remote antiquity, he says:—

"I have introduced the last two lines of the 5th, and the first line of the 7th verses, to show that not only the words are broken in two at the end of the lines, without any connecting marks, but that the paragraphs were also undivided into verses. They are, however, separated by *alineæ*, here appearing simply in the first letter being written rather beyond the perpendicular edge of the other lines, but scarcely larger than the other letters. The rounded E, the acutely-angled first stroke of the A, the elongated Y and P with the extremity obliquely truncated, the rounded part of the latter scarcely reaching below half the width of the lines, the acute-angled M with three of its strokes thickened, and the A with the basal stroke elongated beyond the triangle, and knobbed at each end, are peculiarities evidencing the most remote antiquity, in all of which respects it will bear comparison with the most famous codices!"

He appears to confound "verses" with *τίτλοι* and *κεφάλαια*; could he possibly have expected to find "verses" in a MS. believed to be of the fifth century!

His first specimen is taken from a copy of the Gospels, in Latin, which there is little doubt was sent over to Æthelstan by his brother-in-law the Emperor Otho, between the years 936 and 940, and which was given by Æthelstan to the metro-

\* Some MSS. of Froissart are very beautiful. There have been published very lately some colored facsimiles, by Mr. Humphreys, from a remarkably fine illuminated copy of Froissart, (now in the British Museum,) which, from the arms in it, (gu. a chevron or between three escallops arg. a bordure of the second, quartering arg. on a chief gu. three eaglets displayed or,) may perhaps have belonged to the historian De Comines.

politan church of Canterbury,\* as appears from a coeval inscription in the volume. Mr. Westwood says :—

"The first page of the volume contains a large illuminated frontispiece; in the centre of which is a youthful king, crowned and kneeling in a church, with two courtiers behind him, and in front a figure of Christ, naked, and wounded on the side. The former has been supposed to represent King Richard II.; but it appears to me to be unquestionably intended for the youthful Henry VI., being, in fact, precisely similar to the miniatures of that king, contained in his psalter in the same library (Cotton. Domitian xvii.) In the upper part of the illumination is an aged crowned king, kneeling in the open country, with the devil at his back. There are also eight coats of arms in various parts of the page, and on a blue slab are inscribed the following lines :—

Saxonidum dux atque decus, primumque monarcham,  
Inclitus, Ælfridum qui numeravit avum,  
Imperii primas quoties meditantur habenas,  
Me voluit sacrum regibus esse librum.

This illumination is evidently of the early part of the fifteenth century, and the verses above quoted record the tradition that Athelstan, (the grandson of Alfred,) by whom the English monarchy was consolidated, and raised to so much importance in the eyes of Europe, had devoted this volume to the service of the coronation of the Anglo-Saxon kings."

This leaf, of which the writer of the above comprehends neither the meaning nor the importance, was inserted by Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV., and widow of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; therefore its date is after 1477. The arms of Burgundy impaling England are at the foot of the page, with the letters C and M, and their motto "Bien en advienne," the whole surrounded with daisies, (Marguerites.) The figure of the king, therefore, is *not* "unquestionably intended" for Henry VI. of Lancaster, the mortal enemy of Margaret of York. The other seven coats of arms are those attributed to, or borne by, the several dynasties of England prior to Margaret's time: being respectively (we spare our readers the heraldic jargon) those of Athelstan—*Edward the Confessor* for the Saxon kings—*Denmark* for Canute—*Normandy* for William I. and II., and Henry I.—*England* for Henry II., Richard I., John, Henry III., Edward I. and II.—*Ancient France* (first assumed by Edward III.)—and *Ancient France and England* quarterly for Edward III. and Richard II.

The fact that the sister of one of our kings should, at such an early period, thus have perpetuated the history of the volume, takes away all

\* The words are "Dorobernensis cathedre primatui, &c.," which by several writers who have mentioned this volume are supposed to signify the church of Dover, instead of Canterbury. Their mistake has evidently been caused by school reminiscences of the Eton Latin Grammar, wherein the same error occurs, in the example to the second rule of the Second Concord in Syntax—"Audit, it being heard, regem, that the king, proficisci, was set out, Doroberniam, for Dover." We commend this to Dr. Hawtrey's notice.

reasonable ground for doubt. Sir Henry Ellis has printed a letter\* from Sir S. D'Ewes to Sir Martin Stuteville, which shows that this MS. was used at the coronation of Charles I. At that time it belonged to Sir Robert Cotton, who was personally in attendance with it upon the sovereign. Not the least remarkable circumstance attending its history is, that, having been given by Æthelstan to Christ Church, Canterbury, the property of it should now, after the lapse of 900 years, be partly vested in the archbishop of that see, as principal trustee of the British Museum. But this interesting volume, the only undoubted relic of the ancient regalia of England, has drawn us from our subject.

Of a very different nature from the books which we have just mentioned is that, which, under the auspices, and chiefly at the expense of the French government, is undertaken by the Comte Auguste de Bastard, brother of the late Comte de Bastard, a President of the Cour de Cassation, and Vice-President of the Chambre des Pairs de France. We ourselves have seen this splendid work,—the "*Peintures et Ornaments des Manuscrits*,"—but it is probable that many of our readers will never have the like advantage, for we believe that there are not two copies in England of this costly book. *Costly* we may, indeed, well call it, for the seventeen livraisons of the first of the three sections into which the "*Partie Française*" alone is divided, are published at the price of 1800 francs, or seventy-two sterling pounds, each—so that this first portion, only forming, at the most, three volumes "*grand in folio Jésus*" (who but Frenchmen would ever so profane the name!) will cost 30,600 francs, or 1226*l.* sterling, (we have Count Bastard's handwriting now before us,) being at the rate of 10*l.* and upwards for each colored plate! The "*Partie Française*" is to consist of three sections, which, if of equal size, will amount to 3678*l.*! The conditions of subscription mention that "à partir du 1<sup>er</sup> Juillet, 1840, il paraîtra, chaque année, de quatre à six livraisons, qui seront payées, argent comptant, à Paris, au domicile de l'éditeur, rue Saint Dominique, No. 93, Faubourg St. Germain. . . . Comme garantie du travail, les planches portent tous ces mots, *Le Comte Auguste de Bastard dixerit*, et un timbre sec aux armes de l'éditeur." We fear that neither our announcement, nor the count's guarantee, will procure him many subscribers. Of the great accuracy as well as unrivalled splendor of this book there can be no doubt; nor would we insinuate anything tending to depreciate its high merits as a work of art, or "*illustrated book*;" but we openly express our opinion that the vast cost is not compensated by the result obtained. MSS. themselves would be as accessible as this book, which would represent only a small portion of a few. If Count Auguste de Bastard's work should comprise only two other parts of equal extent with the

\* Original Letters, first series, vol. i., p. 214.

French, the cost of a single copy will be upwards of *eleven thousand pounds!* a sum which, if well managed, would produce an entire edition of a work of high character and great beauty. The "*Antiquities of Mexico*," a magnificent work put forth at the sole expense of a young Irish nobleman, the late Viscount Kingsborough, cost his lordship, we believe, about 30,000*l.*; but for this sum a whole edition of a book in seven volumes in large folio, with very numerous colored plates, was obtained,\* and, in relation to its bulk and necessary price, copies were extensively circulated. However, be the cost of the count's work what it may, the French government cannot be taxed with want of liberality, for it has subscribed for sixty copies (including that of the editor and the four required by the "Copyright Act" of France,) out of the one hundred copies printed. This subscription, for the first section of the first part alone, amounts to 73,560*l.*, or, for the "*Partie Française*," to 220,680*l.*, and, should the whole be completed, on the least proposed scale, to 668,040*l.*, or, in francs, to 16,032,960! Of this enormous sum, we believe that the French Chambers have already paid no little portion. At this rate "*Illustrated Books*" become of great national importance, and the length of our notice of the count's work is amply justified.

To enter fully into the history and mystery of illuminated MSS., from which the books we have just mentioned draw their materials, would lead us too far from our subject, and would not be of much interest to those, by far the greater part of our readers, who never have had, perhaps never will have, an opportunity of examining such works of bygone times, and will know of them only by the books just mentioned and their more humble copyists. One thing we must premise, however, that whatever may be the age of the MS.—of the seventh or of the fifteenth century; whatever its school, whether of Byzantine or Flemish, Italian or Anglo-Saxon art; whatever its subject, whether the holy Scriptures or a romance, a chronicle or a book of devotions; in short, whatever its matter, whether prose or poetry—the illuminations may be generally taken to represent the arts, manners, customs, and especially the dresses of the age and country in which the MS. itself was written and "illuminated." Thus we may trace many of the customs and dresses of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in a psalter which belonged to Canute, and many early English sports and pastimes in another psalter of the thirteenth century, (which at a later period belonged to Queen Mary,) and which also affords a very curious specimen of the *bizarrie* of the early artists. At the foot of the pages of this MS., amongst the numerous grotesques with

which they are ornamented, is a complete series of illustrations to—what do our readers suppose?—the romance of Reynard the Fox! and figures of the same kind with those to be found in the *misericordes* or *misereres* of our cathedral stalls. The late amiable and lamented Gage Rokewood has given, in the *Vetusta Monumenta* of the Society of Antiquaries, a number of early carriages and dresses from the Lutterel Psalter. Mr. Shaw has given figures of "Spanish warriors" of the twelfth century, which are copied from the "illustrations" to a Commentary on the Apocalypse,\* written at Burgos in 1109, and which strongly resemble some of the figures on the Bayeux Tapestry; yet the first are intended for the "horsemen" seen by the holy apostle in his prophetic vision, the second for the Norman cavalry at the battle of Hastings. The MSS. of Quintus Curtius, Valerius Flaccus, Statius, and others, give us representations of the warriors and arms of the times of our Edwards and Henrys, of Froissart and Commines; we have now before our eyes an illumination representing part of

"The tale of Troy divine,"

in which cannon are planted against the walls of Ilium, and soldiers, armed cap-à-pie in such armor as Dr. Meyrick would assign to the year 1450, are scaling walls which, though pierced for cross-bows, are but about half their own height, whilst cavalry are advancing to gates which, though machicollated and portecoulissed, do not reach to the middle of the warriors' lances. Even the Hebrew MSS. are not exempt from this unflinching characteristic. We have seen a MS., of the fifteenth century of the Haggada, that Rabbinical office for the first two evenings at the Passover, in which is embodied the legend of "*this is the stick which beat the dog, which bit the cat, which ate the kid, which my father bought for two-pence*," accompanied with figures in Spanish dresses of the artist's time;—and a roll of the book of Esther, of the seventeenth century, in which Haman and Mordecai are depicted as Dutch Jews in trunk hose, and king Ahasuerus as a burgomaster with his gold chain. Sundry critics have expatiated with lofty contempt on the violation of all rules of propriety and keeping by these early illuminators. There is no defending them against the charge—but it so happens that it does not apply to them alone, for most of the great painters are equally obnoxious to it. We need only walk through the Louvre or our own National Gallery to observe every kind of extrav-

\* Of this splendid book two copies were printed on vellum, which, when illuminated and bound, were estimated to cost 2000*l.* each. Lord Kingsborough presented one to the British Museum, the second to the Bodleian Library.

\* It is difficult to say with truth of any volume that it is unique; we, however, believe this to be so, except a rival to its strange mixture of styles of art exist in the dark unfathomed caves of Spanish libraries. It was purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum from the Comte de Survilliers (Joseph Buonaparte), for whom, whilst in Spain, it was not improbably abstracted from the Escorial or from the Archbishop's Library of Toledo. There is none like it in any collection which we have seen, nor was there before in the British Museum, neither is there, we have good reason to think, in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris. Only one other copy of the text of the work is known, viz., in the Royal Library of Turin.

agance; nor, to apply another test, does the most outrageous performance of any illuminator surpass the practical absurdity of Garrick playing Julius Cæsar or Macbeth in an English general's uniform of his own time, or (what many of our own readers have witnessed) the performance of Terence's comedies by the young gentlemen of Westminster School attired as modern dandies and powdered lacqueys. These and such like absurdities we do not now commit; but St. Paul's Cathedral is still deformed by Dr. Johnson—in a Roman toga! and Westminster Abbey by Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, as a Roman warrior, with an inscription as offensive to Christianity and right feeling as the monument itself is to good taste. The one rule to which, with all their faults, the illuminators of ancient times adhered is now of great use to us their descendants, who want to know their modes of life in all their tenses; their arms, costumes, architecture, and furniture are thus become familiar to us. The costumes of the middle ages are now well understood; and Mr. Albert Way, we doubt not, could satisfactorily inform us of the fashions of any particular period, a knowledge which often serves to fix the epoch of a work of art. At her Majesty's fancy ball last year, a royal duchess appeared as Anne of Bretagne, in costume historically correct; the Duchess of A. as a lady of the highest rank of the fourteenth century, faithfully copied from an illumination of—the Queen of Sheba!—from a magnificent Bible history of the time; whilst the Marchioness of E. was in the costume of the latter part of the fifteenth century, copied, aptly enough, from one of the Virtues, as blazoned in gold tissue and ermine, among the illuminations to Henry VII.'s copy of the Poems of Charles of Orléans (father of Louis XII.,) who was taken prisoner at Agincourt.

To give a full account of the rise and progress of illuminated or "illustrated" MSS., would oblige us greatly to exceed the limits of a review, but we cannot altogether pass over the subject. Its history has yet to be written, and great difficulties will attend the composition, as regards the productions of the earlier centuries of the Christian era. The extraordinarily early dates assigned by some writers to the celebrated MSS. of Virgil and Terence, in the Vatican, are altogether conjectural and destitute of any foundation in sound criticism. The first has been referred to the same century in which Virgil lived, the other to the time of Constantine! If these dates be true, ought we any longer to doubt that St. Mark's library possesses, as it once boasted of doing, the autograph of that evangelist, or that the Alexandrian MS. was written by Thecla in the time of St. Paul? The late amiable and accomplished but credulous Mr. Ottley has published, in the *Archæologia* of the Society of Antiquaries, an elaborate dissertation to prove that a MS. in the British Museum, containing an "illustrated" copy of Cicero's version of

Aratus, is of the like early date. We have known Mr. Ottley discover vestiges of early Roman art in the illuminations of a work written by Convenevole da Prato, the tutor of Petrarch, and addressed to Louis of Anjou, King of Naples! That the MSS. which we have named, and many others which we could name, are of great antiquity, is true; but we unhesitatingly assert that it is impossible, without better criteria than we now possess, to assign them, as is so confidently done by sciolists, to any particular century.

In our own country the arts of illumination flourished at a very remote period of time: perhaps no nobler monument of its kind is possessed by any nation than the "Book of St. Cuthbert," or "Durham Book," now in the British Museum. It is a copy of the Gospels in Latin, written, at the end of the seventh century, by Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died A.D. 721, and illuminated by Æthelwald, the succeeding bishop. It was then clothed in a binding of gold, inlaid with precious stones, by Bilfrith, a monk of the same establishment; and a Dano-Saxon version was interlined by a priest named Aldred. The old chronicler, Turgot, or Simon of Durham, gravely narrates how, by the merits of St. Cuthbert, and of those who, in his honor, had written and adorned the book, it was miraculously preserved when the Danes ravaged Lindisfarne. Simon says, "*Erat enim aurificii arte præcipuus.*" Its golden and gemmed binding is gone, but its intrinsic beauty is preserved, as may be seen by Mr. Shaw's facsimile.

MSS. of this remote date are rare; still rarer are those which at all approach in beauty to the Durham Book. In the time of Charlemagne greater progress was made, and the art of writing in gold became more practised. The *Codex Aureus*, for which Lord Treasurer Harley gave 500*l.*, is of this time, and so is the volume well known as the "Hours" of Charlemagne. The Bible which is said to have been written by Alcuin for Charlemagne, and which was purchased for the National Library at the cost of 750*l.*, is more probably of the time of Charles the Bald; for whom another splendid Bible, now in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, is believed to have been written, of which a portion is in the Harleian Library. In this rapid sketch we cannot particularize many things; we shall name only a few of sacred subjects. We have already mentioned the Gospels belonging to Æthelstan, and we notice of the same century the *Menologium* in the Vatican, with illuminations which have been engraved under the auspices of Cardinal Albani, and the *Benedictional* belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which was written for S. Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, and which is fully described by the late Mr. Gage Rokewood in the *Archæologia*. These are worthy of comparison. The Psalter of St. Louis is in the *Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal*, and the very splendid Bible of the Anti-Pope Clement VII. (Robert of

Geneva) is in the Bibliothèque du Roi. The identical copy of Guiar des Moulix's version of Pierre le Mangeur's Biblical History, which was found in the tent of John, king of France, at the battle of Poitiers, is in the British Museum, and also the copy which belonged to his son the Duke of Berry." The "Hours" of this Duke of Berry are in the Bibliothèque du Roi. Sir John Tobin, of Liverpool, possesses the famous "Bedford Missal," for which he gave 1100*l*. It was written for the Regent Duke of Bedford, brother of Henry V. The same gentleman also purchased for 500 guineas, at Mr. Hurd's sale in 1832, the Breviary which was presented to Isabella of Castile by Fernando de Rojas.\* The beautiful Psalter of Henry VI. is in the British Museum; and that which belonged to his father-in-law, René of Anjou, and is said, but on what appear to us insufficient grounds, to have been illuminated by René himself, is in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal at Paris. The "Hours" which belonged to René, and afterwards to Henry VII., are in this country. One of the finest volumes of this kind, the "Hours" of Anne of Bretagne, is in the Bibliothèque du Roi; its exquisite illuminations are most faithfully and coarsely copied in Sommerard's work. Another, certainly by the same hand, and which now is in Mr. Holford's library, formerly belonged to Cristoforo Madruzzi, Cardinal Bishop of Trent, who is believed to have originated the memorable council held there. The Duke of Devonshire possesses the Missal of Henry VII. The Psalter of Henry VIII. is in the British Museum. The "Hours" of Charles V. are at Vienna. We might extend this list fifty-fold. We cannot, however, pass over the Sherborne Breviary, in the collection of the Duke of Northumberland at Sion House; the Missal (now in the British Museum) of the Croy family, that family so familiarized to us by Walter Scott's *Isabelle*—a volume richly adorned with miniatures and with a profusion of blazonry quite sufficient to have gratified the vanity of Countess Hameline;—nor two beautiful Missals of Italian art belonging to the queen, which are

\* Amongst its many ornaments this MS. contains the arms of the Roxas or Rojas family, (or, *five etoiles of eight rays, saltire wise, azure*;) with the inscription (we give it in full) "Dominæ Elizabethæ Hispaniarum et Siciliæ reginæ christianissimæ potentissimæ semper augustæ, supremæ Dominæ suæ clementissimæ Franciscus de Roias, ejusdem majestatis humillimus servus ac creatura, optime de se meritis hoc brevium ex obsequio obtulit." Dr. Dibdin, who describes this volume (Bibl. Decameron, i., pp. clxiii. clxvii.,) mistakes the arms of Rojas for those of France!—"wherein we observe the arms of France quartered on a blue ground"—and reads, or rather prints the latter part of the inscription thus:—"H . . . marin . . . ex obsequio obtulit." Dr. Dibdin fairly gave up the interpretation. Not so the compiler of Mr. Hurd's Catalogue, who thinks "it may safely be affirmed they conveyed a compliment to Isabella's patronage of Columbus' expedition. King Ferdinand having refused any assistance, Isabella generously supplied the greater part of the outfit. The mutilated words *H . . . mariæ . . .* furnish the key. The hiatus may probably be filled up nearly thus:—"H [is] [Trans] mariæ. [ex] [F.]," that is, *Hispania Transmarina expeditionis Fautrici ex obsequio obtulit!!*" This equals Jonathan Oldbuck's A.D.L.L. *Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens*.

valuable not only for their intrinsic merits, but also as tokens of gratitude from the last of the Stuarts—the Cardinal of York—to King George IV.

The names of those who executed the beautiful works which we have mentioned, and others of like nature, have in very few instances been handed down to us. We have already mentioned Bishop Æthelwald. Oderisi d'Agobbio, and Franco of Bologna, are immortalized by Dante;\* of Silvestro degli Angeli little more than his name is known. Francesco Veronese and Girolamo dei Libri are known only by the beautiful missal which they adorned for one of the cardinals of the Della Rovere family; and we have not many particulars of the life of Don Giulio Clovio, who, although one of the latest, is yet confessedly the chief amongst all of his art. One testimony to his celebrity is the ready attribution by sciolists of any manuscript, having any pretensions to beauty, to his hand. A small volume, which the Strawberry Hill catalogue said was his work, produced under the auctioneer's hammer about 400*l*. His undoubted works are few. A commentary on St. Paul's Epistles, which he adorned for Cardinal Grimani, is in the museum of Sir John Soane. Mr. Grenville possesses the victories of Charles V., painted by Clovio for Philip II.; and a missal by his hand belongs to Mr. Townley of Townley, the head of the ancient Roman Catholic family of that name. It is not known where the volume which he painted for the king of Portugal, and which is elaborately described in William Bonde's work, exists at this time, if indeed it be existing. The splendid but unfinished genealogy of the kings of Portugal, lately added by the trustees of the British Museum to the National Collection, has been by some persons attributed to him, but there is more reason to believe the paintings to have been done, at least in part, by Simon of Bruges for the Infant Don Fernando. Our readers may judge of the value of such productions by the fact that this genealogy, consisting of eleven leaves, is thought to have been cheaply purchased for the sum of 600*l*. Mr. Grenville's Giulio Clovio cost him, we believe, 500 guineas.

We have scarcely space to mention another class of manuscripts: the Venetian Ducali, or codes of instructions given by the senate or pre-gadj in the name of the Doge to those nobles who were deputed to preside over the various possessions of the seignory. These volumes were generally adorned in a manner according with the rank of the doge and the patrician governor. Three of these ducali were brought from Italy by Mr. Edwards, and attributed by him to Titian,

\* "O, diss' io lui, non sei tu Oderisi,  
L'onor d'Agobbio, e l'onor di quell' arte  
Che alluminare è chiamata in Parisi?  
Frate, diss' egli, piu ridon le carte  
Che penelleggia Franco Bolognese:  
L'onore è tutto or suo, e mio in parte."

*Purg.* xi. 79.



Tintoretto, and Battista Gelotti respectively. They formed part of his library sold in London in 1815. We know not who now possesses them. When we consider the numerous volumes of this kind which, during a long series of years, were adorned for the numerous governors of the numerous dependencies of the Venetian republic, their great rarity is only to be accounted for by the system of secrecy observed by that government. It is probable that these volumes were restored by the various podestàs and capitani at their return from their offices to the archives of the seignory, and there destroyed. It is certain that they were not sold, like our own exchequer documents, to a fishmonger by the ton weight. On this supposition only can we account for the fact that not more than fifty, between the years 1360 and 1700, so far as we can learn, are known to exist—yet the state archives have been brought to the light of day, the great families have been ruined, and their libraries dispersed. Count Daru mentions only fifteen. The British Museum possesses twenty-eight, the Bibliothèque du Roi (according to Daru and Professor Marsand) thirteen, Sir Thomas Phillipps six, Mr. Grenville one. We know of one only at Cambridge, and we do not think that the Bodleian possesses more than two or three.

Before noticing the more modern illustrations, we must not omit to mention one mode (and that but little known to us moderns) of conveying information by pictorial representations on walls. We cannot undertake to particularize all these modes, but they well deserve a more enlarged space than we can afford to give here. We will allude to one subject only, that of Geography; to the painted maps described by Eumenius,\* the Peutinger Tables, (which we know only by a comparatively modern copy,) the maps in the king's chamber at Westminster, the Hereford map, and the paintings to illustrate the voyages of the fratelli zeni in the Sala dello scudo at Venice. This taste, perhaps the necessity for its indulgence, has gone by: we do not expect to see Parry's voyages or Burnes' travels depicted in her Majesty's robing room, in the new Houses of Parliament.

It is quite foreign to our purpose to enter at length into the origin and history of engraving, or to discuss the priority of this or that wood cut, or the relative authority or credulity of Papillon, Heineken, or Ottley. With regard to the wood cuts "illustrative" of the History of Alexander, and

said by Papillon to have been executed in the year 1286 by a twin brother and sister of the name of Cunio, we cannot but agree (in spite of all that has been urged by Ottley and Zani) with Heineken and those who believe the whole to be a fable. Were it not for the fact that Papillon had been insane, we should not hesitate to call it an impudent forgery. It is certain, however, that engravings of some sort, or illustrations, were not merely coeval with printing, but even preceded it:—the block books, as they are termed, being amongst the first. The "*Biblia Pauperum*," whose every leaf is now worth a bank note, was the Pictorial Bible of the middle of the fifteenth century; and the "*Speculum Sacerdotum*," which purported to be a help to "*pauperes predicatores*," may be considered typical of "*Simeon's Skeletons of Sermons*," intended for the same useful purpose. The history of the art of cutting in wood and copper has its interest—but that interest is not general.

It is equally foreign to our purpose, and far beyond the limits of a review, to enumerate the individual books which have been put forth with illustrations during the four centuries wherein the arts of printing and engraving have flourished conjointly. Neither are the various epochs of improvement, if indeed improvement there be to any great extent, so marked as to enable us to point out to our readers those signs or instances by which they may be judged of. Our chief boast may be the great facility with which tens of thousands of copies are produced in cases where a few hundreds only in the earlier times were either made or needed. We have said that no modern printer has excelled the Mazarine Bible. Has any wood-cutter excelled Albert Durer! Have any "Illustrations" to Dante yet appeared which, save Flaxman's outlines, excel those by Botticelli, or Baldini in the Florence Dante of 1481! Yet this is the second book published with engravings. Can a higher tribute have been paid to the illustrations of a book than that, from their great beauty, they should for a long time and by many writers have been attributed to Raffaele, and that this opinion can be refuted only by the fact of Raffaele's youth at the time when the book was published! What modern designer, what modern engraver, but would feel flattered were such work his own! Yet this book—the *Hypnerotomachia of Poliphilo*, by Francesco Colonna—was published in 1499, when Raffaele was but sixteen years of age.\* If profusion be a test of modern excellence, what work can be said to excel the "*Perils and adventures of the famous hero and knight Tewrdanneths*," printed in

\* "Videat præterea in illis porticibus juvenus et quottidie spectet omnes terras, et cuncta maria, et quicquid invictissimi principes urbium, gentium, nationum aut pietate restitunt, aut virtute conficiunt, aut terrore devinciunt. Siquidem illic, ut ipse vidisti, credo, instruendæ pueritiæ causâ, quo manifestius oculis disceantur quæ difficiliter percipiuntur auditu, omnium cum nominibus suis locorum situs, spatia, intervalla descripta sunt, quicquid ubique fluminum oritur, et conditur, quacumque se littorum sinus flectunt, qua vel ambitu cingit orbem vel impetu irrupit oceanus."—*Eumenii Aduensis Oratio pro instaurandis scholis Manianis*, cap. xx. ed. Arntzenii, tom. i., p. 225.

\* From this we must except maps and charts, which down to a surprisingly late period remained of very rude and inaccurate design and execution. Compare any isolario of the Mediterranean formed in the eighteenth century with that fine specimen of marine surveying, the map of the North Sea, published by the Admiralty, under the care of Capt. Beaufort, from the surveys of the lamented Capt. Hewitt, finished after his death by Capt. Washington.

Nuremberg in 1517!\* In modern "illustrated books" we have often recognized designs and engravings as having come under our observation before; having appeared on the table as "*pièces de résistance*," we have met with them hashed up in an annual or in some *rivaccimento*, peppered highly to excite the languid appetite of the cloyed literary public. Even here, even in the abuse of art, our forefathers excelled us. We copy even their faults. Jonathan Oldbuck says,

"I conceive that my descent from that painful and industrious typographer Wolfrand Oldenbuck,† who, in the month of December, 1493, under the patronage, as the 'Colophon' tells us, of Sebastian Scheyter and Sebastian Hammermaister, accomplished the printing of the 'Great Chronicle' of Nuremberg—I conceive, I say, that my descent from that great restorer of learning is more creditable to me as a man of letters than if I had numbered in my genealogy all the brawling, bullet-headed, iron-fisted old Gothic barons since the days of Crentheminacheryme—not one of whom, I suppose, could write his own name."

We doubt if the laird of Monkbarns would have made this boast, had our learned friend Mr. Maitland's "*Papers on Sacred Art*"‡ appeared. He would have been startled at hearing that the "great restorer of learning," from whom he claimed to descend, had caused one and the same wood-cut head to represent in succession Hosea—Sadoch—Scipio Africanus the younger—Antonio de Butrio, a Bolognese jurisconsult of the fifteenth century—and Nicolò Perotti, the conclavist of Cardinal Bessarion, who by his simplicity lost his master the popedom, himself a cardinal's hat. He would find one set of features—literally speaking, one *luck-head*—used for Zephaniah, Æsop, Philo Judæus, Aulus Gellius, Priscian, and John Wiclif—another for Hector, Homer, Mordecai, Terence, Johannes Scotus, Francesco Filelfo, and sundry others—a third for Eli the priest, Virgil the poet, Arius the arch-heretic, &c. But books

with far higher pretensions than the "Nuremberg Chronicle" were *illustrated* with equal fidelity. In "Fox's Martyrs," a book having the odor of sanctity, one wood cut represents eighteen persons burned by sixes at Brentford, Canterbury, and Colchester respectively, and serves also to depict seven who suffered at Smithfield. The *portrait* of Bishop Farrer answers as well for sundry persons of inferior note. The question whether the martyrologist's text partake or not of this system of repetition, whether the same dialogue, *mutatis mutandis*, occurs more than once or twice, forms no part of our present inquiry.

We know of more modern instances of this conventional portraiture: for example, see Houbraken's heads. The same freak, or rather imposition, has been practised in stone: thus a statue of John Sobieski, king of Poland, trampling on a Turk, was called a statue of Charles II., having under his feet the usurper Cromwell, and was erected to that monarch's honor by Alderman Sir Robert Vyner, Bart. This citizen-like illustration stood on the site of the present Mansion-house. The late Mr. George Chalmers was of opinion that as features, the length or shape of the nose or chin or mouth, and the color of the hair or eyes, were matters capable of being described, so they were capable of being depicted, and he exemplified his belief by composing, synthetically, a *portrait* of Mary Queen of Scots!—We will not anxiously look out for very modern instances of somewhat similar deceptions; we speak with a tone of caution to those whom it may concern. It is not likely that now, as in the days of the "Nuremberg Chronicle," the same engraving will serve to represent Anglia, Troy, Toulouse, Pisa, and Ravenna; but we have *réchauffés—usque ad nauseam*.

For a long time the ornaments or illustrations of printed books were chiefly, (we are far from thinking or saying, entirely,) confined to representations of actual or material things, such as persons or places, existing or purporting to exist. The more imaginative portion of illustrations may, we think, be considered to arise from a taste which once obtained throughout Europe—that of EMBLEMS, as they were not always correctly termed. Few comparatively of our readers may know that these books are to be reckoned by hundreds, many of them adorned with engravings which, both as regards design and execution, would in the artistic slang of the present day be called "Gems of Art." What a sensation would now be made were a work advertised "with illustrations designed by Il Parmigiano, and engraved by Giulio Bonasone"—even though the book bore the somewhat vague title of "Symbolicæ Quæstiones de Universo Genere!"\* From the nature of these books, their amusing tendency, and consequent frequent destruction by use, often, we have no doubt, by the

\* This work is an allegorical poem on the marriage of the Emperor Maximilian I. (*Tuerdannechtis*, or "Noble Thoughts," with the Princess Maria of Burgundy (*Erenreich*, or "Rich in Honor:")) it is dedicated to Charles V., by Melchior Pfintzing, chaplain to the emperor, who declares that he witnessed all the marvellous deeds narrated, and who is generally believed to be the author, though some writers have ascribed it to the emperor himself. The volume is a most splendid specimen of the art of printing, "par rapport aux caractères extraordinaires avec lesquels le texte y est imprimé; caractères ornés de traits hardis entrelacés les uns dans les autres, et qui figurent d'une manière merveilleuse une belle écriture allemande." It was long a matter of question whether the work were printed from metal types or from wooden blocks, but from accurate collations it is now proved that types were used. The woodcuts are of extraordinary beauty, and were executed by Hans Schaeufflein, whose initials, (with his *rebus*, a baker's peel, *Schaeufflein*.) are on several of the engravings. Some of them have been attributed to Hans Burgkmair, the pupil and friend of Albert Durer. Of this magnificent book the Earl of Ashburnham, the Earl Spencer, and the Right Hon. T. Grenville, and some others, possess copies printed on vellum.

† *Antony Koberger* was the real Simon Pure.

‡ We sincerely hope that these papers, like those on "The Dark Ages," will appear in a separate form.

\* See Roscoe's account of Achilleo Boocchi, in his *Leo X.*, cap. xvii.

hands of children, many of them are now very scarce. They form a curious chapter in the history of literature; and we are surprised that they are not a more frequent object of collection by bibliographers and biblio-maniacs. They have their use too in personal history. Most individuals of note, by rank or merit, had their emblem or device, or *imprese*, which served them often in lieu of a name, still oftener in lieu of arms, when, in the case of ignoble birth, arms could not, as now, be "found to any name," by any seal-engraver. In England we had several writers of verses to emblems. Whitneys, and Withers and others are not very generally known; but who does not remember "Quarles' Emblems," with all the quips and quiddities, and withal—the absurdities—contained therein! Quarles owed a vast deal to the *Pia Desideria* of Herman Hugo, a Jesuit, one of the most popular books of its class. Other subjects than religion had their emblems. Otho Venius put forth *Emblemata Horatiana*, where Horace's text is spiritualized to absurdity, and *parva sapientia* is figured as a baby Minerva, armed *cap-a-pie*, and bearing an ægis and spear! The most complete collection which we ever saw of these books of emblems was that formed by the late Duke of Marlborough, whilst Marquess of Blandford, and living at Whitenights. That collection is now dispersed. We hope some day to give our readers a separate article on "Emblems."

In the earlier half of the last century\* some few editions of a few books, as Milton, Shakespeare, the "Spectator," &c., were published, having each a few plates from designs by such artists as Hayman and Wale, and others unknown to fame, and deserving none. They have this merit in common with the old illuminators, that they represent faithfully the costumes and manners of the times. Once, we believe, and once only, Hogarth designed a merely ornamental or imaginative subject for a volume. His plates to "Kirby's Perspective" are real illustrations. In the last century, too, existed a taste of which we know few modern instances, that of books printed entirely from intaglio or from engraved plates. Such were a "Horace," by Pyne, and a "Virgil," by Justice, now only met with in the collections of the curious; the former was not devoid of merit in its illustrations. A Prayer Book was also engraved by Sturt, having no other merit than that, if it be any, which arises from the difficulty of execution. Sturt was a *painful* artist. There is in his book a portrait of George I., composed of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Decalogue, and sundry Psalms. He has also reproduced the old but always ludicrous error of the "beam" in the eye,

represented as a log of wood, at the least six feet long! In the last century, too, some books were published, which may bear comparison with any of the present day. We may instance the "Voyages Pittoresques," particularly that of Naples and Sicily by Saint Non, a book well and splendidly illustrated, but sadly disfigured by *immondices*,\* most needlessly as well as offensively introduced. In the case of our own country we may instance "Cook's Voyages," and the truly magnificent plates with which, by the wise liberality of the government, they were enriched.

In the latter part of the last century a great change—a marked improvement over the Haymans and Wales, *et id genus omne*—took place. There flourished at the same time Bartolozzi and Cipriani, and—a host in himself—the late Charles Stothard, R. A., a truly English artist—one to whom little justice is done in this respect. Even his industry was remarkable, and could we enumerate the plates engraved from his designs, the numbers would, we think, astonish our readers. Many of his designs, engraved by the elder Heath for Harrison's "Novelist's Magazine," are of great beauty, though but little known. This magazine is a work of twenty-three closely-printed royal octavo volumes! We cannot pretend to recount or even to know the existence of all the books which now swarmed with illustrations. Shakespeare and the "British Classics," (here understood to mean writings originally ephemeral,) and the "British Poets" and the "British Theatre," were all published in an "illustrated" form by Bell, and Cooke, and others, we believe, of whom we never heard nor care to hear. The editions, however, published by Sharpe of the "Classics" and "Poets," are far beyond the others in taste and beauty—nay, we think them not equalled by any which have since appeared. The beauty of these books rendered it not beneath the dignity of any artist to engage in similar objects, and there are few who have not fleshed their pencils in "illustrations." The greatest, and also the most industrious, of living geniuses in art, Turner, has, we believe, allotted a space of every day for many years past to the execution of small drawings for the "illustration" of books. He is said to receive twenty-five guineas for the smallest; but the booksellers often get more than that price for the drawing from a collector, after their own purpose has been served.

At last arose the rage for Annuals, and for a time Art lay prostrate at the feet of Nonsense. We cannot think of criticising the Annuals—happily they are nearly extinct. ONE MILLION STERLING has, at the least estimate, been wasted on their production. Oh, that our readers could see—

\* We do not mean to be understood as implying that no books had plates before this time. But we are not making a catalogue. One of the most beautiful books we ever saw was a copy of the first edition of Jeremy Taylor's "Life of Christ," with "brilliant impressions in the first state" of the plates engraved by Faithorne.

\* We must caution all parents against buying, without previous examination, any of the French "illustrated" editions, even of their standard authors. The artists appear to wander willingly from their subjects in order to seek for dirt. Even their more scientific books are not free from this plague-spot.

as we have seen—all the Annuals which, from the rise to the decline and fall of the imbecile mania, have appeared—in one small space of, perhaps, 8 feet by 6 feet—and moralize as we have done upon the public taste! That taste has of late been venting itself in part in Art-unions, not the most objectionable of safety-valves; but this, it seems, is now closed by the fiscal hand of government. We wait to see the next direction of the pictorial energy.

"Illustration," as now used by booksellers and printsellers, is incapable of being defined. Every engraving, every wood cut, every ornamented letter, however meaningless, however absurd, is an illustration; and provided such things are rather numerous in proportion to the extent of the work, it is forthwith dubbed "an illustrated edition," and the public are good-natured enough to buy it. Now a history may be well called illustrated when, as in the case of accurate views or authentic portraits, the pictured representation conveys to the mind a more clear and accurate knowledge than any verbal description could by any possibility communicate—when a single glance of the eye will at once impress on the mind that accurate idea of form which it is impossible for a blind person to obtain. A book of natural history is defective in one of its main objects when it wants such illustrations. It appears from Pliny, (xxv. 2, 4,) that Greek botanical works usually had the plants copied on the margin; and we have no doubt his own book had similar "illustration" when first published.\* Were the rule always followed, how much of technical phraseology, compounded of a vile jargon, partly Greek, partly Latin, partly of some modern language with Latin inflections, (in fact *macaronic*), partly derived from names of nobodies or noodles, would be spared, and how much more accurate would be our knowledge. We should be curious to see the best representation made by the most learned naturalist from the most labored technical description of an object which he had never seen. A classic or ancient author of any kind may be illustrated by coins or figures of any antiquities, as nearly as possible contemporary with the writer. What imaginary figures by Prado or Villalpandus would impress us so strongly as the representations, no doubt drawn from the actual objects, on the triumphal arch of Titus, of the sacred utensils of the Temple at Jerusalem!

We altogether except against the mixture of the real with the imaginary, and calling the latter as well as the first, "Illustrations of the Bible." Why place in the same category the figures on the Arch of Titus, the views of places mentioned in Scripture, the Jewish coins—and (as in the "Pictorial Bible") the Death of Sisera after N. Poussin, who, with truly French taste, has represented the Canaanite captain as a Roman centurion—the

"repentance of Israel," after Canova; or "Providence," after Sir Joshua Reynolds! All Grave-plot's, and Cochin's, and Boudard's Iconologies might, with equal right, have been introduced. In Westall's Illustrations to the Bible, figures may be seen, the exact counterparts of those in his Illustrations of the "Lady of the Lake." Macklin's edition of the Bible, on which vast sums were spent, is one mass of pictorial absurdity, unmingled with any redeeming quality of truth or probability, and where the labor of the most skilful engravers has been wasted on designs unworthy of their talents. The "Family Bible" of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has "Illustrations," which are of as little use as those in Macklin's edition, and which excel them only in being copied from better pictures—chiefly by the ancient masters as they are called. We rather doubt their tendency to promote Christian knowledge. It is often very difficult to ascertain with truth the scope of a picture: thus in the National Gallery is a picture by Claude de Lorraine, described as "Sinon brought before Priam;" but how it could be supposed to "illustrate" the lines—

"Ecce, manus juvenem interea post terga revinctum  
Pastores magno ad regem clamore trahebant,"

we know not. The "pastores" are helmed warriors! the "juvenis" between them is offering water! It has been claimed, and justly, as illustrative rather of David, at the cave of Adullam, with the three mighty men "who brought him water out of the well of Bethlehem." We are not about to discuss the propriety or impropriety of painting subjects from Scripture, nor generally the errors—the flagrant errors—committed by painters of such subjects—nor the merits of such paintings, old or new, by living artists or by the great masters. We speak only as to the impropriety of their introduction as "illustrations," which, if the term mean anything as generally used, implies something which tends to explain or throw light upon the text. So with any history: what light is thrown upon Hume's text by the magnificent nonsense in Bowyer's edition? a book as superb and as useless, and as devoid of real beauty, as Macklin's Bible. It outrages all probability, and sets at defiance all consistency in manners and costume. The "Pictorial History of England" has at least this merit—we say this, because we never have read, probably never shall read, the work\*—that it gives very numerous, and, so far as we can judge, accurate representations of persons, and things, and that a great proportion of the cuts are real illustrations of the text. In biography how much is the interest we feel enhanced by portraits and representations of places; but even here,

\* See the English version of that very valuable manual of lore, and at the same time most entertaining tale, the "Gallus" of Professor Becker, (London, 1844), p. 244.

\* We have read the same publisher's "London"—and in it there is a great deal of interesting reading, as well as a world of apposite wood cuts. It is a capital "parlor-window book."

where the opportunities for committing absurdities appear to be so few, what instances of every kind do we not meet with? We have now on our table Clarke and M'Arthur's "Life of Lord Nelson," a book published with every advantage of patronage, royal and official. We pass over the questionable taste shown in many of the plates, and we will give the words of the authors themselves—*Arcades ambo*—in explanation of the *allegory* which faces the title-page of the first volume. The design—alas! for the Royal Academy—is by one of their presidents—Benjamin West—we hope the "description" was not also contributed by him—

"The leading point in the picture represents Victory presenting the dead body of Nelson to Britannia after the battle of Trafalgar, which is received from the arms of Neptune, with the trident of his dominions and Nelson's triumphant flag. Britannia sits in shaded gloom, as expressive of that deep regret which overwhelmed the United Kingdom at the loss of so distinguished a character. In the other parts of the picture are seen the concomitant events of his life. The Lion, under Britannia's shield, is represented fiercely grasping the tablets with beaks of ships, on which are inscribed his memorable battles; and the sons and daughters of the Union are preparing the mournful sable to his memory. At a distance on the left is represented the 'wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.' The winged boys round his body are emblematic that the influence of Nelson's genius still exists; other figurative and subordinate parts are introduced to give harmony and effect to the whole composition."

Southey truly says, "the daisies and dandelions of eloquence are strewed here with profusion;" we wish that we had room for the whole of his comment.\*

For books of Travels of course the proper mode of illustration is obvious. We do not wish for fanciful embellishments—let us have as nearly as may be the real reflection of what the traveller sees. It would be endless to enumerate the excellent performances of our own time in this way. The designs of Mr. Brocedon for Italy and the Alps—those of the late Lord Monson for the south of France—and those of Mr. Roberts for Egypt and the Holy Land, occur to us as among the most satis-

\* Nelson has been singularly unfortunate in his illustrators: the monument to his memory in Guildhall has been aptly described as "a woman crying over a bad shilling;" that in St. Paul's is somewhat better,—but—that in Trafalgar Square! We suppose that it is intended at some future time to perform, but we know not by what means, upon the dwarfish column the same operation as on the *Penelope* frigate—to cut it in half and to insert 30 feet of additional length in order that its proportions may be just. Even the armorial bearings granted to his family in illustration of his services might be supposed to have been designed by West and blazoned by Clarke and M'Arthur. Read—and honor duly the Heralds' College of 1805!—

"Or a cross patonce sable surmounted by a bend gules, thereon another bend engrailed, or charged with three hand grenades sable, fired proper; over all a fess wavy azure, inscribed with the words 'Trafalgar' in letters of gold; a chief (of augmentation) wavy argent, thereon waves of the sea, from which issuant in the centre a palm-tree between a disabled ship on the dexter, and a ruinous battery on the sinister, all proper!!"

factory; but in these cases the letter-press is trifling in relation to the prints. What a pity that the beautiful drawings executed by, or at all events under the inspection of Bruce during his travels, and now in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Cumming Bruce, should never have been engraved! They represent many splendid architectural remains which since that day have entirely disappeared.

In illustrating poetry or works of fiction, the artist may be as imaginative and his fancy as unbridled as the poet's own; he has only to avoid the commission of solecisms or palpable incongruities. Above all things it is necessary that he should clearly understand his author. Were we ill-natured, we could point out many ludicrous instances arising from misapprehension of the meaning of a passage; one shall suffice by way of caution. We have before us Gray's *Elegy*, and the first line of the epitaph at the end,

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,"

is illustrated by the figure of a gentleman in full dress black lying—Lord Herbert of Cherbury fashion—(or, as Partridge would say, \* \* \* \* \*) "*patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi*," and literally "resting his head" upon a sod of turf for a pillow!

Sundry new books of this class are very beautiful, abounding in engravings on copper and steel and wood, and in some instances printed in colors. Mr. Owen Jones' exquisite *Arabesques* from the Alhambra formed appropriate ornaments for a book of Spanish Ballads; but we have since seen the same sort of *illustrations* embroidering pages for which cartouches from the tombs of Memphis would have been quite as suitable. We daily witness abominations of this sort, and we would earnestly press upon artists the necessity of preserving congruity, of using a fit thing at a fit time for a fit object, and not to consider that the merely positive beauty of anything renders its introduction always desirable. Its relative beauty must be also considered. We would have them avoid such errors as architects, for instance, have committed in putting, as in Regent street, the choragic monument of Lysicrates as the steeple of a church, or in St. Pancras, the Eretheium as a vestry-room, or in the "City" the temple of Ceres at Tivoli to round the corner of the Bank. The works of Moore have received, as they deserve, great variety of illustration, chiefly, and as necessarily arising from the nature of his writings, imaginative. The scenes as well as the persons and machinery of "*Lalla Rookh*" and the "*Loves of the Angels*" are imaginary, and the artist may indulge his fancy to the utmost in the creation of ideal beauty without fear of transgression, save in departing from the words that burn in Moore. Rogers, gifted with exquisite taste in art as in poetry, has had the singular felicity of will and power to choose the illustrations to his own poems. They are too

well known and valued to want commendation from us. Byron and Scott are alike in this, that they give ample scope both for real and ideal illustration, and the opportunity has not been lost. We do not speak of all the portraits of all the Lanthies and all the Die Vernons, beautiful as many of the personifications of Byron's and Scott's heroines are, any more than we do of all the Hamlets and Ophelias, all the Tom Joneses and Sophias. But is it possible to read Byron without wishing to see the scenes he describes! and if that wish be strong in our minds with regard to Byron, whose interests lie abroad—in fact are foreign—how far stronger is it in the case of Scott, whose thoughts, and words, and scenes come home to ourselves—to England—to Scotland; and in Scott it is not poetry only but prose also which enchants; we wish to see before us not only where

“———huge Ben Venue  
Down to the lake his masses threw;”

not only where

“The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake  
Floats double—swan and shadow”—

but also Bothwell Brig, where stern Balfour of Burley fought, Lochleven where Mary was confined, and Preston Pans where Colonel Gardiner was killed. It is this minute illustration, this transporting of ourselves to the actual locality of the scene that interests us, which makes us value as we do the Abbotsford edition of Scott. It is no fancy when we say that we understand him better in this edition, as the cuts—in general—we regret to say not uniformly—do really illustrate the text. How is it that a representation of the locality of the scenes of Shakespeare\* does not in general so much interest us? Is it because, when reading “Romeo and Juliet,” we are satisfied (let some biographers dream and say as they please) that Verona was as little known to him as “Sarra in the londe of Tartarie” was to Chaucer! It has been attempted to fix the scene of the “Tempest” at Lampedusa. Would it help us in any way to obtain a more accurate perception of the poet's meaning, or quicken our own imagination, if we gazed on the best pictorial illustrations of the island? Does Savorgnano's account of Cyprus in 1569-71, the time when Othello is feigned to have been there, help us in any degree to understand Shakespeare, or does it in any way interest us? We feel differently respecting Herne's oak, and the Cliff at Dover.

Even new novels now-a-days come out with their “illustrations”—and the prints are in some cases much more meritorious than the text. We do not

allude, of course, to Mr. Dickens (though some of his works have been very lucky in the adjuncts)—nor to those lively Irish drolleries (cleverly illustrated as they are) of “Charley O'Malley,” “Tom Burke of Ours,” &c. &c.

Five lustres since and a book, Smith's “Antiquities of Westminster,” was advertised as possessing (apparently its greatest merit then) “the stone plate,” a solitary specimen of lithography. Need we say to what an extent lithography is carried now? To what perfection it is brought is evident by a comparison of the *etchings* of Otto Speckler's designs to the German edition of “Puss in Boots,” and the lithographed drawings in the English edition. We have now before us perhaps the only specimen of *photography*, strictly speaking, which exists; a *bank note* engraved by the action of light upon metal, and printed in our presence by the common process. Five lustres more, and in what terms may this specimen be mentioned! It opens a strange vision! Colored and decorative printing, which we remember as existing only in the comparatively rude specimens given in Savage's work, is now brought to great excellence and is common. We have seen some specimens of a proposed work by Mr. Humphreys, on illuminated manuscripts, which have surprised us by the accuracy of their execution and the effect obtained by merely mechanical means.

ILLUSTRATION is now about to be practised on a gigantic, at least upon a national scale. We are to have a *pictorial history* of England on the walls of the houses of parliament. In the name of all the unities we hope and trust that no gross anachronisms, no real absurdities, may be perpetrated in fresco by any youth of twenty-two, or of the maturer age of forty-two, or of the too ripe age of sixty-two. Let us at the least avoid the errors of the French Versailles.\* Let us not represent the “naked Picts” in “painted vests.” In the very proper, most proper, wish to obtain excellence in art, let us not shock common sense. We know that we are not likely again to be presented with ceilings and walls

“Where sprawl the gods of Verrio and Laguerre;”

but we are naturally fearful that excellence of design or richness and depth of color may be allowed to cover defects. We have, however, great confidence in some of the commission.

Some fifty, or sixty, or seventy years since, an offer was made by the members of the Royal Academy (we are not sure whether in their corporate capacity or as individuals) to paint or illustrate the inside of St. Paul's Cathedral.† The offer was declined, but we know not with certainty upon what grounds. In the fifteenth century Jean Gerson, the Chancellor of Paris, had good reason

\* We are glad to see that the affectation of writing “Shakspeare” is subsiding almost as rapidly as it arose groundlessly. “Shakspeare” was bad enough. Mr. Charles Knight must forgive us—we think as highly as ever of much that he has done for our great poet; and wish him all success in the very useful “Concordance,” of which two numbers have reached us. It seems done on a most judicious plan, and with exemplary care.

\* See “Quarterly Review,” vol. lxi., p. 1.

† The inside of the dome was painted by Sir James Thornhill, and is now in a sad state of dilapidation. His original sketches are still preserved, and might, if necessary, be used in the restoration of the paintings.

to object to the introduction of ridiculous pictures into churches; but still they existed in numbers, and of such a nature as, perhaps, to warrant the Genevese reformers in going to extremes, in wishing the destruction of the good or harmless—in fact of all—in order to ensure the destruction of the positively bad. The Council of Trent made one good regulation on the subject—the bishops were charged with the responsibility—"Tanta circa hæc diligentia et cura ab episcopis adhibeatur ut nihil inordinatum, aut præpostere et tumultuarie accommodatum, nihil profanum, nihilque inhonestum appareat; cum domum Dei deceat sanctitudo. Hæc ut fidelius observentur, statuit sancta Synodus nemini licere ullo in loco vel ecclesiâ, etiam quo modo libet exemptâ, ullam insolitam ponere vel ponendam curare imaginem, nisi ab Episcopo approbata fuerit."\* We wish that this rule had been so far carried into effect, even in the English church, that no statue nor monument, even although ordered and approved and paid for by parliament, should have been introduced, as from the nature of some we presume they must have been, into St. Paul's Cathedral, without the sanction of the bishop. We cannot avoid the expression of our wish that they might be transferred as so many "Illustrations" to the new houses of parliament, unquestionably the fitter receptacle for monuments to the praise and glory of man, for such undoubtedly and properly, in their nature, they are. One more instance of "Illustration," and we close this paper. A short year since and a church, we will not name its locality, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was reopened. Some stained windows had been added. The circular of the vicar stated, that "the eastern window of this church, now completed with stained glass, is designed to *illustrate* the service for Trinity Sunday. The centre opening has reference principally to the Lessons, the side openings to the Gospel and Epistle." The canon of the Tridentine Council might have been useful here. These are not the "Illustrations" we want.

From the Quarterly Review.

*Maria Schweidler die Bernstein-hexe, der interessanteste aller bisher bekannten Hexenprocesse, herausgegeben von W. MEINHOLD, Doctor der Theologie, und Pfarrer.—(Maria Schweidler, the Amber Witch: the most interesting Trial for Witchcraft yet known. Edited by W. MEINHOLD, Doctor of Divinity and Parish Priest.) Berlin, 1843.*

If this little work be genuine, it is undoubtedly, as it announces itself, the most interesting of all those strange trials for witchcraft, so absorbing, and sometimes so inexplicable, which occur at a certain period in almost every country in Europe; if it be a fiction, it is worthy, (we can give no

higher praise,) of De Foe. The editor, as we understand, is or was the pastor of Coserow, in Usedom, an island on the coast of Pomerania, separated from the mainland by a channel of great width. Dr. Meinhold professes to have found the manuscript in a manner by no means improbable, yet rather too like that which the author of Waverley, as well as many others of inferior name, have been so fond of playing off upon us. It was brought to him by his sexton (Kuster) out of a niche or closet in the church, where it had long lain hid among a heap of old hymnbooks and useless parish accounts. The sexton had been in the habit of tearing a leaf or two out of it whenever the pastor, as on the present occasion, wanted a piece of loose paper. But even in the account of the discovery there is a quiet circumstantiality so like truth as almost to lull the suspicions arising out of our familiarity with these common artifices. "I thought at first," says the editor, "to throw the story of my Amber Witch into the form of a novel; but luckily I soon said to myself, Why should I do so? Is not the history itself more interesting than any novel can be?"

The worthy pastor has judged wisely. We have read nothing for a long time in fiction or in history which has so completely riveted and absorbed our interest as this little volume of about 300 pages. Though the language in which it is written, the low German of Pomerania, mingled, as our editor informs us, with some idioms of Swabia, (from whence he supposes his predecessor, Pastor Schweidler, to have originally come,) embarrassed us considerably—it was impossible to lay the book down. We could scarcely pause to look out the meaning of uncommon or provincial words. Nor was it the mere curiosity to know the end, which in our younger days held us breathless over volume after volume of indifferent romance, but which we have now lost from the fatal certainty of conjecture acquired by our confirmed and insatiate bad habit of novel-reading. This unerring divination enabled us to see the catastrophe of some of the Waverley novels, even, it might seem, before the author had settled it himself; and makes us bear with patience the month that elapses between the separate numbers of Dickens; howbeit that gentleman so far abuses his privilege as to leave us in the middle of a murder. That prophetic tact, which in ordinary cases discerns at once the parentage of all ambiguous children, assort the couples with as much confidence as if we had heard their banns published, and brings home his crimes to the villain of the romance with a fine dexterity, which might move the envy of Vidocq himself, is certainly kept in rare suspense by the catastrophe of the "Amber Witch." But this is far from its greatest attraction; it is rather the apparent genuineness, to which at times we have been tempted to pledge ourselves, the singular truth and reality of the whole detail, the absolute life-like nature of every circumstance, of every action and every word, the

\* Sess. xxv. Decretum de invocatione, veneratione, et reliquiis Sanctorum et sacris imaginibus.

succession of minute, quiet, unlabored touches, with the exquisite homely beauty of the leading characters, the pastor and his daughter, their piety, their charity, their affection, their virtue so quaintly blended with their weaknesses and superstitions.—All this is the unrivalled charm throughout this little book, incommunicable, we fear, in any translation—we are quite sure in any brief abstract we may be enabled to give in our journal. Who could translate it? Scarcely even Mrs. Austin. The somewhat antiquated and provincial language, with its odd pedantic scraps of Latin, is a part of its truth and actuality, and could hardly be preserved by a translator, unless by uncommon care and felicity, without harshness and affectation.

The pastor himself, good old Abraham Schweidler, reminds us of the Vicar of Wakefield, with a touch, it may be, of his namesake the worthy Mr. Adams, and perhaps of Manzoni's Don Abbondio—but his life is cast in much ruder times, and in a much simpler state of society. The daughter strikes us as perfectly original; we must not anticipate the development of her character, which will appear in our brief outline of the story, but we know scarcely any maiden in history or romance at once so ideally beautiful, yet so completely akin to our common sympathies; at once so admirable in all her trials, yet so mere a village girl, with a girlish love of fine clothes, a sort of pretty pedantry characteristic of the times, and a heart ready to yield itself up unrestrained to a virtuous passion.

But, as we hinted above, the whole cast of the story, be it real or imaginary, is more like De Foe; though what it is which constitutes this likeness, whence the peculiar truthfulness which they possess in common, it is not so easy to define. As in De Foe, every person is an actual individual, every place an actual place. There is not an abstract personage, not a mute, or a man merely designated by his trade, occupation, or office. Everybody is introduced by name, and though we never heard the name before, we seem almost to recognize an old acquaintance, so completely and instantaneously do his words and actions let us know all about him. We have not the slightest doubt, not merely of his existence, but of his being that one individual. The beadle is not merely the real beadle of Coserow, but Jacob Knake and no one else. The Pastor Benzenzis is like old Abraham Schweidler, yet not old Abraham. So likewise there is no description of places, yet we have every locality with all its minute particulars at once before us. If there be a part of the world of which we were utterly ignorant, it is the coast of Pomerania; yet just as we know more about old London from De Foe's "History of the Plague," and of low London life from his "Colonel Jack," than from pages of antiquarian lore, so from this little book, in which there is not a line of description, we think we know the Streckelberg, the way to it, its juniper-bushes, its caverns, and its sea-

shore, certainly far better than if we had studied the best geographical treatise or local guide. This book has no "illustrations"—and it needs none.

It is time, however, to come to our story. The scene lies in the island of Usedom, at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. This was the period in which the belief in witchcraft was most profound and undoubting. Horst indeed, in that strange compilation, his "Zauber Bibliothek," says "that from about 1610 to 1660, in the German Protestant countries, chiefly in the smaller states, the free cities, and the towns and villages under the jurisdiction of the military orders, and the co-hereditary districts, (ganerblichen ortschaften,) the greatest number of witches were burned. This was the case at the same time in the German Catholic provinces. It was as if the two churches, at this period of the highest excitement, in the midst of the unspeakable miseries of the Thirty Years' War, rivalled each other in holy zeal against the devil and his sworn adherents, the poor witches."—vol. ii., p. 149. We believe that Dr. Meinhold is in the right, that in Germany at least the Protestant were worse in this respect than the Catholic districts, as if the people sought to compensate to themselves for the superstitions which they had abandoned, and the indelible love of persecution which clung to their yet unenlightened hearts, by their more undoubting faith in these monstrous inventions, and by burning miserable old women by hundreds. Nothing seems more in favor of the authenticity of this book, or better imagined, if it be a fiction, than the unbounded and unhesitating faith of the whole community as to the actual power of witches, their formal compact, and their intimate intercourse with the Evil One. The only question, as we shall soon see, between the pastor and his daughter, and some of their enemies, is who was the witch, and who therefore ought to be burned.

The story, it must be understood, is told by Abraham Schweidler, the Lutheran pastor of Coserow; the date, early in the thirty years' war. Some leaves at the beginning of the MS. had been torn out, but luckily the tale commences just at the moment which makes us immediately acquainted with the most important personages. The parish has been suddenly attacked by a troop of imperial soldiers, who, with the wanton barbarity usual in those cruel wars, wasted and destroyed everything. "Trunks, drawers, cupboards, were all knocked about and broken to pieces; my surplice (priesterhemd) was torn; so that I was in the greatest misery and tribulation." The pastor had happily concealed his little daughter (mein armes Töchterlein) from these lawless ruffians, who, if an elderly cornet had not interfered, were disposed to insult even Ilse the maid, though she was above fifty years old:—

"I thanked, therefore, my Maker when these wild guests were off, that I had saved my child from their clutches, although not the least dust of



flour, nor the smallest grain of corn, nor a little morsel of meat of a finger's length, was left; and I knew not how I should find food enough to keep myself and my poor child alive. *Item* thanked I God that I had hidden the *vasa sacra*, which, with my two churchwardens [Fürsther]—Henry Seden and Claus Balken of Usteritz—I had buried in the church in front of the altar, consigning them to God's care. But, as aforesaid, suffering bitter hunger, so wrote I to his worship [Se Gestrengen] the justice, properly the lord Governor of the district [den Herrn Amtshauptman].\* Wittich von Appelmänn of Pudgla, that for the sake of God and his holy gospel, he would, in such my heavy need and distress, let me have what his Highness' grace, Philippus Julius, had awarded me out of the *prestanda* of the Convent of Pudgla, to wit, 30 bushels of barley and 25 marks of silver, which his worship had to this time never paid. For he was a hard and inhuman man, inasmuch as he despised the holy gospel and the preaching of the word, and openly and without shame made a mock at the servants of God,—namely, that they were useless bread consumers, and that Luther had but half cleaned out those hogsties, the churches. God mend him! But he answered me not; and I should have utterly perished, if Henry Seden had not begged through the parish for me. God of his everlasting mercy reward the honest fellow! He was the while very old, and was sorely plagued by his wicked wife, Lise Kolken. Bethought me, when I married them, it would not turn out over well; seeing that she was in common report for having lived in unchastity with Wittich Appelmänn, who was an arch deceiver and a terrible whore-master, such as the Lord never blesses. The same Seden brought me five loaves, two sausages, and a goose, of which goodwife Paasche of Loddin had made him a present; *item* a side of bacon from Hans Tewert the farmer. He must, however, keep it close from his wife, who would have had half of it for herself, and when he refused it, cursed him, and wished him a good headache [kopfgicht, properly gout in the head.] whereat in a moment he felt a swelling in his right cheek, which grew thereafter quite hard and very troublesome. At these terrible tidings I waxed wroth, as became a good pastor, and I asked him whether he thought haply that she was in evil intercourse with that wicked Satan, and was a witch. But he held his tongue and shrugged up his shoulders. Bade him then call old Lise, who was a tall, meagre creature, about 60 years old, with glowering eyes that never looked one in the face, and red hair, as her old man also had. But though I admonished her diligently out of God's word, she would not speak, and at length I said, 'Will you unbewitch your old man, (for I had seen him in the streets through the window maundering along like a madman,) or will you that I bring you up before the justice [Obrigkeit]?' She gave in at last, and promised that he should soon be better, and so he was; then begged she that I would give her a little bacon and bread, the while she had had for three days no meat or nourishment between her teeth, except her tongue. My daughter gave her half a loaf and a slice of bacon about two hands breadth, which she did not think enough, but muttered within her teeth, whereat my little daughter said, 'A'nt you content, you old witch! be off and look after your old man \* \* \* \* \*'

\* This is of course untranslatable, like other titles and offices of the age and country.

Whereupon she went away, still muttering between her teeth, 'I will look after him and you too.'"

Nothing but this righteous horror of a witch could provoke the gentle sweetness of the pastor's little daughter, on whom is henceforth centered the whole exquisite pathos of our story. The village is again beset by a troop of imperialists: almost the whole population take refuge in the Streckelberg, a moorland hill near the sea. The pastor, his daughter, and the little children, with whom Maria shares all her food, are concealed in a cavern. The bells are heard ringing strangely, flames are seen rising above the trees; old Paasche is sent up on the hill to see what is going on. He brings word that twenty troopers are riding off, and the whole village in flames. This we fear was too true a picture of these terrible religious wars. That war and religion should ever be named together!! Still more disastrous intelligence arrives. Three or four of the peasants have been shot, and the poor churchwarden, Henry Seden, only escaped by means of his wife. Old Lise here appears again under very suspicious circumstances. She had been seen coming out of the church with the soldiers, and those ruffians had got the two communion cups and patens in their hands. As they passed through the churchyard, she had prevented them from shooting her poor husband, as they had wantonly done the other three. Old Lise swears that she had been forced by the soldiers to open the church; that one of the stones (an arch lie, says our pastor) not being properly fitted, they had begun to dig about with their swords, till they found the plate. The guilt could not, however, be brought home to Lise, who stoutly denied it; and got off with a severe lecture from the pastor. The whole party were utterly without food; Maria had divided already among the children all she had: but Providence sent a large flock of fieldfares into the neighboring bushes, which they contrive to snare. Ilse, the maid, had volunteered into the village to bring away the mane and the tail of the pastor's old cow, which had died a short time before, to make springes. Pastor Schweidler himself picks up on the road a loaf, which one of the troopers has dropped, and which a raven was pecking. He conceals it carefully, not for his own or his daughter's use, but to "improve it" for the spiritual welfare of his flock. We must endeavor to translate the scene of this supper:—

"Quoth I, then, when all was ready, and the people were all sate down upon the ground—now see ye how the Lord yet feeds his people in the wilderness with fresh quails; should he do further, and send us a little bit of manna bread from heaven, would ye ever be weary of believing, and not willingly the rather bear all want, trouble, thirst, and hunger, that he might hereafter lay upon you according to his gracious will? Whereupon they all answered and said, Yea, verily. EGO. Will ye faithfully promise this? Whereupon they said

again, Yea, that will we. Then drew I forth, weeping, the loaf from under my waist, lifted it up on high, and cried, Now see, thou poor, believing little flock, what a sweet manna bread our faithful Redeemer hath sent by me. Whereat they all shrieked out, and cried and wept; and the little children all jumped up, and held out their hands, and cried, Me bread! me bread! [miekt brod! miekt brod!] and when I, for trouble of mind, could not pray, I bade Paasche's little girl say the *Gratias*, the while my Maria cut up the loaf, and gave its portion to each of them. And now we all joyously sate down to the blessed God's meal in the wilderness."

Our pastor does not forget the prophet Elijah and the ravens—

"As we had at length filled our stomachs with the necessary food, I made a thanksgiving sermon on Luke xii. v. 24, where the Lord says, 'Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap, which neither have storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them; how much more are ye better than the fowls!' But our sins stank before the Lord. For as that old Lise, as I soon found out, had not eaten her birds, for they were not savory enough for her, but had thrown the same into the juniper bushes, his wrath waxed sore against us, as of old against the people of Israel; and at night we had only seven birds in our springes, and the morrow only two. And no raven came to us again to bring us bread! Wherefore rebuked I old Lise, and admonished the people, to take upon them willingly the righteous chastisement of the Most High God, and to pray the more earnestly."

We must hasten over the return to the village, the sore distress of the poor pastor at the loss of all his property, of his books—he recovers only a Virgil and a Greek Bible—above all, the loss of the *vasa sacra*. Nothing can be more simple, natural or pathetic than the whole history of their sufferings from famine: at one time he gets a bit of bread from a wandering beggar; at another they obtain a very scanty supply from a neighboring village which had escaped the plunder of the Imperialists. But his sorest distress at this time is, that he cannot administer the sacrament to the people, who are earnestly desiring it. In this juncture he ventures to write to the hardhearted governor, (Amtshauptman,) entreating him to give him some money to provide for the holy sacrament, and to buy a cup, even if it were of tin. The pastor had before made some ink out of the soot of the chimney, and sealed a letter with a little wax found sticking to an old wooden candlestick, which had belonged to the altar, and which the soldiers had not thought worth destroying. He tears out the blank leaf at the end of his Virgil, his last piece of paper, but unfortunately makes a dreadful and most disrespectful blot with his ink. He sends this letter by his old maid-servant—

"But the poor soul came trembling with terror back, and crying bitterly, and said that his worship had kicked her out of the castle gates [the schloss,] and threatened to put her in the stocks if she came again. Did the parson think that he (the justice) would throw about his money as he (the parson)

did his ink? They had water enough for the sacrament. The Son of God had once changed water into wine—he might do so again," &c. &c.

This shocking blasphemy almost overcame the pastor's patience: he assembled the parish, preached on the text of St. Augustine, *Crede, et manducasti*, "Believe, and you have eaten." He showed his flock that it was not his fault that they had not the proper elements; repeated his message to Appelmänn, who soon heard that the parson was *preaching at him*. The Great Man makes the whole parish sign a "protocol" of the sermon, despatches it to the government, and gives out that he will soon provide the parish with a better parson. Poor Schweidler is reduced to the utmost distress; his field of barley, which had been sown by some kind hand, is raked up by some wicked one; the little food he has is spirited away, no doubt through his pitiless foe, Lise Kolken.

We must try to give his utter agony in his own language. He has found out that his daughter has been cutting up fir-bark, pretending to eat it, as bread, in order that her father might be persuaded to take some small share in what they had left. The gentle Maria has fainted for weakness, and Schweidler himself has not strength to cross the room to her. His maid, and his faithful neighbor, old Paasche, try to lift him up. He begs them to leave him alone, and even to take his daughter out of the room, that he may pray.

"This did they, but the prayer would not come. I fell into bitter unbelief and despondency; and I murmured against the Lord that he plagued me more hardly than Lazarus or Job. For, wretch that I was, I cried out, Thou didst leave Lazarus the crumbs that fell from the table, and the pitiful dogs; thou hast left me nothing; and thou didst not chastise Job till thou hadst mercifully taken away his children; but thou hast left me my poor little daughter, that her sorrows may increase mine own a thousandfold. Lo this is why I can pray for nothing more than that thou wouldst speedily take me away from this earth, for gladly would I lay down my grey head in the grave. Woe is me, ruthless Father, what have I done! I have eaten bread and left my child an hungered. O, Lord Jesus, thou that hast said, what man is there of you, that if his children ask him for bread will give him a stone! Lo, I am that man; lo, I am that ruthless father; I have eaten bread and given my daughter wood; punish me, I will bear it, and be still. O my righteous Jesus, I have eaten bread and given my poor daughter wood. As I did not speak this, but shrieked it aloud, wringing my hands the while, my little daughter fell sobbing on my neck, and rebuked me for murmuring against the Lord; for even she herself, though a weak and frail woman, would not in like manner despair of his mercy. So that I soon, through shame and repentance, came to myself again, and humbled myself before the Lord for my sins."

The maid ran in the meantime shrieking through the village, but they all had eaten their dinners, and were most of them gone out to fish—nothing was to be had. The last hope lay in old Henry Seden, the churchwarden, who steals his wife's

pot of broth, and places it under the window. But even in her agony Maria will not touch it; and honest Henry only gets a sound rating, or worse, from his termagant Lise. Old Lise, however, had given Paasche a basin of broth, a sup of which he brings to the parsonage, not letting them know how he got it, and Maria's life is saved by this innocent stratagem.

In his complete desolation the old pastor thinks of leaving his parish, where "in five years he had had but one wedding and two baptisms, and begging his way to Hamburg, to his brother-in-law Martin Behring, a respectable shopkeeper there." But Maria thinks it strange that he should think of leaving his home, "inasmuch as she had hardly ever been beyond the bounds of the parish, and her blessed mother and little brother lay in the churchyard, and who shall make up their graves and plant them with flowers! Then," proceeds the innocent girl, "God has given me a smooth face, and what shall I do upon the roads, which are full in these terrible times of soldiers and other wandering vagabonds, with only you, a poor weak old man, to guard me! *item*, how shall we protect ourselves against the cold, for the enemy has stolen all our clothes, so that we have hardly wherewith to cover our nakedness!"

He is rebuked, too, by the stronger faith of the maid Ilse, whom they in vain endeavor to persuade to return to her relations. Ilse pretends to go, but finds she cannot leave them, and they find her next morning at her usual work in the kitchen. She reminds the good pastor of his first sermon; that he had then solemnly said that he would abide by his people in the utmost need, even to his death. They find, also, that some charitable person had stolen into the house by night and left them two loaves, a good bit of meat, a bag of grits, and a bag of salt, at least a bushel.

"One may guess what a cry of joy we all uttered. And I was not ashamed to confess my sins before our maid, and in our morning prayer upon our knees we vowed obedience and faithfulness to the Lord. Thereupon this morning we had a noble breakfast, and sent something out to old Paasche: *item*, my dear daughter let all the little children come again, and fed them tenderly, before any one could speak a word, with our provisions; and as in my heart of little faith I sighed thereat, though I spake nothing, she smiled and said, 'Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.'"

The pastor thought that this quotation of his daughter's could be little less than inspired. That very afternoon Maria came dancing home full of joy; she had been on the Streckelberg to gather berries; she had gone down to the sea-shore, and there the sand had been washed away, and she had discovered a large vein of amber of incalculable value. She had brought away such specimens as she could break off and carry. The pastor found himself immediately rich, if he could conceal his treasure from his enemy the Amtshauptman, who

would immediately have seized it in the name of the king. Old Abraham and his daughter keep their own counsel about their treasure-trove.

"But whom now rob I?—why, the state!—in truth Marvellous little owe I this same state."

Throughout, indeed, they act with considerable shrewdness; they usually visit their treasure by night; they then pack up some large pieces, go to the neighboring town of Wolgast, sell the amber for what is to them enormous wealth, to certain Dutch merchants, spread about a rumor that they have had a large legacy; and in short are not very scrupulous about the subterfuges to which they have recourse, and somehow do not remember to repent them of these little departures from truth. But who would not forgive them!—They come back to the village with a large quantity of provisions.

"The next morning my daughter divided the blessed bread, and sent every one in the village a good large piece. \* \* \* *Item*, I had notice given throughout the parish that on Sunday I would administer the holy sacrament; and in the mean time I bought up all the large fish which had been caught. When now the blessed Sunday came, I first held a confession of the whole parish, and thereupon a sermon on Matt. xv. 32, 'I have compassion on the multitude \* \* \* for they have nothing to eat.' The same I first explained of spiritual food, and there rose a great groaning both among men and women; when at the close I went to the altar, where stood the blessed food for the soul, and repeated the words—'I have compassion on the people, for they have nothing to eat.' (N. B. I had borrowed a pewter cup in Wolgast, and bought a little earthen plate for a patin, till the time that Master Bloom should have got ready the silver cup and patin I had ordered.) When I had thereupon consecrated and administered the holy sacrament—*item*, spoken the last blessing, and each in silence was praying his 'Our Father,' and was going out of the church—I went back to the confessional seat, and signed to the people to stay, for the blessed Saviour would not only feed their souls but likewise their bodies, seeing that he would always have the same compassion on his folk, as with his people of old by the sea of Galilee; the which they should see. Went then to the tower, and brought out two baskets, which our maid had bought at Wolgast, and I had had conveyed there in good time, placed them before the altar, and took off the cloth with which they were covered, on which there was a loud outcry, inasmuch as they saw one full of broiled fish and the other of bread." \* \* \*

"After church, when I had put off my surplice, came Henry Seden's glowering-eyed wife, and impudently asked for something more for her husband for his journey to Liepe; moreover she herself had had nothing, seeing she had not been at church. This almost angered me; and I said to her, 'Wherefore wert thou not at church? But hadst thou come humbly, thou shouldst have gotten something, but now thou comest so impudently I will give thee nothing. Think what thou hast done to me and my child.' But she kept standing at the door, and glowering impudently round the room, till my little daughter took her by the arm

and led her out, and said the while, 'Hearest thou, thou shalt first come humbly before thou gettest anything, but comest thou so, thou shalt have thy share, for we will no longer reckon with thee an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; that the Lord may do, if such be his good pleasure;—but we will readily forgive you.' Whereat at last she went out of doors, in her way muttering within herself, but she spat several times in the street, as we saw out of the window."

Time passes on—but not without events. A capital ghost-story, which we cannot extract, introduces the pastor to young Rudiger, the handsome heir of Nienkirch, who visits the parsonage now and then. One night he is detained; and as the only bed was Maria's, she was fain to sleep with the maid, and give up her chamber to the youth. This causes a good deal of pretty blushing and confusion, very inexplicable to the worthy parson, and in the morning he is surprised to see his daughter come down to breakfast in the fine red silk gown, and ribands, and apron which she had bought at Wolgast.

Unfortunately, soon after, a wolf-hunt throws the innocent Maria in the way of the governor, (Amtshauptman,) who takes a great fancy to her, and condescends immediately to offer to take her into his service. She refuses, of course, this perilous promotion; and another day came—

"old Seden's glowering-eyed wife, like a lame dog. \* \* \* \* She sets before my daughter whether she would not go into the service of his honor the governor, praises him as a religious and virtuous man, vows that all that the world said of him was 'stinking lies;' that she could bear witness of it, 'for she had been in his service ten years.' *Item*, she praised the good living they had there, the handsome beer-money (bieregeld) which the great people who often visited there gave to the servants who waited on them; that she herself had once received from his excellent Highness, the Archduke Ernst Ludwig, a rose-noble. Moreover, there were many fine young men there, so that it might be her good luck, seeing that she was a pretty kind of girl, to choose whom she would marry; but she might sit in Coserow, where nobody came, till she was crooked and wrinkled (krumm und dumm), before she got a coif on her head."

Maria is proof against magnificent temptations: the governor in vain proposes to her the dignified place of his housekeeper (ausgebersche), and tries to make up a match between her and his huntsman (jager.) Even old Abraham sees plainly enough his base object, though, as he is the magistrate "set over him by God," he thinks it right to treat him with the utmost respect. The last time he left the house, indeed, he says, "that he went, and Satan went with him, as of old with Judas Iscariot."

So passed the winter; but with the spring the parish of Coserow was disturbed by new misfortunes. The cows began to die in a sudden and unaccountable manner; the pigs followed their example; a woman with child fell down, (the parish midwife was just dead, and no one to take

her place,) and something black, like a bat, came from under her clothes, and flew out of the window. The parson's daughter, being the only maiden of marriageable years in the parish, was in great request. She had to draw out three hairs from the tail of each cow that was seized, and bury them under the manger: she had also some counteracting charm to work for the pigs. That it was all witchcraft, no one could doubt, and the whole parish thought that no one but Henry Seden's glowering-eyed wife was at the bottom of all this devil's mischief. But Lise Kolken's cow was seized like the rest, and she was obliged to have recourse to Maria. Suddenly all Maria's healing influence seems to cease; all her attempts are in vain: one cow dies almost under Maria's hands. Kate Berow's pig, which she had bought with the savings of her spinnings, expires in like manner; and the kind girl is so moved, that she promises the poor creature a young pig when her father's sow should have her litter. Lise Kolken's pig went next, and when Maria refused to go any more, as she saw it was of no use, the wretched old hag (we are sorry to say the good parson calls her *teufelshure*) ran about the parish, and said it was no wonder that Maria could no longer do any good to the cattle; that she visited the Streckelberg too often—in short, brought the coarsest accusation against the kind and spotless maiden.

It is true, says honest Abraham, that she was wont to go there, to gather flowers and repeat her favorite lines of Virgil—she forgot to say that Maria was a scholar—in fact, old Abraham had the ambition of making her a second Anna Maria Schurman, the female wonder, the all-accomplished and all-learned Mrs. Somerville of the day—not in natural philosophy, indeed, but in Hebrew, Arabic and Syriac, to say nothing of Greek and Latin. However, he forbade her from going any more, at least to dig for amber:—

"But this thing did she do, albeit she had promised not, and of this disobedience came all our misery. Ah, thou blessed God! what a serious thing is thy holy fourth [fifth] commandment! Honored John Lampius of Crammin, when he visited me in spring, told me that the Cantor of Wolgast would sell the Opp. St. Augustini, &c."

Maria heard Lampius make this communication—and the affectionate girl went out at night to dig for amber, in order to make him a present of this much coveted book on his birth-day, "the 28th of the month of August."

It so happened that just at this time the young *nobilis*, Rudiger of Nienkirch, rode over to hear all about the parish being bewitched:—

"As I told him the whole, he shook his head in unbelief, and gave it as his opinion that all witchcraft was lies and cheatery; whereat I shuddered violently, seeing that I had thought the young lord to be a wiser man, and now could not but see that he was an atheist! He perceived this, and answered me with a smile, whether I had ever read Johannes Wierus, who would

in speaking about witchcraft, and agreed that all who were maliciously persons who imagined that they had made pacts with the devil, and who were deserving of punishment. When I answered, in truth I had not read such a word, or who had read all that fools say, I had showed him that, by the testimony of witnesses here and elsewhere, it was a malicious drive to give witchcraft, inasmuch as a man could not as well deny that there was such a thing as murder, robbery or theft."

We have now an amusing episode of the appearance of Gustavus Adolphus—as our friend Augustus says of him, and as he was honored by all Christendom, the Lion of the North and the Redeemer of the Protestant faith. Good parson Schwendler writes, with infinite labor, eight Latin complimentary verses, with but a false quantity or so, and these lines are recited by his daughter to the king, who is graciously pleased to answer in Latin—*Propius accedas, patria virgo, ut te osculer.* This mark of approbation the gallant monarch no doubt bestowed as condescendingly, and the young lady received not less loyally, than the ladies of Nebuchadnezzar the salute of their youthful monarch. Moreover, Gustavus hangs a gold chain round her neck, and says—"if I return conqueror, *promissum curam et duo oscula expecto.*"

But this is but a gleam of sunshine before the darkening night. Though the bewitching the cattle seemed to have ceased, other strange circumstances had occurred. Old Henry Seden had disappeared under very suspicious circumstances; and now Maria Schweidler's own god-daughter, old Paasche's child, is manifestly possessed. The Rev. Abraham tries, in due form, but with indifferent success, to exorcise her. Unfortunately, Maria had sent her a little cake which her maid Ilse had bought at Wolgast. The good pastor perceives that the parishioners begin to avoid him in a most inexplicable manner—the school is deserted, not a child makes its appearance; and when the blessed Sunday comes there is scarcely a person in the church; the few that appear run away in terror and aversion. This is not all—the faithful Ilse herself, who had clung to them in all their trials of poverty and hunger, begs to be allowed to leave them. Maria entreats her to let her know the reason,—

"But she hid her face in her apron, and sobbed, and could not speak a word: whereupon my daughter lifted up the apron, and stroked her cheek, to make her speak. But when she saw that, she struck away my poor child's hand, and said 'Fie!' and spat out before her, and went out of the door. Such a thing had she never done since my daughter was a little baby; and we were both so astonished that we did not speak the least word."

Maria runs out to call her back, but every one of the villagers hurries away from her; wherever she appears, the school-children cry, cover in corners, and spit before them, as the maid had done.

The next morning a carriage appeared; the

beadle, Jacob Knake, places a warrant in the hands of poor Schweidler, for the arrest of his daughter as a notorious witch. She is carried off to Pudgla, the town where the governor (Amtshauptman) resides. Old Abraham can only prevail on the beadle to let him accompany her by a handsome *bergeld*. Along the road she is everywhere insulted—as they pass the mill, the miller's lad throws meal-dust upon her. All Pudgla is collected, with cries, "Is that the witch?"—"Look, look!—the parson witch!—the parson witch!" The Amtshauptman receives them with bitter mockery. "What! you would not come to my house—and yet you are come!"—He is, however, in private more civil; he takes the poor girl aside, and promises to save her life—upon one condition. On her indignant rejection of his offers, he adds, in a strange and mysterious menace, "Well, as you have had Satan for a lover, you need not be so nice." He then endeavors to embrace her, she resents, and in her struggle scratches his face. Old Schweidler, who had crept to the door, breaks in; and the cruel magistrate threatens to put them into different and foul dungeons. He does not, however, as yet behave with quite so much inhumanity.

The next morning is the first hearing. There arrived from Usedom his worship Herr Samuel Pieper, *Consul Dirigens*—item the Camerarius Gebhard Wenzel, and a scribe, "whose name I heard, but I have forgotten it. My daughter forgot it too. Seeing she had an excellent memory, she told me the most of what follows, for my poor old head was almost burst, so that I could retain very little." The father is allowed, as a special favor, to be present at the hearing. The *Consul* asks the *Justice* whether he had put *Rea* in chains; when he said, "No," the *Consul* gave him "such a reprimand as went through my marrow." "The door opened, and the beadle entered with my daughter, but backwards, and without her shoes, which she was obliged to leave outside. The brute had seized her by her long hair." On the first question, whether she knew why she was brought there, she replies that the Amtshauptman had told her father; she then, with perfect modesty and self-command, details the wicked conduct of the governor towards her—"she therefore will not have him for her judge; and trusts in God that He will deliver her from the hands of her enemies, as He delivered of old the chaste Susanna."

But the Amtshauptman, with cool effrontery, denies the whole; he declares that it was his little dog who scratched his face. In vain poor Schweidler confirms his daughter's testimony—the Herr Consul *dirigens* is somehow or other completely in the power of the Amtshauptman—the trial proceeds. We must give some part of it:—

"*Questio.* Whether she could bewitch (zaubern)!"

"*Responsio.* No; she knew nothing of witchcraft."

"Q. Whether she could unbewitch?"

"R. Of that she knew as little.

"Q. Whether she had ever been on the Blocksberg?"

"R. That was much too far off; she knew no hill but the Streckelberg, where she had often been.

"Q. What had she done there?"

"R. Looked over the sea, or gathered flowers, and sometimes got an apron-full of dry brushwood.

"Q. Whether she had ever called upon the devil?"

"R. That had never entered her thoughts.

"Q. Whether the devil had ever appeared at her call?"

"R. God defend her from such a thing.

"Q. So she could not bewitch?"

"R. No.

"Q. What happened to Stoffer Zuter his dapple-d cow, that it had suddenly died in her presence?"

"R. That she did not know: and it was a strange question.

"Q. Then it would be as strange a question how Kate Berow's little pig had died?"

"R. Assuredly: she wondered why any one should lay it to her.

"Q. Then she had not bewitched them?"

"R. No: God defend her.

"Q. Wherefore, if she was guiltless, had she promised old Kate another little pig when her sow should litter?"

"R. She did that out of kindheartedness. [Hereupon she raised herself up and began to cry violently, and said she saw clearly that she had to thank Lise Kolken for all this, for she had often threatened her when she would not gratify her covetous wishes, for she asked for everything she took a fancy to. The same Lise had gone all about the village when the cows were bewitched, telling them that if a pure virgin pulled two hairs out of the cow's tail they would be better. She had pitied them, and, as she knew that she was a pure virgin, she had at first helped them, but latterly had not.]

"Q. Whom had she helped?"

"R. Zabel's red cow, and Witthan's sow, and old Lise's own cow.

"Q. Why had she helped them no longer?"

"R. That she did not know: but she thought, though she did not wish to get any one into difficulty, that old Lise Kolken, who for many years had been in ill fame as a witch, had bewitched the cows in her name, and then unbewitched them, as she pleased, only to bring her to disgrace.

"Q. Why had old Lise bewitched her own cow, and let her own pig die, if she had raised the report in the parish, and could really unbewitch?"

"R. That she did not know; but it might be [and here she looked at the Amtshauptman] that she was paid double for it.

"Q. She tried in vain to shift the guilt from herself; had she not bewitched old Paasche's and even her father's barley, and had it trod down by the devil; *item*, brought the caterpillars into her father's orchard?"

"R. The question was as monstrous as the act would have been. There sate her father—his worship might ask him if she has ever shown her-

self an undutiful child to him. [Whereupon I wished to rise and speak, but the consul would not let me, but went on in his examination, wherefore I sat down, abashed and silent.]

"Q. Whether she could deny that, through her wickedness, the woman Witthan had brought a devil's delusion into the world, which had got up and flown out of the window, and when the midwife came had disappeared?"

"R. Verily, she had done good, all her life, to the people, and never harm to any one; that in the great famine she had taken the bread out of her own mouth and shared it with others, especially with the little children. They might call the whole parish to witness this. But wizards and witches always did evil, and never good to men; as our Lord Jesus taught, (Matt. xxii.,) when the Pharisees charged him with casting out devils through Beelzebub: his worship might thence see whether she could indeed be a witch.

"Q. He would soon convict her of her blasphemies: he saw that she had a good tongue in her head; she must answer the questions put to her, and no more. It was not *what* good she had done to the poor, but *how* she had done it. She must now show how she and her father had suddenly become so rich that she went pranking about in a silk gown, having been before so very poor."

"—Whereat she looked on me, and said, 'Father, shall I tell?' Whereupon I answered, 'Yea, my daughter; thereupon you must speak out frankly and plainly, though we become beggars again.' She then told how, in our great necessity, we had found the amber, and how much we had sold it for to the Dutch merchants.

"Q. What were the names of these merchants?"

"R. Dietrich von Pehnen and Jacob Kiekbusch; but, as we have heard from a sailor, they were dead of the plague in Stettin.

"Q. Why had we concealed this discovery?"

"R. For fear of our enemy, the Amtshauptman, who, as it seemed, would have condemned us to die of hunger, inasmuch as he forbade the parish, under heavy penalty, to supply us with anything, and said he would soon find them a better parson."

"—Hereupon Dominus Consul looked the Amtshauptman sharp in the face, who answered that he had indeed said so, seeing that the parson had preached at him in the most insolent manner, but he knew that they were far from any danger of dying of hunger.

"Q. How came so much amber on the Streckelberg? She must own that the devil put it there.

"R. Of that she knew nothing; but there was there a great vein of amber, which she could show. She had broken pieces off, and covered the hole again with fir twigs, that no one might find it.

"Q. Had she gone to the Streckelberg by day or night?"

"Hereupon she blushed, and was silent an instant; but she presently replied, 'Sometimes by day, sometimes at night.'

"Q. Wherefore did she stammer? She should freely confess everything, that her punishment might be lighter. Had she not given over old Seden to Satan, who had carried him off through the air, so that only some of his brains and his hair were left sticking on the oak tree?"

"R. She did not know whether it was his

\* The famous place of witch-meetings in the Hartz mountains.—See Faust.

brains or hair or not, which was found there. She had heard a woodpecker shriek so mournfully that she had gone towards the tree. Item: old Paasche, who had heard the noise, had followed her with his woodman.

"Q. Whether the woodpecker was not the devil, who had carried off old Seden?"

"R. That she did not know; but he must have been long dead, as the hair and blood which the young man took from the tree were quite dry.

"Q. How and when did he come by his death?"

"R. That Almighty God knows; but Zuter's little girl had said, that one day, when she was gathering nettles for her cow under Seden's hedge, she had heard the old man threaten his glowering-eyed wife that he would tell the parson that she, as he now well knew, *had a spirit*: whereupon the old man had soon disappeared. But these might be child's stories: she wished to bring no one into difficulty.

"Whereupon again Dn. Consul looked the Amtshauptman full in the face, and said, 'Old Lise Kolken must be brought before us.' Whereat the Amtshauptman gave no answer. He proceeded: 'You still affirm, then, that you know nothing of the devil?'

"That she should affirm it, and affirm it to her blessed end.

"Q. And yet had she, as witnesses would show, allowed him to baptize her in the sea?"

"Here she changed color, and for a moment was silent.

"Q. Why do you change color again? For God's sake, think on your salvation, and confess the truth.

"R. She had bathed in the sea, because it was a very hot day: that was the whole truth.

"Q. What chaste maiden would ever bathe in the sea? You lie; and perhaps you will still lyingly deny that you bewitched old Paasche's little girl with a cake?"

"R. Ah me! ah me! She loved the child as her own dear little sister. \* \* \* In the great famine she had often taken a bit out of her own mouth to put it in hers. How could she have done her such mischief?"

"Q. Wilt thou still lie? Honored Abraham, what an obdurate child is this of yours! Look here: is this no witch's salve, which the beadle found to-night in your box?—Is this no witch's salve, eh?"

"R. It was a salve for the skin, to make it white and smooth, as the apothecary at Wolgast, of whom she bought it, told her.

"Whereupon he shook his head and went on.

"Q. What! wilt thou, then, at last deny that this last Saturday, the 10th July, at twelve o'clock at night, you called upon your paramour, the devil, with awful words; that he appeared as a great hairy giant, and embraced and pressed you to his bosom?"

"At these words she was paler than a corpse, and began to tremble so violently that she was obliged to hold by a chair; and I, wretched man, who would have sworn for her to my death, when I saw and heard this my senses went away, so that I fell from the bench, and Dn. Consul must call the beadle to help me up again. When I came to myself, \* \* \* and, by God's mercy, was better, the whole court arose, and conjured my frail child by the living God, and her soul's welfare, to lie no longer, but to have compassion on herself and on her father, and confess the truth.

"Whereupon she heaved a great sigh, and became as red as she had been pale, so that her hand upon the chair was like scarlet, and she could not lift up her eyes from the ground.

"R. She would confess, then, the simple truth, as she saw well that wicked people had stolen after her, and watched her. She was getting some amber from the hill; and as she was at work, in her way, and to dissipate her fears, she had repeated the Latin *carmen* which her father had composed for the most excellent king, Gustavus Adolphus; that young Rudiger of Nienkirch, who had often come to her father's house, and talked love to her, had come out of the bushes, and when she shrieked for fright had spoken Latin to her, and taken her in his arms. He had on a great wolf's-skin, that people might not know him if they met him, and tell her father that she had been by night on the hill.

"At such her confession I waxed quite desperate, and cried out in wrath, 'O thou godless and disobedient child, so then thou hast a lover. Did I not forbid thee to go to the hill by night? What hadst thou to do at the hill at night?' And I began to cry out, and to sob, and to wring my hands, that even Dn. Consul had compassion, and he came towards me to comfort me. Meanwhile, she too came towards me and began to defend herself; that she had, against my orders, gone to the hill only to get as much amber as to buy secretly, for a present on my birth-day, the Opp. Sancti Augustini, which the cantor of Wolgast had to sell. She knew nothing whatever of the youth's design in waylaying her by night on the hill; and swore, by the living God, that nothing unbecoming had taken place, and that she was still a pure virgin."

So ends the first hearing; and strange and absurd as some of the circumstances may seem, we will answer for it (from some reading in trials for witchcraft) that there is nothing so extravagant or monstrous as to make one doubt as yet the authenticity of the report of the proceedings.

All, however, now goes against the poor girl: she cannot find the place where the amber was; the sea and the wind had heaped the sand over it. On searching her box, where she said there was some amber, (the beadle, we must remember, had already been rummaging there, and found the witch-salve,) it was empty—money and amber were all gone: her fine gown, however, and the chain the king had given her, were locked up in the chest in the church. Her father said he had done so to keep it for her wedding-day—she looked with fixed eyes, and said—"for me to be burned in, O Jesu! Jesu! Jesu!" The consul took this as a sort of acknowledgment that she deserved it—if she were innocent she would not say so. "Innocentia! (she replies) quid est innocentia? ubi libido dominatur, innocentia leve præsidium est." Her Latin makes the consul shudder still more—it could not be fairly learned—he never knew a woman who understood Latin. The inquisitors are only puzzled that they cannot find the paper with her written compact with the devil—it should seem a necessary document! We must not dwell on the other incidents which conspire against her.

Here our own suspicions, not of Maria, but of the editor, begin to grow stronger. The last is a letter from old Hans of Nienkirch, declaring that his son denies all knowledge of the matter! And the next day young Rudiger himself being sick in bed, at least so the consul is led to believe, deposes in vehement language to the falsehood of the whole business.

No wonder that "the next morning poor Abraham's grey hair was as white as snow." Yet the Lord wonderfully blest him, for at daybreak a nightingale began to sing in the elder bush by his window, so that he thought it was a good angel. After he had listened some time, he was able to pray, which he had not been able to do since Sunday. We cannot give the very curious chapter "*de confrontatione testium*." Old Ilse, Maria's maid, is the first witness. She deposes that Maria had sometimes gone out at night—"up the chimney!" is the next question. And "did you never miss your broom or your tongs?" At one awful moment in this part of the trial "all were so mouse-like still, that one might hear the flies buzz about the inkstand." Lise Kolken is the last witness: and Maria cross-examines her with great quickness, and catches her in divers contradictions. The worst point against poor Maria is that Lise swears she has "a devil's mark on her person." In vain she vows that she was born with it; she is carried out to be searched by the beadle's wife and old Ilse. There is discovered a mole between her breasts, into which the beadle's wife runs a needle, and is rather surprised and horror-struck that the poor girl shrieks and bleeds; as a devil's mark, it ought to have been quite insensible.

She is, however, allowed a counsel before she is put to the torture! Herr Syndicus Michelsen arrives from Usedom; and there is a very amusing chapter describing the defence prepared by the learned doctor, with all the flaws he finds in the indictment, and his quotations from Scripture. The doctor has not the least doubt, all the time, that she is an arrant witch. One of his great arguments is, that *rea* had actual money, whereas the "*Malleus Maleficarum*" lays it down as an irrefragable principle that the devil never gives real riches! For the bathing in the sea, he triumphantly quotes the example of Bathsheba. The great object of the defence is to turn the tables on Lise Kolken. "*Rea* cannot be a witch, because she has neither a crooked nose nor red glowering eyes, as a witch ought to have, according to Theophrastus Paracelsus." In gratitude for this admirable *defensio*, poor Maria wishes to kiss the advocate's hand; he draws it back in horror, and wipes it three times!

The simple parson, and even his more clear-sighted daughter, are, however, so impressed by the profound learning, and puzzled by the legal subtleties of the Syndicus, that they begin to entertain hopes. These hopes are soon dashed; Dn. Consul arrives with the decision of the court,

who find that there are "*indicia legitima, pręnantia, et sufficientia ad torturam ipsam*:" and she must prepare for this last inquisition. A neighboring clergyman, the Pastor Benzensis, arrives in his surplice. He delivers on the whole a kind-hearted and religious sermon, urging her to confess, yet insisting on the mercy of the court, who are only anxious to save her soul! Her father, in spite of all remonstrances, follows her to the horrible chamber of torture. The scene is too dreadful to dwell upon; but throughout there is the same living reality, circumstance following circumstance with all the impressiveness of actual life. Nothing can persuade the old man to leave the torture-chamber, even at the last moment. The poor girl is tied to the fatal ladder: even yet her quiet resignation to her martyrdom has not deserted her; she utters with no irreverent spirit, in the Hebrew and in the Greek, the words of our Lord upon the cross, *Θεὸς μου, Θεὸς μου, ἵστη με ὑπὸ τὸ σταυρὸν*. At the Greek Dn. Consul starts back, and makes a sign of the cross; the Greek, as he thought, could be nothing but an invocation of the devil; and now, with a loud voice, he said to the beadle, "Screw." At this the father gave one long wild cry, which made the vault of the dungeon tremble. This and this only the daughter cannot bear: she cries, "I will confess everything you wish." Being unbound, she springs from the ladder, and throws herself on her father's breast. The confession we can only give briefly:—

"Q. Whether she could bewitch?

"R. Yes, she could.

"Q. Who taught her?

"R. The hateful Satan himself.

"Q. How many devils had she?

"R. One was quite enough.

"Q. What was the name of that devil?

"R. *Ille* (after thinking a moment,) *Deisdæmonia* [Superstition.]

Whereupon Dn. Consul shuddered and said, "that must be a very terrible devil—seeing he had never heard his name before." He made her spell it, lest *Scriba* should make a mistake in his orthography. \* \* \* They then came to the question—a question, be it remembered, in all such cases invariably put, and, extravagant as it may seem, sooner or later answered by the poor tortured wretches, or by unhappy maniacs, in the affirmative—a question sanctioned by a papal bull, that of Innocent VIII., incorporated in the "*Malleus Maleficarum*," the great code of witch law—and doubtless in his belief in the justice and propriety of such a question, the head of our own church, the Solomon of his day, would have scorned to be outdone by either pope or lawyer. The question is on her criminal intercourse with the devil. In her perfect innocence, and from an ambiguous word in the German language, the girl cannot comprehend the question. When they force her to understand it, nothing but the order to tie her up again wrings from her a reluctant "Yea." Even here, and in one or two more revolting questions, we confi-



dently believe that there is no exaggeration! On such confessions as these, wrung from them by torture, thousands of human beings have suffered death in almost every country of Europe, aye, and of America too!

The next chapter gives us a strange, and, as we must begin to acknowledge our growing suspicions, a singularly powerful scene—the confession of old Lise Kolken, who is brought to Pudgla and thrown into prison; but feeling herself dying, sends to pastor Schweidler to hear her confession, and to administer the sacrament to her before death. He finds her lying with a besom for a pillow, as if “thereon to ride to hell.” Her confession is one of those wild rhapsodies that crazy old women poured forth with such unaccountable fertility of invention. In the midst of it a small worm, yellow at the tail, crawls under the door of the dungeon. “When she saw it, she gave a scream—such as I never heard, and hope never to hear again. For in my youth I saw one of the enemies’ soldiers pike a child in the presence of the mother—that was a scream which the mother gave; but that scream was child’s play to the scream of old Lise.” The worm creeps up her back, and she dies howling “the sacrament!” “the sacrament!” She had, however, confessed to being a witch for thirty years; and told all her villany with the Amtshauptman, whom she likewise accused of having a spirit. Unfortunately, in his distress old Schweidler had brought no witnesses to the confession; no one heard but the villanous beadle, who is sold body and soul to the Amtshauptman.

The next chapter is headed “How Satan sifted me as wheat, and how my daughter bravely withstood him.” The poor old man is submitted to the trial which Claudio is subjected to in “Measure for Measure;” and, like Claudio, he yields. The villanous Amtshauptman shows him in the distance the funeral pyre on the Streckelberg, on which, at ten next morning, his daughter is to be burned; and quotes divers Scriptures “to his devilish purposes.” Maria writes a Latin answer to her father’s Latin letter—for he is ashamed to write in German—in which she gently rebukes his weakness, and calmly expresses her own determination to die!

The fatal day, the fatal hour approaches; but Maria’s calm and gentle protestations of innocence so far convince her godfather, the Pastor Benzensis, that he is even reconciled to her dressing herself for the sacrifice in her silken attire, with the king of Sweden’s gold chain round her neck, and flowers in her hair. He consents to administer the sacrament to old Abraham, his daughter, and the faithful maid-servant. One little incident with regard to the latter, adds to the appalling reality of the scene. Old Ilse has spent all her savings in some pounds of flax, which she begs Maria to bind round her person, “because when the last witch was burned she suffered dreadfully from the wet wood of the pile, which would not kindle.”

“But ere my daughter could thank her, began the awful cry for blood in the justice chamber; for a voice cried as loud as it could, ‘Death to the accursed witch, Maria Schweidler, for she has fallen from the living God.’ And all the people cried after it, ‘Death to the accursed witch.’ When I heard this, I fell against the wall; but my sweet child stroked my cheek with her sweet little hands and spake, ‘Father, father, bethink thee, did not the people cry, ‘Crucify him, crucify him,’ around the sinless Jesus!—Shall we not drink the cup which our heavenly Father hath given us?’”

She is made to repeat her confession—the sentence is read—she mounts the fatal cart with her father, and the Pastor Benzensis; she passes on among the grossest insults of all the people, who crowd from every part of the country to the spectacle: and still incidents of strangely mingled beauty, horror, and absurdity, follow each other with the casual and natural sequence of actual life. Maria begins to chant her favorite hymn, on the joys of heaven, attributed to St. Augustine, but really written by Peter Damiani.

*Flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,  
Candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum;  
Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt,  
Pigmentorum spirat odor, liquor et aromatum;  
Pendent poma floridum non lapsura nemorum.  
Non alternat luna vices, sol vel cursus siderum,  
Agnus est felicitis urbis lumen inocciduum.”*

The Latin fairly frightens away the rabble, who retire cursing to a respectful distance, and the victim is thus spared their inhuman mockeries and even their attempts to hurt her person. One fellow is so frightened that he falls head over ears into the ditch. “Whereupon my poor daughter herself could not help smiling, and asked me if I knew any more Latin hymns, to keep the foolish and filthy-spoken rabble from us. ‘But, dear,’ said I, ‘if I did know any Latin hymns, how could I repeat them now?’ My *Confrater*, the Rev. Martinus, knew one; it was in truth an heretical one; yet as it delighted my daughter above measure, and he repeated several verses three or four times, till she could say them after him, I said nothing. For I have always been very rigid against all heresy: yet I consoled myself that our Lord would pardon her simplicity. And the first line was ‘Dies iræ, dies illa.’” The heretical verses were in fact that noble Catholic hymn. And so poor Maria goes on chanting—

*“Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet apparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit.*

*Item:*

*Rex tremendæ majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, fons pietatis.”*

From this point, however, Romance openly asserts her own. Poetical justice, that *Dea ex machinâ*, so unlike the ordinary justice, we fear, of this world, descends, and gradually dispels every lingering remnant of belief, which we had cher-

ished, in the authenticity of our "Amber Witch." It is a very beautiful little novel, but it is manifestly a novel.

During the procession a terrific storm comes on, ascribed of course to the hellish influences of the witch; the rabble and the officers of justice, the judges themselves, have no doubt about it. But when at length they arrive at the bridge over the mill-stream, which passes above the mill-race, (it is astonishing how we see at once the whole form of the country and the course of the road,) the horses and the men begin to stumble on the slippery ground. The driver of the cart in which the culprit and her father are seated, is thrown, and breaks his leg; every one who endeavors to pass gets at least one or two falls. The Amtshauptmann spurs his horse on, and at the moment there comes a flash of lightning of extraordinary brightness, followed by a clap of thunder as extraordinary; the startled horse backs—the Amtshauptmann is seen whirling round on the spokes of the mill-wheel!! All this is afterwards discovered to be a mischievous revenge of the miller's lad, whom the Amtshauptmann had ordered a severe flogging, for insulting Maria when they had passed that way before; he had smeared the whole road with tallow and other slippery substances, and thus brought on this part of the catastrophe.

The witch but deserves her burning the more richly. The execution is, therefore, only delayed, not arrested; the procession to the Streckelberg forms again; the storm has but exasperated the rabble, being, as we said, evidently the last convincing proof of poor Maria's diabolic powers: even Pastor Benzensis wavers in his belief in her innocence. As they reach, however, the foot of the Streckelberg, the sun breaks out, and a glorious rainbow, an omen to Maria, if not of hope, of divine mercy, spans the heavens. At that moment a horseman is seen furiously riding up: it is at first thought to be the ghost of the Amtshauptmann, and the spectators fly on all sides; it is young Rudiger of Nienkirch, with twenty armed followers. He had been shut up by his father, who was alarmed at his attachment to the parson's daughter; a cousin had been made to personate him, and to sign the fatal protocol, which denied all knowledge of her, and had so much weight at her trial. In short, the whole plot is unravelled—skilfully and gracefully enough we will allow—the latter chapters are as pleasingly written as the rest—but the charm is broken; it has ceased to be a true, contemporary, and harrowing record of times past; it has become like other tales of absorbing interest, simply and unaffectedly told, (Lady Georgiana Fullerton's "Ellen Middleton," for instance,) though one, if we may judge by its impression on ourselves, of surpassing excellence.

Yet we must not omit one crowning touch of character. The young Rudiger harangues the mob from the cart—not merely denounces the grievous

injustice of the sentence against poor Maria, but tries to persuade them not to believe any longer in such absurd nonsense as witchcraft. "When I heard this," says old Abraham, "I was astonished, as a conscientious clergyman must be, and got upon the cart-wheel, and whispered to him for God's sake to say no more on this matter, the while the people, if they no longer feared the devil, would no longer fear the Lord God."

We refrain, not without regret, from trespassing upon the short remaining *novel* part of the story; we would willingly have extracted the striking picture of the love-lorn Maria sitting on her own funeral pile, (the Scheiterhaufen,) on the Streckelberg, and reciting Dido's last magnificent words from Virgil—but we must break off.

Since the Amber Witch laid her spell upon us (we cannot say that we are disposed to condemn her therefore to the flames)—we have made further inquiry into the reality of our history. We are glad to find that Germany was at least as much perplexed as ourselves. Some of the journals pronounced boldly for its authenticity: a long controversy was threatened, which was put an end to by a letter from the editor, Dr. Meinhold, which we have read in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, plainly and distinctly claiming the authorship. Half the learned and critical world who had been fairly taken in, revenged themselves for their credulity by assuming a kind of lofty skepticism, and refusing to believe the author on his own word. Dr. Meinhold, it seems, is the author of some poems, and we believe other works, which had not made a very strong impression on the public mind, but which we shall look to with much curiosity. Others put on a pious indignation, and were greatly shocked at a respectable clergyman, a doctor in divinity, practising such a deception, more especially as regards themselves, and with so much success. Among these we understand is a poet, who dramatized the Amber Witch, with considerable effect, for the Hamburg theatre. For ourselves, we are not latitudinarian in the delicate point of clerical veracity; but as we can have no quarrel on this score with Dr. Meinhold, we cannot look with rigor on his asserting this kind of conventional privilege, which use at least has vindicated to the author of clever works.

But we have heard another amusing anecdote. Among Dr. Meinhold's victims were the Tübingen reviewers—either the redoubted Strauss himself, or his faithful and acknowledged followers. These gentlemen, whose training in the infallible Hegelian philosophy has endowed them with an unerring judgment as to the authenticity of every kind of writing; whose well-tryed acuteness can detect the *myth* in every form; who throughout the Gospels can discriminate, from internal evidence, the precise degree of credibility of each chapter, each narrative, each word, with a certainty which disdains all doubt—the school of Strauss pronounced the "Amber Witch" to be a *genuine chronicle*!

But worse than this, if Dr. Meinhold (as we understand a very pious and good man) is to be credited, they fell into a trap designedly laid for them. Dr. Meinhold, during his theological studies, was so unphilosophically dissatisfied with the peremptory tone with which this school dealt with the authenticity of the sacred writings, that he determined to put their infallibility to the test. He had written the "Amber Witch" some time before, and thrown it aside; he now determined to publish it as a sort of trial of these critical spirits. We wish him joy of his success, and condole with Strauss and Co.!

From Chambers' Journal.

#### AN EVENING PARTY AT M. NECKER'S IN 1790.

The destruction of the Bastille, attended as it was by political consequences, marked the era of a great change in the society of Paris, to which I had been a short while before introduced. Notwithstanding the occurrence of disorders amongst the populace, there was a general feeling of satisfaction with the change. The Parisians, gay, fickle, and voluptuous at that time, as they have ever since been, had begun to mingle together without regard to castes and classes, and it had become customary to meet, at all great parties, the men eminent for talent and public services, as well as those whose distinction lay in mere rank. It was universally acknowledged by such of the nobility themselves as had remained after the first emigration, that this was a great improvement.

The parties given at the house of M. Necker, where his daughter, Madame de Staël, presided, were of the highest brilliancy, being attended by a great number of persons of distinction, both foreign and French, as well as by the principal men of science and literature of the time, and all those who had come into notice in consequence of the recent political movements. The political party of which I am now to speak, was given to celebrate the anniversary of the return of the great minister to Paris—an event still looked back to as auspicious to France. On this occasion there were assembled the whole *élite* of the day, fresh from assisting at the Federation on the Champs de Mars. Conducted thither by my tutor, Condorcet, I had no sooner entered the suite of splendid drawing-rooms, than I found myself in the midst of all who were then busied in forming the national history. Count Mirabeau, Monseigneur Perigord, (Talleyrand,) Gregoire, Bishop of Blois, Alexander Lameth, Adrian Dupont, and several others, were conversing animatedly together. The venerable astronomer Lalande, Barthelemy, author of the *Travels of Anacharsis*, the illustrious mathematician Lagrange, Marinontel, so well known by his tales, with M. Monge, and the Marquis of Fontvieille, (the infamous St. Just.) were grouped around Madame de Staël and the Marchioness La-Tour-du-Pin. The Comte Lanjuinais, and MM. Malesherbes, Camille Jourdan, Barnave, and Target, were in warm conversation with the Duc La Rochefoucault Liancourt. My countryman, the celebrated Alfieri, was reciting some of his poetry to a group of ladies, with the air and gestures of a maniac. At an extremity of the room, towards the garden, was a group apparently in conversation on serious topics, and composed of M. Necker himself, Montmorin, with some other ministers, and the Marquis Lafayette, with some of his staff-officers of the national guard.

The handsome Viscount Montmorency—the favorite of our hostess—the Marquis La-Tour-du-Pin, the Marshall Beauvau, with MM. Dupuis, Volney, the dramatist Defauchereux, and the painter David, were

admiring an original painting of Raphael, which hung opposite the entrance of the front drawing-room, and David was the spokesman of the party.

However, Madame de Staël, dressed as a Greek heroine, and seated on a magnificent ottoman almost in the centre of the room, formed decidedly the principal point of attraction, both as being our hostess, and the acknowledged lioness-in-chief of the Faubourg St. Germain.

With my venerated conductor I joined the party of Necker and Lafayette; but very few minutes had elapsed when the usher announced Madame la Vicomtesse Beauharnais, who, being then separated from her husband, was accompanied by Messieurs Kellerman and Jourdan, and by her beautiful little son Eugene, then about eight years of age. Soon after, the highly-scented and highly affected Madame de Genlis, with the Duc de Chartres, (now king of the French,) also Madame Campan, and other ladies and gentlemen of the Court and of the Palais Royal, were introduced; and about ten o'clock the party formed not only a fine *corp d'œil*, but a truly extraordinary assembly of remarkable men and women. The different groups now began to mingle together, to converse loudly and facetiously. Wit and raillery were often made use of by the fair, and hilarity and good humor pervaded the whole society, while a profusion of all sorts of refreshments and delicacies were circulating amongst the guests without interruption. But one thing was rather painfully remarkable, that, with the exception of the American and Swiss diplomats, none of the foreign ambassadors honored the party with their presence.

About eleven o'clock, the hum and confusion of the assembly were succeeded by order; the talkative guests resumed their respective seats, and a musical entertainment was commenced by Madame de Staël taking her place at the piano, while Madame de Beauharnais seated herself at the harp, in order to play with our hostess a charming duet of Jommelli. While they were performing their parts with the skill and taste for which they were noted, two rather indifferent-looking guests arrived, who, to avoid disturbing the music, took their seats beside the entrance-door.

The performance being ended, and both ladies having deservedly received the thanks and compliments of all, a rather shabbily-dressed old gentleman, followed by a very plainly-habited little, thin, and pale young man, approached the throne of the queen of the party, while all the company, and especially myself, had their eyes fixed upon them. The old man was then unknown to me, but well known to all the assembly; but the little, thin, and pale young man had never been seen before in any society, and, with the exception of Monge and Lagrange, nobody knew him. The old gentleman, who was the celebrated Abbé Raynal, then the leader of the historico-philosophical school of France, presented to Madame de Staël, as a young protégé of his, *M. Napoleon Bonaparte*. All the lions and lionesses shrugged their shoulders, made a kind of grimace of astonishment at hearing such a plebeian name, and, unmindful of the little, thin, and pale young gentleman, each resumed his conversation and amusement.

Raynal and Bonaparte remained beside Madame de Staël, and I soon observed that Mesdames Beauharnais, La-Tour-du-Pin, Campan, and the other ladies, not excepting the affected Madame de Genlis, formed a group around them. Condorcet, Alfieri, and myself, joined this party. The Abbé spoke of his protégé as a very promising, highly talented, very industrious, and well-read young man, and particularly mentioned his extraordinary attainments in mathematics, military science, and historical knowledge. He then informed Madame de Staël that Bonaparte had left the service in consequence of having been ill-treated by his colonel, but that he wished now

to re-obtain a commission, because, for the future, merit and skill, and not intrigue and favoritism, would be necessary for gaining rank and honor in France.

Josephine Beauharnais, who had been attentively hearing all, and who at the same time had been minutely examining the countenance of Bonaparte, with that grace and unaffected kindness that were so natural to her, said "M. L'Abbé, I should feel great pleasure, indeed, if M. Bonaparte will allow me to introduce and recommend him to the minister of war, who is one of my most intimate friends." The thin and pale little gentleman very politely accepted the offer; and animated probably by the prospect of a speedy appointment, soon began to show in his conversation that at the top of his little body Providence had placed a head that contained a great and extraordinary mind. In a short time the great lions, moved by curiosity, flocked around to hear what was going on. Mirabeau was one of the curious; and Madame de Staël, as soon as she saw him approaching, said, with a smile, "M. le Comte, come here, we have got a *little great man*; I will introduce him to you, for I know that you are naturally fond of men of genius." The ceremony having been performed, the pale little gentleman shook hands with the great Count de Mirabeau, who, I must say, did not appear as stooping to him, but conducted himself with all due politeness. Now political chit-chat was introduced; and the future emperor of France took part in the discussions, and often received much praise for his lively remarks. When Mirabeau and the Bishop of Autun began to debate with Madame de Staël on the character and talents of Pitt, then prime minister of England, and the former styled him "a statesman of preparations," and "a minister who governed more by his threats than by his deeds," Bonaparte openly showed his disapprobation of such an opinion. But when the Bishop of Autun praised Fox and Sheridan for having asserted that the French army, by refusing to obey the orders of their superiors, and of the executive, had set a glorious example to all the armies of Europe, because by so doing they had shown that men, by becoming soldiers, did not cease to be citizens, Bonaparte said, "Excuse me, monseigneur, if I dare to interrupt you; but as I am an officer, I beg to speak my mind. It is true that I am a very young man, and it may appear presumptuous in me to address an audience composed of so many great men; but as, during the last three years, I have paid the most intense attention to all our political troubles and phases, and as I see with sorrow the present state of our country, I will expose myself to censure rather than pass, unnoticed, principles which are not only unsound, but subversive of all established governments. As much as any of you, I wish to see all abuses, antiquated privileges, and usurped rights and immunities annulled; nay, as I am at the beginning of my career, and without wealth or powerful friends, it will be my duty and my best policy to support the progress of popular institutions, and to forward improvement in every branch of the public administration. But as in the last twelve months I have witnessed repeated alarming popular disturbances, and seen our best men divided into factions which promise to be irreconcilable, I sincerely believe that *now, more than ever*, a strict discipline in the army is absolutely necessary for the safety of our constitutional government, and for the maintenance of order. Nay, I apprehend that, if our troops are not compelled strictly to obey the orders of the executive, we shall soon feel the excesses of a democratic torrent, which must render France the most miserable country of the globe. The ministers may be assured, that if, by these and other means, the growing arrogance of the Parisian canaille is not repressed, and social order rigidly maintained, we shall see not only this capital, but every other city in France, thrown into a

state of indescribable anarchy, while the real friends of liberty, the enlightened patriots now working for the weal of France, will sink beneath a set of leaders who, with louder outcries for freedom on their tongues, will be in reality only a set of savages, worse than the Nereos of old!"

This speech of the hitherto unknown youth, delivered with an air of authority which seemed natural to the speaker, caused a deep sensation. I remember seeing Lalande, Lacretelle, and Barthelemy, gazing at him with the most profound attention. Necker, St. Priest, and Lafayette, looked at each other with an uneasy air. Mirabeau nodded once or twice significantly to Talleyrand and Gregoire, who appeared sheepish, downcast, and displeased. Alfieri, notwithstanding his aristocratic pride, and his natural dislike for young men's harangues, paid not only attention to the speaker, but seemed delighted; and Condorcet nearly made me cry out by the squeezes which he gave my hand at every sentence uttered by the little, thin, pale young gentleman.

When he concluded, Madame de Staël, with her usual gravity, addressing the Abbé Raynal, warmly thanked him for having introduced to her so precocious and so truly wonderful a politician and statesman; and then turning to her father and his colleagues, she said, "I hope, gentlemen, that you will take a warning from what you have heard." In short, this slender youth, who had come to the party a perfect nonentity, became all of a sudden the prime lion and the object of general remark.

But the individual most affected and most pleased of all was the Abbé Raynal. The countenance of this good old man manifested the rapturous feelings of his mind in witnessing the triumph of his young protégé, who, a few weeks after, through Madame de Beauharnais, obtained a new commission. Raynal lived to hear of the splendid exploits of Bonaparte at the taking of Toulon, to witness his conquest of the Convention in 1795, to hear of his appointment as commander-in-chief of the army of the interior, and also of his being named commander-in-chief of the army in Italy, in February, 1796. Had he lived a few days longer, he would probably have assisted at his marriage with Madame the Vicomtesse Josephine de Beauharnais, for the nuptials took place on the 9th of March, and he died on the 6th, 1796.\*

LINES, BY MR. BECKFORD.

Like the low murmur of the secret stream,  
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,  
My suppliant voice is heard: Ah! do not deem  
That on vain toys I throw mine hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,  
On the wild mountain, on the verdant sod,  
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,  
I wander lonely, communing with God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart  
Creeps in, cold shuddering through my sinking frame,  
I turn to Thee—that holy peace impart  
Which soothes the invokers of thy holy name.

O! all-pervading Spirit! sacred beam!  
Parent of light and life! eternal Power!  
Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam  
Of thy bright essence in my dying hour!

\* It is hardly necessary to remark, that the time and circumstances of the first acquaintance of Napoleon with both Josephine and Madame de Staël are here stated differently from accounts hitherto current. The editors, having made this remark to the writer of the article, were favored with a note assuring them that the other accounts are undoubtedly wrong, as he feels fully convinced that the true facts are as he here states them from his personal observation.

From the Gallery of Portraits.

### CRANMER.

THOMAS CRANMER was born July 2, 1489, at Aslacton, in Nottinghamshire. He was descended from an ancient family, which had long been resident in that county. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship, which he soon vacated by marriage with a young woman who is said to have been of humble condition. Within a year after his marriage he became a widower, and was immediately, by unusual favor, restored to his fellowship. In 1523, he was admitted to the degree of doctor of divinity, and appointed one of the public examiners in that faculty. Here he found an opportunity of showing the fruits of that liberal course of study which he had been for some time pursuing. As soon as his teachers left him at liberty, he had wandered from the works of the schoolmen to the ancient classics and the Bible; and, thus prepared for the office of examiner, he alarmed the candidates for degrees in theology by the novelty of requiring from them some knowledge of the Scriptures.

It was from this useful employment that he was called to take part in the memorable proceedings of Henry the Eighth, in the matter of his divorce from Catherine.

Henry had been counselled to lay his case before the universities, both at home and abroad. Cranmer, to whom the subject had been mentioned by Gardiner and Fox, went a step farther, and suggested that he should receive their decision as sufficient without reference to the Pope. This suggestion was communicated to the king, who, observing, with his usual elegance of expression, that the man had got the sow by the right ear, summoned Cranmer to his presence, and immediately received him into his favor and confidence.

In 1531, Cranmer accompanied the unsuccessful embassy to Rome, and in the following year was appointed ambassador to the Emperor. In August, 1532, the archbishopric of Canterbury became vacant by the death of Warham, and it was Henry's pleasure to raise Cranmer to the primacy. The latter seems to have been truly unwilling to accept his promotion; and when he found that no reluctance on his part could shake the king's resolution, he suggested a difficulty which there were no very obvious means of removing. The Archbishop must receive his investiture from the Pope, and at his consecration take an oath of fidelity to his Holiness, altogether inconsistent with another oath, taken at the same time, of allegiance to the king. All this had been done without scruple by other bishops; but Cranmer was already convinced that the Papal authority in England was a mere usurpation, and plainly told Henry that he would receive the archbishopric from him alone. Henry was not a man to be stopped by scruples of conscience of his own or others; so he consulted certain casuists, who settled the matter by suggesting that Cranmer should take the obnoxious oath, with a protest that he meant nothing by it. He yielded to the command of his sovereign and the judgment of the casuists. His protest was read by himself three times in the most public manner, and solemnly recorded. It is expedient to notice that the transaction was public, because some historians, to make a bad matter worse, still talk of a private protest.

In 1533, he pronounced sentence of divorce

against the unhappy Catherine, and confirmed the marriage of the king with Ann Boleyn. He was now at leisure to contemplate all the difficulties of his situation. It is commonly said that Cranmer himself had, at this time, made but small progress in Protestantism. It is true that he yet adhered to many of the peculiar doctrines of the Roman Church; but he had reached, and firmly occupied, a position which placed him by many degrees nearer to the reformed faith than to that in which he had been educated. By recognizing the Scriptures alone as the standard of the Christian faith, he had embraced the very principle out of which Protestantism flows. It had already led him to the Protestant doctrine respecting the pardon of sin, which necessarily swept away all respect for a large portion of the machinery of Romanism. As a religious reformer, Cranmer could look for no cordial and honest support from the king. Every one knows that Henry, when he left the Pope, had no mind to estrange himself more than was necessary from the Papal Church, and that the cause of religious reformation owes no more gratitude to him, than the cause of political liberty owes to those tyrants who, for their own security, and often by very foul means, have labored to crush the power of equally tyrannical nobles. From Gardiner, who, with his party, had been most active and unscrupulous in helping the king to his divorce and destroying papal supremacy, Cranmer had nothing to expect but open or secret hostility, embittered by personal jealousy. Cromwell, indeed, was ready to go with him any lengths in reform consistent with his own safety; but a sincere reformer must have been occasionally hampered by an alliance with a worldly and unconscientious politician. The country at large was in a state of unusual excitement; but the rupture with Rome was regarded with at least as much alarm as satisfaction; and it was notorious that many, who were esteemed for their wisdom and piety, considered the position of the church to be monstrous and unnatural. The Lollards, who had been driven into concealment, but not extinguished, by centuries of persecution, and the Lutherans, who wished well to Cranmer's measures of reform: but he was not equally friendly to them. They had outstripped him in the search of truth; and he was unhappily induced to sanction at least a miserable persecution of those men with whom he was afterwards to be numbered and to suffer.

His first and most pressing care was by all means to reconcile the minds of men to the assertion of the king's ecclesiastical supremacy, because all further changes must necessarily proceed from the royal authority. He then addressed himself to what seem to have been the three great objects of his official exertions—the reformation of the clerical body, so as to make their ministerial services more useful; the removal of the worst part of the prevailing superstitious observances, which were a great bar to the introduction of a more spiritual worship; and above all, the free circulation of the Scriptures among the people in their own language. In this last object he was opportunely assisted by the printing of what is called *Matthews's Bible*, by Grafton and Whitchurch. He procured, through the intervention of Cromwell, the king's license for the publication, and an injunction that a copy of it should be placed in every parish church. He hailed this event with unbounded joy; and to Cromwell, for the active part he took in the matter, he says, in a letter,

"This deed you shall hear of at the great day, when all things shall be opened and made manifest."

He had hardly witnessed the partial success of the cause of Reformation, when his influence over the king, and with it the cause which he had at heart, began to decline. He had no friendly feeling for those monastic institutions which the rapacity of Henry had marked for destruction; but he knew that their revenues might, as national property, be applied advantageously to the advancement of learning and religion, and he opposed their indiscriminate transfer to the greedy hands of the sycophants of the court. This opposition gave to the more unscrupulous of the Romanists an opportunity to recover their lost ground with the king, of which they were not slow to avail themselves. They were strong enough at least to obtain from Parliament, in 1539, (of course through the good will of their despotic master,) the act of the Six Articles, not improperly called the "Bloody Articles," in spite of the determined opposition of Cranmer: an opposition which he refused to withdraw even at the express command of the king. Latimer and Shaxton immediately resigned their bishoprics. One of the clauses of this act, relating to the marriage of priests, inflicted a severe blow even on the domestic happiness of Cranmer. In his last visit to the continent, he had taken, for his second wife, a niece of the celebrated divine Oslander. By continuing to cohabit with her, he would now, by the law of the land, be guilty of felony: she was therefore sent back to her friends in Germany.

From this time till the death of Henry, in 1546, Cranmer could do little more than strive against a stream which not only thwarted his plans of further reformation, but endangered his personal safety; and he had to strive alone, for Latimer and other friends among the clergy had retired from the battle, and Cromwell had been removed from it by the hands of the executioner. He was continually assailed by open accusation and secret conspiracy. On one occasion his enemies seemed to have compassed his ruin, when Henry himself interposed and rescued him from their malice. His continued personal regard for Cranmer, after he had in a measure rejected him from his confidence, is a remarkable anomaly in the life of this extraordinary king; of whom, on a review of his whole character, we are obliged to acknowledge, that in his best days he was a heartless voluptuary, and that he had become, long before his death, a remorseless and sanguinary tyrant. It is idle to talk of the complaisance of the servant to his master, as a complete solution of the difficulty. That he was, indeed, on some occasions subservient beyond the strict line of integrity, even his friends must confess; and for the part which he condescended to act in the iniquitous divorce of Anne of Cleves, no excuse can be found but the poor one of the general servility of the times: that infamous transaction has left an indelible stain of disgrace on the Archbishop, the Parliament, and the Convocation. But Cranmer could oppose as well as comply: his conduct in the case of the Six Articles, and his noble interference in favor of Cromwell between the tiger and his prey, would seem to have been sufficient to ruin the most accommodating courtier. Perhaps Henry had discovered that Cranmer had more real attachment to his person than any of his unscrupulous agents, and he may have felt pride in protecting one who,

from his unsuspecting disposition and habitual mildness, was obviously unfit, in such perilous times, to protect himself. His mildness indeed was such, that it was commonly said, "Do my Lord of Canterbury a shrewd turn, and you make him your friend for life."

On the accession of Edward new commissions were issued, at the suggestion of Cranmer, to himself and the other bishops, by which they were empowered to receive again their bishoprics, as though they had ceased with the demise of the crown, and to hold them during the royal pleasure. His object of course was to settle at once the question of the new king's supremacy, and the proceeding was in conformity with an opinion which at one time he undoubtedly entertained, that there are no distinct orders of bishops and priests, and that the office of bishop, so far as it is distinguished from that of priests, is simply of civil origin. The government was now directed by the friends of Reformation, Cranmer himself being one of the Council of Regency; but still his course was by no means a smooth one. The unpopularity, which the conduct of the late king had brought on the cause, was even aggravated by the proceedings of its avowed friends during the short reign of his son. The example of the Protector Somerset was followed by a herd of courtiers, and not a few ecclesiastics, in making reform a plea for the most shameless rapacity, rendered doubly hateful by the hypocritical pretence of religious zeal. The remonstrances of Cranmer were of course disregarded; but his powerful friends were content that, whilst they were filling their pockets, he should complete, if he could, the establishment of the reformed church. Henry had left much for the Reformers to do. Some, indeed, of the peculiar doctrines of Romanism had been modified, and some of its superstitious observances abolished. The great step gained was the general permission to read the Scriptures; and, though even that had been partially recalled, it was impossible to recall the scriptural knowledge and the spirit of inquiry to which it had given birth. With the assistance of some able divines, particularly of his friend and chaplain Ridley, afterwards Bishop of London, Cranmer was able to bring the services and discipline of the church, as well as the articles of faith, nearly to the state in which we now see them. In doing this he had to contend at once with the determined hostility of the Romanists, with dissensions in his own party, and conscientious opposition from sincere friends of the cause. In these difficult circumstances his conduct was marked generally by moderation, good judgment, and temper. But it must be acknowledged that he concurred in proceedings against some of the Romanists, especially against Gardiner, which were unfair and oppressive. In the composition of the New Service Book, as it was then generally called, and of the Articles, we know not what parts were the immediate work of Cranmer; but we have good evidence that he was the author of three of the Homilies, those of Salvation, of Faith, and of Good Works.

It should be observed, that Cranmer, though he early set out from a principle which might be expected eventually to lead him to the full extent of doctrinal reformation, made his way slowly and by careful study of the Scriptures, of which he left behind sufficient proof, to that point at which we find him in the reign of Edward. It is certain that during the greater part, if not the whole, of Henry's

reign, he agreed with the Romanists in the doctrine of the corporal presence and transubstantiation.

The death of Edward ushered in the storms which troubled the remainder of his days. All the members of the council affixed their signatures to the will of the young king, altering the order of succession in favor of the Lady Jane Grey. Cranmer's accession to this illegal measure, the suggestion of the profligate Northumberland, cannot be justified, nor did he himself attempt to justify it. He appears, weakly and with great reluctance, to have yielded up his better judgment to the will of his colleagues, and the opinion of the judges.

Mary had not been long on the throne before Cranmer was committed to the Tower, attainted of high treason, brought forth to take part in what seems to have been little better than a mockery of disputation, and then sent to Oxford, where, with Latimer and Ridley, he was confined in a common prison. The charge of high treason, which might undoubtedly have been maintained, was not followed up, and it was not perhaps the intention of the government at any time to act upon it: it was their wish that he should fall as a heretic. At Oxford he was repeatedly brought before commissioners delegated by the Convocation, and, in what were called examinations and disputations, was subjected to the most unworthy treatment. On the 20th of April, 1554, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were publicly required to recant, and on their refusal were condemned as heretics. The commission however having been illegally made out, it was thought expedient to stay the execution till a new one had been obtained; which, in the case of Cranmer, was issued by the Pope. He was consequently dragged through the forms of another trial and examination; summoned, whilst still a close prisoner, to appear within eighty days at Rome; and then, by a sort of legal fiction, not more absurd perhaps than some which still find favor in our own courts, declared contumacious for failing to appear. Finally, he was degraded, and delivered over to the secular power. That no insult might be spared him, Bonner was placed on the commission for his degradation, in which employment he seems to have surpassed even his usual brutality.

Cranmer had now been a prisoner for more than two years, during the whole of which his conduct appears to have been worthy of the high office which he had held, and the situation in which he was placed. Whilst he expressed contrition for his political offence, and was earnest to vindicate his loyalty, he maintained with temper and firmness those religious opinions which had placed him in such fearful peril. Of the change which has thrown a cloud over his memory, we know hardly anything with certainty but the fact of his recantation. Little reliance can be placed on the detailed accounts of the circumstances which accompanied it. He was taken from his miserable cell in the prison to comfortable lodgings in Christchurch, where he is said to have been assailed with promises of pardon, and allured, by a treacherous show of kindness, into repeated acts of apostasy. In the mean while the government had decreed his death. On the 21st of March, 1556, he was taken from his prison to St. Mary's Church, and exhibited to a crowded audience, on an elevated platform, in front of the pulpit. After a sermon from Dr. Cole the Provost of Eton, he

uttered a short and affecting prayer on his knees; then rising, addressed an exhortation to those around him; and, finally, made a full and distinct avowal of his penitence and remorse for his apostasy, declaring, that the unworthy hand which had signed his recantation should be the first member that perished. Amidst the reproaches of his disappointed persecutors he was hurried from the church to the stake, where he fulfilled his promise by holding forth his hand to the flames. We have undoubted testimony that he bore his sufferings with inflexible constancy. A spectator of the Romanist party says, "If it had been either for the glory of God, the wealth of his country, or the testimony of the truth, as it was a pernicious error, and subversion of true religion, I could worthily have commended the example, and matched it with the fame of any Father of ancient time." He perished in his sixty-seventh year.

All that has been left of his writings will be found in an edition of "The Remains of Archbishop Cranmer," lately published at Oxford, in four volumes 8vo. They give proof that he was deeply imbued with the spirit of Protestantism, and that his opinions were the result of reflection and study; though the effect of early impressions occasionally appears, as in the manner of his appeals to the Apocryphal books, and a submission to the judgment of the early fathers, in a degree barely consistent with his avowed principles. See his First Letter to Queen Mary.

This brief memoir does not pretend to supply the reader with materials for examining that difficult question, the character of the Archbishop. It is hardly necessary to refer him to such well-known books as Strype's Life of Cranmer, and the recent works of Mr. Todd and Mr. Le Bas.

The time, it seems, has not arrived for producing a strictly impartial life of this celebrated man. Yet there is doubtless a much nearer agreement among candid inquirers, whether members of the Church of England or Roman Catholics, than the language of those who have told their thoughts to the public might lead us to expect. Those who are cool enough to understand that the credit and truth of their respective creeds are in no way interested in the matter, will probably allow, that the course of reform which Cranmer directed was justified to himself by his private convictions; and that his motive was a desire to establish what he really believed to be the truth. Beyond this they will acknowledge that there is room for difference of opinion. Some will see, in the errors of his life, only human frailty, not irreconcilable with a general singleness of purpose; occasional deviations from the habitual courage of a confirmed Christian. Others may honestly, and not uncharitably, suspect, that the habits of the court, and constant engagement in official business, may have somewhat marred the simplicity of his character, weakened the practical influence of religious belief, and caused him, whilst laboring for the improvement of others, to neglect his own; and hence they may account for his unsteadfastness in times of trial.

In addition to the works mentioned above, we may name as easily accessible, among Protestant authorities, Burnet's History of the Reformation; among Roman Catholic, Lingard's History of England. Collier, in his Ecclesiastical History, stands, perhaps, more nearly on neutral ground, but can hardly be cited as an impartial historian. Though a Protestant, in his hatred and dread of all innovators, and especially of the Puritans, he seems ready to take refuge even with Popery; and examines always with jealousy, sometimes with malignity, the motives and conduct of Reformers, from his first notice of Wickliff to the close of his history.



From Chambers' Journal.

## EBEN ELSHENDER, THE MOOR-FARMER.

EBENEZER ALEXANDER, or, as he was usually called, Eben Elshender, a native of the north of Scotland, was originally a manufacturer, but not being successful in this line, and falling into low spirits, he went to spend some time at a village where an elder and more prosperous brother had a bleaching establishment, in the hope of recovering the tone of his mind by means of country air and exercise. The place seemed at first sight unlikely to cheer up an invalid of the mind, being situated in a high and sterile district, with a north-east exposure, and far from all other human haunts; but things turned out much better than might have been expected, and we shall tell how this came about.

Eben, in his wanderings in the neighborhood, was speedily attracted to a hollow in the neighboring moorlands, which might be considered as the only place within several miles presenting the least charm for the eye; a brook, fringed by a line of willows and a strip of green, formed the simple elements of the scene, and from its situation it had a look of seclusion and warmth. He was led, by what he saw here, to surmise that elevation is not an insuperable difficulty in cultivation, provided there be shelter; and soon becoming convinced of the fact, his active mind in no long time conceived that he might employ himself worse than in endeavoring to clear a little possession for himself, at a nominal rent, out of the neighboring lands. He looked around, but, excepting the few patches in the neighborhood of the village, the region was one either of unbroken heath or of moss of great depth, broken into pits, and filled with water even at midsummer. Nothing, therefore, could seem more hopeless. On the left only, as he looked northward, a large flat, lying far beneath him, and black and barren, or covered with brown heath, but looking to the sun, seemed to offer the semblance of a cultivated field, and he determined to visit it. He did so, but found it very unpromising. The surface, though apparently smooth at a distance, was rough and uneven; the soil was either stony and shallow, or a deep quick moss, wet everywhere even in summer, and with no fall by which it might be drained. A rivulet skirted it on the east, and was the natural boundary in that direction; but a swell many feet in height rose on the bank, and closed in the surface of the proposed farm from almost the possibility of being drained; and there were similar embankments on the north and west. Still it was a large surface, not materially uneven; it lay beautifully to the sun, and he could not but think that, if drained, and sheltered, and cultivated, here might be an extensive, perhaps a valuable farm. It would not require deep cuttings, as in moss-flows, nor extensive levellings, as in very unequal surfaces. He determined to think farther.

He spoke of his purpose to no one, but he brooded over it for days, again and again visiting the ground, and at last he waited on the agent of the proprietor. Even from him he exacted a promise of secrecy, if nothing should follow upon his offer; and then, for a lease of thirty years, offered a shilling an acre for four hundred acres of that unbroken waste, with power to renew his lease for thirty years more, if he should so incline, at five shillings per acre; but with liberty, also, to quit at the end of five years, without being liable in damages from any cause.

Many landlords seem to fancy that though land is of no value in their hands, they have yet a right to be sharers in the profits produced by the intelligence, labor, and capital of others; and that they are extremely liberal in forbearing to share for a few years in what had never existed for them, and yet will, at the end of those few years, be a valuable inheritance to them and their heirs forever. The landlord in the present case was wiser. He saw that he was about to receive immediately, for a small portion of this moor in cultivation, almost as much as the entire moor brought as an inferior sheep-walk, and that at the end of thirty years it would exceed the original income of the entire possession; while this attempt at cultivation, if successful, would be an example of the utmost value, and might give his village that neighborhood which it so much required. Not only, therefore, was the offer of our friend accepted, but wood for buildings was voluntarily offered, and a proper allowance for useful and well-constructed drains.

The villagers were astounded to hear that they were to obtain such a neighbor, but happy even in the hope of it. Enclosed as the place was by banks, which, instead of admitting it to be drained, would, if broken down, inundate it with water, it looked to them like a huge frying-pan, and of course there was no abstaining from some little quiet jokes. This last was indeed the worst aspect of the affair. There was a fall for draining within the farm, but not without it; there was no final outlet. Still, our friend determined on pursuing his experiment; and, as a first measure, determined to give his possession a good name: he called it *Glen-Eden*!

He next marked off the site for his steading on a very slight but bare and valueless knoll, being desirous at once to sit dry and to spare his good land if there were any. As he felt that nothing would be more apt to encourage him than the comfort of his home, as soon as his turf-cottage was roofed in, he had a floor laid down in one end of it, and raising up slight ribs of wood by the walls, and continuing them overhead, had the whole neatly covered by a thin boarding, which, with the addition of a little carpet and a slight curtain festooned over his couch—

A couch ordained a double debt to pay;

A couch by night, a sofa all the day—

made his end of the tenement seem a palace, and enabled him to look on the storm or the sunshine with equal consciousness of snugness and security to health. Good fires soon made the other end very tolerable to his servants; and being washed with lime, though not plastered, it formed a very cheerful temporary residence. He had the rankest of the heath pulled and secured for thatch or fuel, intending to burn the rest on the ground as soon as the ground should be dry. He next laid out the fields, and ordered them to be cleared of stones—an operation that covered them in some places to the depth of several feet; and finally, he set himself to endeavor to lay the land dry.

For this last purpose, at the lowest part of the farm, but where the surrounding wall, as it may be termed, was highest, (and this was on the east,) he ordered a bank of moss to be dug out, and placed in a situation convenient for being dried and burned. In the course of this digging he came upon both stones and clay, treasures of great value in his circumstances; and lest the winter, by filling the pond with water, should



render farther digging impossible, he pursued his labors with great assiduity. His determination was, that this reservoir should afford him an opportunity of draining the land; and should it prove unequal to this, that a pump or pumps, to be worked by a small windmill, should raise the water to a height enabling him to send it off his territories. In the mean time he knew what ridicule the suspicion even of such a project would draw upon him, and therefore he gratified inquirers by informing them that he was forming a fish-pond for the residence, and even expected to draw profit from the ice in winter, by letting it out for curling, though the game was not then known in that part of Scotland; and the parties, breathing softly, turned from him, and gently lifting up their hands and eyes, departed. Meantime he was intersecting his fields in numerous directions by drains, leading them into one another, diverging, branching, and every way varying them according to the inequalities of the ground; and after proving their running, carefully filling them with the stones taken from the surface, and all tending at last to the general reservoir. Even in winter, therefore, the land became drier and drier, and people now began to see the use of the pond. By the return of spring he had effectually drained a large space in front of his residence, and generally prepared it for the operation of the plough. And even in this, by a sort of natural instinct, he differed from the accustomed mode. Aware that oxen draw most gently and steadily, he had secured the temporary use of a strong yoke of these, to be tried in all such portions of the soil as seemed likely to be capable of being opened up by the plough. People from the village had been engaged to attend at the same time to complete, with the spade and other implements, what the plough might leave imperfectly done, and give him, if possible, a field; and they had by this time so entered into the spirit of the thing, that the attendance was large, and in many cases gratuitous. He had no lime for the present; but he had been scavenger to the village during the winter, and he had secured all the runnings from his own cattle in a great tank. He now set to burning, in close kilns, all the turf he had been able to accumulate during the summer; and between these and the refuse of the few cattle for which he had been able to find food, he was enabled to plough and manure some twenty acres of land, which he sowed and planted with the usual crops, accompanying all the white crops with sown grass. To complete his experiment, he had procured a cask to carry out the runnings of his stables, &c.; and having placed it on a cart, and fitted it with a tail-box pierced with holes, such as is used for watering streets and roads, he, as a last operation, sprinkled this liquor, so far as it would go, over the ground that had been dressed with ashes, at night, that no portion of it might be wasted by the sun; and so closed the labors of his first spring.

Science had not then disclosed to us, what is now known to be true, that the terms good and bad land, as generally understood, are expressions without meaning, as almost every species of land requires some culture to make it productive; and by suitable means much may be made of almost any kind of land. Neither was it then known, as it now is, what are the precise ingredients necessary to the production of the various crops, and to which the soil is a mere matrix or receiver; and

that burned earth or lime, and ammonia or the runnings of stables, and other usual manures, contain many of those ingredients. But by instinct or accident, by reasoning from what he had noticed, or heard, or read, and perhaps so far experimenting without much knowledge or expectation, our friend had hit upon many things now known to be useful, and the result surprised many. Not only was there no failure in the crops of Glen-Eden, (as they now began seriously to call it,) but they were rich and beautiful. The oats, standing upon moss of great depth but drained—and that but for the draining and manure would not have borne a green leaf—were as luxuriant as if the depth of the moss had been the cause of their excellence. The other soils, lately so thin and dead, were now deep and dry, and bearing excellent barley, with a flush of clover about its roots. Potatoes, the gift of a warm and distant region, were flourishing in their little beds on this lately cold and barren moor, as if it had been their native and appropriate soil; and, in short, industry and intelligence had in a few months triumphed over the ignorance and neglect of centuries.

Till these things became apparent, however, our experimenter kept in the shade. He had dismissed all his workers, except his hind, whom he termed his "resident manager," and his wife, who was his sole servant, and a Gibeonite of a boy for looking after his sheep. As the crops began to show themselves, his hind urged upon him the beauty of their appearance, and the almost certain success of his experiment, and consequently the duty of resuming operations. According to all appearances, his first crop would more than pay the expense that would give him a permanent and valuable possession; and as Eben inclined to this opinion, he determined to resume. As a proper preparative to this, he allowed his mother and sisters to visit him; and though they were shocked with the outward aspect of his residence, a black and cheerless-looking turf-hut, in the midst of a comparative wild, and guarded by a pet sheep and her lambs, that, as they approached, patted the ground in a very menacing manner, yet when they entered it, and found the servant cheerfully preparing for them a meal in the one end, while in the other was a little parlor such as a gentleman might inhabit with rest and enjoyment, they were not only surprised and pleased, but would gladly have protracted their visit, and were delighted to understand that they were speedily to join him.

Of course, from greater experience he rose to greater success. Even his laborers worked more cheerfully from seeing the success of what had been done. Moss that had hitherto seemed a nuisance was to him a treasure, and husbanded accordingly; and stones that, above ground, were such an encumbrance, were, when placed in drains beneath it, of the utmost value. He became perfectly happy in his labor of improving, and almost regretted to think that one day it must have an end. Thirty years have passed since these operations were begun; the barren moor has been reclaimed into a valuable and productive farm: the once bare and rugged banks that impeded its draining have long been turned into boundaries covered with herbage of the softest texture, and crowned with woods at once an ornament and a shelter, and that being to be paid for, will render their owner rich. Even the deep and unsightly pool, that first assisted in laying the land dry, has been surrounded and screened by willows and

alders, both useful in their way; and from the numbers of ducks and geese constantly breeding on its borders and floating on its bosom, must add no inconsiderable item to the profits of the farm. Where the first damp and disheartening turf-shed was erected, there are now warm and substantial offices; and fronting all, and flanked by garden walls, and behind them trees, stands a farm-house, in its first days a cottage, but always the seat of plain abundance, and now of every comfort and a generous hospitality. Though in a climate not very genial, it is always warm; and from various flowering shrubs spread over it, seldom without flowers. It is the cherished residence of an industrious, ingenious, and very worthy man.

Many, stimulated by his success, soon followed his example, though on a less extensive scale; but the unpromising wild of thirty years ago is now a sheltered, cultivated, and comparatively fertile spot, and the abode of many industrious and contented families.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE DEATH BLANKET.

A CAREFUL examination of the map of North America will show that the Blackfeet are a race of Indians dwelling on the Marias, the Yellowstone, and other tributaries of the Missouri, bounded towards the north by the Ojibbeways and Knistenaux, on the west by the Flatheads and Shoshonies, on the east and south by the Corbeaux, or Crows. In number about sixty thousand, they are warlike and predatory in the extreme, treat the traders with haughtiness, which, considering the fate of such aboriginal tribes as have mixed with the whites, is the less surprising; by their enemies are called blood-thirsty and relentless; and by the few white men who have dwelt amongst them from other motives than that of disposing of the insidious fire-water in exchange for furs, are designated as brave, fearless, honorable enemies, and true specimens of nature's gentlemen.\* Their costume is picturesque and elegant, though one feature in it is of a terrible cast. Beautifully dressed deerskin tunics, leggings and mocassins of the same, with a band two inches in width down the seams exquisitely embroidered with porcupine quills, and further ornamented with small locks of black hair taken from the scalps of the enemy—such is their apparel. When mounted on their sturdy horses, with the short bow of horn or *bois d'arc*, the arrow, shield, and long spear, they may not inaptly be called the American Arabs. The skin of a buffalo bull, carefully garnished with porcupine quills, and painted rudely inside with representations of battle scenes, is often used as a cloak. Their spear heads are of steel, and their shields of buffalo, hardened with glue from that animal's hoof, will, when carefully turned, glance a rifle bullet. The women, obedient and meek, dress not so expensively, unless, indeed, it be a favorite young wife, upon whom, by way of great kindness, a coat of mountain goat-skin and a robe of young buffalo hide may be lavished. The costume of the children is so natural as to require no description, being, indeed, somewhat less intricate than that of the fat little native of Yucatan

\* Many names might be mentioned in connexion with this view of the subject; Catlin is, however, the most conspicuous. I heard my account from trappers, who painted the Blackfeet, as Farnham has expressed it, "blood-thirsty and thievish."

described by Stephens as putting on his hat as his sole article of clothing.

In the year 1828, a year ever memorable in the traditions of the Blackfoot nation, a village of this people was temporarily situated at the junction of a small stream with the Yellowstone. The tents were pitched on the right bank of the river to the number of 2500, placed along the water's edge in the position each thought most handy and convenient. For many days had they dwelt in that region, the buffalo being abundant and fat, and the hunters fully employed in laying in a stock of this staple food of the prairie. No animal is of greater utility than this mighty monarch of the American plains, the countless myriads of which, wandering hither and thither over the ocean-like expanse from the Rocky Mountains to Canada, and the frontiers of the States, is bread, meat and clothing to the wild red man. As it migrates, the Indian follows, and keeping in the rear of the mighty horde, chases it with his sturdy horse and unerring bow; and rarely, indeed, is the warrior without the means of satisfying his appetite. When it is remarked that the buffalo bull often weighs 2000 pounds, it is at once seen what an acquisition a single animal is to a village. If this were the proper place to do so, we could expatiate through many columns on the various uses of this animal. The wigwams of the Blackfeet are made of buffalo skins sewed together, having been first dressed and shaped in a convenient manner. Some thirty pine poles, twenty-five feet in height, and lashed together at the summit, formed the frame, a hole at the top giving both light and vent to the smoke. Nothing can be more simple than the construction of this species of tent, which can be taken down and packed on the baggage horses, or dogs, with the utmost rapidity.

Early one morning, a short time after the sun had first shown itself from behind the low grassy mounds in the east, there lay concealed, on the ridge of a green knoll overlooking the village, a human being. His position was such as to command a full view of the whole of the lodges, the river, and the far-spreading prairie, which, like a huge sea, swelled interminably to the east and the west, the north and the south. The muddy and cream-colored Yellowstone rolled majestically at his feet, herds of buffalo were visible grazing afar off, but for neither had the stranger any eye. His glance was fixed upon the village, in which was visible the stir of a hunting party. Presently a long line of mounted warriors rode forth scouring the plain, and eager for the fray, though buffaloes, and not men, were the game sought after. Still, the excitement was great, death was to be dealt around, and to the wild untutored Indian the chase was the mimic representation of that far fiercer war held by him to be more ennobling and manly. At length the women, children, and old braves alone remained within the circle of the wigwams; and most of the former began to employ themselves in the exercise of those duties which constitute the peculiar employment of these laborious and patient creatures. Some were engaged in dressing skins of deer, goat, or buffalo, others studiously labored at making pemmican, drying buffalo meat, and preparing marrow fat, called "trapper's butter," and the other luxuries afforded by the carcass of the bison. Others, again, more femininely domestic, were sewing mocassins or tunics, nursing, meanwhile, their dark-skinned babes, which, mild and innocent

as they appeared, were doomed, if they lived, to follow the war-path, to chase their hereditary enemies, the Crows and the Assineboins, and to take their reeking scalps. Low, monotonous, and yet musical was the lullaby of these embrowned dames as they rocked the cradles by their every motion, it being, as usual, suspended to the back by a strap across the forehead. A few maidens, not yet entered on their matronly duties, sauntered down to the river side to bathe their dusky limbs, and these it was that the stranger watched with the most evident interest. Presently one more comely than the rest, and who, though not more than sixteen, presented the air and mien of a princess—so firmly, majestically and bravely did she walk—separated herself from the rest, and, as if seeking for a more convenient spot, wandered down the stream towards the mound in question. A smile crossed the face of the skulking stranger; and rolling himself down the declivity on the opposite side to the village, he stood awaiting the girl's approach. Though darkened and tanned by exposure, it was plain that he was a white man. Henry Williams, such was his name, a student of medicine, had, some six months back, reached the station of the American fur company at the junction of the Yellowstone and Missouri. Throughout the year, large parties of Indians assemble at this spot to trade peltries for powder, whisky, beads, &c., and among these were the Pe-a-gan Blackfeet above described. Henry Williams had never been decidedly in love; many times he had fancied himself assailed by the tender passion, but each time some little absence or other circumstance had disproved the idea. His heart was then peculiarly open to new impressions. He saw Ah-key-nes-tou, a young and handsome Blackfoot, (by the way, that pedal limb was in her a ruddy brown,) the affianced bride of In-ne-cose, the Iron-horn. More reason for loving her. In-ne-cose was a morose and ill-favored Indian, whose only recommendation was his wealth, since he was even not full-blooded, his father having been of the hated race of the Crows. Many years a prisoner among his father's clan, and at length released, his valor earned for him a high place among the relatives of his mother, though some shrewdly surmised that his abandonment of the country of his father arose from reasons not much to his credit. Still he was rich in peltries, scalps and horses, had four wives already; and who could refuse him his daughter, even though that daughter were Ah-key-nes-tou? Williams thought the match a decidedly improper one, and as the girl wanted yet two months of sixteen, when the warrior was to claim his bride, he determined if possible to prevent it. The task was far from an easy one, since Ah-key-nes-tou, though she owned to a secret predilection for her white lover, yet knew that she had been paid for, two horses having been duly received from In-ne-cose by her parents. Now Ah-key, as Williams called her, was an honorable girl, and having, ere Henry paid his court to her, been proud of the richest man in the tribe as her suitor, had not refused her consent to the match, especially when her little heart was gratified by the sight of two noble horses handed to her father in exchange for his daughter. But Williams had, during some dozen stolen interviews, filled her head with new-fangled notions. He had persuaded the dusky damsel that mutual love was the most delightful thing in existence; had offered to quit home, friends, all for her sake; and, wedding her,

become a wild hunter of the prairie. Last, but not least, he intended to offer six horses as his bridal gift. Still, In-ne-cose had been accepted; Ah-key considered herself his affianced wife, and both the lovers were particularly miserable and uncomfortable. Williams had left the steamer in which he was journeying up stream, and which for the first time visited that remote spot in the wilderness, to hurry on to the Pe-a-gan Blackfoot village overland, and was one day in advance of his white friends.

Williams and Ah-key met, and, without speaking, seated themselves on a green bank. The young man took the girl's hand, and looking her fondly in the face, remained silent during some minutes. At length he spoke. "The days have been very long while the red-rose was absent from the sight of the young medicine. The sun was very bright, but I could not see; the moons are going fast, and the red-rose opens not its buds; soon, and the Iron-horn will want a fifth bride in his wigwam. The young medicine wishes but one bride; the earth is very full, but his tent is empty." A slight tremor shook the Indian girl as she replied. It was, however, but for an instant. "Ah-key-nes-tou has a heart, and it is very red; her father willed her to be the wife of a chief. Two have come, a red-skin and a pale-face. The redskin is brave, but his heart is black: it is that of a Crow. The pale-face is young, and his tongue speaks no lies: he has no mate. The heart of Ah-key-nes-tou is very small, it can hold but one. I see it, and it shows me the face of a young medicine; but a wide river parts the red-rose and the pale-face. In-ne-cose had in his hand a black horse swift as the antelope, and a brown mare which never tires; they are not to be found in their place. The father of Ah-key-nes-tou counts two more than he did when the moon was young."

"But," replied the young man, as with mixed joy and grief he listened to the sad musical tones of the Indian girl, "the medicine of the pale-faces is rich; he will give three horses for one that the Iron-horn has sent."

To be valued at six of those useful animals was almost too much for the Blackfoot maiden; but she restrained her emotions of pride, and replied, "The heart of my brother is large, he sets no count on a stray mule, but he cannot bring back the young moon. In-ne-cose misses his two steeds in the chase, and wants a squaw to dress his meat."

Now, the idea of Ah-key's becoming anybody's squaw save his own, was more than Williams could look at patiently. His indignation would have exploded in words, but that, just as certain sentences of dire import were crowding to his tongue, his pretty young Blackfoot mistress rose calmly, and yet with so keen a fire in her eye, that Henry saw something unusual had happened. "My brother is very wise," said she smiling, "but he does not hear a snake in the grass. The Ironhorn sees afar off; the young medicine of the pale-faces is not in his own wigwam. But no Blackfoot must say a brave has hidden near the camp of his friend. The red-rose will see if the water of the river can make her white, and my brother must go eat in the village of the Pe-a-gans."

Williams comprehended at once that In-ne-cose had been watching them. Though this was no pleasant intelligence, yet could he not but smile at the quiet humor of his ruddy mistress, who, sooth to say, could not be called fair. Her behest was

obeyed in an instant, after a rapid interchange of certain glances, which, amid lovers of all nations, creeds, and colors, are intuitively understood. His ponderous western rifle was then shouldered, and the summit of the mound once more gained. Standing so as to be seen by the whole village during some minutes, he slowly descended, and walked towards the lodge of the principal chief, an old brave, who, besides being the father of Ah-key-nes-tou, had the additional recommendation of being a personal friend, in consequence of the interchange of certain gifts, wherein the white man had shown himself unprecedentedly liberal. The reception by the old man was cordial and warm; breakfast and a pipe being immediately offered and accepted. After a due time devoted to the inhaling of the odoriferous kinnee-kinnee, Williams cautiously broached a subject which had occupied the thoughts and tongues of both on more than one occasion—namely, the disposal of the old man's daughter. The chief owned that he should be highly honored by the white medicine's alliance, and equally highly pleased by the promised horses; but the affianced state of the maiden was a matter of by far too serious moment, he argued, to be treated lightly. "In-ne-cose is a warrior, a brave; his wigwam has many scalps; he has smoked his pipe in the council-chamber, and his arm is very strong. The people of my tribe would say that War-Eagle was an old squaw if he shut his eyes against In-ne-cose." Williams owned that there certainly were difficulties to be got over, but still could not think any of them insurmountable. He therefore quietly informed War-Eagle that a fire-ship was expected to reach the village before sunset, when his baggage and tent would be landed, preparatory to his taking up his residence among the Blackfeet. War-Eagle appeared pleased at the determination, and pointed out the summit of the hill where he had been first seen as an appropriate camping-ground. Williams assented, and then mounting a swift horse lent him by the good old chief, hurried after the hunters.

Towards evening the approach of the steamer Yellowstone, or rather the fire-ship, being noised abroad, the whole population of the village, male and female, young and old, congregated on the water's edge to witness its arrival. There is no greater error in circulation with regard to the Indians, than that of either supposing them without curiosity, or as disdaining to evince any emotion of the kind. On great occasions, in solemn deliberation, when within view of thousands of whites, and perhaps among certain of the nobler tribes, the famed Indian stoicism certainly exists. But in their native wilds, surrounded only by their wives and little ones, they are true descendants of Eve, and can joke, laugh, and be curious with the best of us. The approach of a fire-canoe, of which the population had heard a description from the few who had seen one, was so rare and extraordinary an occurrence, that their anxiety was raised to the highest pitch. Wherever the Yellowstone had been, she had been held by the Indians as big medicine. Unlike the Dutch at Newburgh, on the Hudson, who thought a steamer a floating saw-mill, they could give it no name; and when its twelve-pound cannon and eight-pound swivel were discharged at intervals, their wonder was complete. "Some of the inhabitants threw their faces to the ground, and cried to the Great Spirit; some shot their horses and dogs, and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, whom they con-

ceived to be offended; some deserted their villages, and ran to the tops of the bluffs some miles distant; and others came with great caution, and peeped over the bank of the river to see the fate of their chiefs, whose duty it was to approach and go on board. Sometimes they were thrown neck and heels over each other's heads and shoulders—men, women, children, and dogs—sage, sachem, old and young—all in a mass, at the frightful discharge of the steam from the escape-pipe, which the captain of the boat let loose for his own amusement."<sup>\*</sup>

After a short delay, Williams, who stood amid the throng of chiefs, gave notice that the steamer was in sight, and soon it became plainly visible ploughing its way up the winding river, its black smoke and white steam escaping at intervals, while the guns sent forth thunder. In-ne-cose, who had kept apart from his rival, scowling and fierce, now approached, and, terror and consternation in his face, plainly demonstrated his wish to be on good terms with the relative of so terrible a monster. Williams, however, scorned his advances, and remained in converse with War-Eagle. Meanwhile the boat came rapidly nearer and nearer, and various names were given it. One called it the "big thunder-canoe," another the "big medicine canoe with eyes," and all decided that it was a great mystery. In a short time it came in front of the village, and all was still and silent as the grave until it was moored, when Williams led the chiefs down to the water's edge, and on board. In-ne-cose, not yet recovered from his anxiety, followed in the rear. Cordial greetings took place between the whites and the Blackfeet, who, however, were chiefly occupied in examining the wonderful structure which "saw its own way, and took the deep water in the middle of the channel."

Early on the following morning the steamer, having landed the young medicine's tent and baggage on the beach, departed on its way down the river, leaving Williams alone with his red friends, save as far as an honest Canadian trapper might be considered society. Williams' first duty was to erect his wigwam, and deposit his treasures therein, composed of ammunition, a medicine chest, and sundry matters agreeable both to male and female Indian taste. This, with the aid of Bogard, was soon effected, and on the very spot designated by War-Eagle. Scarcely was their duty concluded, when a messenger—an Indian lad as usual—summoned the two white men to a council of the chiefs. Bogard and Williams obeyed, though neither could understand the reason of this sudden requisition. They, however, followed in silence, and were led to the open place of the village, in front of the council chamber, where the chiefs were assembled in the open air, in the presence of the women and young men. A single glance satisfied Williams of the nature of the subject to be deliberated upon. In-ne-cose was smoking his tomahawk pipe with the most stoical gravity, his form enveloped in a rare and beautiful Mexican poncho; but round the corners of his mouth there was a smile of malicious meaning, and a furtive rolling of the eyes towards the spot where, standing upright near her father, was Ah-key-nes-tou, a model of beauty and female modesty, with a slight dash of pride. As Henry Williams sat gravely

\* The words here employed are those of Mr. Catlin, who, however, does not give the subsequent part of this history.

down, forming one of the circle of chiefs, Bogard, who took his place close in his rear, whispered in his ear a few sentences. Williams looked hastily at In-ne-cose, examined him curiously, and appearing convinced of the truth of his Canadian friend's remarks, he turned deadly pale, and a shudder came over him. Regaining his outward composure by a strong effort, the young medicine accepted the calumet, and took several whiffs; he then relapsed into inactivity. For ten minutes not a syllable was heard, when, at a sign from the War-Eagle, In-ne-cose arose.

"A pale-faced medicine, a son of the big thunder-canoe, has pitched his tent by the wigwams of the Blackfeet. It is good. There is much ground which is empty, there is plenty of buffalo; my young friend is rich, and a great warrior; his skin is white, but his heart is very red—he will be a friend to the Blackfoot, who calls him brother. But the young medicine is alone; he has no squaw to cook his meat, to saddle his horse, and make his bed with soft skins and bulrushes—he has no wife to bring home the game which he kills, and the path to the Crows is very long; he cannot have a slave. Look around; the young women of the tribe are many; the dogs of Assineboins came in the night, and took scalps like sneaking faint hearts, (Indian expression for a dandy, a character despised by these warlike people,) and the women are plenty as buffalo: they are very fair: my young friend is rich—he can buy two wives; let him choose; and he can take his squaw when In-ne-cose takes Ah-key-nes-tou. I have said."

An emphatic "hugh!" proceeded from the whole circle, both those who understood the secret motives of the Iron-horn congratulating him on his cunning, and those who did not, sincerely wishing to see the son of the big thunder canoe adopted into the tribe. Williams rose immediately, and as he understood the language sufficiently, (Ah-key-nes-tou had been his teacher,) addressed the assembly without the aid of an interpreter: "In-ne-cose is a dog." This unexpected opening riveted every eye upon the speaker, though not a muscle appeared to move in any one of the dusky forms, save Ah-key-nes-tou, who looked at her lover admiringly. "His skin is that of a Blackfoot, because he is so very cunning, and has painted. But his heart is the heart of a Crow. Does a Blackfoot lie!—does a Blackfoot steal! It is a Crow that is guilty. The Great Spirit is angry; a vulture is among the eagles, and would carry away the prettiest eaglet; but the Manitou wills it not. In-ne-cose will be in his happy hunting-ground before the sun goes seven times to sleep; but In-ne-cose will take many Blackfeet with him—warriors, sachems, women, children, perhaps Ah-key-nes-tou;" and Williams, deeply moved, could only add, "I have said."

The War-Eagle rose hastily, evidently alarmed, and, turning to the young lover, said, "My pale-face brother is very wise; the Great Spirit tells him his will. Why is he angry? In-ne-cose is a Crow, and if he be a vulture, and the Manitou says it, he must go."

In-ne-cose and Williams rose together, but the former, who, though not altogether successful in concealing his emotion, still preserved the stoical and calm gravity of a chief, gave way, and the young medicine proceeded to explain himself. He informed the assembled warriors—in language too circumlocutory and figurative to be rendered into English literally—that on the passage up the Yel-

lowstone but two days before, a Mexican merchant, on his way to Sante Fé, had died of the small-pox, a disease which, he informed the Indians, was terribly contagious to those who were not guarded against it by a great medicine operation. The merchant who had died owned, among other things, the blanket, or poncho, which now enveloped the form of In-ne-cose, and had actually breathed his last with it around him. As all those in the steamboat, besides, were American citizens, and were vaccinated, the man's clothes had been merely hung up in the wind; but In-ne-cose having stolen the article in question, and worn it during many hours, he felt quite sure that death was his portion. Williams added, that every Indian who went near him, who touched him or his blanket, who came within range of the same atmosphere, would die also, unless, indeed, he could with his medicine save them. "It is very black; a dark night is coming; the Great Spirit is angry; one month, and perhaps not a Pe-a-gan lodge will be full. But In-ne-cose loves Ah-key-nes-tou; let her go to the lodge of the pale-face, and the pale-face to the wigwam of the Iron-horn. Seven suns will not pass ere the Great Spirit calls many to his happy hunting-ground."

Long ere Williams had done speaking every living being within the arena had moved to a distance from In-ne-cose, who sat still smoking his pipe, to all outward appearance as calm as he had previously been. A slight pallor through his dusky skin might have been visible to a keen observer. Slowly rising at last, he turned gravely to Williams: "The Great Spirit is in the clouds, and calls all his people to him, and they must go. The little ones of the Iron-horn slept on the mystery blanket; they woke, and were well. Will the bad spirit touch them?" And disdaining to show fear for himself, the wretched man drew the poncho closer around him.

"The lightning blasts the old oak and the young sapling," replied Williams.

"In-ne-cose is rich, he has four squaws; if the young medicine of the pale-faces will drive away the bad spirit from the little ones, he may take Ah-key-nes-tou to his wigwam."

Williams seized the warrior's hand, and wrung it with energy. Telling Bogard to lead Ah-key-nes-tou to his tent, and then to bring down the medicine-chest, the white mystery-man followed his late rival to the wigwams of his children. We hesitate to paint the scene which followed. Let us borrow the words of a native historian. "The infected article spread the dread infection among the whole tribe. They were amazed at the appearance of the disease. The red blotch, the bile, congestion of the lungs, liver, and brain, were all new to the medicine-men; and the body falling in pieces while they buried it, struck horror into every heart. In their frenzy and ignorance, despite the advice of the white doctor, they increased the number of their sweat ovens upon the banks of the stream; and, whether the burning fever or want of nervous action prevailed, whether frantic with pain, or tottering in death, they were placed in them, sweated profusely, and plunged into the snowy waters of the river. They endeavored for a time to bury their dead, but these were soon more numerous than the living. The evil-minded medicine-men of all ages had come in a body from the world of spirits—had entered into them, and were working the annihilation of the Blackfoot race. The Great Spirit had also placed the floods of his

displeasure between himself and them; he had cast a mist over the eyes of their conjurors, that they might not know the remedial incantation. Their hunts were ended; their bows were broken; the fire in the great pipe was extinguished forever: their graves called for them, and the call was now answered by a thousand dying groans. Mad with superstition and fear, brother forsook sister, father his son, and mother her suckling child, and fled to the elevated vales among the western heights, where the influence of the climate restored the remainder of the tribe to health. Of the 2500 families existing at the time the pestilence commenced, one or more members of 800 only survived its ravages; and even to this hour do the bones of 7000 or 8000 Blackfeet lie unburied among the decaying lodges of their deserted village on the banks of the Yellowstone.\*

In-ne-cose—some said the blanket was given him by a trader who hated the Blackfeet—died among the earliest; while Ah-key-nes-tou, persuaded by Williams, was the first who fled. The medical student did his best to persuade the Indians to abandon the place at once; he also exerted himself to save as many as possible; but both his advice and remedies being disregarded, he took a canoe, and, with Ah-key-nes-tou—now an orphan—and Bogard, made the best of his way to St. Louis. No longer a lover of the wilds, he braved the ridicule of society, and, marrying his Indian bride, took up his residence on the banks of the Missouri, in the town above-mentioned, and no medical man in the state has a higher reputation than our hero. Last time I heard of him was through a paragraph in the St. Louis Republican, which said, "FOR SENATOR, that eminent patriot, Dr. Henry Williams."

From Chambers' Journal.

#### SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL, so eminent for his astronomical discoveries, entered life as an oboe-player in a marching regiment; yet, by dint of natural talent, well-directed and self-instructed, pressed through numberless difficulties, until he attained the first place amongst the British men of science of his day. He was a native of Hanover, (born in 1738,) being the second of the four sons of a humble musician. In consequence of some tokens he had given in early boyhood of the possession of an active and inquiring intellect, he was indulged in a somewhat superior education to that conferred on his brothers: he was allowed to study French. By good chance, his master had a turn for metaphysics and the sciences connected with it; and finding he had got an apt pupil, he gave him some instructions in these branches, and thus stimulated the latent seeds of genius in young Herschel's mind. Yet the poor musician could rear his son to no higher profession than his own. In the course of the seven years' war, about 1759, the youth came to England attached to a German regiment whose band he had entered. He seems to have quickly left this situation, for we soon after find him making efforts to obtain employment in England, and encountering in this quest many hardships, all of which he bore with the patience of a virtuous mind. He at length obtained from the Earl of Darlington an engagement to go to the

county of Durham, and instruct the band of a regiment of militia which his lordship was raising there. This object effected, he lived for several years in the north of England as a teacher of music, not neglecting in the mean time to give nearly his whole leisure to the improvement of his own mind. It was now that he acquired a knowledge of the classical languages.

The next step of importance taken by Herschel affords an anecdote which illustrates his natural sagacity. An organ, by Snetzler, had been built for the church of Halifax, and candidates for the situation of organist were requested to appear. Herschel came forward with other six, amongst whom was a locally eminent musician, Mr. Wainwright from Manchester. The organ was one of an unusually powerful kind, and when Mr. Wainwright played upon it in the style he had been accustomed to, Snetzler exclaimed frantically, "He run over de key like one cat; he will not allow my pipes time to speak." During the performance, a friend of Herschel asked him what chance he thought he had of obtaining the situation. "I don't know," said Herschel, "but I am sure fingers will not do." When it came to his turn, Herschel ascended the organ-loft, and produced so uncommon a richness, such a volume of slow harmony, as astonished all present; and after this extemporaneous effusion, he finished with the Old Hundredth Psalm, which he played better than his opponent. "Ay, ay," cried Snetzler, "tish is very goot, very goot, intee; I will luft tis man, he gives my pipes room for to speak." Herschel being asked by what means he produced so astonishing an effect, replied, "I told you fingers would not do; and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, said, "one of these I laid on the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above; and thus, by accommodating the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands instead of two." This superiority of skill, united to the friendly efforts of Mr. Joab Bates, a resident musical composer of some celebrity, obtained Herschel the situation.

The years which he spent at Halifax were not the least happy of his life. He here enjoyed the society of one or two persons akin to himself in tastes, and who could promote his love of study. His attention was now chiefly turned at his leisure hours to the mathematics, in which he became a proficient without any regular master. A poor teacher of music, with so many extraordinary qualifications, must have been a wonder in the Yorkshire of 1766. In that year he was attracted to Bath, by obtaining there the situation of organist in the Octagon chapel, besides an appointment for himself and his brother in the band kept by Mr. Linley in the Pump-room. Here, amidst his duties, which were very multifarious, he still kept up the pursuit of knowledge, although his studies were often postponed to the conclusion of fourteen hours of professional labor. It was now that he for the first time turned any attention to astronomy. Some recent discoveries in the heavens arrested his mind, and awakened a powerful spirit of curiosity, under the influence of which he sought and obtained the loan of a two-feet Gregorian telescope. Still further interested in the pursuit, he commissioned a friend to buy a larger instrument for him in London. The price startled his friend, who returned without making the designed purchase, and Herschel, being equally alarmed at the price of the desired instrument, resolved to attempt

\* See Farnham's Great Western Prairies.

to make one for himself. To those who know what a reflecting telescope is, and have in particular a just sense of the difficulty of preparing the concave metallic speculum which forms the principal part of the apparatus, this resolution will appear in its true character, as will the fact of his actually succeeding, in 1774, in completing a five-feet reflector, by which he had the gratification of observing the ring and satellites of Saturn. Not satisfied with this triumph, he made other instruments in succession of seven, ten, and even of twenty feet. And so great was his enthusiasm in this work, that, in perfecting the parabolic figure of the seven-feet reflector, he finished no fewer than two hundred specula before he produced one that would bear any power that was applied to it.

The early investigations of Herschel were made with this last instrument. Meanwhile, he was still chiefly occupied with the profession which gave him bread; but so eager was he in his astronomical observations, that often he would steal away from the room during an interval of performance, give a little time to his telescope, and then contentedly return to his oboe. So gentle and patient a follower of science under difficulties scarcely occurs in the whole circle of biography. At this time Herschel was forty years of age; his best years, it might have been said, were past; but he was to show that even forty is not too old an age at which to commence a pursuit that is to give immortality. About the end of 1779 he began to make a regular review of the heavens, star by star, and in the course of the examination he discovered that a small object, which had been recorded by Bode as a fixed star, was gradually changing its place. On the 13th of March, 1781, he became satisfied that this was a new planet of our system, one moving on the outside of Saturn, eighteen hundred millions of miles from the sun, and with a period of revolution extending to eighty-four of our years. Having determined the rate of motion and orbit, he communicated the particulars to the Royal Society, who partaking of the universal enthusiasm which the discovery had excited in the public mind, elected him a fellow of their body, and decreed him their annual gold medal. The new planet was at first called *Georgium Sidus*, in honor of the king—then Herschel, from the name of the discoverer—but has finally been styled *Uranus*, (from *Urania*, the muse of astronomy,) a term deemed more appropriate, since all the other planets bear mythological titles.

The Bath musician had now become a distinguished scientific character, and it was necessary that he should be rescued from his obscure and unworthy labors. This public service was rendered by George III., who had at all times a pleasure in patronizing scientific talent. Herschel, endowed with a handsome pension, and the title of astronomer-royal, was translated to a mansion at Slough, in the neighborhood of Windsor, there to prosecute his researches in entire leisure. He had now attained what was to him the summit of earthly felicity, and his mind immediately expanded in projects for the advancement of his favorite science. He constructed an enormous telescope, the tube of which was forty feet long, in his garden at Slough, and for a time hopes were entertained of great discoveries resulting from it; but the mechanical difficulties attending a structure so vast, were too great to be overcome in the existing state of science, and this great telescope was never in reality of much use, although we believe it was by it that the sixth and seventh satellites of Saturn

were added to our knowledge of the heavens. It was with a much smaller instrument that he made his observations on the surface of the moon, (discovering what he thought to be two active volcanoes in it,) and scanned over the heavens for the purpose of cataloguing objects hitherto unobserved. In these investigations the astronomer was materially aided by a younger sister, Caroline Herschel, who was able to take down the observations as he dictated them, while he still kept his eye upon the glass. This lady survives (1844) at a very advanced age. Herschel gave his attention chiefly to the more distant class of heavenly objects; and by his acquaintance with telescopes in their various forms and powers, he was the inventor of a most ingenious though simple mode of reckoning the distances of some of these bodies. Taking one power of glass, and noting all the stars and nebulae which could be seen by it, he then took another power, and afterwards another and another, and, observing the various objects brought into view in succession by each, he calculated their respective distances by the relative powers of the instruments employed. This he very happily called *gauging* the heavens. In 1802 the result of his labors was communicated to the world in a catalogue of five thousand new nebulae, nebulous stars, planetary nebulae, and clusters of stars, which was published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, being prefaced by an enlarged view of the sidereal bodies composing the universe. These labors of Herschel have added a most interesting chapter to the book of nature. They make us aware that there are other clusters of stars, or star-systems, besides the vast one to which our sun belongs—that these are placed at enormous distances beyond the limits of our system—that within our system, again, there are objects in all degrees of condensation between a diffused nebulous matter and well-defined stars, representing various stages of progress in the formation of suns. And these great facts he has connected with others more familiar, so as to form a beautiful hypothesis of the cosmogony, showing how it was in every stage under the strict charge of natural law. Another interesting discovery of Herschel, which subsequent observation has fully confirmed, is, that our solar system has a movement of its own amidst the other stars, and that this is slowly carrying us towards a point in the constellation of Hercules. The scientific world received these new truths with awe-struck reverence, and the university of Oxford conferred on Herschel the degree of Doctor of Laws, which is rarely given to any one not reared there. The praise of the astronomer was the greater, that he announced all his discoveries with an air of genuine modesty, and received the distinctions conferred upon him with the same meekness which he had displayed in his days of poverty and obscurity. He was remarkable for great sweetness of temper, and for a natural simplicity which often accompanies great genius. It appears that his astronomical researches had created a notion among his rustic neighbors that he carried on a mysterious converse with the stars. One rainy summer a farmer waited upon him to solicit his advice as to the proper time for cutting his hay. The doctor pointed through the window to an adjoining meadow, in which lay a crop of grass utterly swamped. "Look at that field," said he, "and when I tell you it is mine, I think you will not need another proof to convince you that I am no more weather-wise than yourself or the rest of my neighbors."

Being favored with unusual length of days, and



with regular health, Dr. Herschel was able to continue his researches for many more years, and to add considerably to the knowledge he had already communicated on this most interesting science. He had now waxed rich in the world's goods, to a degree far exceeding his wants, although a young family had latterly been rising around him. In 1816 the regent made him a knight of the Guelphic order, a distinction in his case certainly well earned. But all ordinary gratifications must have appeared to him as trivial, compared with that now reserved for him in seeing his son, who had entered the university of Cambridge, beginning to give promise of the distinguished scientific and literary abilities which have since, in their ripeness produced such remarkable fruits. At length, in August, 1822, after but a short interval of disqualification for his astronomical researches, death removed Sir William Herschel from this lower sphere, at the age of eighty-four, full of honors as he was of years, and in enjoyment of the love and esteem of all who knew him.

From Punch.

#### MISTRESS AND MAID.

##### LETTER FROM A LADY, INQUIRING THE CHARACTER OF A SERVANT.

MADAM,—Bridget Duster having applied to me for a place of maid-of-all-work, I beg to learn of you, as her last mistress, her fitness for the serious responsibilities of that situation. Having suffered so much from the impertinence and wickedness of servants,—(I have often thought they were only sent into this world to torment respectable people,)—you will, I am sure, forgive me if I appear somewhat particular in my inquiries. Experience, madam, has made me circumspect. There was a time when I thought all the world as good and honest as myself; but house-keeping wipes the bloom from the human heart, and makes us lock our tea-caddies.

I have kept house for five-and-twenty years, in which time I have constantly endeavored to find a servant who should be without a fault; yet, though I have given eight pounds a year with tea and sugar,—would you believe it?—I have never once succeeded. However, I must say it, I like the face of Bridget; I never saw a deeper small-pox. As for handsome servants, I never have 'em: they always think more of their faces than their fire-irons, and are puckering up their mouths at the looking-glass when they should be rubbing the door-plate. Curly, too, I never suffer to cross my threshold. I know more than one instance in which curls have destroyed the peace of a family. For my money, a servant can't be too plain; in a word, I think ugliness to be a sort of cheap livery intended by nature for maids-of-all-work—it keeps 'em in their proper place, and prevents 'em thinking of foolishness. So far, Bridget's looks are most satisfactory.

And now, ma'am, for the article of dress. Servants have never been servants since linsey-woolsey went out. It makes my very flesh creep to see 'em flaunting about, for all the world as if they were born to silk gowns and open-work in their stockings. I have seen a housemaid go out for the day with a parasol! I prophesied her end, and—poor wretch!—so it came about. What I have suffered, too, from such presumption! I once had a creature who copied every new cap I

had, violating my best feelings under my own roof! Bridget looks a humble dresser, fit for a kitchen; I trust she is so.

I hope, however, she is sober. When servants are very plain, they sometimes, to revenge themselves on nature, fly to drink. This is shocking; for with such people, with all one's locking and bolting, one's brandy is never safe.

In the next place, does Bridget break? Not but what I always make my servants pay for all they destroy; still, they can't pay for one's nerves. Again, there is this danger—they may break beyond their wages.

Is Bridget honest? Pray, madam, be particular on this point, for I have been much deceived. I once took a servant with the finest character for honesty; and, only a week afterwards, detected her giving three cold potatoes to a little hurdy-gurdy foreigner with white mice.

Is Bridget civil? Will she bear wholesome reproof? A servant who answers is my abomination. It is clearly flying in the face of the best interests of society. Surely, people who pay wages have a right to find what fault they please; it is the natural privilege that marks the mistress from the maid. I would have a severe law to punish a servant who answers—even if right.

Is Bridget an early riser, without any reference to the time she may be allowed to go to bed? A good maid-of-all-work should, so to speak, be like a needle, and always sleep with one eye open.

Has Bridget any followers? Such creatures I never allow. I conceive that a servant ought to be a sort of nun, and, from the moment she enters your house, should take leave of all the world beside. Has she not her kitchen for willing hands always to do something in? And then for company, does n't she see the butcher, the baker, the dustman—to say nothing of the sweeps?

Is Bridget industrious—is she clean? I hope, for the poor creature's sake, that you may be able to answer these few questions to my satisfaction, when Bridget may immediately bring her boxes. With me, her duties will be few, but they must be punctually performed. Indeed, I require a servant to consider herself a sort of human kitchen clock. She must have no temper, no sulks, no flesh-and-blood feelings, as I've heard impudent hussies call their airs and graces, but must go as regularly through her work as though she was made of steel springs and brass pulleys. For such a person, there is a happy home in the house of

Your obedient servant,

PAMELA SQUAW.

##### LETTER FROM A SERVANT, INQUIRING THE CHARACTER OF A MISTRESS.

DEAR MOLLY,—Finding that you're in place next door to Mrs. Squaw, and remembering what friends we used to be when both of us lived with the pastry-cook, I have thought fit to write to you to inquire about your neighbor. It's all very fine, Molly, for mistresses to haggle about the characters of their maids, but surely we poor servants have as much right to ask the characters of our mistresses. However, folks who pay wages will always have the upper hand in this world, whatever to our comfort may happen to 'em afterwards.

I thank my stars I don't judge of people by their looks, otherwise I would n't go into Mrs. Squaw's kitchen, if it was made of gold; she's



dreadful ugly, to be sure, but I don't despise her for that, if her temper's sweet. I can't bear a mistress that's always nagging and nagging. A good noise, once in a way, I don't mind—it brisks up one's blood; but I have known mistresses always pushing their words at you and about you, as if they were sticking pins in a cushion with no flesh and blood.

How does she like her maids to dress? Mind, I don't insist on ringlets in the house, but when I go out, I'm my own mistress. I've given up two places for my bird-of-paradise feather—it looks quite alive in my white chip!—and would give up twenty. After slaving among pots and pans for a month, it is so sweet to be sometimes taken for a lady on one's Sunday out.

And now dear Molly, tell me truly; does Mrs. Squaw drink? I have lived in one family where the mistress kept a bottle in a thing that looked for all the world like the covering of a book. No wages should make me do this again; and—perhaps I am wrong—but, looking at Mrs. Squaw, I thought I never saw a redder nose. When a mistress has such a habit, a poor girl's character is never safe.

I've agreed to pay for all I break, but that I don't mind, as I never break nothing—it's always the cat. But then I've known mistresses mean enough to put off a cracked basin on a poor servant. What is Mrs. Squaw's character for crockery?

Mrs. Squaw asked me if I had any followers, as she allowed of no such thing. I said—and truly, Molly—that I had nobody that followed me; but, Molly, there is a young man that I have followed these two years, and will, so long as I've eyes to stare and limbs to move. Such a sweet creature—six feet one inch and a half without his boots! Such a mustachio on his lip—such a delicate thing, just the color of a leech! He's in the Life Guards, Molly; quite a building of a man. You can't think how fond he is of me; for these last two years he's smoked my wages in cigars. I lost one place about him, and gloried in it! It was one quarter-day, and he came whistling about the area. Mistress saw his red coat, and ringing the bell, asked me what I meant by harboring a low soldier! My blood was up like ginger-beer. "It's all very well for you, ma'am," says I, "to say low soldier. But ma'am," says I, "you don't know what it is to be courted by a Life Guardsman."

Oh, these mistresses, Molly! they think poor servants have no more flesh and blood than a porridge-skillet. They can have their comfortable courtings in their parlors and drawing-rooms; and then, with their very toes at the fire, they can abuse a poor servant for only whispering a bit of love, all among the snow, perhaps, in the area. This is the treatment that often makes poor girls desperate, and drives 'em to marriage long afore their time.

No followers, indeed! No; they think that the cat and the kettle, and the kitchen clock, are company enough for a poor servant. They never think of us in the long winter nights, when they are playing at cards, or chatting with folks who've dropt in—they never think of us, all alone as we are, without a soul to speak to! No; we must have no followers, though, perhaps, the parlor's ringing again with laughter; and our only chance of opening our lips is the chance of being sent out to get oysters for the company.

However, dear Molly, write me all you know about the character of Mrs. Squaw: if she's sober, and gives civil words and regular wages to her servants, I don't mind having her for a mistress, until the sweet day arrives when I become a soldier's wedded lady. Till then,

Believe me, your friend  
and old fellow-servant,  
BRIDGET DUSTER.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF NECESSITY.

(An Appendix to a book so called, lately published.)

THE first point in the Philosophy of Necessity is, to be impressed with the necessity of philosophy. Philosophers very often find themselves in necessity; and they should take care not to lose themselves in it. In fact, necessity frequently arises from philosophy, which tends rather to make a man think deeply than look sharply; however, where necessity begins, philosophy commonly ends; in like manner as when it effects an entrance by the door, it causes something else (very different from philosophy) to make an exit by the window.

The Philosopher in Necessity will sometimes find his coat out at elbows. Natural Philosophy, under such circumstances, suggests the victimisation of the tailor; but Moral Philosophy prescribes consideration for the sufferer. Practical Philosophy falls back on patching and patience.

Very often, when Self, communing with Self, asks whether a dinner at Verey's would be advisable, Appetite replies, "Yes," but Necessity answers in the negative. Philosophy, under these circumstances, recommends the eightpenny plate.

Necessity, when it surveys its boot, often beholds a Coburg, where taste would have preferred to see a Wellington. Or aghast, in the sides of the same, it discovers an awful burst. Vanity would repine; but Philosophy whispers comfort. "What," it inquires, "is the value of mere externals? Thou hast a soul; what will thy boots be to it a century hence? Beatitude is a phase of mind; and what mattereth it, so long as thou art in a state of felicity!"

The four-and-nine is less elegant than the velvet nap; the Berlin glove than the Paris kid; less agreeable is the cotton than the silk pocket-handkerchief; more sightly is the umbrella of the latter than that of gingham. Yet the Philosophy of Necessity reconciles us to the cheaper article. It sweetens Geneva to lips longing for Champagne; it commends the Cuba to the mouth that waters for the Havana.

Who would wear a pair of trousers three years? The Philosopher, obedient to the law of Necessity.

Necessity, in the garb of Seediness, may excite the ridicule of Beauty; and the heart of the derided may, for a moment, be wrung: but Philosophy whistles peace to it, in the shape of some popular air, and the pang, ere one could articulate Jack Robinson, hath fled.—*Punch*.

THE "CONSCIA MENS RECTI" IN A POLICEMAN.—*Punch* begs to acknowledge the receipt of half-a-crown, conscience-money, from Policeman Figgs, being his share of the money given by the Emperor of Russia to the A Division. The half-crown lies at the *Punch* office, if Baron Brunow will call for it.

From the Edinburgh Review.

GEORGE SELWYN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

*George Selwyn and his Contemporaries; with Memoirs and Notes.* By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE. 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1843-4.

THERE is a charm in the bare title of this book. It is an *open sesame* to a world of pleasant things. As at the ringing of the manager's bell, the curtain rises, and discovers a brilliant *tableau* of wits, beauties, statesmen, and men of pleasure about town, attired in the quaint costume of our great-grandfathers, and great-grandmothers; or, better still, we feel as if we had obtained the reverse of Bentham's wish—to live a part of his life at the end of the *next* hundred years—by being permitted to live a part of ours about the beginning of the *last*, with an advantage he never stipulated for, of spending it with the pleasantest people of the day.

Let us now suppose that only twenty-four hours were granted for us; how much might be done or seen within the time! We take the privilege of long intimacy to drop in upon Selwyn in Chesterfield street, about half-past ten or eleven in the morning; we find him in his dressing-gown, playing with his dog Raton:—at twelve we walk down arm-in-arm to White's, where Selwyn's arrival is hailed with a joyous laugh, and Topham Beauclerk hastens to initiate us into the newest bit of scandal. The day is warm, and a stroll to Betty's fruit-shop (St. James's Street) is proposed. Lord March is already there, settling his famous bet with young Mr. Pigot, that old Mr. Pigot would die before Sir William Codrington. Just as this grave affair is settled, a cry is raised of "the Gunnings are coming," and out we all tumble to gaze and criticize. At Brook's, our next house to call, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams is easily persuaded to entertain the party by reading his verses, not yet printed, on the marriage of Mr. Hussey, (an Irish gentleman,) with the Duchess of Manchester, (the best match in the kingdom,) and is made happy by our compliments; but looks rather blank on Rigby's hinting that the author will be obliged to fight half the Irishmen in town, which, considering the turn of the verses, seemed probable enough. To change at once the subject and the scene, we accompany him and Rigby to the House of Commons, where we find the "great commoner" making a furious attack on the Attorney-General, (Murray,) who (as Walpole phrases it) suffered for an hour. After hearing an animated reply from Fox, (the first Lord Holland,) we rouse Selwyn, who is dozing behind the treasury bench, and, wishing to look in upon the Lords, make him introduce us. We find Lord Chesterfield speaking, the Chancellor (Hardwicke) expected to speak next, the Duke

of Cumberland just come in, and the Duke of Newcastle shuffling about in a ludicrous state of perturbation, betokening a crisis; but Selwyn grows impatient, and we hurry off to Strawberry Hill, to join the rest of the celebrated *partie quarée*, or "out of town" party who are long ago assembled. The *petit souper* appears on the instant, and as the champagne circulates, there circulates along with it a refined, fastidious, fashionable, anecdotic, gossiping kind of pleasantry, as exhilarating as its sparkle, and as volatile as its froth. We return too late to see Garrick; but time enough for the house-warming fête at Chesterfield House, where the Duke of Hamilton loses a thousand pounds at faro, because he chooses to ogle Elizabeth Gunning instead of attending to his cards.

We shall, perhaps, be reminded that we have seen nothing of Fielding, Richardson, Smollet, Johnson, Collins, Akenside, Mason, or Gray; but our gay friends, alas! never once alluded to them, and for us to waste any part of so short a period in looking for men of letters, would be to act like the debtor in the Queen's Bench prison, who, when he got a day rule, invariably spent it in the Fleet.

According to Mr. Jesse, we owe this new glimpse into these times to a habit of Selwyn's, which it is difficult to reconcile with his general carelessness. "It seems to have been one of his peculiarities, to preserve not only every letter addressed to him during the course of his long life, but also the most trifling notes and unimportant memoranda." Such was the practice of the most celebrated wit of the eighteenth century; the most celebrated wit of the nineteenth does precisely the reverse. "Upon principle," (said the Rev. Sydney Smith, in answer to an application about letters from Sir James Mackintosh.) "I keep no letters, except those on business. I have not a single letter from him, nor from any human being in my possession."\* We should certainly prefer being our contemporary's correspondent; but we must confess, that we are not sorry to come in for a share of the benefits accruing from Selwyn's savings to his posterity.

"To this peculiarity," continues Mr. Jesse, "the reader is indebted for whatever amusement he may derive from the perusal of these volumes. The greater portion of their contents consist of letters addressed to Selwyn by persons who, in their day, moved in the first ranks of wit, genius, and fashion. Independent of their general merit as epistolary compositions, the editor conceives

\* *Life of Mackintosh*, by his Son, vol. ii., p. 99.—"We talked of letter-writing. 'It is now,' said Johnson, 'become so much the fashion to publish letters, that, in order to avoid it, I put as little into mine as I can.' 'Do what you will, sir,' replied Boswell, 'you cannot avoid it.'"—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*, vol. vii., p. 80.

that they will be found in a high degree valuable and entertaining, from the light which they throw on the manners and customs of society in the last age, from their presenting a faithful chronicle of the passing events of the day, and from the mass of amusing gossip and lively anecdote which they contain."

This is a rather injudicious paragraph. It excites expectations which are not fulfilled. There is very little anecdote—less altogether than will be found in any half dozen consecutive letters of Walpole; and two volumes would contain everything in the book calculated to throw the faintest light on manners. It is, indeed, precisely of that kind which Bacon says should be read by deputy, *i. e.*, through the medium of a Review; for the real meaning of the aphorism—"bad books make good reviews, as bad wine makes good vinegar"—is not, as the profane allege, because critics excel or exult in fault-finding, but because their chief utility consists in collecting scattered beauties, distilling essences, or separating the true metal from the dross. But it would be unjust to call this a bad book; it is certainly one which every possessor of a library should possess; yet it is one in which the quantity of print is out of all proportion to the useful or amusing matter; and the intelligent editor is evidently conscious of the fact; for on what principle can his singularly liberal mode of annotation be defended, except as compensating for the poverty of the text? The legitimate use of editorial notes is to clear up doubtful allusions, or supply knowledge necessary to the understanding of the work. For example, it might be useful to tell us something about Gilly Williams; but the youngest reader knows enough of Garrick not to be puzzled by the incidental occurrence of his name. Yet we are favored with a biographical notice of the great actor, occupying ten pages, *apropos* of this solitary line in one of Dr. Warner's letters—"The chapter of Garrick (his death) is a very melancholy one for poor Harry Hoare and me." This is book-making with a vengeance! At the same time, this mode of proceeding has answered the main purpose; it has made the book more readable, and may save the indolently curious much trouble, by placing all they can possibly wish to learn, or refer to, within reach. Thus, we find here a careful compilation of most of the scattered notices regarding Selwyn himself; and, with the help of the materials thus collected, we will endeavor, before tapping (to borrow Walpole's word) the chapter of his correspondence, to sketch an outline of his life.

George Augustus Selwyn entered the world with every advantage of birth and connexion; to which that of fortune was added in good time. His father Col. John Selwyn, of Matson, in Gloucestershire, where the family ranked as one of the best in the county, had been aide-de-camp to the

Duke of Marlborough, commanded a regiment, sat many years in Parliament, and filled various situations about the court. His mother, a daughter of General Farrington, was woman of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline, and enjoyed a high reputation for social humor. As his father was a plain, straightforward, commonplace sort of man, it is fair to presume that he inherited his peculiar talent from her; thus adding another to the many instances of gifted men formed by mothers, or endowed by them with the best and brightest of their qualities. Schiller, Goethe, the Schlegels, Victor Hugo, Canning, Lord Brougham, occur to us on the instant; and Curran said—"The only inheritance I could boast of from my poor father, was the very scanty one of an unattractive face and person, like his own; and if the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was that another and a dearer parent gave her child a fortune from the treasure of her mind."

Selwyn was born on the 11th August, 1719. He was educated at Eton, and on leaving it entered at Hertford College, Oxford. After a short stay at the university, he started on the grand tour, and on his return, though a second son with an elder brother living, made London and Paris his headquarters, became a member of the clubs, and associated with the wits and men of fashion. Before he had completed his twenty-first year, he was appointed clerk of the irons and surveyor of the meltings at the mint; offices usually performed by deputy. At all events, occasional attendance at the weekly dinner formerly provided for this department of the public service, was the only duty they imposed on Selwyn; the very man to act on Colonel Hanger's principle, who, when a friend in power suggested that a particular office, not being a sinecure, would hardly suit him, replied, "Get me the place, and leave me alone for making it a sinecure." The salary must have been small, for in a letter from Paris, (September, 1742,) he says that his entire income, including the allowance made him by his father, was only £220 a year; and he appears to have been constantly in distress for money. In a letter to his former Eton tutor, Mr. Vincent Mathias, (Paris, November, 1742,) he entreats his advice as to the best mode of getting the colonel to advance a small sum over and above his yearly income; and gives a pitiable description of his circumstances, "without clothes, linen, books, or credit."

In 1744 Selwyn returned to Hertford College, and resumed the life of a college student; unaccountably enough, for he was then a formed man of the world, and twenty-five. Probably he had thoughts of pursuing a profession, or, to please his father, pretended that he had. His influential position in the London world at this time, is shown by letters from Rigby and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

"*The Right Hon. Richard Rigby to George Selwyn.*

"*Tuesday, March 12, (1745,) 7 o'clock.*

"Dear George,

"I thank you for your letter, which I have this moment received and read; and, that you may not be surprised at my readiness in answering it, I will begin with telling you the occasion of it. *I am just got home from a cock-match*, where I have won forty pounds in ready money, and, not having dined, am waiting till I hear the rattle of the coaches from the House of Commons, in order to dine at White's; and now I will begin my journal, for in that style I believe my letters will be best received, considering our situations.

"I saw Garrick act Othello that same night, in which I think he was very unmeaningly dressed, and succeeded in no degree of comparison with Quin, except in the scene where Iago gives him the first suspicion of Desdemona. He endeavored throughout to play and speak everything directly different from Quin, and failed, I think, in most of his alterations."

This was the occasion when Quin went to the pit to see his rival act. It was at a time when Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode* was familiar to every one. One of the prints of that series represents a negro boy bringing in the tea-things. When Garrick, with his diminutive figure and blackened face, came forward as Othello, Quin exclaimed, "Here is Pompey, but where is the tray?" The effect was electrical, and Garrick never attempted Othello again. When Dr. Griffiths, many years afterwards, thoughtlessly inquired whether he had ever acted the part,—"Sir," said he, evidently disconcerted, "I once acted it to my cost."

Sir Charles writes—

"I hope you divert yourself well at the expense of the whole university, though the object is not worthy you. The dullest fellow in it has parts enough to ridicule it, and you have parts to fly at nobler game."

By disregarding this sensible hint Selwyn got into a scrape, which, had it happened in our time, would have fixed a lasting stigma on his character. In 1745, he so far forgot himself, in a drunken frolic, as to go through a profane mockery of a religious ceremony; and the circumstance having come to the knowledge of the heads of the university, he was expelled. Most of his gay friends looked on this affair in the same light as Sir William Maynard, who writes thus—

"*Walthamstow, July 3, 1745.*

"Dear George,

"I have this moment received yours, and have only time to tell you the sooner you come here, the greater the obligation will be to me. *D—n the university!*—*I wish they were both on fire, and one could hear the proctors cry like roasted lobsters.* My compliments to Dr. Newton.

Yours affectionately, W. M."

Indeed the only palliation or apology, and that a poor one, that can be urged for Selwyn, is to be found in the bad taste and loose habits of his contemporaries. The famous Medenham Abbey club

was founded soon afterwards. It consisted of twelve members, who met at Medenham Abbey, near Marlow, to indulge in ribaldry, profanity and licentiousness. The motto (from Rabelais) over the grand entrance was: *Fay ce que voudrais*. Though the club became notorious, and their disgusting profanity was well known, it proved no bar either to the reception of the members in society, or to their advancement in the state. Sir Francis Dashwood, the founder, who officiated as high priest, became chancellor of the exchequer; Lord Sandwich, first lord of the admiralty; and Wilkes everything that the sober citizens of London could make him.

Selwyn's character at this time is given by one of the Oxford magnates: "The upper part of society here, with whom he often converses, have, and always have had, a very good opinion of him. He is certainly not intemperate, nor dissolute, nor does he game that I know or have heard of. He has a good deal of vanity, and loves to be admired and caressed, and so suits himself with great ease to the gravest and the sprightliest."

Colonel and Mrs. Selwyn were, on this occasion, shocked and irritated in the highest degree; but the failing health of his elder brother John contributed to soften them, and procure him an extent of indulgence which would hardly have been granted, had it not become apparent that the family estate and honors must eventually devolve upon him. John Selwyn was the intimate friend of Marshal Conway, to whom, so early as 1740, Walpole writes: "I did not hurry myself to answer your last, but chose to write to poor Selwyn upon his illness. He deserves so much love from all that know him, and you owe him so much friendship, that I can scarce conceive a greater shock." He did not die till June, 1751, when George Selwyn was in his thirty-second year. By this event he became the heir, but the estate was unentailed, and his prospects were still dubious enough to excite the apprehensions of his friends. In November, 1751, Sir William Maynard writes—

"The public papers informed me of your father's being dangerously ill, which was confirmed to me last post. As you have always convinced me of your love for your father, (though I can't persuade the world you will be sorry for his death,) I shall be glad to know, if you have one moment's leisure, how he does, as you are so nearly concerned in his doing well. I can't help thinking but it will be more for your interest that your father should recover, as I don't yet imagine you quite established in his good opinion, and as you have so powerful an enemy at home."

Who his powerful enemy at home was, does not appear. His mother is mentioned in a preceding letter as his advocate; yet one of Walpole's anecdotes implies that at one time he had forfeited the affection of both parents. The notorious Lady Townshend had taken an extraordinary fancy to the rebel, Lord Kilmarnock, whom she had never seen until the day of his trial. "George Selwyn

dined with her, and not thinking her affliction so serious as she pretended, talked rather jokingly of the execution. She burst into a flood of tears and rage, *told him she now beliered all his father and mother had said of him*, and, with a thousand other reproaches, flung up stairs. George coolly took Mrs. Dorcas, her woman, and made her sit down to finish the bottle. 'And pray, sir,' says Dorcas, 'do you think my lady will be prevailed upon to let me go and see the execution? I have a friend that has promised to take care of me, and I can lie in the tower the night before.'"

His father died in 1751, without tying up the property, which brought with it the power of nominating two members for Ludgershall, and interest enough at Gloucester to ensure his own return for that city. The change of circumstances made little change in his course of life. He had sat in Parliament for the family borough since 1747, when Gilly Williams writes:—"I congratulate you on the near approach of Parliament, and figure you to myself before a glass at your rehearsals. I must intimate to you not to forget closing your periods with a significant stroke of the breast, and recommend Mr. Barry as a pattern, who I think pathetically excels in that beauty." Spranger Barry, the actor, is the intended model; but Selwyn was not ambitious of senatorial honors, and when obliged to attend the House, and be in readiness for a division, he used either to withdraw to one of the committee-rooms for conversation, or to fall asleep. He generally sided with the court party, and was well rewarded for his constancy; being at the same time clerk of the irons, and surveyor of the meltings at the mint, registrar of the court of chancery in Barbadoes, (where he had an estate,) and paymaster of the works—described as a very lucrative appointment. It was abolished in 1782 by Burke's economical reform bill; but in the course of the next year he was made surveyor-general of the works by Mr. Pitt.

In 1768 he was opposed at Gloucester by a timber-merchant, and the manner in which his friends speak of his opponent is characteristic of the times. Gilly Williams calls him "a d—d carpenter;" and Lord Carlisle asks—

"Why did you not set his timber-yard a-fire? What can a man mean who has not an idea separated from the foot square of a Norway deal plank, by desiring to be in Parliament? Perhaps if you could have got anybody to have asked him his reasons for such an unnatural attempt, the fact of his being unable to answer what he had never thought about, might have made him desist. But these beasts are monstrously obstinate, and about as well bred as the great dogs they keep in their yards."

It is currently related that Selwyn did his best to keep Sheridan out of Brookes', and was only prevented from black-balling him for the third or fourth time by a trick. According to one version, the Prince of Wales kept Selwyn in conversation at the door till the ballot was over. According to

Wraxall's, he was suddenly called away by a pretended message from his adopted daughter. Some attribute his dislike to aristocratic prejudice; others to party feeling; and Mr. Jesse says it arose in a great degree from Sheridan's "having been one of the party which had deprived Selwyn of a lucrative post"—that of paymaster of the works. Yet Mr. Jesse himself states that the black-balling occurred in 1780, and that the place was abolished in 1782. We are uncharitable enough to think that an established wit would feel something like an established beauty at the proposed introduction of a rival, and that a tinge of jealousy might have been the foundation of the dislike.

Selwyn had taken to gaming before his father's death—probably from his first introduction to the clubs. In 1748, Gilly Williams asks—"What do you intend? I think the almanac bids you take care of colds, and abstain from physic; I say, avoid the knowing ones, and abstain from hazard." His stakes were high, though not extravagantly so, compared with the sums hazarded by his contemporaries. In 1765 he lost a thousand pounds to Mr. Shafto, who applies for it in language of an embarrassed tradesman—

July 1, 1765.

"DEAR SIR,—I have this moment received the favor of your letter. I intended to have gone out of town on Thursday, but as you shall not receive your money before the end of this week, I must postpone my journey till Sunday. A month would have made no difference to me had I not had others to pay before I leave town, and must pay; therefore must beg that you will leave the whole before the week is out, at White's, as it is to be paid away to others to whom I have lost, and do not choose to leave town till that is done. Be sure you could not wish an indulgence I should not be happy to grant, if in my power."

Mr. Jesse states, that latterly Selwyn entirely got the better of his propensity to play: observing, that it was too great a consumer of four things—time, health, fortune, and thinking. But an extract from the late Mr. Wilberforce's Diary throws some doubt on the accuracy of this statement: "The first time I was at Brookes', scarcely knowing any one, I joined, from mere shyness, at the faro-table, where George Selwyn kept bank. A friend who knew my inexperience, and regarded me as a victim decked out for sacrifice, called out to me. "What, Wilberforce! is that you?" Selwyn quite resented this interference, and turning to him said, in his most impressive tone, "Oh, sir! don't interrupt Mr. Wilberforce, he could not be better employed." This occurred in 1782, when Selwyn was sixty-three.

Previously we find him, in 1776, undergoing the process of dunning from Lord Derby; and in 1779 from Mr. Crawford, "Fish Crawford" as he was called, each of whom, like Mr. Shafto, "had a sum to make up."

Gaming was his only vice. He indulged moderately in the pleasures of the table. In 1765

Williams writes, "You may eat boiled chicken and kiss Raton (his dog) as well on this side the water." As regards gallantry, we have good authority for doubting whether he was quite so much an anchorite as was supposed; but his coldness was a constant subject of banter among his friends. Lord Holland says—"My Lady Mary goes (to a masquerade) dressed like Zara, and I wish you to attend her dress like a black eunuch." Lord Carlisle—"In regard to her, (a mysterious unknown,) in every other light but as a friend, you shall see I shall be as cold as a stone, or as yourself." Readers of the "Rolliad" may recall a broader joke; and Mr. Jesse has ventured to print one of Gilly Williams' levelled at Walpole as well as Selwyn, which we cannot venture to transcribe. As to his alleged intrigue with the Marchesa Fagniani, there is no better proof of it than his extreme fondness for her daughter, (Maria, Dowager-Marchioness of Hertford,) whom the gossips thence inferred to be his own. In contemporary opinion, Lord March shared the honors of paternity with Selwyn. He was equally intimate with her mother, and he left her an immense fortune at his death. Resemblance, too, must go for something; and Dr. Warner, after an interview with Lord March, says—"The more I contemplate his face, the more I am struck with a certain likeness to the lower part of it; his very chin and lips, and they are rather singular. But you will never be *d'accord* upon this interesting subject, as I am sorry to be too much convinced; but that you know better than I." In considering this question, it must not be forgotten that Selwyn's passion for children was one of the marked features of his character. Lord Carlisle's and Lord Coventry's, particularly Lady Anne Coventry, (afterwards lady Anne Foley,) were among his especial favorites.

Selwyn paid frequent visits to Paris, and spoke French to perfection. "I shall let Lord Huntingdon know (says Lord March) that you are thought to have a better pronunciation than any one that ever came from this country." The queen of Louis XV. took pleasure in conversing with him. "I dined to-day (we are still quoting from Lord March) at what is called no dinner, at Madame de Coignie's. The queen asked Madame de Mirepoix, 'Si elle n'avait pas beaucoup entendu médire de Monsieur Selwyn et elle?' Elle a répondu, 'Oui, beaucoup, Madame.' 'J'en suis bien-aise,' dit la Reine."

He was received on a perfect footing of equality, and, as it were, naturalized in that brilliant circle of which Madame du Deffand was the centre; and he often lingered longer in it than was agreeable to his English friends. "Lady Hertford (writes Lord March in 1766) made a thousand inquiries about you; asked how long you intended to stay and hoped you would soon be tired of blind women, old presidents, and premiers,"—alluding to Madame du Deffand, the president Henault,

and the Duc de Choiseul. Williams sarcastically inquires, "Cannot we get you an hospital in this island, where you can pass your evenings with some very sensible matrons? and, if they are not quite blind, they may have some natural infirmity equivalent to it."

Nothing proves Selwyn's real superiority more strongly than his reception in this brilliant coterie, and the enjoyment he found in it; for when he began making his periodical visits to Paris, national prejudice was at its height;—the French regarded the English as barbarians, and the English entertained a contemptuous aversion for the French. So late as 1769, Lord Carlisle thus amusingly alludes to the sentiments of the former—

"I am very sorry to hear Mr. Wood's family were splashed by the sea. People who never travel know very little what dangers we run. I dare say most of your French acquaintances here wonder you do not go to England *by land*, but I believe they are very easy about us after we are gone. They think we are very little altered since the landing of Julius Cæsar; that we leave our clothes at Calais, having no further occasion for them, and that every one of us has a sun-flower cut out and painted upon his—, like the prints in Clarke's Cæsar. I do not think that all entertain this idea of us; I only mean the *scavans*; those who can read."

The French might be pardoned for supposing that the English left their clothes at Calais, for the tailors of Paris were then as much in requisition as the milliners; and Selwyn is invariably loaded with commissions for velvet coats, silk small-clothes, brocade dressing-gowns, lace ruffles, and various other articles, by the gravest as well as the gayest of his friends. As for the notion of reaching England *by land*, geography and the use of the globes were rare accomplishments in both countries. When Whiston foretold the destruction of the world within three years, the Duchess of Bolton avowed an intention of escaping the common ruin, by going to China.

Selwyn not only overcame the national prejudice in his own individual instance, but paved the way for the reception of his friends. It was he who made Horace Walpole acquainted with Madame du Deffand, and Gibbon with Madame de Geoffrin.

His habit of dozing in the House of Commons has been already noticed. He occasionally dozed in society. "We hear (says Williams) of your falling asleep standing at the old President's (Henault's,) and knocking him and three more old women into the fire. Are these things true?" Walpole also hints at it. "When you have a quarter of an hour, *awake* and to spare, I wish you would bestow it on me." He is by no means singular, as might be shown by many remarkable instances besides that of Lord North, who (according to Gibbon) "might well indulge a short slumber on the treasury bench, when supported by the majestic sense of Thurlow on the one side, and the

skilful eloquence of Wedderburne on the other." Lord Byron, in one of his journals, records a dinner party of twelve, including Sheridan, Tierney, and Erskine, of whom five were fast asleep before the dessert was well upon the table. In another, he relates:—"At the opposition meeting of the peers in 1812, at Lord Grenville's, where Lord Grey and he read to us the correspondence upon Moira's negotiation, I sat next to the present Duke of Grafton, and said what is to be done next? '*Wake the Duke of Norfolk*,' (who was snoring away near us,) replied he; 'I don't think the negotiators have left anything else for us to do this turn.'" Considering the hours kept by modern wits and senators, they may be excused for dropping into a pleasing state of forgetfulness occasionally; but Selwyn had no such excuse. His mode of life is exhibited in a droll sketch, in a letter to himself, written by Lord Carlisle at Spa, in 1768. "I rise at six; am on horseback till breakfast; play at cricket till dinner; and dance in the evening till I can scarce crawl to bed at eleven. There is a life for you! You get up at nine; play with Raton till twelve in your nightgown; then creep down to White's to abuse Fanshawe; are five hours at table; sleep till you can escape your supper reckoning; then make two wretches carry you, with three pints of claret in you, three miles for a shilling."

Wits are seldom given to ruralities. Jekyll used to say that, if compelled to live in the country, he would have the road before his door paved like a street, and hire a hackney coach to drive up and down all day long. Selwyn partook largely of this feeling. The state of a gentleman's cellar was then, whatever it may be now, a fair indication of the use he made of his house, and Matson was very slenderly stocked. When Gilly Williams took up his quarters there in passing through Gloucester, he writes—"I asked Bell to dine here, but he is too weak to venture so far; so the Methodist and I will taste your new and old claret. I have been down in the cellar: there are about nine bottles of old, and five dozen of new." Yet Matson was a highly agreeable residence, charmingly situated, and rich in historical associations. Charles II. and James II. (both boys at the time) were quartered there during the siege of Gloucester by the Royalists in 1643; and they amused themselves by cutting out their names, with various irregular emblazonments, on the window-shutters.

During one of his brief electioneering visits at Matson, Selwyn took it into his head to perform justiceship; for (as Fielding observes with reference to the similar attempt on the part of Squire Western) it was, indeed, a syllable more than justice. "What the devil (exclaims Gilly Williams) could tempt you to act as justice of the peace! This is Trapolin with a vengeance! What! evidence, party, and judge too! If you do not make it up with the man soon, some rogue

of an attorney will plague your heart out in the King's Bench." His gardener had been guilty of some peculation, for which Selwyn, without ceremony, committed him.

A little over-eagerness might be excused, as one of his strongest peculiarities was a passion for the details of criminal justice, from the warrant to the rope. His friends made a point of gratifying it by sending the earliest intelligence of remarkable crimes, criminals, trials, and executions, as well as every anecdote they could collect concerning them. When Walpole's house in Arlington Street was broken open, his first care, after securing the robber, was to send for Selwyn. "I despatched a courier to White's for George, who, you know, loves nothing upon earth so well as a criminal, except the execution of him. It happened very luckily that the drawer who received my message has very lately been robbed himself, and had the wound fresh in his memory. He stalked up into the club-room, stopped short, and with a hollow trembling voice said, 'Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Walpole's compliments, and he's got a housebreaker for you.' Gilly Williams, having no housebreaker for him, sends him a story about one instead:—"I will give you a Newgate anecdote, which I had from a gentleman who called on P. Lewis the night before the execution, and heard one runner call to another and order a chicken boiled for Rice's supper; 'but,' says he, 'you need not be curious about the sauce, for he is to be hanged to-morrow.' 'That is true,' says the other, 'but the ordinary sups with him, and you know he is a devil of a fellow for butter.' If the continental air has not altered you, this will please you; at least I have known the time when you have gone a good way for such a morsel."

The best stories regarding his taste for executions are related by Walpole, and well known. Innumerable are the jokes levelled at him for this peculiarity. The best is the first Lord Holland's, who was dying. "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls, show him up. If I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead, he will be glad to see me." Lord Holland was not the only statesman of the period who could joke under such circumstances. Mr. Legge (the story is Gilly Williams') told a very fat fellow who came to see him the day he died—"Sir, you are a great weight; but, let me tell you, you are in at the death." Another of the same gentleman's stories is probably meant as a warning—"I remember a man seeing a military execution in Hyde Park, and when it was over he turned about and said, 'By G—, I thought there was more in it!' He shot himself the next morning."

The writer of a letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for April, 1791, supposed to be the Rev. Dr. Warner, makes a gallant effort to rescue Selwyn's memory from what he terms an unjust and injurious imputation. After urging that nothing could be more abhorrent from Selwyn's character,

and that he had the most tender and benevolent of hearts, he thus proceeds:—"This idle but wide-spread idea of his being fond of executions (of which he never in his life attended but at one, and that rather accidentally from its lying in his way, than from design,) arose from the pleasantries which it pleased Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and the then Lord Chesterfield, to propagate from that one attendance, for the amusement of their common friends. Of the easiness with which such things sat upon him, you may judge from the following circumstance, which I have heard him more than once relate. Sir Charles was telling a large company a similar story to that of his attending upon executions, with many strokes of rich humor received with great glee, before his face, when a gentleman who sat next to the object of their mirth, said to him in a low voice—"It is strange, George, so intimate as we are, that I should never have heard of this story before." 'Not at all strange,' he replied in the same voice, 'for Sir Charles has just invented it, and knows that I will not by contradiction spoil the pleasure of the company he is so highly entertaining.' And such was his good-nature in everything." This may account for the pleasantries, but hardly for the facts stated by Walpole and others; or for such an epistle as the following:—"I can with great pleasure inform you, my dear Selwyn, that the head is ordered to be delivered on the first application made on your part. The expense is a little more than a guinea; the person who calls should pay for it. Adieu, *mon cher mondain*,

"T. PHILLIPS."

As to tenderness and benevolence, there surely was no necessity for assuming that the taste in question was irreconcilable with such qualities. It was simply a craving for strong excitement;—a modification of the feeling which still induces the Spanish women to attend bull-fights, and formerly lured the gentlest and noblest of the sex to tournaments. Moreover, people were by no means so refined or squeamish in Selwyn's time as now, when the spectacle of bloody heads over Temple Bar would not be tolerated for an hour. Crowds of all classes pressed round to gaze on those of the rebel lords in 1746; and telescopes were fixed for the use of the curious at a half-penny a peep. "I remember" (says Johnson, as reported by Boswell,) "once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poets' Corner, I said to him,

'Forsitan et nomen nostrum miscebitur istis.'

"When we got to Temple Bar, he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slyly whispered me,

'Forsitan et nomen nostrum miscebitur istis.'"

Nay, not much more than twenty years ago, it was customary for the governor of Newgate to give a breakfast to thirteen or fourteen persons of distinc-

tion on the morning of an execution. The party attended the hanging, breakfasted, and then attended the cutting down, but few had any appetite for the second and third parts of the ceremonial. A very pretty girl, (the governor's daughter, we believe,) who spoke of the sufferers as "*our people*," distributed the tea and coffee. She assured us, in confidence, that the first call of the incipient amateur was invariably for brandy; and that the only guest who never failed to do justice to the broiled kidneys (for which she was famous) was the ordinary.

Storer (one of the Selwyn set) writes in 1774:—"You will get by your edition of Madame de Sévigné's Letters, enough to pay for as much *Vin de Grave* as ever she drank *en Bretagne*." Selwyn rivalled, or outran Walpole in his admiration of Madame de Sévigné, and paid a visit to her residence, *Les Rochers* (excellently described, as at present existing, in Lady Morgan's "*Book of the Boudoir*";) but we find no other proof of direct literary intentions on his part; and there is consequently no ground for disputing the applicability of the remark with which Mr. Jesse introduces the topic of his wit:—

"Perhaps no individual has ever acquired so general a reputation for mere wit as George Selwyn. Villiers Duke of Buckingham, Lords Dorset, Rochester, Chesterfield, and Hervey, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Bubb Doddington, Sheridan, and (perhaps the most brilliant luminary in this galaxy of wit) the late Theodore Hook, were men who had one and all distinguished themselves in following the paths of literature, while more than one of them had rendered himself eminent in the senate. Thus, the character which each maintained for wit was supported by the adventitious aid of a reputation for literary or oratorical talents, while the fame of George Selwyn stands exclusively on his character for social pleasantry and conversational wit."

Not quite, we must observe. It stood also on his three seats in Parliament, and his family connexions. These, at the very outset, procured him that vantage ground, to which Sheridan and Hook were obliged to win their way at the risk of fretting a thousand vanities. This may not apply to the rest on Mr. Jesse's list: but then it is a very imperfect one and admits of large additions—as (omitting all living examples) Foote, Wilkes, Jekyll, Curran, Colman.

Dr. Johnson disliked Foote; but when one of the company, at a dinner-party at Dilly's, called him a merry-andrew, a buffoon, the sage at once declared that he had wit; and added—"The first time I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on taking my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back on my chair, and fairly laugh



it out. No, sir, he was irresistible." It was said to be impossible to take Foote unawares, or put him out. As he was telling a story at a fine dinner party, a gentleman, to try him, pulled him by the coat-tail, and told him that his handkerchief was hanging out. "Thank you, sir," said Foote, replacing it, "you know the company better than I do," and went on with his story.

Wilkes' fame may be rested on his reply to Lord Sandwich, and his fling at Thurlow. Jekyll needs no trumpeter. Lord Byron says of Colman—"If I had to choose, and could not have both at a time, I would say, 'Let me begin the evening with Sheridan, and finish it with Colman.'" Of Curran, he says, "I have met him at Holland House; he beats everybody—his imagination is beyond human, and his humor (it is difficult to define what is wit) perfect. Then he has fifty faces, and twice as many voices, when he mimics." This, we may add, was Hook's great charm. His best stories were dramatic representations *à la Mathews*, little inferior to that fine observer's "At Homes."

Why, again, since Mr. Jesse has gone back so far, did he not go back a little further, and mention the old Earl of Norwich;—a singular illustration of the fickleness of taste, and the truth of the maxim—"a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it." He was the acknowledged wit of Charles the First's court; but was voted a dead bore when he attempted to resume his wonted place at Whitehall after the Restoration.

It should be remembered, moreover, to be placed on the opposite column of the account—that high reputation in one line may sometimes prevent a man from acquiring much in another; not merely because of the prevalent dislike to pluralities, but because the less is merged in the greater. Thus it was admirably said of Sir James Mackintosh by the Rev. Sydney Smith, "that he had not only humor but wit also; at least, new and sudden relations of ideas flashed across his mind in reasoning, and produced the same effect as wit, and would have been called wit, if a sense of their utility and importance had not often overpowered the admiration of novelty." Wilberforce, speaking of Pitt, said—"He was the wittiest man I ever knew, and (what was quite peculiar to himself) had at all times his wit under entire control. Others appeared struck by the unwonted association of brilliant images, but every possible combination of ideas seemed always present to his mind, and he could at once produce whatever he desired. I was one of those who met to spend an evening in memory of Shakspeare, at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap. Many professed wits were present, but Pitt was the most amusing of the party, and the readiest and most apt in the required allusions."

In addition to Selwyn's other places, the voice of his contemporaries conferred on him that of receiver-general of waif and stray jokes—a sufficient proof that he had plenty of his own; for as

D'Alembert sarcastically observed to the Abbé Voisenon, who complained that he was unduly charged with the absurd sayings of others—"Monsieur l'Abbé, on ne prête qu'aux riches." Selwyn's *droits*, in respect of his anomalous office, were not limited to the clubs. Lord Holland writes in 1770—"As the newspapers impute so much wit to you, I hope they give you the invention of that pretty motto they have put upon Lord Carlisle's cap." Lord Carlisle, in 1776—"What the witty Mr. G. S. says in the newspapers is admirable about the red-hot poker, though I like *Duis placuit* better." Lord March, in 1767—"The king talked of you at his dressing, and told me something that you had said of the Macaronis, that he thought very good." It was Mr. Jesse's duty as editor to find out what these good things were, but he leaves us in entire ignorance regarding them. At the same time, we must do him the justice to say, that he has brought together quite enough to support Selwyn's reputation, and render superfluous the generally just remark with which he prefaces them. "No task can be more disappointing in its result, than that of collecting the scattered *bon-mots* of a man of professed wit, with a view to prove that his reputation is well deserved. Many of his best sayings have, probably, been lost to us; others, perhaps, have suffered in the narrative; and, moreover, the charm of manner, which must greatly have enhanced their value at the moment they were uttered, can now, of course, only be taken on credit."

According to Walpole, it was Selwyn's habit to turn up the whites of his eyes, and assume an expression of demureness, when giving utterance to a droll thought; and Wraxall says, that the effect of his witticisms was greatly enhanced by his listless, drowsy manner. Nor is this all. What makes a man like Selwyn the delight of his contemporaries, is that lightness, richness, and elasticity of mind, which invests the commonest incidents with amusing or inspiring associations—lights intuitively on the most attractive topics, grasps them one moment, lets them go the next; and, in a word, never suffers companionship to become tiresome, or conversation to grow dull. He may do this without uttering anything that will be generally recognized as wit.

We shall here quote some of the best of Selwyn's witticisms and pleasantries: they occupy little room, and there is nothing more provoking than to be told of "the well-known anecdote" which one does not know.

When a subscription was proposed for Fox, and some one was observing that it would require some delicacy, and wondering how Fox would take it—"Take it! why, *quarterly* to be sure."

When one of the Foley family crossed the Channel to avoid his creditors—"It is a *pass over* that will not be much relished by the Jews."

When Fox was boasting of having prevailed on the French court to give up the gum trade—"As

you have permitted the French to draw your *teeth*, they would be fools, indeed, to quarrel with you about your *gums*."

When Walpole, in allusion to the sameness of the system of politics continued in the reign of George the Third, observed—"But there is nothing new under the sun."—"No," said Selwyn, "nor under the *grandson*." One night, at White's, observing the postmaster-general, Sir Everard Fawkener, losing a large sum of money at piquet, Selwyn, pointing to the successful player, remarked—"See how he is robbing the mail!"

On another occasion, in 1756, observing Mr. Ponsonby, the speaker of the Irish House of Commons, tossing about bank-bills at a hazard-table at Newmarket—"Look how easily the speaker passes the *money-bills*."

The beautiful Lady Coventry was exhibiting to him a splendid new dress, covered with large silver spangles, the size of a shilling, and inquired of him whether he admired her taste—"Why," he said, "you will be *change for a guinea*."

This bears a strong resemblance to one of Lord Mansfield's judicial pleasantries. Sergeant Davy was cross-examining a Jew at great length, in order to prove his insufficiency as bail. The sum was small, and the Jew was dressed in a suit of clothes bedizened with silver lace. Lord Mansfield at length interfered—"Come, come, brother Davy, don't you see the man would burn for the money?"

At the sale of the effects of the minister, Mr. Pelham, Selwyn, pointing to a silver dinner-service, observed—"Lord, how many toads have been eaten off these plates!"

A namesake of Charles Fox having been hung at Tyburn, Fox inquired of Selwyn whether he had attended the execution—"No, I make a point of never frequenting *rehearsals*."

A fellow-passenger in a coach, imagining from his appearance that he was suffering from illness, kept wearying him with good-natured inquiries as to the state of his health. At length, to the repeated question of "How are you now, sir?" Selwyn replied—"Very well, I thank you; and I mean to continue so for the rest of the journey."

He was one day walking with Lord Pembroke, when they were besieged by a number of young chimney-sweepers, who kept plaguing them for money. At length Selwyn made them a low bow: "I have often," he said, "heard of the sovereignty of the people; I suppose your Highnesses are in court mourning."

"On Sunday last," says Walpole, "George Selwyn was strolling home to dinner at half an hour after four. He saw my Lady Townshend's coach stop at Caraccioli's chapel. He watched, saw her go in; her footman laughed; he followed. She went up to the altar, a woman brought her a cushion; she knelt, crossed herself, and prayed. He stole up and knelt by her. Conceive her face, if you can, when she turned and found him close to her. In his demure voice he said, 'Pray, madam, how long has your ladyship left the pale

of our church?' She looked furious, and made no answer. Next day he went to her, and she turned it off upon curiosity; but is anything more natural? No, she certainly means to go armed with every viaticum; the Church of England in one hand, Methodism in the other, and the Host in her mouth."

Wraxall stands godfather to the next:—

"The late Duke of Queensberry, who lived in the most intimate friendship with him, told me that Selwyn was present at a public dinner with the mayor and corporation of Gloucester, in the year 1758, when the intelligence arrived of our expedition having failed before Rochfort. The mayor, turning to Selwyn, 'You, sir,' said he, 'who are in the ministerial secrets, can, no doubt, inform us of the cause of this misfortune!' Selwyn, though utterly ignorant on the subject, yet unable to resist the occasion of amusing himself at the inquirer's expense—"I will tell you, in confidence, the reason, Mr. Mayor," answered he; 'the fact is, that the scaling-ladders prepared for the occasion were found, on trial, to be too short.' This solution, which suggested itself to him at the moment, was considered by the mayor to be perfectly explanatory of the failure, and as such he communicated it to all his friends—not being aware, though Selwyn was, that Rochfort lies on the river Charente, some leagues from the sea-shore, and that our troops had never even effected a landing on the French coast."

Mr. Jesse has omitted the capital reply to the man, who, being cut by Selwyn in London, came up and reminded him that they had been acquainted at Bath. "I remember it very well; and when we next meet at Bath, I shall be happy to meet you again."

Once, and once only, was he guilty of verse—

*On a Pair of Shoes found in a Lady's Bed.*

"Well may suspicion shake its head,  
Well may Clarinda's spouse be jealous,  
When the dear wanton takes to bed  
Her very shoes because they 're fellows."

Selwyn died at his house in Cleaveland Row, January 25, 1791. He had been for many years a severe sufferer from gout and dropsy; and Wilberforce describes him as looking latterly like the wax figure of a corpse. He continued to haunt the clubs till within a short period before his death; but Mr. Jesse assures us that he died penitent, and that the Bible was frequently read to him at his own request during his last illness. By his will he gave £33,000 to Maria Fagniani; £100 each to his two nephews; his wardrobe and £30 a year to his valet; and the residue of his property to the Duke of Queensberry, with the exception of Ludgershall, which was entailed on the Townshend family. Mr. Jesse quotes some lines from a poetical tribute published soon after his death, in which the Graces are invoked to fulfil several appropriate duties,

"And fondly dictate to a faithful Muse  
The prime distinction of the friend they lose.  
'T was social wit, which, never kindling strife,  
Blazed in the small sweet courtesies of life."

Had we been at the writer's elbow, we should

have suggested *shone* or *glowed* in preference to *blazed*.

Walpole, writing to Miss Berry, on the day of Selwyn's death, says—"I am on the point of losing, or have lost, my oldest acquaintance and friend, George Selwyn, who was yesterday at the extremity. These misfortunes, though they can be so but for a short time, are very sensible to the old; but him I really loved, not only for his infinite wit, but for a thousand good qualities."

Again—"Poor Selwyn is gone, to my sorrow; and no wonder Ucalegon feels it!"

The heartlessness of the French set to which Selwyn and Walpole belonged, is beyond a question. Madame du Deffand's colloquy with one lover, as to the cause of their fifty years' unbroken harmony, and her behavior on the death of another, are not invented pleasantries, but melancholy facts. Yet, either we were wrong in supposing that the malady was infectious, and Miss Berry was right in her generous and able vindication of her friend, or Selwyn possessed the peculiar talismanic power of kindling and fixing the affections of his associates; for not only does Walpole invariably mention him when living, and mourn over him when dead, in terms of heartfelt sincerity, but the same influence appears to have operated on one, whom (possibly with equal injustice) we should have suspected of being, in his own despite, a little hardened by a long course of selfish indulgences—Lord March. Here are a few, and but a few, of the proofs:

"As to your banker," says his lordship, "I will call there to-morrow; make yourself easy about that, for I have three thousand pounds now at Coutts'. There will be no bankruptcy without we are both ruined at the same time. How can you think, my dear George, and I hope you do not think, that anybody, or anything, can make a *tracasserie* between you and me? I take it ill that you even talk of it, which you do in the letter I had by Ligonier. I must be the poorest creature upon earth,—after having known you so long, and always as the best and sincerest friend that any one ever had,—if any one alive can make any impression upon me when you are concerned. I told you, in a letter some time ago, that I depended more upon the continuance of our friendship than anything else in the world, which I certainly do, because I have so many reasons to know you, and I am sure I know myself."

This speaks well for both head and heart; and how much unhappiness would be prevented by the universal adoption of the principle—never to listen to, much less believe, the alleged unkindness of a friend. All of us have our dissatisfied, complaining, uncongenial moments, when we may let drop words utterly at variance with the habitual suggestions of our hearts. These are repeated from design or carelessness; then come complaints and explanations; confidence is destroyed; "the credulous hope of mutual minds is over;" and thus ends at once the solace of a life.

Lord March's letters are, on the whole, the most

valuable in the collection—most characteristic of the writer, and most redolent of the times. This unfolding of his private relations and inmost feelings is highly favorable to him. As we see him now, he is the very impersonation of his class—shrewd, sensible, observing, generous, and affectionate, amid all his profligacy; with talents uncultivated, because cultivation was not the passion of that age; but amply sufficient to make him a president of the council or first lord of the admiralty in this. His letters are dashed off in clear, manly, unaffected language, on the spur of the occasion; and though they are actually better written than those of many of his noble contemporaries who pretended to literature, it is obvious that the last thing he ever thought of was the style. Walpole's are epistolary compositions; Lord March's are letters in the ordinary acceptation of the term. In their pregnant brevity, they often resemble Swift's hasty dottings down of public events, or private chit-chat, in the journal to Stella.

"November, 1766.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—I intended to have written to you last Tuesday, but we sat so late at the House of Lords that I had no time. It was a dull debate, though it lasted a great while. Lord Chatham spoke very well, and with a great deal of temper, and great civility towards the Duke of Bedford; who spoke and approved of the measure at the time of laying the embargo, because of the necessity; but complained of Parliament not being called sooner, because what had been done was illegal, and only to be justified from necessity, which was the turn of the whole debate. Lord Mansfield trimmed in his usual manner, and avoided declaring his opinion, though he argued for the illegality. Lord Camden attacked him very close upon not speaking out his opinion, and declared strongly for the legality. Upon the whole, I think we shall have very little to do in Parliament, and your attendance will be very little wanted."

This was Lord Chatham's first appearance in the House of Lords. In letters dated the same month we find—

"Monday, 19th November, 1766.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—For fear that I should not have any other moment to write you, I write this in the king's rooms. I was obliged to dress early to come here, it being the princess' birthday. I dine at Lord Hertford's, which, with the ball at night, will take up the whole day; you know that he is chamberlain. The Duke of Bedford comes to-day, and, on Wednesday, I suppose they will kiss hands; but nothing is known. Everybody agrees that this resignation of the Cavendishes is, of all the resignations, the most foolish; and I hear they begin already to repent of it. They make a fine opportunity for Chatham to strengthen his administration. They want T. Pelham to resign; Ashburnham certainly will now. *The only people that do well are those that never resign*; which Lord Hertford seems to have found out long ago. Saunders and Keppel resign to-morrow."

"November, 1766.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—Jack Shelly has kissed hands for Lord Edgcombe's place. He was

offered to be of the bedchamber, which he has refused, and wants to have the post-office, which they won't give him. *I find it is imagined that we shall be obliged to send troops into North America to bring them to a proper obedience.* It is whispered about that the Cavendishes, and Rockingham's friends, will take the first opportunity they can to be hostile to government; and likewise, that Norton and Wedderburne will certainly oppose; if these things are so, we may perhaps have some more convulsions in the state."

Such letters are excellent correctives of history; but we are not writing history just now, and must turn to those which throw light on manners:—

"*Hinchinbrooke, Thursday (1770.)*

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—Our party at Wakefield went off very well. We had hunting, racing, whist, and quinz. My horse won, as I expected, but the odds were upon him, so that I betted very little.

"After hunting on Monday I went to Ossory's, where I lay in my way here. He came with me, and went back yesterday. I imagine he would have liked to have stayed if Lady Ossory had not been alone. They live but a dull life, and there must be a great deal of love on both sides not to tire. I almost promised to go back for Bedford races, but believe I shall not. I go to Newmarket to-night, and to London to-morrow. Sandwich's house is full of people, and all sorts of things going forward. Miss Ray does the honors perfectly well. While I am writing they are all upon the grass-plot at a foot-race."

To make this intelligible, we must go behind the scenes. Wakefield Lodge was the seat of the minister, Duke of Grafton. Lady Ossory was his *ci-devant* duchess. She had divorced him on account of his intimacy with Nancy Parsons, described by Walpole as "one of the commonest creatures in London: once much liked, but out of date. He is certainly grown immensely attached to her; so much so, that it has put an end to all his decorum." The culpable excesses into which the duke was hurried by his passion are stigmatized by Junius—"It is not the private indulgence, but the public insult, of which I complain. The name of Miss Parsons would hardly have been known, if the first lord of the treasury had not led her in triumph through the opera-house, even in the presence of the queen." Hinchinbrooke, from which the letter is dated, was the seat of Lord Sandwich, another cabinet minister. Miss Ray, who did the honors so well, was his mistress—shot at Covent Garden in 1779. The story is told by Dr. Warner in a paragraph which may serve as a pattern of good condensation:—

"The history of Hackman, Miss Ray's murderer, is this. He was recruiting at Huntingdon; appeared at the ball; was asked by Lord Sandwich to Hinchinbrooke; was introduced to Miss Ray; became violently enamoured of her; made proposals, and was sent into Ireland, where his regiment was. He sold out; came back on purpose to be near the object of his affection; took orders, but could not bend the inflexible fair in a black coat more than in a red. He could not live without

her. He meant only to kill himself, and that in her presence; but seeing her coquet it at the play with a young Irish templar, Macnamara, he determined suddenly to despatch her too. He is to be tried on Friday, and hanged on Monday."

The *Morning Post* for April 9, 1799, has this announcement:—"When the news of the above misfortune was carried to the admiralty, it was received by her noble admirer with the utmost concern. He wept exceedingly, and lamented, with every other token of grief, the interruption of a connexion which had lasted for seventeen years, with great and uninterrupted felicity on both sides."

The catching character of notorious insanity has often been remarked. While the Hackman affair was the popular topic, it seems that no woman, young or old, ugly or pretty, could venture forth without alarm. Lady Ossory writes:—

"This Asiatic weather has certainly affected our cold constitutions. The Duchess of B— is afraid of being shot wherever she goes. A man has followed Miss Clavering *on foot* from the East Indies; is quite mad; and scenes are daily expected even in the drawing room. Another man has sworn to shoot a Miss Something, *n'importe*, if she did not run away with him from the opera.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds has a *lover* who is troubled with one of these passionate admirers, to whom she has refused her hand and her door. He came, a few days since, to Sir Joshua's, asked if she was at home, and on being answered in the negative, he desired the footman to tell her to take care, for he was determined to ravish her (pardon the word) whenever he met her. Keep our little friend (Mie Mie) at Paris whilst this mania lasts, for no age will be spared to be in fashion. and I am sure Mie Mie is quite as much in danger as the person I quoted in my first page."

Before quoting those letters of Lord March which refer to topics of a strictly personal character, we will mention the few authentic particulars that have been recorded of him.

He was born in 1725, succeeded his father in the earldom of March in 1731, his mother in the earldom of Ruglen in 1748, and his cousin in the dukedom of Queensberry in 1778, being then in his fifty-third year. Few men of his day acquired greater notoriety, or were more an object of inquiry and speculation; yet he took little part in political events, except so far as his own interests were affected by them, and it would have been better for his reputation had he taken none. When the king's malady grew serious in 1788, he gave in his allegiance to Fox, and on the recovery of his royal master, was unceremoniously dismissed from his situation of lord of the bedchamber, which he had held for twenty-eight years, notwithstanding the known profligacy of his life. Wraxall says he took a journey to Windsor to learn the exact condition of the king, but was misled by Dr. Warren. The mistake mattered little. His business was pleasure, his passions were women and the turf; and he con-

trived to gratify both, without impairing either his fortune or his constitution. As regards the turf, he was thoroughly versed in all its mysteries, and seldom indulged in any sort of gaming unconnected with it, or relating to matters where any undue advantage could be taken of him. On the contrary, he was generally on the look-out for opportunities of turning his own shrewdness and coolness to account. A curious instance is related in Edgeworth's memoirs.

Lord March had noticed a coachmaker's journeyman running with a wheel, and on minutely examining him by a stop watch, found that he actually ran a considerable distance faster with it than most men could run unencumbered. A waiter in Betty's fruit-shop was famous for speed. Lord March adroitly introduced the topic, and maintaining what appeared a paradox, easily got bets to a large amount, that the waiter would run faster for a mile than any one could run with the hind-wheel of his lordship's carriage, then standing at the door. But he committed a trifling oversight. The wheel was lower than the wheel the man was used to run with; and the biter would have been bit, had not Sir Francis Delaval suggested an expedient. The night before the match, planks were obtained from the Board of Works, and a raised groove for the wheel to run in, was constructed across the course. The journeyman won, and the Jockey Club decided in Lord March's favor. Another of his bets came before the court of King's Bench. He had laid a wager of five hundred guineas with young Mr. Pigot, that old Mr. Pigot (the father) would die before Sir William Codrington. Old Mr. Pigot died the same morning before the making of the wager, but neither of the parties were acquainted with the fact. The court held that the dutiful and hopeful heir must pay. A startling example of this style of bet is mentioned by Walpole. "I, t'other night at White's, found a very remarkable entry in our very remarkable wager-book. Lord — bets Sir — twenty guineas, that Nash outlives Cibber. *How odd that these two old creatures should live to see both their wagers put an end to their own lives!*" Lord March's rate of betting was never very high. The largest sum he appears to have won or lost at any race or meeting, during the period over which this correspondence extends, was £4100, and this is mentioned as a rare occurrence.

He also managed his intercourse with the fair sex in such a manner, as to prevent them from interfering with his peace or even his caprices; and few things are more amusing than his mode of keeping his occasional *liaisons* from clashing with his permanent ones—for we are obliged to speak of both classes in the plural number. His parting with one of his favorites is peculiarly touching:—

"I am just preparing to conduct the poor little Tondino to Dover. My heart is so full that I can neither think, speak, nor write. How I shall be

able to part with her, or bear to come back to this house, I do not know. The sound of her voice fills my eyes with fresh tears. My dear George, *J'ai le cœur si serré que je ne suis bon à présent qu'à pleurer.* Take all the care you can of her. *Je la recommande à vous,* my best and only real friend."

In return for the care Selwyn was to take of the Tondino, Lord March, it seems, was to keep an eye to Raton.

"I wrote to you last night, but I quite forgot Raton. I have not had him to see me to-day, having been the whole morning in the city with Lady H., but I have sent to your maid, and she says that her little king is perfectly well and in great spirits."

Besides the Tondino, Selwyn had the principal care of the Rena, a beautiful Italian, who stood in nearly the same relation to Lord March as Madame de Pompadour to Louis the Fifteenth. That sagacious favorite, it will be remembered, troubled herself very little about the *Parc aux Cerfs* so long as she retained the chief place in his Majesty's confidence. Queen Caroline is said to have preserved her influence over George the Second by the same policy. The Rena's prudence was put to a severe trial by the arrival of Signora Zamperini, a noted dancer and singer, in 1766. His lordship writes to Selwyn in Paris:—

"I wish I had set out immediately after Newmarket, which I believe I should have done, if I had not taken a violent fancy for one of the opera girls. This passion is a little abated, and I hope it will be quite so before you and the Rena come over, else I fear it will interrupt our society. But whatever is the case, as I have a real friendship and affection for the Rena, I shall show her every mark of regard and consideration, and be vastly happy to see her. I consider her as a friend, and certainly as one that I love very much; and as such, I hope, she will have some indulgence for my follies."

A few days afterwards,

"The Rena must be mad if she takes anything of this sort in a serious way. If she does, there is an end of our society. If she does not, we shall go on as we did. I am sure I have all the regard in the world for her, for I love her vastly, and I shall certainly contrive to make her as easy and as happy as I can. I like this little girl, *but how long this liking will last I cannot tell; it may increase, or be quite at an end, before you arrive.*"

His lordship had not attained to equal proficiency with Madame de Girardin's hero: "*Albert ne viendra pas—il est amoureux pour une quinzaine; il me l'a dit, et il est toujours à la minute dans ces choses-là.*" In a subsequent letter we find all three (the Tondino, the Rena and the Zamperini) mixed up together.

"You see what a situation I am in with my little Buffa. She is the prettiest creature that ever was seen: in short, I like her vastly, and she likes me, *because I give her money.*

"I have had a letter from the Tondino to-day. She tells me that she never passed her time so

well at Paris as she does now: '*Monsieur du Barri est un homme charmante, et nous donne des bals avec des Princesses.*' Pray, my dear George, find out something that will be agreeable to the little Teresina. Consult the Rena about it.

"I shall write two or three words to the Rena by this post. I told her, in my last letter, that I was supposed to be very much in love with the Zamperini, which certainly would not prevent me from being very happy to see her. I have been too long accustomed to live with her not to like her, or to be able to forget her, and there is nothing that would give me more pain than not to be able to live with her upon a footing of great intimacy and friendship; but I am always afraid of every event where women are concerned—they are all so exceedingly wrongheaded."

It might be deemed useless, if not impertinent, to keep on repeating that obviously wrong things are wrong; but in connection with the next extract, the reader should bear in mind that, at the time in question, and for twelve years afterwards, the writer was a lord of the bedchamber in the decorous court of George the Third and Queen Charlotte.

"I was prevented from writing to you last Friday, by being at Newmarket with my little girl. I had the whole family and Cocchi. The beauty went with me in my chaise, and the rest in the old landau."

The family consisted of father, mother, and sister. "As March finds a difficulty (says Williams) in separating her from that rascally garlic tribe, whose very existence depends on her beauty, I do not think he means to make her what our friend the countess (the Rena) was." In another place—"March goes on but heavily with his poor child (she was only fifteen.) He looks miserable, and yet he takes her off in her opera-dress every night in his chariot."

Numerous allusions, in these volumes, show that Lord March was not devoid of taste for female society of a better order. He is repeatedly spoken of as about to marry this or that lady of quality; and Wraxall says that he cherished an ardent passion for Miss Pelham, the daughter of the minister, who persevered in refusing his consent to their union, on account of the dissipated habits of the peer. He died unmarried, and continued his libertine habits till death. During the first ten years of the present century, he might constantly be seen in the bow-window of his house in Piccadilly, (now divided into two houses occupied by Lord Cadogan and Lord Roseberry,) examining the street passengers through an eyeglass with his remaining eye, (it was currently stated that the other was of glass,) and when a female pedestrian struck his fancy, an emissary was instantly dispatched after her. That no time might be lost, a pony was always kept saddled for the purpose. "It is a fact," says Wraxall, "that he performed in his own drawing-room the scene of Paris and the goddesses. This classic exhibition took place in his house opposite the Green Park." We do

not believe that any exhibition took place at all—founding our skepticism more on the folly than the vice; yet it is melancholy to think to what human nature may be degraded by sensuality.

A striking illustration of his shrewdness was given by Lord Brougham, in his evidence before the Lords' Committee on Lord Campbell's libel bill:

"The late Duke of Queensberry was a great alarmist in 1792, like many other very noble, very rich, and very honorable men. He thought there was an end of all things, and he used to be abusing principally the seditious writings of the day, giving them and their authors ill names in great abundance and variety, as infamous, detestable, abominable—when one day some toad-eater who attended his person, added, 'Ay, indeed, and full of such falsehoods.' 'No,' said the duke, 'not falsehoods—they are all so true; that is what makes them so abominable and so dangerous.' If his grace had felt all that was said on the corruptions of parliament and office to be groundless, he would have let them write on in the same strain to the end of time."

A characteristic trait has been preserved by Mr. Wilberforce:—

"I always observe that the owners of your grand houses have some snug corner in which they are glad to shelter themselves from their own magnificence.\* I remember dining, when I was a young man, with the Duke of Queensberry, at his Richmond villa. The party was very small and select—Pitt, Lord and Lady Chatham, the Duchess of Gordon, and George Selwyn, (who lived for society, and continued in it till he really looked like the waxwork figure of a corpse,) were amongst the guests. We dined early, that some of our party might be ready to attend the opera. The dinner was sumptuous, the views from the villa quite enchanting, and the Thames in all its glory; but the duke looked on with indifference. 'What is there,' he said, 'to make so much of in the Thames! I am quite tired of it—there it goes, flow, flow, flow, flow, always the same.'"

This is precisely what we should have expected from the duke; and no one was better qualified than Mr. Wilberforce to explain, why the glorious scene before them was a sealed book to the worn voluptuary—why his spirit's eye was blind to it—why every simple, innocent, unforced gratification was denied to him—and why the full enjoyment of natural beauty and sublimity is reserved for men of purer lives and higher minds than his.

The duke's notions of comfort, on which his opinion was worth having, were expressed in a letter to Selwyn;—"I wish you were here (the place is not stated.) It is just the house you would wish to be in. There is an excellent library; a good parson; the best English and French cookery you ever tasted; strong coffee, and half-crown whist."

It has been stated that he paid his physicians on

\* "And thus the most luxurious court in Europe, after all its boasted refinements, was glad to return at last by this singular contrivance (the *table volante* at Choisy,) to the quiet and privacy of humble life."—*Rogers' Poems, Note.*

the plan adopted by the Chinese emperors—so much per week for keeping him alive. If so, he cheated them; for the immediate cause of his death was imprudence in eating fruit. He died in 1810, firm and self-possessed. His death-bed was literally covered with unopened billets (more than seventy) from women of all classes, which he ordered to be laid on the counterpane as they were brought. His personal property exceeded a million, and his will, with its twenty-five codicils, was a curious document. He left 150,000*l.* and three houses to Mie Mie, and made her husband (the late Marquis of Hertford, a congenial spirit) his residuary legatee.

Selwyn's most intimate friends and frequent correspondents, after the duke, were George James (alias Gilly) Williams, and Lord Carlisle.

Of Williams, little is known. He was the son of Peere Williams, the compiler of three volumes of chancery cases, highly esteemed by equity lawyers. He was connected by marriage with Lord North, and, in 1774, was appointed receiver-general of excise. Selwyn, Edgumbe, Walpole, and Williams, used to meet at stated periods at Strawberry Hill, and form what Walpole called his out-of-town party. Gilly's letters convey a highly favorable impression of his social pleasantry; and it seems that he soon acquired some reputation as a wit. "I have desired Lord R. Bertie (he writes in 1751) to propose me at White's. Don't let any member shake his head at me for a wit; for, God knows, he may as well reject me for being a giant."

Frederick, fifth earl of Carlisle, was a remarkable man in many ways. He filled some important public situations with credit; and on his being appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, his intimate friend, Storer, writes—"I wish he was secretary of state. It is a joke to think it too high a step. I am of the old king's opinion, *that a man in this country is fit for any place he can get*, and I am sure Carlisle will be fit for any place he will take."

In literature, he distinguished himself as a poet; but unluckily he is principally known in that capacity through Lord Byron, who, in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, levels twelve unjust and acrimonious lines at him. In the first sketch of the poem these twelve lines were wanting, and their place was occupied by two—

"On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,  
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle."

Lord Carlisle had offended his young relation, by refusing to introduce him on his taking his seat in the House of Lords. Lord Byron afterwards deeply regretted the injury. There is a beautiful atonement in the third canto of *Childe Harold*; and in writing, in 1814, to Mr. Rogers, he thus expresses himself—"Is there any chance or possibility of making it up with Lord Carlisle, as I feel

disposed to do anything, reasonable or unreasonable, to effect it?"

In private life and early youth, Lord Carlisle, endowed with warm feelings, a lively fancy, and an excitable disposition, was peculiarly liable to be led astray by the temptations which assail young men of rank. In 1769, being then in his twenty-first year, he went abroad, desperately in love with some wedded fair one. She forms the burden of many a paragraph in his letters to Selwyn; who, though nearly thirty years older, entered warmly into all his feelings.

"I thought I had got the better of that extravagant passion, but I find I am relapsed again. I tremble at the consequences of the meeting, and yet I have not the courage, even in thought, to oppose its temptations. I shall exert all the firmness I am capable of, which, God knows, is very little, upon that occasion. If I am received with coolness, I shall feel it severely. I shall be miserable if I am made too welcome. Good God, what happiness would I not exchange, to be able to live with her without loving her more than friendship will allow! Is my picture hung up, or is it in the passage with its face turned to the walls?"

From the allusion to the picture, and other indications, it is clear that the mysterious lady (who has given rise to much surmise) was the beautiful Lady Sarah Bunbury, (*née* Lennox,) whom it is said his Majesty George III. would have married, had he been allowed. His Majesty gave up his own wishes for the good of the country, but the impression remained. Mrs. Pope, the actress, was very like Lady Sarah. On one occasion at the theatre, many years after his marriage, the king turned round to the queen in a fit of melancholy abstraction, and said, pointing to Mrs. Pope, "She is like Lady Sarah still."

Lord Carlisle got the better of this passion, and married at twenty-two. It would have been well for his peace of mind had he been equally successful in getting the better of a still more fatal one for play. Letter after letter is filled with good resolutions, but the fascination was too strong. The blow came at last.

"July, 1776.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have undone myself, and it is to no purpose to conceal from you my abominable madness and folly, though perhaps the particulars may not be known to the rest of the world. I never lost so much in five times as I have done to-night, and am in debt to the house for the whole. You may be sure I do not tell you this with an idea that you can be of the least assistance to me; it is a great deal more than your abilities are equal to. Let me see you, though I shall be ashamed to look at you after your goodness to me."

This letter is endorsed by Selwyn, "After the loss of the ten thousand pounds;" which, following on other losses, appears to have sunk the earl to the lowest depths of despondency.

"I do protest to you, that I am so tired of my present manner of passing my time—however I may

*be kept in countenance by the number of those in my own rank and superior fortune—that I never reflect on it without shame. If they will employ me in any part of the world, I will accept the employment; let it tear me, as it will, from everything dear to me in this country.* \* \* \*

"If any of our expectations should be gratified in the winter, I cannot expect anything sufficient to balance the expenses of living in London. If I accept anything, I must attend Parliament—I must live in London. If I am not treated with consideration, I can live here, if that can be called living, which is wasting the best years of my life in obscurity; without society to dispel the gloom of a northern climate; left to myself to brood over my follies and indiscretions; to see my children deprived of education by those follies and indiscretions; to be forgotten; to lose my temper; to be neglected; to become cross and morose to those whom I have most reason to love! *Except that the welfare and interest of others depend upon my existence, I should not wish that existence to be of long duration.*"

So thought and felt a man apparently possessed of every blessing—youth, health, talent, birth, fortune, connexion, consideration, and domestic ties of the most endearing kind—

"—— Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat."

The very accident (miscalled advantage) of his position, commends the poisoned chalice to his lips, and the lord of Castle Howard longs for death at twenty-seven! But a truce to reflection till we have introduced another, and a more memorable subject for it. Lord Carlisle's embarrassments were inextricably mixed up with those of Charles James Fox; and it can therefore hardly be deemed a digression to turn at once to the passages in these volumes which relate to him. The few letters of his own that occur in them, are principally remarkable for ease and simplicity. For example:—

"Paris, Nov., 1770.

"Quantities of cousins visit us; amongst the rest the Duke of Berwick. What an animal it is! I supped last night with Lauzun, Fitz-James, and some others, at what they call a *Clob à l'Anglaise*. It was in a *petite maison* of Lauzun's. There was Madame Briseau, and two other women. The supper was execrably bad. However, the champagne and tokay were excellent; notwithstanding which the fools made *du ponche* with bad rum. This club is to meet every Saturday, either here or at Versailles: I am glad to see that we cannot be foolisher in point of imitation than they are."

Principally through Selwyn's introduction, Fox was on a familiar footing with Madame du Defand and her set.

"Madame Geoffrin *m'a chanté la palinodie*. I dine there to-day; she inquires after you very much. I have supped at Madame du Defand's, who asked me if I was *déjà sous la tutelle de M. Selvin*? I boasted that I was."

In August 23, 1771, he writes what is most worthy of notice, as follows:—

"I am reading Clarendon, but scarcely get on faster than you did with your Charles the Fifth. I think the style bad, and that he has a good deal of the old woman in his way of thinking, *but hate the opposite party so much that it gives one a kind of partiality for him.*"

His marvellous powers as a debater were remarked very soon after his first entrance into parliament. In March, 1770, his delighted father writes to Selwyn:—

"You know by this time that your panegyric upon Charles came about an hour after I had wrote mine to you of the 9th. He writes word that upon February the 12th he spoke very ill. I do not mind that, and when he speaks so well, as to be, as Lady Mary says, the wonder of the age, it does not give me so much pleasure as what you very justly, I think, tell me *de son cœur*. And yet that may not signify. I have been honest and good-natured, nor can I repent of it; though convinced now that honesty is not the best policy, and that good-nature does not meet with the return it ought to do."

It appears from a letter addressed by Lord Carlisle to Lady Holland, (Fox's mother,) in 1773, that he had become security for Fox to the amount of fifteen or sixteen thousand pounds, and a letter to Selwyn, in 1777, puts the ruinous character of their gambling transactions in the strongest light. Lord Ilchester (Fox's cousin) had lost thirteen thousand pounds at one sitting to Lord Carlisle, who offered to take three thousand pounds down. Nothing was paid; but ten years afterwards, when Lord Carlisle pressed for his money, he complains that an attempt was made to construe the offer into a remission of ten thousand pounds:—

"The only way, in honor, that Lord I. could have accepted my offer, would have been by taking some steps to pay the £3000. I remained in a state of uncertainty, I think, for nearly three years; but his taking no notice of it during that time convinced me that he had no intention of availing himself of it. Charles Fox was also at a much earlier period clear that he never meant to accept it. There is also great justice in the behavior of the family in passing by the instantaneous payment of, I believe, five thousand pounds, to Charles, won at the same sitting, without any observations. *At one period of the play, I remember, there was a balance in favor of one of those gentlemen, but of which I protest I do not remember, of about fifty thousand.*"

At the time in question, Fox was hardly eighteen. The following letter from Lord Carlisle, written in 1771, contains some highly interesting information respecting the youthful habits, and already vast intellectual preëminence of this memorable statesman:

"It gives me great pain to hear that Charles begins to be unreasonably impatient at losing. I fear it is the prologue to much fretfulness of temper; for disappointment in raising money, and any serious reflections upon his situation, will (in spite of his affected spirits and dissipation, which



sit very well upon Richard) occasion him many disagreeable moments. They will be the more painful, when he reflects that he is not following the natural bent of his genius; for that would lead him to all serious inquiry and laudable pursuits, which he has in some measure neglected, to hear Lord Bolingbroke's applause, and now is obliged to have recourse to it and play, to hinder him from thinking how he has perverted the ends for which he was born. *I believe there never was a person yet created who had the faculty of reasoning like him. His judgments are never wrong; his decision is formed quicker than any man's I ever conversed with; and he never seems to mistake but in his own affairs.*"

Lord Carlisle's fears proved groundless in one respect. Fox's sweetness of temper remained with him to the last; but it is most painful to think how much mankind has lost through his recklessness. There is no saying what might not have been effected by such a man, had he simply followed the example of his great rival in one respect. "We played a good deal at Goosetree's, (says Wilberforce,) and I well remember the intense earnestness which Pitt displayed when joining in these games of chance. He perceived their increasing fascination, and soon after abandoned it forever." Wilberforce's own cure is thus recorded by his biographers, on the authority of his private journal:—"We can have no play to-night," complained some of the party at the club, 'for St. Andrew is not here to keep bank.' 'Wilberforce,' said Mr. Bankes, who never joined himself, 'if you will keep it I will give you a guinea.' The playful challenge was accepted, but as the game grew deep, he rose the winner of £600. Much of this was lost by those who were only heirs to future fortunes, and could not therefore meet such a call without inconvenience. The pain he felt at their annoyance cured him of a taste which seemed but too likely to become predominant."

Goosetree's being then almost exclusively composed of incipient orators and embryo statesmen, the call for a gaming-table there may be regarded as a decisive proof of the universal prevalence of the vice. But most of these were the friends and followers of Pitt; and when his star gained the ascendant, idleness was no longer the order of the day among politicians, and rising young men gave up faro and hazard for Blackstone and Adam Smith. We know of no candidate for high office, entering public life after 1784, who did not affect prudence and propriety; and probably we shall never again see a parliamentary leader aspire, like Bolingbroke,

"To shine a Tully and a Wilmot too."

Gaming, however, continued a blot on our manners and morals for many years afterwards; and it may not be uninteresting to trace its progress and decline. During the whole of the last century, gaming of some sort was an ordinary amuse-

ment for both sexes in the best society.\* Till near the commencement of the present, the favorite game was faro; and as it was a decided advantage to hold the bank, masters and mistresses of noble houses, less scrupulous than Wilberforce, frequently volunteered to fleece and amuse their company. But scandal having made busy with the names of some of them, it became usual to hire a professed gamester at five or ten guineas a night to set up a table for the evening, as we should hire Lablache for a concert, or Weippart for a ball. Faro gradually dropped out of fashion; macao took its place; hazard was never wanting, and whist began to be played for stakes which would have satisfied Fox himself; who, though it was calculated that he might have netted four or five thousand a year by games of skill, complained that they afforded no excitement.

Watier's club, in Piccadilly, was the resort of the macao players. It was kept by an old *maître d'hôtel* of George the Fourth, a character in his way, who took a just pride in the cookery and wines of his establishment. All the brilliant stars of fashion, (and fashion was power then,) frequented it, with Brummell for their sun. "Poor Brummell dead, in misery and idiocy, at Caen! and I remember him in all his glory, cutting his jokes after the opera at White's, in a black velvet great-coat, and a cocked hat on his well-powdered head."† Nearly the same turn of reflection is suggested as we run over the names of his associates. Almost all of them were ruined; three out of four, irretrievably. Indeed it was the forced expatriation of its supporters that caused the club to be broken up. During the same period (from 1810 to 1815 or thereabouts) there was a great deal of high play at White's and Brookes', particularly whist. At Brookes' figured some remarkable characters—as Tippoo Smith, by common consent the best whist-player of his day; and an old gentleman nicknamed Neptune, from his having once flung himself into the sea in a fit of despair at being, as he thought, ruined. He was fished out in time, found he was not ruined, and played on during the remainder of his life.

The most distinguished player at White's was the nobleman who was presented at the salon in Paris as *Le Wellington des Joueurs*; and he richly merited the name, if skill, temper, and the most daring courage, are titles to it. The greatest genius, however, is not infallible. He once lost three thousand four hundred pounds at whist by not remembering that the seven of hearts was in. He played at hazard for the highest stakes that any one could be got to play with him, and at one

\* In General Burgoyne's play of *The Heiress*, Mrs. Blandish exclaims—"Time thrown away in the country! as if women of fashion left London to turn freckled shepherdesses. No, no; cards, cards and backgammon, are the delights of rural life; and, slightly as you may think of my skill, at the year's end I am no inconsiderable sharer in the pin-money of my society."

† Private MS.

time was supposed to have won nearly a hundred thousand pounds; but it all went, along with a great deal more, at Crockford's.

There was also a great deal of play at Graham's, the Union, the Cocoa-Tree, and other clubs of the second order in point of fashion. Here large sums were hazarded with equal rashness, and remarkable characters started up. Among the most conspicuous was the late Colonel Aubrey, who literally passed his life at play. He did nothing else, morning, noon, and night; and it was computed that he had paid more than sixty thousand pounds for card-money. He was a very fine player at all games, and a shrewd clever man. He had been twice to India, and made two fortunes. It was said that he lost the first on his way home, transferred himself from one ship to another without landing, went back, and made the second. His life was a continual alternation between poverty and wealth; and he used to say, the greatest pleasure in life is winning at cards—the next greatest, losing.

For several years deep play went on at all these clubs—fluctuating both as to locality and amount—till by degrees it began to flag. It had got to a low ebb when Mr. Crockford came to London, and laid the foundation of the most colossal fortune that was ever made by play. He began by taking Watier's old club-house, in partnership with a man named Taylor. They set up a hazard-bank, and won a great deal of money, but quarrelled and separated at the end of the first year. Taylor continued where he was, had a bad year, and broke. Crockford removed to St. James' street, had a good year, and instantly set about building the magnificent club-house which bears his name. It rose like a creation of Aladdin's lamp; and the genii themselves could hardly have surpassed the beauty of the internal decorations, or furnished a more accomplished *maître d'hôtel* than Ude. To make the company as select as possible, the establishment was regularly organized as a club, and the election of members vested in a committee. "Crockford's" became the rage, and the votaries of fashion, whether they liked play or not, hastened to enroll themselves. The Duke of Wellington was an original member, though (unlike Blucher, who repeatedly lost everything he had at play) the great captain was never known to play deep at any game but war or politics. Card-tables were regularly placed, and whist was played occasionally; but the aim, end, and final cause of the whole was the hazard-bank, at which the proprietor took his nightly stand, prepared for all comers. There was a recognized limit, at which (after losing a certain sum) he might declare the bank broke for the night; but he knew his business too well to stop.

The speculation, it is hardly necessary to add, was eminently successful. During several years, everything that anybody had to lose and cared to risk, was swallowed up. *Le Wellington des*

*Joueurs* lost £23,000 at a sitting, beginning at twelve at night, and ending at seven the following evening. He and three other noblemen could not have lost less, sooner or later, than a hundred thousand pounds a-piece. Others lost in proportion (or out of proportion) to their means; but we leave it to less occupied moralists, and better calculators to say, how many ruined families went to make Mr. Crockford a *millionaire*—for a *millionaire* he was and is, in the English sense of the term, after making the largest possible allowance for bad debts. A vast sum, perhaps half a million, is due to him; but as he won all his debtors were able to raise, and easy credit was the most fatal of his lures,\* we cannot make up our minds to condole with him on that amount, frightful though it be. He retired, three or four years ago, much as an Indian chief retires from a hunting-country when there is not game enough left for his tribe; and the club is said to be now tottering to its fall.

Some good was certainly produced by it. In the first place, private gambling (between gentleman and gentleman) with its degrading incidents, illustrated by the foregoing letters, is at an end. In the second place, this very circumstance brings the worst part of the practice within the reach of the law. Public gambling, which only exists by and through what are popularly termed "hells," may be easily suppressed. There are at present more than twenty of these establishments in Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and St. James', called into existence by Mr. Crockford's success. Why does not the police interfere? If the police cannot, why does not the legislature? Not an hour should be lost in putting down this monstrous evil. We claim to be superior in morals and public order to the French; yet all the public gaming tables of Paris were suppressed four or five years ago, and (what is more) suppressed without difficulty, the moment the police set to work in good earnest.†

Space permitting, we should be glad to make a few extracts from the numerous letters, in this collection, of the Rev. Dr. Warner, who has described many objects of interest, and hit off some curious traits of character, in a gay vivacious style, which would be much more pleasing had there been less effort to make it so. He apparently took for his model the well-known letter of Madame de Sévigné, announcing the marriage of "la grande Mademoiselle," in which the main object seems to be to keep beating about the bush as long as possible. But the reverend doctor is inex-

\*Brookes was equally accommodating:—

"From liberal Brookes, whose speculative skill  
Is hasty credit and a distant bill;  
Who, nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,  
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid."

Verses, *From the Hon. Charles James Fox, partridge-shooting, to the Hon. John Townshend, cruising; by Tickell, whom Mr. Jesse praises for his poem of "Anticipation."*

† Since this was written, a few of the most notorious London establishments have been suppressed.

cusably coarse and loose, and has often tempted us to exclaim like Dr. Johnson, when some clergymen were endeavoring to show off in his company by assuming the lax jollity of men of the world—"This merriment of parsons is mighty offensive." Independently of the indecorous tone, there are several expressions and allusions in Dr. Warner's letters, and two or three in Gilly Williams' and Lord Carlisle's, which offend, not merely against good taste, but common decency; and Mr. Jesse has exposed himself to much censure by printing them.

We are also obliged to omit many passages from the letters of Lord Holland, Miss Townshend, Mr. Storer, the Dowager Lady Carlisle, and Lady Sarah Bunbury, which we had marked for insertion; as well as an entire letter of Horace Walpole's, (vol. i., p. 4,) which maintains his superiority as a writer of epistolary compositions.

In conclusion, we are happy to say that the comparison, suggested by these volumes, between the manners and morals of the last century and our own, is highly satisfactory. Intellectual tastes have nearly superseded the necessity, formerly felt by the unoccupied classes, of resorting to coarse indulgences or strong excitements; and respect for public opinion induces those among them who continue unreclaimed, to conceal their transgressions from the world. It is also worthy of note, that the few persons of noble birth or high connexion who have recently attracted attention by their laxity, are professed votaries of (what they call) pleasure; and are no longer encouraged by the example, or elevated by the companionship, of men distinguished in the senate, the cabinet, or the court. No prime minister escorts a woman of the town through the crush-room of the opera; no first lord of the admiralty permits his mistress to do the honors of his house, or weeps over her in the columns of the *Morning Post*: no lord of the bedchamber starts for Newmarket with a *dansuse* in his carriage, and her whole family in his train;—our parliamentary leaders do not dissipate their best energies at the gaming-table; our privy councillors do not attend cock-fights; and among the many calumnies levelled at our public men, not one has been accused (as General Burgoyne was by Junius) of lying in wait for inexperienced lads to plunder at play.

Though the signs are less marked, the improvement in the female sex is not less certain; for it may safely be taken for granted, that the practice of gambling was fraught with the worst consequences to the finest feelings and best qualities of the sex. The chief danger is hinted at in *The Provoked Husband*.

"*Lord Townley*.—"T is not your ill hours that always disturb me, but as often the ill company that occasion those hours.

"*Lady Townley*.—Sure I don't understand you now, my Lord. What ill company do I keep!"

"*Lord Townley*.—Why, at best, women that

lose their money, and men that win it; or perhaps men that are voluntary bubbles at one game, in hopes a lady will give them fair play at another."

The facts confirm the theory. Walpole's Letters, and the volumes before us, teem with allusions to proved or understood cases of matrimonial infidelity; and the manner in which notorious irregularities were brazened out, shows that the offenders did not always encounter the universal reprobation of society. Miss Berry, speaking, in her very instructive book, of the Duchess of Norfolk's divorce in 1697, observes:—

"Many circumstances of this lady's case show how much the ordinary habits of life were overstepped, and what precautions were thought necessary previous to such misconduct. A house taken at Lambeth, then a small and little-frequented village, whose nearest communication with Westminster was by a horse-ferry—this house, hired and resorted to under feigned names, and occupied by foreign servants, who it was supposed could not identify the lady, are not measures taken in a country where the crime they were meant to conceal was frequent."—*England and France*, vol. i., p. 297.

This test would be fatal to the female nobility of England half a century later; for many of them took no pains whatever to conceal their immoralities. We are obliged, from obvious motives, to refrain from mentioning some conclusive instances; but it is notorious that Lady Vane gave Smollett the materials for the *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality* (herself) published in *Peregrine Pickle*; that Lady Townshend sat (perhaps not so willingly) for the portrait of Lady Bellaston in *Tom Jones*; and we can hardly do wrong in copying a note, which Lord Dover has annexed to the name of a Miss Edwards, in his edition of Walpole's Letters:—"Miss Edwards, an unmarried lady of great fortune, who (1742) openly kept Lord A. Hamilton."

Gilly Williams mentions a caprice of a more respectable kind, which was far from uncommon at the period:—

"Lord Rockingham's youngest sister has just married her footman, John Sturgeon. Surely he is the very first of that name that ever had a Right Honorable annexed to it. I made the Duchess of Bedford laugh yesterday with the story of Lord March's handsome Jack wanting to go to live with Lady Harrington."

"The girls talk of nothing but the match between Lord Rockingham's sister and her footman. Never so much — and discretion met together; for she has entailed her fortune with as much circumspection as Lord Mansfield could have done, and has not left one cranny of the law unstopped. They used to pass many hours together, which she called teaching John the mathematics."

Unless John was a very unapt scholar, he must soon have become as worthy an object of a lady's favor, so far as mental culture was concerned, as

Sir John Germaine; who, after occasioning the Duchess of Norfolk's divorce, married a noble heiress, Lady Betty Berkeley, and lived till the middle of the last century. Miss Berry tells us that he actually left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker, under a belief that he was the author of the Gospel of St. Matthew!

It has been thought by some that we have lost in grace what we have gained in decency, and that society is no longer so gay, easy, accomplished, or even lettered, as it used to be. Miss Berry, though she commends the fashion which encouraged occupation and mental acquirements, cannot refrain from a sly sarcasm at the "new prodigies, who were already great orators at Eton, and profound politicians before they left Christ-church or Trinity,"—the gentlemen to whom "it was easier to be foolishly bustling than seriously employed;" and Mr. Moore maintains a yet more startling doctrine:—"Without any disparagement of the many and useful talents which are at present nowhere more conspicuous than in the upper ranks of society, it may be owned that for wit, social powers, and literary accomplishments, the political men of the period under consideration (1780) formed such an assemblage as it would be flattery to say that our times can parallel. The natural tendency of the French revolution was to produce in the higher classes of England an increased reserve of manner, and of course a proportionate restraint on all within their circle, which have been fatal to conviviality and humor, and not very propitious to wit—subduing both manners and conversation to a sort of polished level, to rise above which is often thought almost as vulgar as to sink below it. Of the greater ease of manners that existed some forty or fifty years ago, one trifling but not the less significant indication was the habit, then prevalent among men of high station, of calling each other by such familiar names as Dick, Jack, Tom, &c., &c.—a mode of address that brings with it in its very sound the notion of conviviality and playfulness, and, however unrefined, implies at least that ease and sea-room in which wit spreads its canvass most fearlessly."—*Life of Sheridan*.

We differ with unfeigned reluctance from Mr. Moore; but he is surely mistaken in supposing that the higher classes of England have contracted an increased reserve of manner in consequence of the French revolution; or shown more anxiety on that account to intrench themselves within the privileges of their rank. On the contrary, the tendency of that event, and our own reform bill, was and is to make them more anxious to identify themselves in feeling and interest with the people. If they have ceased to be familiar, it is because they have ceased to be exclusive; restraint is necessary, because society is mixed; and there is no reason why men of rank should change their mode of address to men of rank, except that they live less with one another, and more with the world at large. The very peculiarity in question was observed by Mrs.

Trollope in the most exclusive coterie in Europe, the *crème de la crème* of Vienna. "All the ladies address each other by their Christian names, and you may pass evening after evening surrounded by princesses and countesses, without ever hearing any other appellations than Therese, Flora, Laura, or Pepè."

This may be very agreeable for the privileged few, and we readily admit that intimacy is a great promoter of humor. Few of Selwyn's *bon-mots* could have been hazarded at a mixed party. But we are as far as ever from admitting Mr. Moore's proposition in the main. It is not flattery, but sober truth to say, that our public men have contracted no reserve beyond that which the voluntary enlargement of their circle has entailed upon them. It would be difficult to contend that they have impaired their social powers by mixing with eminent authors, men of science, and artists, whatever influence these may have exercised upon their wit or humor; and, even as regards wit or humor, it would simply be necessary to run over a few known names to vindicate our equality in both. Modern conversation is rich with the product of every soil, the spoils of every clime; and it would be a grave error to suppose that those who contribute most to it seldom meet in intimacy. They meet very often, but they belong to several coequal and intersecting circles, instead of keeping to one, and making that the sole object of interest.

There are signs, moreover, that he who runs may read. It is clear that they talk politics as much as we do; perhaps more, since their eagerness was so manifest to a French woman. "Madame de Boufflers (writes Williams in 1763) is out of patience with our politics, and our ridiculous abuse of every person who either governs or is likely to govern us." This was a serious drawback, but not the most serious. Selwyn's principal correspondents were not dandies and fine ladies, but the most cultivated men and women of the highest class; including several on whom Mr. Moore would rely, if we came to a division on the question. The masterpieces of English light literature, and several other standard works, appeared during their correspondence. Yet neither Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Gray, Goldsmith, Hume, Robertson, Johnson, Gibbon, or even Burke, elicits a remark. There is one allusion to Garrick (by Rigby;) one to Reynolds (by Lord Carlisle;) and one to Gainsborough (by Gilly Williams,) as "the painter by whom, if you remember, we once saw the caricature of old Winchelsea."

There was no want of classical acquirement, it is true; many wrote graceful verses; and Fox and Walpole had a taste for contemporary literature; but Fox kept it to himself for lack of sympathy, and Walpole was ashamed of it. By literature, however, must be understood merely the *Belles Lettres*; for Fox confessed late in life that he had never been able to get through *The Wealth of Nations*.

Familiarity, again, is a great charm, but the habits which are the conditions of its existence, beget monotony. In Charles the Second's reign, when it was the fashion to go to sea and fight the Dutch, instead of taking lodgings at Melton or attending *Battues*, Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, tells us in his *Memoirs*, that a party of gay, witty, lettered profligates were becalmed on board the Duke of York's ship, and got so tired of one another, that the first care each took on landing was to ascertain where the rest were going, in order to get away from them. We are not aware whether the *habitués* of White's or Brookes', seventy or eighty years ago, were ever brought to such a pass; but we know (and there is no getting over this) that they habitually resorted to the gaming-table—

"Unknown to such, when sensual pleasures cloy,  
To fill the languid pause with finer joy."

With rare exceptions, the most accomplished persons, about to risk more than they can afford to lose, will be found both ill-disposed and ill-qualified, for the easy equable enjoyment of conversation; though (with the aid of wine) they may have their occasional bursts of sparkling pleasantry.

To sum up all—there is a halo floating over certain periods; dazzling associations may cluster round a name: "'t is distance lends enchantment to the view;" and living witnesses, who have known both generations, will always, by a law of our nature, award the palm to the companions of their youth. But it will require stronger arguments than have been adduced yet, to convince us that the social powers of any class have fallen off, whilst morality, taste, knowledge, general freedom of intercourse, and liberality of opinion, have been advancing; or that the mind necessarily loses any portion of its playfulness, when it quits the enervating atmosphere of idleness and dissipation, for the purer air and brighter skies of art, literature, and philosophy.

#### THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

AMID those forest shades that proudly reared  
Their unshorn beauty toward the favoring skies,  
An axe rang sharply. There, with vigorous arm  
Wrought a bold emigrant, while by his side  
His little son with question and response  
Beguided the toil.

"Boy, thou hast never seen  
Such glorious trees, and when their giant trunks  
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou

The mighty river on whose breast we sailed  
So many days on toward the setting sun?  
Compared to that, our own Connecticut  
Is but a creeping stream."

"Father, the brook  
That by our door went singing, when I launched  
My tiny boat with all the sportive boys,

When school was o'er, is dearer far to me  
Than all these deep broad waters. To my eye  
They are as strangers. And those little trees  
My mother planted in the garden bonnd  
Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach  
Fell in its ripening gold, were fairer sure  
Than this dark forest shutting out the day."

"What, ho! my little girl,"—and with light steps

A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,  
And setting down the basket that contained  
The noon's repast, looked upward to his face  
With sweet, confiding smile.

"See, dearest, see  
Yon bright-winged parroquet, and hear the song  
Of the gay red-bird echoing through the trees  
Making rich music. Did'st thou ever hear  
In far New England such a mellow tone?"

"I had a robin that did take the crumbs  
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice  
Did make me joyful, as I went to tend  
My snow-drops. I was always laughing there,  
In that first home. I should be happier now  
Methinks, if I could find among these dells  
The same fresh violets."

Slow night drew on,  
And round the rude hut of the Emigrant,  
The wrathful spirit of the autumn storm  
Spake bitter things. His wearied children slept,  
And he, with head declined, sat listening long  
To the swollen waters of the Illinois,  
Dashing against their shores. Starting, he spake—

"Wife!—did I see thee brush away a tear!—  
Say, was it so!—Thy heart was with the halls  
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,  
Carpets and sofas, and admiring guests,  
Befit thee better than these rugged walls  
Of shapeless logs, and this lone hermit-home."

—"No—no!—All was so still around, me-  
thought,  
Upon my ear that echoed hymn did steal  
Which 'mid the church where erst we paid our  
vows

So tuneful pealed. But tenderly thy voice  
Dissolved the illusion:"—and the gentle smile  
Lighting her brow,—the fond caress that soothed  
Her waking infant, reassured his soul  
That wheresoe'er the pure affections dwell  
And strike a healthful root is happiness.

—Placid and grateful, to his rest he sank,—  
But dreams, those wild magicians, which do play  
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless  
wrought

Their will with him. Up rose the busy mart  
Of his own native city,—roof and spire  
All glittering bright, in Fancy's frost-work ray.  
Forth came remembered forms—with curving neck  
The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly neighed—  
The favorite dog, exulting round his feet,  
Frisked with shrill joyous bark—familiar doors  
Flew open—greeting hands with his were linked  
In Friendship's grasp—he heard the keen debate  
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind  
Doth blend and brighten—and till morning—roved  
'Mid the loved scenery of his father-land.

Albany Literary Gazette.

## HORSE RACING MORALITY.

"Mihi quidem cogitante," as LORD BROUGHAM says.

THE only moral that Baron Alderson elicits out of the Running Rein case is one worthy of the plush rather than the ermine, and which would come well from the lips of Baron Jenkins.

"The trial has produced great regret and disgust in my mind. It has disclosed a wretched fraud, and has shown noblemen and gentlemen of rank associating and betting with men of low rank, and infinitely below them in society; in so doing, they have been cheated and made the dupes of the greatest frauds. They may depend on it, it will always be so, when gentlemen associate and bet with blackguards."

This, as the poet affecting remarks, is coming it a *little* too strong. Does the baron mean that gentlemen never cheat? Is all that work done by us vulgar? Did he ever hear of a lord cheating; of gentlemen backing the lord because he was cheating? Did he ever hear of young men being rooked at play, and in good society too? or are blacklegs only to be found among the lower classes?

It's too bad that all the regret is to be for the gentlefolks, and all the abuse for the vulgar. Why not lament that the commoners fall into bad company with lords, and are ruined by their wicked associates?

Besides, what is a gentleman? Does a gentleman who associates with blackguards continue to be a gentleman, or degrade himself to be a blackguard? or does a blackguard become a gentleman by consorting with such, or how?—and what may a man do and still be a gentleman?—let Mr. Justice Jenkins decide.

If gentlemen consort with rogues and swindlers, knowing them perfectly to be such, have money transactions with them, win or lose by their successful or unsuccessful roguery, it is too bad of a judge to assume that the gentlemen are the spotless in honor, and the clodpoles the only rascals. It is paying the gentlefolks a bad compliment too. What fools they must be to go into such society; where, according to Judge Alderson, the poor artless creatures are sure of being plundered!

No! A gentleman who has an affection for the society of thieves, depend upon it, frequents them for some other motive than that of having his pockets picked. There's no pleasure in that. Our respected superiors are not so "jolly green" as the judge describes them. Does not Lord George show in the transaction that he can pretty well take care of himself.

They go among those knaves and swindlers, those low-bred ruffians reeking of gin and the stable, to make money of them. They associate with bores and grooms, Jew gambling-house keepers, boxers and bullies, for money's sake to be sure. What other could bring such dandies into communication with such brutes? You can't suppose that a gentleman would associate with such scoundrels, any more than he would willingly incur an infection, unless he had some end in view.

And the noble patrons of the turf have a great end in view—that of money. So the turf becomes our pride, and we respect it as a great English institution, of which we have just as good reason to be proud as I have of the hump on my back.

But let young men coming out in life follow *Punch's* counsel as well as Baron Alderson's. "Avoid the turf blackguards," says the baron. "My son," I say to you, "avoid the turf gentlemen too."—*Punch*.

## THE DEAD SON.

I CANNOT make him dead!  
His fair sunshiny head  
Is ever bounding round my study chair;  
Yet, when my eyes, now dim  
With tears, I turn to him,  
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,  
And, through the open door,  
I hear a footfall on his chamber stair;  
I'm stepping toward the hall  
To give the boy a call;  
And then begin to think—he is not there!

I know his face is hid  
Under the coffin lid;  
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;  
My hand that marble felt;  
O'er it in prayer, I knelt;  
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!  
When passing by the bed,  
So long watched over with parental care,  
My spirit and my eye  
Seek it inquiringly  
Before the thought comes that he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break  
Of day, from sleep I wake,  
With my first breathing of the morning air  
My soul goes up, with joy,  
To Him who gave my boy,  
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,  
Before we seek repose,  
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;  
Whate'er I may be saying,  
I am in spirit, praying  
For our boy's welfare, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where then, is he?  
The form I used to see  
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.  
The grave, that now doth press  
Upon that cast off dress,  
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives!—in all the past  
He lives: nor to the last,  
Of seeing him again will I despair;  
In dreams I see him now;  
And, on his angel brow,  
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there."

Yes, we all live to God!  
FATHER, thy chastening rod  
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,  
That, in the spirit land,  
Meeting at thy right hand,  
'T will be our joy to find that—he is there!

Monthly Miscellany.

IN MY COTTAGE NEAR A "RAIL."

In my cottage near a "rail,"  
Bliss and Betsy now are mine;  
Bliss how very like a whale,  
Wedded love beside a "line!"  
Clatter, clatter, horrid row!  
Puff and whistle, scream and whizz;  
Oh! you can't imagine how  
Disagreeable it is.

Vain the sigh, the whisper vain,  
Breathed in Passion's fond excess;  
Rattling by, the thund'ring train  
Burks the voice of Tenderness.  
Oft at eve will Betsy dear  
Sit and sing me "Alice Grey"—  
But that engine, boiling near,  
Always drowns my fav'rite lay.

Ever at the morning's meal,  
Or the happy hour of tea,  
All our cups and saucers reel,  
Often spilling the bohea;  
Floors, and walls, and windows shake,  
Just as though the house would fall;  
And our heads, moreover, ache,  
With the smoke, and smell, and all.

Oh! for some sequester'd spot,  
Far from stokers and from steam,  
Where we might enjoy our lot,  
Realising Love's young dream.  
Would we had not ta'en a lease,—  
(Foolish pair, ourselves to nail!)—  
Soon we'd fly, in quest of peace,  
From our cottage near a "rail."

*Punch.*

#### PUNCH TO DANIEL IN PRISON.

IMMURED in Dublin's prison base,  
Great Daniel, while thou smartest,  
'T is thus thy venerable face  
Appeared to *Punch's* artist.  
He reads those weekly bulletins,  
Which of your health inform us,  
And thus the prisoner paints, who grins  
Contented and enormous!

Perhaps the wicked limner shows,  
Inclined to laughter spiteful,  
That certain patriots' vaunted woes  
Are not so very frightful.  
Perhaps he would insinuate,  
By that stupendous figure,  
That those who free are Truly Great,  
When wronged are Doubly Bigger!

I know not which; but love to read  
Each speech of Dan the younger,  
Which tells us how your people feed  
Their chief's imprisoned hunger;  
How matrons cook you soups and broths,  
How cakes are baked by virgins,  
How weavers weave your table-cloths,  
And fishers hook you sturgeons.\*

\* Mr. Daniel O'Connell, jun., thought the prisoners were looking right well and getting fat; they had just received an enormous cake weighing 45 lbs., a sturgeon from Limerick, weighing 200 lbs., and table-cloth of Irish manufacture, &c., &c.

Says Dan, "My father's cheek's as red,  
His mood as blithe and merry,  
As when at morn his dogs he led  
Along the hills of Kerry.  
His mighty lungs more free to talk,  
His body stronger waxen,  
Than when at Tara or Dundalk,  
He bullyragged the Saxon."

Amen! I hope the tale is true,  
Thus brought by Irish rumor;  
May each day's prison bring to you  
Good health, sir, and good humor!  
Amen, cries Lord Chief Justice *Punch*,  
Approving of your sentence,  
It is, I swear it by my hunch,  
A jovial repentance!

No chains shall in his prison clink,  
No ruthless jailor urge him,  
With lashings of the best of drink  
I'd pitilessly scourge him.  
'T is thus that noble Justice *Punch*  
Would treat his Celtic neighbor,  
And thus at dinner, supper, lunch,  
Condemn him to "hard labor."

Nor you alone, but good son John,  
And Ray, and Steele, and Duffy;  
Ye dire Repealers every one,  
Remorselessly I'd stuff ye!  
I'd have you all, from last to first,  
To grow such desperate gluttons,  
That you should eat until ye burst  
Your new Repealers' Buttons!"

THE NIZAM'S FEMALE SOLDIERS.—The princes and nobility of the East are noted for keeping large seraglios, and his highness, [the Nizam,] to keep pace with them, has a considerable one attached to his household, for the protection of which a corps of their own sex was raised many years ago, armed and accoutred like other regiments of the line, but not in such a superior style. Their commissioned and non-commissioned officers are also women, and are much more expert in the performance of their respective duties than one would imagine. It has been said by some, who have been so fortunate as to have got a glimpse of this gallant corps whilst at exercise, that they have gone through their field movements in a manner highly amusing; and if one were to judge from their appearance on duty around the seraglio and other places, it certainly must be a sight, above all others at Hyderabad, worth seeing. The sentries may at all times be observed very alert on their posts, excepting in the case of those who may have an infant to take care of, when, perhaps, one hand may be employed in holding a musket, whilst the other is engaged in nursing. Women in this condition must find it a very difficult matter to conduct their duties to the satisfaction of their superiors. The husbands of these Amazons have nothing whatever to say to the regiment, and follow their own occupations, either under government, or upon their own responsibility.—*Captain Wilson's Private Journal.*

INTERESTING TO UNBORN AGES.—We see that Mr. G. P. R. James' novels are to be re-published—one volume every quarter. At this rate we have calculated the last volume will be issued just about the time Young England is Prime Minister.

From the Spectator.

INTERESTS.

THE legislature is swayed, if not by interest, yet by interests. King, Lords, and Commons, are after all but the officers to execute the behests of the interests, who reign paramount and divide the population among them. Vainly does the raw legislator dream, that once he has got the doorkeepers and the Sergeant-at-arms between him and the outer world, he can vote as his private judgment dictates: he is in "the House" merely to speak the will of the interest or interests which sent him thither and can remove him thence. When any great legislative measure is at issue, the question is less what do Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell think, than how does this or t'other great interest stand affected?

They are strong creatures these interests, in the day of their power; but, like all sublunary things—ennui excepted—they are mortal. They have their waxing and their waning; and old interests fade and vanish, and new ones burst unexpectedly upon us, much after the fashion of dissolving-views. An interest must be pretty strong—must have been for a considerable time growing to maturity—before it makes men conscious of its existence; and the bare name of an interest often continues a bugbear after it has ceased to be a real entity. Thus all of us have heard, thought, and talked of late about railways and their progress; but it is only since the discussion upon Mr. Gladstone's railway bill that we have become aware of the existence of a railway interest. Yet do we find, upon first acquaintance, this stranger to be a well-grown, firm-knit interest. On the other hand, many—and especially the colonial office—persisted in believing that the defunct anti-slavery interest still survived, till a late meeting at Exeter Hall revealed its resolution into its primary elements; whereupon the said colonial office took heart of grace and shut the door in the face of sundry applicants who still assumed the interest's name and title.

Two things are necessary to constitute an interest—property, and a more or less generally useful end or aim. Sometimes the existence of the property originates the aim; sometimes the aim collects the property. In material interests—such as the West India and railway interests—the property preëxists; and its preservation against impending danger or its application to a useful purpose is the aim. In moral interests—such as the Dissenting interest in this country, or the Roman Catholic interest in Ireland—the property grows out of the means adopted to promote the aim. The members at first are bound by a purely spiritual tie; but money is found to be necessary; funds are raised and accumulate; managers and agents are called into existence, who have a proprietary or quasi-proprietary motive to seek the perpetuation of the interest. There are mixed interests, too, in which a material is the nucleus to collect, or the animating spirit to set in motion, some seemingly purely philanthropic interest. Of this class, the landowners, when they profess to uphold the corn-law on simply national grounds, offer one specimen; and the league, with the manufacturing body giving it concentrated energy and perseverance, is another.

Interests are the creatures of social circumstances. The anti-slavery interest was begot by negro slavery, and destroyed by negro emancipation. The dissenting interest was created by the act of

ejection in 1689, kept alive by the test and corporation acts, and weakened by their repeal. The Roman Catholic interest in Ireland was created by the penal laws, and strengthened by the half-measure of emancipation. Possibly, a change in the ecclesiastical organization of the country might destroy both. The colonial interest has been created, and has had its present character determined, by the accumulation of colonial capital under the influence of our navigation-laws and protective system. The league interest has been created by the accumulation of manufacturing capital under the same system. The American revolution for a time kept the colonial interest in abeyance; and free trade would probably scatter the elements of the league, to reunite in new combinations under new forms and names.

It is in vain for the rulers of a nation to contend against interests; they must govern for and by the preponderating interests. Interests are the aggregation of inconsiderable individuals, by a natural law, into important and influential masses. In the political as in the physical world, it is the masses that tell. Interests are the materials out of which constitutions are to be made; they exist before them, and to a certain extent independently of them; it is their growth or extinction that renders constitutional changes necessary. The new frame of government under Henry the Seventh was rendered possible by the extinction of the old barons' interest. The experiment of the commonwealth failed because it overlooked the continued power of the church interest. The government of the restored Stuarts was overthrown because it did not believe in the existence and power of the new middle class interest.

Jealousy had been excited against interests, as combinations against individuals on the one hand and against the public or general interests on the other. They have in their nature a tendency to this excess; but this tendency is counteracted by the natural disposition of men to combine into interests, giving rise to a multiplicity which balance and limit each other. And it must be said in behalf of the more important interests, that they are counter-agents to the provincial or clanish spirit, which leads men to club and coöperate on the mere principle of neighborhood. Interests are the main agency by which many provinces are woven into a nation.

It is therefore the great business of a statesman to study the interests of a country; for these, more than the mere letter and forms of law, are its constitution. It behoves him to know what are the really existent interests, that he may not lean for support upon a worn-out form, or struggle against a vigorous though unrecognized power. Interests are but names for associations of men and aggregations of property; it is the good of the men that is to be considered; it is their property that renders them efficient allies, and capable of receiving as of giving assistance. When the altered circumstances of society have transferred men and means from a once powerful to a new interest, there is no more shame in abandoning the old one than in quitting an untenable house. To act otherwise is to sacrifice the substance for the shadow.

The existence or non-existence of interests—their character and the means of wielding them—are to be learned by a process very different from that lately applied to the railway interest by Mr. Gladstone. He resolved it into capitalists seeking to make profit, and law-agents seeking to multiply



business. These general terms might be applied to describe the constituent elements of every interest. He ought, on the other hand, to have inquired—has it numbers? has it means? has it an aim likely to keep its numbers together, or to conciliate the support of allies? is its aim such as to make it probable that the application of funds to promote it will long continue profitable? These are the circumstances which give power and a long lease of it to an interest. The statesman who thus analyzes those with which he has to deal, will know when a young interest has worked its way into the pale of the constitution, like the railway-owners; when it may be safely consigned to the historian, like the anti-slavery agitators; when it is about to receive important modifications in its form and pressure, like the colonial interest in the coming era of free trade. Thus instructed, he will neither err with the landlords on the one hand, who will not believe in the power of the manufacturing interest speaking with the organ of the league, because it did not come in with William the Conqueror; nor with the men of Manchester, who fancy the landed interest effete and obsolete, because it does not elbow them on their 'change. A catalogue raisonnée of existing interests—church, dissenting, humanitarian, economical—landed, manufacturing, colonial—bank, joint-stock bank, railway, assurance company, &c., with all their subdivisions—would be valuable, but far beyond the limits of a newspaper.

*On the Decrease of Disease effected by the Progress of Civilization.* By C. F. H. MARX, M.D., Professor of Medicine in the University of Göttingen, &c.; and R. WILLIS, M.D., M.R.C.P., &c.

THIS is a German work, translated, with some additional notes, by Dr. Willis; whose name has been placed upon the title page by the wish of the original author, Dr. Marx, as a testimony of his approval of the way in which his friend has made him speak like an Englishman. The treatise is popularly written; and is of a consoling and hopeful character, by the manner in which it establishes the fact of the decrease of particular diseases, or the diminution of their intensity as civilization advances. It also makes a general comparison between the hygienic condition of savage and civilized life, and recurs to the records of antiquity to show that whilst diseases are all less virulent their number has not increased; the apparent additions being a mere change of nomenclature, or their absence in a backward state of society arising from the weakly dying in infancy, or the sick and aged being abandoned to their fate. *On the Decrease of Disease effected by the Progress of Civilization* will be found an agreeable and informing little book; though one of its positions, that the duration of life is increased, may admit of question. Statistics, we believe, show that though more live to certain ages, men do not live longer.—*Spectator*.

*The Blackwater in Munster.* By J. R. O'FLANAGAN, Esq.

THE river Blackwater, that falls into the Atlantic at Youghal, near Cork, has a course of nearly eighty miles; during which it traverses a country rich alike in natural beauty, the picturesque in art, and historical association. So great, indeed, are

its attractions, that Inglis, fresh from the Danube, Rhine, and Rhone, rated the beauties of the Blackwater as equal to either of these rivers. When he wrote, in 1834, the accommodation for tourists was very slender; and although Mr. O'Flanagan has published his work in consequence of improvements in this respect, we suspect they are Irish improvements—rather to be *done* than *done*. We hear, no doubt, of steam introduced by Sir Richard Musgrave from Cappoquin to Youghal; but we do not learn from this *quasi* guide-book, when the vessel runs, or any other particulars, which *English* tourists like to know before they make a start.

The present publication originated in a paper on the statistics of the Blackwater, read by the author at the Cork meeting of the British Association; which paper his friends advised him to extend. Commencing with the embouchure of the river, he travels upwards to the source; describing the scenery, noting the places, recalling the history, and intermingling his topography with a few legends and tales. The plan, it may be perceived, is that of the regular hand-book; but it is redeemed from the triteness by the original knowledge and enthusiasm of Mr. O'Flanagan. He wrote his book because he knew the Blackwater, instead of seeking the Blackwater to write the book.

The volume is handsomely got-up, and well illustrated by a map and a number of engravings. It wants nothing but a few exact particulars of conveyances, inns, charges, and so forth—if exactness exists in the subject-matter.—*Spectator*.

*Graefenberg; or a true Report of the Water-Cure.* with an Account of its Antiquity. By ROBERT HAY GRAHAM, M.D.

DR. Graham being subject to the gout, and carrying his son to Berlin for his education, determined to proceed to Graefenberg to try the effects of the cold water cure, and look about him during the process. The volume before us contains a graphic sketch of Priessnitz, and the habits of his place; an account of the principles and modes of practice of his cold-water-cure; a list of such cases as Dr. Graham could collect, including an elaborate narrative of his own misfortunes; together with some general remarks upon the utility of cold water as a medical agent, and a criticism on its use by Priessnitz. An appendix contains copious extracts from the works of some English physicians of the seventeenth, and a German practitioner of the eighteenth century; showing that the useful parts of the cold-water-cure were derived by Priessnitz from those authors, or at least from the German Dr. Hahn, who derived his information from the works of Englishmen.

As regards Dr. Graham's gout, he had a severe attack at Graefenberg; only saved his life, he thinks, by escaping from Priessnitz and his cold water; and experienced another fit on his return home. The original attack, however, was induced by an accident; his general health was benefited by the cold water course up to the time of this accident; and perhaps its constitutional effect is about the most certain utility of the system. Dr. Graham thinks otherwise. He conceives that, judiciously applied in conjunction with medicine, and under medical advice, cold water may be useful in many disorders; the probable cause of which he investigates at some length, after his "spicy" dismissal of Graefenberg, its practices, cures, and deaths.—*Spectator*.

## THE BARINGS AND MEXICO.

THE Court of Queen's Bench was occupied with an action brought by Mr. Kinder against Lord Ashburton, the Honorable Francis Baring, and Mr. H. St. John Mildmay, for a conspiracy to inflict an injury on him with respect to the Parnas estate, purchased by both parties in Mexico. This estate occupied 8,000,000 acres, extending from one side of the coast of Mexico to the other; and in 1825 it was purchased by Mr. Francis Baring for the house of Baring, and Mr. Holdsworth for the house of Staples and Company of Mexico, of which Mr. Kinder was the principal partner; the price agreed upon being one million dollars. Mr. Baring and Mr. Holdsworth each paid 100,000 dollars down, and agreed to pay the remainder by annual instalments. To pay this sum, Mr. Holdsworth had expended the money left by Mr. Kinder, who had proceeded to London, to pay the instalments of the Peruvian Loan, for which he was contractor; Mr. Kinder was consequently unable to pay an instalment of the loan and to meet his other engagements. Messrs. Baring had early discovered that the estate was a bad bargain, and were willing to forfeit what they had paid to get rid of it; and to escape their engagements with Staples and Company, it was alleged that they bribed some legislators of Mexico to pass a law preventing aliens holding estates in that country. The law was passed in March, 1827. The conspiracy with which the defendants were charged was this bribery to get a law passed in Mexico to injure the plaintiff. Such were the statements of the plaintiff. A vast quantity of documentary evidence was read, and Mr. Kinder was examined. In his cross-examination, he admitted that he owed the house of Baring 16,000*l.* at the present moment, the balance of an account due to them on the 10th May, 1825.

Mr. Kelly, for the defence, said, the plaintiff had no case to go to the Jury. So far from his having been injured by the Barings, they had treated him well: as to the annulling of the contract for purchasing the Mexican estate, instead of tending to his ruin, it was the only thing that could give Mr. Kinder a hope of retrieving his affairs, which, it was now manifest, were in a state of embarrassment before the existence of this contract was known in this country. With respect to the bribery, the Barings had erred in not saying at once that they had not authorized it. Their agents in Mexico had done it, on their own responsibility; but it had not been done with a view to injure Mr. Kinder, as he at first had shown as great an inclination to get rid of the estate as the Barings had. This action was but a bad return for the forbearance which had been exhibited towards Mr. Kinder with respect to the 16,000*l.* debt.

Lord Denman summed up; and the Jury, after an hour and twenty minutes' deliberation, gave a verdict of "Not Guilty."

From the Athenæum.

## THE ENERGIATYPE.

HEARING from numerous persons, who have tried the Energiatype process, of little annoyances and in some cases of total failure, from some little manipulatory details not having been attended to, I must trespass, which I will do as briefly as possible, again on your columns.

In the first place, experience has suggested to me the advantage of adding to the solution of succinic acid and gum, as previously given, five grains of common salt. This preserves the lights very clear, and indeed, improves the sensibility of the paper.

When the solution of the sulphate of iron is laid over the paper, it is requisite to keep disturbing it, by rapidly but lightly brushing it up; otherwise numerous little black specks form, which destroy the photograph. If, as sometimes happens, the surface of the picture blackens all over, it must not be concluded that the drawing is destroyed. The whole of this superficial blackness may be removed by immediately washing with a wet sponge. If the lights become in any way discolored, a little exceedingly diluted hydrochloric (muriatic) acid will restore them to their proper degree of whiteness; but care must be taken that the acid is speedily washed off, or the shadows will suffer.

When, from the shortness of the exposure, the image develops itself slowly or imperfectly, a slight degree of warmth brings out the picture with rapidity and force. Holding the paper a short distance from the fire is the best mode of operating.

With these few additional directions, I believe but very little difficulty will be experienced, and I am satisfied that a little practice is alone required to render the Energiatype at once the most useful and beautiful of the Photographic processes on paper.

ROBERT HUNT.

Falmouth, June 15th, 1844.

## PUNCH TO LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM,—“When a poet wants to make himself heard, it is customary for him to wish for a throat of iron, and for ninety-nine more tongues than he has been provided with by nature; in short, for nearly as much tongue as your Lordship has.

“Now, my Lord, I wish you to hear me. Such is the unfortunate deafness to common sense, and, I may add, humanity, that you have of late been troubled with, that a simple chalybeate larynx, and a poor hundred tongues, will not suffice for my purpose. I must have seven thousand tongues, my Lord, and a throat composed of that metal, which, in figurative but popular language, is said to be the material of your lordship's physiognomy.

“Those seven thousand tongues, my Lord, I would borrow from the seven thousand debtors now, thanks to your lordship, confined in the gaols of England. And then, with the voice of a multitude, I would roar in your lordship's ear that pithy little exclamation of Sterne's starling—‘I can't get out.’

“You would be unmoved, perhaps, by my roaring. You do not know what it is to be *shut up*, except *politically*, which you must own you decidedly are. Well, then I would aggravate my roar. I would roar you as gently as any sucking dove. I would roar you as gently as any nightingale. I would say, ‘Kind Lord Brougham, sweet Lord Brougham, benevolent Lord Brougham and Vaux! You know very well that in opposing Lord Cottenham's motion for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and causing the postponement of its consideration to the next session, you had no sort of practical end in view. You are conscious that you were actuated simply by that little weakness which is constantly making you

troublesome and ridiculous; the propensity to interfere and meddle. Do, pray, for once, practice a little self-denial. I know it is pleasant to you to gratify your vanity. I am aware how delightful it is to you to render yourself conspicuous. You need not tell me how fond you are of having a finger in every pie. But consider, now, whether, in this instance, it is not worth while to be quiet. Multiply one year's individual suffering—bitter suffering—by seven thousand; and then ask yourself, conscientiously, whether your mere transient gratification; the gratification, too, of a whim—a crotchet—is to be weighed against it?"

"You have been doing nothing lately, my Lord, in the thoroughfare of legislation, but creating obstructions. Hear reason, in the language of a policeman, desiring you to move on. You are worse than any apple-woman in Cheapside on Lord Mayor's day. You are something more than an inconvenience; I might almost say you are a nuisance. Do you know what people say of you? They declare that you are the property of his Grace the Duke of Wellington; and whenever any useful measure is impeded in the House of Lords, if the cause of its arrest be questioned, the answer is, 'The Duke of Wellington's Brougham stops the way.' Lay these things to heart, my Lord, and oblige

"Your Lordship's friendly Monitor,

"PUNCH."

#### BOOKS ON THE OREGON TERRITORY.

**HISTORY AND STATISTICS.** *The History of Oregon and California, and the other Territories on the Northwest Coast of North America*; accompanied by a Geographical View and Map of those Countries, and a number of Documents as Proofs and Illustrations of the History. By ROBERT GREENHOW, Translator and Librarian to the Department of the United States; Author of a Memoir, Historical and Political, on the Northwest Coast of North America, published in 1840, by direction of the Senate of the United States.—Murray.

*History of the Oregon Territory and British North American Fur Trade*; with an Account of the Habits and Customs of the principal Native Tribes on the Northern Continent. By JOHN DUNN, late of the Hudson's Bay Company; eight years a resident in the country.—Edwards and Hughes.

DOUBTLESS to a gentleman like Mr. Greenhow, invested with an official character, and author of a political memoir on the disputed territory of Oregon published four years ago by order of the Senate of the United States, it would seem real or affected ignorance of his position to place his work on a footing with that of Mr. Dunn, ex-employé of the Hudson's Bay Company, and to call their books statement and counter-statement of American and British claims to the Oregon territory. More impartial readers than Mr. Greenhow might entertain the same opinion. And yet plausible arguments may be advanced for treating them in this way. British subjects, the agents of a British chartered company, have been settling the Oregon territory, while the Americans have been talking of settling it. Since the publication of Washington Irving's *Astoria*, American publicists have been incessantly putting forth books, pamphlets, and newspaper articles, all laboring to produce an

impression that the United States have the best claim to the whole Oregon territory; while the British government has utterly neglected the controversy, and the Hudson's Bay Company, bent upon keeping the British public in ignorance of the scene of its labors, lest rivals should be attracted thither, has preserved a solemn silence. The works of Messrs. Greenhow and Dunn are statements of the claims of the rival communities, each characteristically representing the spirit in which the author's countrymen have set to work, at the same time that it expresses their sentiments.

Mr. Greenhow writes with the caution and decorum of a diplomatic character; like one conscious of filling a public office, and of having been employed to publish a state memorial. He is as candid as a government advocate can be—more candid, we are bound in fairness to state, than such writers generally are, and honorably distinguished from his rabid fellow-citizens of the Tyler school of politics: still he is an advocate, consciously or unconsciously trying to make out a case. His knowledge is book knowledge, and mostly derived from European sources, not of the most recondite kind. The truth is, that notwithstanding the introductory flourish about the Department of State being in possession of "much information relating to the territory of Oregon," that information, with the exception of the papers relating to the expedition of Lewis and Clarke, and some valuable manuscript documents obtained from the Hydrographical Depot at Madrid, the archives of the Department of State, in so far as Oregon is concerned, appear to be mainly stuffed, as far as is indicated by Mr. Greenhow's History, with books of voyages and travels, chiefly of European origin, and reports of missionaries and trappers, as published in periodicals, Annual Registers, and Quarterly Reviews. Mr. Greenhow's history, making allowance for its partisan character, is chiefly valuable as a resumé of all the information relative to Oregon scattered through too many works to be of use to the general reader, but equally accessible to any European or American who chooses to devote himself to the inquiry. The worst fault of the book is that it is too big—unnecessarily spun out, like a president's message. The "Memoir Historical and Political on the Northwest Coasts of North America," by the same author, published by order of the Senate in 1840, contains all that is of consequence in this amplification of it down to 1838; and the supplementary account of transactions from that period down to 1844, which is here spun out to forty pages, might have been advantageously compressed into ten.

Mr. Dunn's book is in every respect different from that of Mr. Greenhow. It is written with the unsuppressed prejudices of an employé of the Hudson's Bay Company, and with no small share of the affectation of rough swagger which characterizes these gentlemen nearly as much as their American rivals. Of the extensive erudition displayed by Mr. Greenhow there is quite as little in Mr. Dunn's work as of his diplomatic suavity. The historical resumé in Chapter XVIII., entitled "Relative Claims of Great Britain and America," though slight and sketchy, yet evinces an acquaintance with the subject that would almost tempt one to attribute it to a different and perhaps to an official hand. In a less degree, a similar suspicion attaches to the review of the struggle between the Northwest and the Hudson's Bay Companies previous to their

junction; a review executed quite in the spirit of an old Hudson's Bay man. But with respect to the information it contains relating to the actual state of the Oregon territory, Mr. Dunn's work is as far superior to that of Mr. Greenhow as it is inferior in finished execution and historical learning: it has all the freshness and fulness of a description by an eye-witness—by one who has resided for some time among the scenes and persons described. Even the prejudices we have alluded to scarcely detract from its trustworthiness, as they are so obvious that due allowance can easily be made for them.

It seems not difficult from these premises to estimate the comparative value of the two books. Mr. Greenhow presents us with an elaborate synopsis of all that has been published relative to the Oregon territory previously to his publication. So far from seeking to misquote, he evidently labors against a half-conscious bias to adapt his narrative to the views he entertains in common with his countrymen. In this, he is not always successful; but his variations consist rather in framing his expressions so as to dovetail smoothly into his inferences than in perversions of fact. You can generally get at the real facts if you read cautiously, keeping in view his prepossessions, and the assimilating process by which he seeks to render smooth and imperceptible the transition from facts to inferences. At the same time, it would be unadvisable to decide finally upon any essential point from Mr. Greenhow's narrative without turning to his originals. Mr. Dunn, from his bold swaggering style, is little likely to mislead; but on the other hand, with the exception of what he may be supposed to have seen and experienced himself, he adds comparatively little to our stock of knowledge. The use of the two works may be thus briefly discriminated—Mr. Greenhow's is a useful manual for those who would investigate the contending titles of the rival claimants of the Oregon territory; Mr. Dunn's is valuable as being the only recent and complete account of the actual state of occupation of that region.

With regard to the right of property in the Oregon territory, we incline to bring the controversy within much narrower limits than Mr. Greenhow. He exhausts the whole fund of what has been said, or perhaps can be said on the subject; and of course relates much that, although useful to know as history, must of necessity be totally irrelevant in so far as the settlement of the controversy is concerned. Two important admissions are made by Mr. Greenhow. The first is, that the western boundary of French Louisiana, wherever it may have been, cannot by any possibility be carried further west than the Rocky Mountains. The second is, that the commissioners appointed under the treaty of Utrecht did not select the 49th parallel of latitude as the line of separation between the French territories and those of the Hudson's Bay Company in North America. In examining British and American claims to the territory west of the Rocky Mountains, therefore, we may dismiss everything that relates to French settlements and French treaties. We may add, that no claims on the part of the United States to a right of sovereignty in that region can go further back than 1784, when the States were for the first time recognized and treated with by Great Britain as an alien and independent nation. Before the war of independence, the colonies could not acquire a right of sovereignty: and during the war they had other matters to think of. When the independ-

ence of the United States was first recognized by Great Britain, they claimed no lands west of the Mississippi.

Let us now inquire what Great Britain has done to establish a title to any part of the American continent west of the Rocky Mountains, and between the frontiers of the Russian and Mexican dominions. Very soon after the conquest of Canada, a series of systematic efforts on the part of Great Britain for examining and taking possession of unoccupied portions of the American continent, by sea and land, were commenced; which, though not so vigorously carried on as they might have been, have never been intermitted. The principal over-land operations were—Carver, in 1666; Hearne, 1771; Mackenzie, 1792-3. The principal maritime operations were—Cook, Clerk, and Gore, 1776-9; Hanna, 1785; Meares, 1788; Vancouver, 1792-4. Carver's expeditions may perhaps be considered as mere efforts of individual enterprise; but the journeys of Hearne and Mackenzie were made by officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, with a view to extend the limits of the undefined region over which its charter extended. Cook and Vancouver were commissioned not only to discover but to take possession. Simultaneously with the despatch of the latter, a controversy—warlike and diplomatic—was waging between the courts of Spain and Great Britain as to their claims upon the north-west coast of America. The message of George the Third to Parliament in May, 1790, complains of "the direct claim asserted by the court of Spain to exclusive rights of sovereignty, &c., in the territories, coasts, and seas of that part of the world." The claim advanced by the British government was the *right* of the English to trade to all parts of the coast, and to form settlements on any parts not occupied by an European nation. This claim, in so far as it regarded the west coast of America, was conceded by Spain in the treaty of 1790. Mr. Greenhow attempts to represent the treaty as conceding on the part of Spain to the British a mere "leave or license" to settle; and argues, that as all treaties granting such a privilege are annulled by war, this concession was annulled by the war of 1796. But in truth, no application for "leave or license" to settle was applied for; but a *right* to form settlements on any unoccupied part of the western coast north of the then existing settlements of Spain was asserted by the British government and sustained by parliament; and this right these representatives of the nation were prepared to maintain by force when Spain yielded. In 1790, then, Spain, the only other power whose discoveries afforded it any plea to contest the point, acknowledged that Great Britain had a right equal to its own of forming settlements on any part of the coast of America west of a point nearly coinciding with the western termination of the existing northern frontier of Mexico. The United States advanced no claim to such a right then; they were not in a condition to do so; they did not dream of doing so. Self-governed, but in every other economical respect still colonies, they did not dream of distant settlements. This right to form settlements Great Britain has followed up since 1790, by actually forming settlements—not by isolated settlements merely, for she has steadily advanced the frontier of her occupation from Canada and the Hudson's Bay territories westward to the Pacific, and thence southward across the Columbia river. *De facto* as well as *de jure*, Great Britain has settled the territory west

of the Rocky Mountains, from the Arctic Ocean and the Russian frontiers southward as far as the Lower Columbia, and pushed its outposts beyond that river. To this portion of what has been called the Oregon territory the British title is clear and indisputable. It is only as to whether the United States have a title to any part of the territory (and how much of it) between the British outposts south of the Columbia and north of the Mexican frontiers, that any doubt can be admitted. No such title can be asserted on the ground of maritime discovery; for the Columbia river was not discovered by Grey in 1790, having been previously discovered by the Spaniards in 1775. The United States cannot go further back than the expedition of Lewis and Clarke. That expedition was fitted out, it is true, by the government of the Union, but for purposes of discovery alone: Lewis and Clarke had no warrant to take possession. The settlement of Astoria was begun without the sanction of the government at Washington, and was never recognized by it. The validity of claim founded upon actual occupancy since the discoveries of Lewis and Clarke, must depend upon settlements formed since 1818; and how such could be formed, without violating the treaty of that year, it is difficult to conjecture.

Mr. Dunn's account of the actual state of the occupants or settlers in this territory is important, as enabling the British public to form a fair estimate of the value of the property at stake. He presents us with an unexaggerated statement of the capabilities of the region, and the extent to which they have been developed. On the ruins of Lord Selkirk's settlement on the Red River, the Hudson's Bay Company have established a community which is steadily rising to prosperity and importance. A chain of posts connects this frontier settlement of the eastern portion of British North America with the Company's establishments on the west coast. The most important of these is Fort Vancouver on the Columbia; which has already advanced from a mere trading station to the dignity of an agricultural colony. It exports produce to the Sandwich Islands. Similar colonies are growing up in the principal valleys to the northward; and, in the neighborhood of Fort M'Loughlin, coal has been found, "of excellent quality, running in extensive fields, and even in clumpy mounds, and most easily worked, all along that part of the country." The Wallamette settlement, of which American writers talk so much, clearly appears from Mr. Dunn's statements to be a British, not an American settlement. It was founded seventeen or eighteen years ago, by retired servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, who are now owners of thriving farms. A number of American missionaries, and a few American farmers, have settled among them; but the bulk of the inhabitants are British subjects. The settlement has grown up under the protection of the delegated authority of the Hudson's Bay Company; and British law, as far as it is applicable to such an infant settlement, prevails there.

That all the territory north of the parallel of the lower Columbia, *at least*, will be retained by the British government, there can be no doubt. It is already occupied by British subjects; British laws and forms of administration already prevail there; British feeling—that is, the feelings of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Canadians, as opposed to those of the republicans of the Union—are there in the ascendancy. This community must be pro-

tected, and its loyalty to the British empire encouraged and fostered. It may easily be done. The Hudson's Bay Company ought to feel that a new era has commenced; that a field of useful and honorable exertion, far beyond what was contemplated by its earlier organization, is opening upon it. By slightly modifying the constitution of that body—by extending its powers in some respects, and modifying and rendering less invidious some of its exclusive privileges, government may render it an admirable instrument for carrying on the work which has been so well begun under its auspices. By this means, a British community already accumulating wealth, and evincing energy, hardihood, and enterprise, will be preserved, and its progress accelerated; a power will be retained to this country of protecting the native tribes; a field for judicious and regulated missionary enterprise will be opened; and security will be afforded to British participators in the infant commerce of the northern Pacific. It is not Oregon alone that the long-headed statesmen of America have in view; it is influence in or ascendancy over the Sandwich Islands; it is the trade with China and the Eastern Archipelago, about to be yearly extended. Their agents are traders and missionaries. Ours are as yet merely the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company. These agents, from their organization and discipline, will be found in the external commerce of Oregon, as they have approved themselves in its internal, more than a match for their desultory American rivals: but we must have real religious English missionaries to supply the place of American political missionaries, and British institutions to pre-occupy the ground over which those of the United States are sought to be extended.

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TO ———.

I know by that unchanging cheek,  
That quiet listless air,  
No heart is throbbing while I speak;  
No thought of me is there.

Full well I know that gentle tone,  
(So like the mourning dove's,)  
Is Friendship's kindest, sweetest one—  
But never must be Love's!

Yet well I know thy gentleness  
To all things God hath made:  
The lowliest being thou wouldst bless;  
The vilest not upbraid.

The little wild flower, blooming lone,  
That's trampled down in spring,  
I've seen thee look with pity on,  
As on a breathing thing. H.

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THE ARTESIAN WELL, PARIS.—The volume of water supplied by the artesian well of Grenelle was measured a few days ago, and found to have lost nothing of its force or quantity. The source furnishes 2,000,000 quarts of water per 24 hours, which is more than sufficient for the consumption of the quarter of the Pantheon, where immense reservoirs have been constructed to receive it. The water is as limpid as filtered Seine water, and has continued clear since tubes have been inserted in the aperture.—*Constitutionnel*.

## GOSSIP FROM THE ATHENÆUM.

It requires all the watchfulness of those who would fain keep alive a few natural fountains at which the people may drink health in their scanty leisure hours, to combat the Genius of Brick and Mortar, who is struggling for them all. On every side of this metropolis, he has pushed his unwholesome conquests far into the domain of natural beauty which circles it like a broad zone. He is the restless spirit, whose foot is ever forward—the insatiable one whose unceasing cry is “Give, give!” Upon the narrow vineyard of the toiling population, he has long had his greedy eye. The few spots to whose easy distance the poor man’s weary limbs can carry him, for a draught of the unpolluted breeze, in their rare and precious intervals of unpurchased action, have long had his mark on them for destruction. The old familiar trees are all numbered for his axe. At Hampstead, he makes a periodical grasp; which has hitherto been defeated, but it is impossible not to fear that he may, some day, succeed. His business is his own, and will be perseveringly followed; but what is everybody’s who feels for the pent population of cities, may come, at last, to be nobody’s; and, some morning, ere the kind-hearted philanthropist is aware, all the dryads of the fair hill may be found to have migrated forever. For one more year, however, this result is postponed—thanks to some sharp lookers-out. At Greenwich, the people have been less fortunate. Certain portions of the ancient park, adjoining open grounds, have been marked out by the government for the erection of villas, and the formation of a vast tank of water, for the supply of Greenwich Hospital and Deptford Dockyard. This great body of still water might not be an unsightly object in itself; but it is contrived so, says report, as to make it so by the genius which plans it. It happens, too, unfortunately, that the selection of place, as best adapted to the object, disfigures the beauty of the park where it is most beautiful—and sweeps away a group of ancient tumuli, or barrows, supposed to be British, and of the fifth or early part of the sixth century—a curious monument, hitherto carefully preserved. To prevent this desecration, a public meeting of the inhabitants of Greenwich was called for Friday the 14th inst., but the Genius of Destruction was, as usual, bold, able, and successful. On the morning of that day, a gang of navigators set busily about demolishing the barrows whose preservation was to be the object of the evening’s meeting. The assembly found the matter settled to their hand, by a clever manœuvre of the enemy; and the tombs of 1000 years had yielded to the pickaxes of a day, and were gone forever.

The University of Oxford has rejected, in convocation, the statute founding four lectureships of the modern languages, in part appropriation of the munificent Taylor benefaction of 60,000*l.* for the express object of their cultivation. By the terms of the statute proposed, the lecturers were prohibited from discussing religious or political subjects. Now, the literature of a nation is so certainly an expression of its life, reflecting all the influences by which that is moulded or affected, that it seems difficult to give anything like a philosophic view of the subject, in lectures from which all such considerations should be excluded. But it is better, nevertheless, to confine such studies to their philosophical relations, leaving

the philosophy to be supplied elsewhere, in its genuine aspects, than to falsify and distort them, by an attempt to reduce the spirit of them all (as would certainly be the case at this university) to the common standard of Oxford measure. To avoid this difficulty, the statute has been framed; and by the bigotry that creates the former, the latter is resisted.

The citizens have from of old been the subject of comedy and satire; there is always something ludicrous in their approaches to Rank and Royalty. Somewhere or other there is sure to be some ridiculous point. An amusing instance occurred last Tuesday. While the King of Saxony was quietly seated at the Mansion House, with the Lord Mayor and some thirty ladies and gentlemen, at a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, in marched a deputation (Mr. John Masterman, M. P. and Sir Peter Laurie) from the Royal Exchange and Gresham Trust Committee, with the abrupt announcement that the Wellington Statue was to be opened immediately, and an invitation that the royal guest would be present at the inauguration. Ill-timed as was this request, it was promptly and cheerfully acceded to; so hastily, however, had the affair been got up, that what with “bricks, and poles, and planks, and lime-dust,” the interior of the Exchange was unfit for exhibition:—nevertheless his Majesty was evidently pleased with the compliment, awkward as it was, and greatly astonished at the multitude which had assembled to witness the scene. Mr. L. Jones, addressing his Majesty in explanation of the day’s proceedings, amongst other things informed him, what we now repeat, on his authority. “This was,” he said, “the first equestrian statue ever raised during the life of the person represented. Never had either king or subject the opportunity of seeing himself so represented before.” This singular interruption over, the king and his host returned to breakfast.

The Paris papers lament a touching calamity, which has befallen the historian M. Augustin Thierry, in the death of his wife, who has a double literary interest, as a clever writer herself, and the amanuensis of her distinguished husband, in his blindness. Madame Thierry, the daughter of the Admiral de Quérangal, smitten with admiration for the works of the historian, had formed an ardent wish to soothe the sufferings of his life, and lighten his darkness with the perpetual presence of a friend, and having become his wife, thirteen years have passed away in a devotedness, the details of which it is affecting to read, and her loss to this frail and sightless man it is painful to think of. To the outer world of literature Madame Thierry was known by her romance of *Adélaïde* and her *Scènes de Mœurs aux dix-huitième et dix-neuvième Siècles*. She was attended to her grave by the most eminent literary men in the capital, with the veteran Chateaubriand at their head.

M. Le Bas, a member of the Academy, lately arrived at Athens from Caria, where he is said to have made important archæological discoveries. He was about to depart for Phocis; and intended to follow up the discoveries amid the ruins of Delphi, fatally interrupted by the melancholy accident to Ottfried Muller. M. Le Bas has caused to be modelled, at Athens, for the School of the Fine Arts in Paris, all its finest remains of sculpture; and hoped, ere his term expired, to supply that institution with the complete order of the four finest temples of antiquity.

Speaking of archæological discovery, we may

quote the following account of antiquities met with by a traveller who has recently passed over a considerable portion of Texas:—"To the north of Texas," he says, "in the country situated between Santa Fé and the Pacific Ocean, are found immense ruins of buildings—temples or houses—especially in the neighborhood of the Rio-Puerco, and on the Colorado, in the west. On one of the branches of the Rio Puerco, at a short distance from Santa Fé, there are ruins belonging apparently to an ancient temple, remarkable for its extent. Portions of the walls are standing. They are composed of enormous hewn stones, cemented together. The temple must have occupied about an acre of ground, and had three stories. The roof is gone, but several chambers, all square in form, are still in a state of preservation. From the shores of the Colorado to the gulf of California, a country little frequented by Europeans, the traveller meets with imposing ruins at every step."

*Mind amongst the Spindles*; a Selection from the "Lowell Offering." (Knight's Weekly Volume for all Readers, No. II.)

THIS is a little book the curious reader will do well to possess himself of, for the singularity of a series of essays by "factory-girls," apart from the intrinsic merit of the papers, which is considerable—quite equal, as Dickens observes, to the articles in our *Annals*. Lowell, as every one knows, is the American Manchester, where the factory-labor is to a considerable degree carried on by young country-woman of reputable condition and character; the peculiar circumstances of American society permitting them to be intrusted to themselves; and the high wages allowing them to live well, dress well, save money, maintain lecturers and institutions for study upon a small scale, and to publish a couple of volumes of miscellaneous papers, from which this publication is selected. Mr. Knight has added an explanatory preface, with a letter from Miss Martineau, containing some remarks upon Lowell: and though we cannot go the full length of their praises of the book, we think the selection a highly creditable specimen of the general female mind in America. There appears to us less of mere imitation—of the echo of the literature of somebody else, in these factory-girls, than in more ambitious authors. Some of the papers, it is true, are on large or general questions, which such young writers could not be expected to treat properly; but the greater portion consist of things within their own experience—life in American farm-houses, country amusements, the changes of fortune or the whims that drive young women to the factory, as well as the modes of recreation and study at Lowell, and their effects upon manners and character. Such things may be every-day subjects, treated perhaps in every-day way: but what is common in America may be rare in England, if it indicates the character of American life.—*Spectator*.

INDIA.—The overland mail has brought accounts from Bombay to the 20th May, from Calcutta to the 11th May, and from China to the 10th April. The news is of considerable importance, as it indicates approaching war, and further aggrandizement

of territory, in attempting to put down the contentions among the native princes. The governor-general was at Calcutta, quite ignorant of his recall; and no suspicion of such an impending event appears to have been entertained at Bombay when the steam-packet sailed.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

#### THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

A VOLUME, entitled "Illustrations of the Law of Kindness," by the Rev. G. W. Montgomery, has been published at Albany, in the State of New York. It is, as a literary work, of little pretension; but it presents in one focus a very considerable number of anecdotes exemplifying the superiority of the benevolent over the coercive and severe principle, as a means of effecting good ends amongst our fellow-creatures; and such reasoning as the book contains is animated by all the earnestness of an amiable and trusting nature. The author classifies his facts into chapters, one of the first of which presents scriptural instances, such as that of David's conduct toward Saul in the cave; another presents a brief account of the benevolent proceedings of Howard, Oberlin, Fenelon, &c., showing how the law of kindness tended in their lives to the most brilliant results.

In the chapter on the disarming force of kindness, we have a story that never can be too often told: "It is well known that Quakers or Friends, have adopted the non-resistance principle, or the law, 'overcome evil with good.' The founder of Philadelphia, William Penn, was completely armed with the spirit of this principle. When he visited this country, he came without cannon or sword, and with a determination to meet the Indians with truth and kindness. He bought their land, and paid them; he made a treaty with them, and observed it; and he always treated them as men. As a specimen of the manner in which he met the Indians, the following instance is very striking. There were some fertile and excellent lands which, in 1698, Penn ascertained were excluded from his first purchase; and, as he was very desirous of obtaining them, he made the proposal to the Indians that he would buy those lands, if they were willing. They returned for answer, that they had no desire to sell the spot where their fathers were deposited; but to please their father Onas, as they named Penn, they said that he should have some of the lands. This being decided, they concluded the bargain, that Penn might have as much land as a young man could travel round in one day, beginning at the great river Cosquanco, now Kensington, and ending at the great river Kallapingo, now Bristol; and, as an equivalent, they were to receive a certain amount of English goods. Though this plan of measuring the land was of their own selection, yet they were greatly dissatisfied with it after it had been tried; for the young Englishman chosen to walk off the tract of land walked so fast and far, as greatly to astonish and mortify them. The governor observed this dissatisfaction, and asked the cause. 'The walker cheated us,' said the Indians. 'Ah, how can it be?' said Penn; 'did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way?' 'True,' replied the Indians; 'but white brother make a big walk.' Some of Penn's commissioners, waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it, and if not, should be compelled to it. 'Compelled!' exclaimed Penn; 'how can you compel them without bloodshed? Don't you see this looks to murder?' Then turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said, 'Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy



you?' This proposal gratified them; and they mentioned the quantity of cloth and number of fish-hooks with which they would be satisfied. These were cheerfully given; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling. After they were gone, the governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed, 'O how sweet and cheap a thing is charity! Some of you spoke just now of *compelling* these poor creatures to stick to their bargain, that is, in plain English, to fight and kill them, and all about a *little piece of land*.'"

"For this kind conduct, manifested in all his actions to the Indians, he was nobly rewarded. The untamed savage of the forest became the warm friend of the white stranger, towards Penn and his followers they buried the war-hatchet, and ever evinced the strongest respect for them. And when the colony of Pennsylvania was pressed for provisions, and none could be obtained from other settlements—which scarcity arose from the increasing number of inhabitants not having time to raise the necessary food—the Indians cheerfully came forward, and assisted the colony by the fruits of their labors in hunting. This kindness they practised with pleasure, because they considered it an accommodation to their 'good father Onas' and his friends. And though Penn has long been dead, yet he is not forgotten by the red men; for many of the Indians possess a knowledge of his peaceable disposition, and speak of him with a tone and feeling very different from what they manifest when speaking of those whites who came with words of treachery on their tongues, and kegs of 'fire-water' in their hands, and oppression in their actions."

This anecdote comes before us with particular force at the present moment, when New Zealand is tottering as a settlement, in consequence of the English following a different principle with the natives.\* How strange does it sound to hear men talking with ridicule of philanthropic policy, as something unfitted for human nature, when the fact is glaring, that it is the contrary policy that does not succeed, its invariable consequences being the destruction and obstruction of all that is good. The true visionaries in this case are those who dream that a large barbarian force is to be made agreeable in one's neighborhood by raising in it the spirit of blind revenge. The true practical man is he who acts justly and kindly by his untutored neighbors, expecting they will thereby be kept on friendly terms with him.

In a chapter on insanity, the effect of the mild system of treatment now practised, in comparison with the former cruel methods, is illustrated by numerous examples collected from different sources. The next section displays the effect of kindness as an element in the means of reforming criminals. We pass from these as subjects which have already been treated in our paper, and come to an anecdote in which the efficacy of the gentler principle, in circumstances where the other could not have availed, is powerfully evinced. It appeared originally in De Lamartine's translation of "A Residence among the Arabs of the Great Desert." "In the tribe of Nedgde there was a mare of great reputation for beauty and swiftness, which a member of another tribe, named Daher, vehemently desired to possess. Having failed to obtain

her by offering all he was worth, he proceeded to effect his object by stratagem. He disguised himself like a lame beggar, and waited by the side of a road, knowing that Nabee, the owner of the mare, would soon pass. As soon as Nabee appeared, Daher cried in a feeble voice, 'I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to stir from this to get food; help me, and God will reward you.' Nabee offered to carry him home; but Daher said, 'I am not able to rise; I have not strength.' Nabee then generously dismounted, brought his mare near, and helped the beggar to mount her. The moment he was mounted, Daher touched her with his heel and started, saying, 'It is I, Daher, who have got her, and am carrying her off.' Nabee called upon him to stop, which Daher did. Nabee then said, 'Thou hast my mare; since it pleases God, I wish thee success; but I conjure thee tell no one how thou hast obtained her.' 'Why not?' said Daher. 'Because some one really ill might remain without aid: you would be the cause why no one would perform an act of charity more, from the fear of being duped as I have been.' This discriminating kindness subdued Daher; he immediately dismounted, and returned the mare to Nabee; and when they parted, they parted sworn friends." Here Mr. Montgomery remarks, "Let a signal act of revenge, a cold, unfeeling instance of retaliation, be known in our communities, and it excites horror, and even the deepest tones of indignation. On the contrary, let a broad act of benevolence, a noble and dignified instance of the forgiveness of enemies be exhibited, and it is at once admired and commended in the warmest terms. So true it is that the human heart dislikes the principle, 'hate your enemies,' and approves the practice of the law 'love your enemies.'"

Nothing, we think, could more powerfully enforce this doctrine than the effect of such anecdotes as the following, which we fully believe could not be read to the most debased of our species, without raising such emotions as to form an ample proof of the superiority of generous over revengeful feeling. The brothers Cheerible of the novelist are, as is well known, scarcely overcharged portraits of two real English merchants, one of whom, we regret to know, is now no more. Of these men the following story was originally told in a Manchester paper. "The elder brother of this house of merchant princes amply revenged himself upon a libeller who had made himself merry with the peculiarities of the amiable fraternity. This man published a pamphlet, in which one of the brothers (D) was designated as 'Billy Button,' and represented as talking largely of their foreign trade, having travellers who regularly visited Chow-bent, Bullock Smithy, and other foreign parts. Some 'kind friend' had told W. of this pamphlet, and W. had said that the man would live to repent of its publication. This saying was kindly conveyed to the libeller, who said that he should take care never to be in their debt. But the man in business does not always know who shall be his creditor. The author of the pamphlet became bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been indorsed by the drawer, who had also become bankrupt. The wantonly-libelled men had thus become creditors of the libeller. They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt laws, except one.

"It seemed folly to hope that the firm of brothers would supply the deficiency. What! they who had cruelly been made the laughing-stock of the public forget the wrong, and favor the wrong-doer? He despaired; but the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-

\* A most respectable New Zealand settler thus writes to a friend in Edinburgh, in a letter which we have seen:—"The natives are a fine, intelligent race, and are rapidly becoming civilized. Wars have almost ceased, and cannibalism is become very rare, and is only practised by two tribes. The late unfortunate massacre of Captain Wakefield and six gentlemen, of which you may have heard, entirely originated in an unjust aggression on the natives, and their retaliation; and, horrible as it was, the sufferers only met with their deserts." We presume it is not here meant that Captain Wakefield or the other sufferers were specially guilty, but that the conduct of the English was, generally speaking, such as to make the loss on that side a natural consequence of their error.



room of the wronged. W. was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, 'Shut the door, sir!' sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant.

"You wrote a pamphlet against us once!" exclaimed W. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire; but this was not its destination. W. took a pen, and writing something on the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see there 'rogue, scoundrel, libeller,' inscribed; but there was, in fair round characters, the signature of the firm! 'We make it a rule,' said W., 'never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else.' The tear started into the poor man's eyes.

"Ah!" said W., 'my saying was true. I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat; I only meant that some day you would know us better, and would repent you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now.' 'I do,' said the grateful man. 'Well, well, my dear fellow,' said W., 'you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?' The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. 'But how are you off in the mean time?' And the answer was, that, having given up everything to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even the common necessities, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. 'My dear fellow,' said W., 'this will never do—your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow—nay, don't cry—it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head yet.' The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks—the swelling in his throat forbade words; he put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child."

"I am almost convinced," says the author, "that there never yet was an instance in which kindness has been fairly exercised, but that it has subdued the enmity opposed to it. Its first effort may not succeed, any more than one shower of rain can reclaim the burning desert; but let it repeatedly shed the dew of its holy influence upon the revengeful soul, and it will soon become beautiful with every flower of tenderness. Let any person put the question to his soul, whether, under any circumstances, he can deliberately resist continued kindness? And a voice of affection will answer, that good is omnipotent in overcoming evil. If the angry and revengeful person would only govern his passions, and light the lamp of affection in his heart, that it might stream out in his features and actions, he would soon discover a wide difference in his communion with the world. The gentle would no longer avoid him; friends would not approach him with a frown; the weak would no longer meet him with dread; children would no longer shrink from him with fear; he would find that his kindness wins all by its smile, giving them confidence, and securing their friendship."

#### FAIR SUFFERERS.

By fair sufferers we mean about ninety-nine out of every hundred of those poor dear young ladies, condemned, through the accident of their birth, to languish, in silk and satin, beneath the load of a fashionable existence.

Ah! little think the gay licentious paupers, who have no plays, operas, and evening parties to be forced to go to, and no carriages to be obliged to ride about in, of the miseries which are endured by the daughters of affluence!

It is a well-known fact, that scarcely one of these tender creatures can be in a theatre or a concert-room ten minutes without being seized with a violent headache, which, more frequently than not, obliges her to leave before the performance is over, and drag a brother, husband, lover, or attentive young man, away with her. If spared the headache, how often is she threatened with a fainting fit, (nay, now and then seized with it,) to the alarm and disturbance of her company! Not happening to feel faint exactly, still there is a sensation, "a something," as she describes it, "she does n't know what," which she is almost sure to be troubled with. Unvisited by these afflictions, nevertheless, either the cold, or the heat, or the glare of the gas, or some other source of pain, oppresses or excruciates her susceptible nerves. And when we take one such young lady, and put together all the public amusements which she must either go to—or die—in the course of a London season; and when we add up all the headaches, and swoons, and the somethings she does n't know what; the shiverings, burnings, and other agonizing sensations which she has undergone by the end of it: the result is an aggregate of torture truly frightful to contemplate.

Suppose she is obliged to walk—this is sometimes actually the case:—happy is she if she can go twenty yards without some pain or other, in the side, the back, the shoulder, the great toe. Thus the pleasure of shopping, promenading, or a pic-nic is embittered: thus is colocynth infused into the *eau sucrée* of bliss!

If she reads a chapter in a novel, the chances are that her temples throb for it. She tries to embroider a Corsair; doing more than an arm of him at a time strains her eyes. Employ herself in what way she will, she feels fatigued afterwards, and may think herself well off if she is not worse.

Nine days out of ten she has no appetite: on the tenth she enjoys her dinner, and is taken ill. Then comes that horrid physic! She cannot take pills: she objects to powders: draughts are insufferable to her. Poor unfortunate! What is she to do!

Without a care to vex her, save, perhaps, some slight misgivings respecting the captain, she is unable to rest, though on a couch of down. Exercise would procure her slumber; but oh! she cannot take it.

Whether a little less confinement of the waist, earlier hours, plainer luncheons, more frequent airings in the green fields, and mental and bodily exertion generally, than what, in these respects, is the fashionable usage, would in any way alleviate the miseries of our fair sufferers, may be questioned. It may be also inquired how far such miseries are imaginary, and to what extent a trifling exercise of resolution would tend to mitigate them? Otherwise, supposing them to be ills that woman is necessarily heirless to—unavoidable, irremediable: gracious powers! what torments, what anguish must fishwomen, washerwomen, charwomen and haymakers, to say nothing of servants of all work, and even ladies' maids, endure every day of their lives!—*Punch*.

CELESTIAL SARCASM.—Capt. Pidding tells us, in his *Tea Talk*, that the Chinese call America "the flowery country." This looks as if JONATHAN had been trying to pass off in China some of his Pennsylvanian bonds.—*Punch*.

From Hood's Magazine.  
SENSATIONS OF SIXTEEN.  
BY A VERY OLD MAN.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,  
Multa recedentes adiungunt. HORACE.

A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;  
No more. HAMLET.

"Je voudrais être femme," said a witty Frenchman of our acquaintance the other day, "pour avoir eu seize ans—cet âge quand on aime encore le sucre, et déjà le bal!" Exactly the French, epigrammatic, antithetic, paradoxical way of expressing what has doubtless passed in one form or other, as a feeling or a fancy, through the head or heart of most men—in some lucid interval of contempt for the dull routine of petty cares and vulgar interests which engross virile existence, and make up what we pompously call our "affairs." Who, indeed, is there

"So blunt of memory, so old at heart,  
At such a distance from his youth in grief,"

that he can watch without a wistful interest the palpitating eagerness of sweet feminine sixteen—now anticipating, with tumultuous hopes and fears, the untried glories of the ball-room, or day-dreaming of the fairy-land that lies beyond the curtain of the opera-house; and anon,

"As though a rose should fold and be a bud again,"

pursuing with equally lavish enthusiasm some childish ambition of lesson-book or skipping-rope—some enterprise of the school-room or the lawn; or haply essaying, with fresh inquisitive senses, some hitherto untasted flavor or fragrance of fruit or dewy flower. Happy, ambiguous age, when the old impetuosities of the race and the romp begin to be moderated by nascent instincts of as yet inexplicable modesty; when the half-ripened lips withdraw, with a doubtful coyness, from indiscriminate cousin-kisses; when the ready blush comes to be felt as a strangely-new sensation—an enigma that asks its interpretation of the heart. Happy age, when the clear-ringing laughter of sexless childhood is exchanged still oftener and more often for the maiden's pensive mood; and the myrtle-chaplet, twined around the brow in some chance impulse of infantine mirth, remains appropriately to crown the musing aspirant to deeper than Eleusinian mysteries. Happy age, when the past, the present, and the future—memory, action, hope—endow with all their privileges, oppress with none of their cares. Not yet has the fair young tree been mutilated by the harsh surgery of the pruning-knife; not yet has the reluctant mother, yielding to the inevitable constraints of our corrupt and ill-organized society, begun her sad task of repression,

"With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart."

Not yet has the warmth of native feeling been subdued to the standard of conventional reserve; nor a factitious code of etiquette superseded the pure guidance of intuitive delicacy; nor the young emotion, that might betray too much, become inured to its mask of assumed indifference—which too often, alas! in the end, leaves but little emotion to be concealed. Still, at bright sixteen, fair hope writes happy promises on the open book of life, over whose folded page memory "with sad eyes" will hereafter mourn in secret. Golden, irrevocable moments of blithe sixteen, how carelessly are ye squandered! Earnest plastic feelings of credulous sixteen, how soon by the rude handling of experience are ye hardened and perverted. Alas! impatient sixteen, yearning for the fulfilment of dimly apprehended revelations—soon enough will the curtain of the future be raised—soon enough will the great hierophant, Time, draw back those friendly folds that protect the illusions, while they hide the disappointments of life. Wherefore, gentle sixteen, be happy in your own pure thoughts, and "innocent daily habits;" satisfy your naïve curiosity, enjoy your vivid impressions; observe and feel—wonder and learn—while sensation and perception keep their first keen edge, and spotless fancy may still wander free. And if ever, in the pauses of your jocund activity, you find time to keep some artless record of your April-existence—so common-place—yet so full of poetry!—how gladly will gray age, stopping on the brink of the tomb, accept your little present; well pleased to forget his wrinkled knowledge in your simpler, surer wisdom,—to mimic your bell-toned prattle in his husky broken bass,—to renew his long-forgotten faith in your happy illusions!

And lo! even as we write, here lies before us the very gift we were invoking;—a tiny volume, appropriately clad in pale spring-green, and presenting a series of the freshest possible impressions of London and Paris life, as reflected in the *camera lucida* of a young girl's heart—the honest heart of sixteen.\*

We have read the cheerful little book all through, with an involuntary smile, like childhood's, playing incessantly about our lips, and unfurrowing our old brow; while such a swarm of by-gone fancies and associations came crowding back into our snowy pate, as we have not revelled in for many a long year, and hardly thought to enjoy again. Not that the book pretends to any great literary merit, or claims to rank high as an original work; on the contrary, it is put forward with becoming diffidence, as a series of observations probably deficient in novelty and interest, and "offered only to show how national peculiarities and habits strike persons in different ways." But there is the frankness of unsophisticated sixteen in every page; and the thoughts are so simply expressed,

\* "Impressions and Observations of a Young Person during a Residence in Paris, with occasional Visits to London," &c., 1844.

and so natural, that they seem to have come up spontaneously, like daisies in a meadow—all the fresher, too, for being watered by a shallow stream of delightfully transparent philosophy, through which the childish errors shine like many-colored pebbles in a brook. With what a charming naïveté, for example, is the transitional character of sixteen, with its lingering affection for sugar-plums, and its incipient predilections for dress and dance, betrayed in the following succinct confession:—

“In quitting France I should miss three things; shoes, stays, and chocolate *bonnons*.”

Who does not recognize in the following little anecdotes his own childish imaginings of royal splendor, and the feverish excitement of his first night at the opera or the play:—

“The imagination always surpasses the reality; I have seen French persons who, having read and heard of the sea running mountains high, have been much disappointed upon first seeing it at Dieppe only a little ripple. When taken to the child’s ball at court, my thoughts were wholly engrossed by the throne, which I was to see there: when shown it, however, I could not help expressing my disappointment. I had read so much of Solomon’s throne with the jewels and beautiful golden lions surrounding it, that I had expected to see something like it, and that it would have been illumined with a blaze of light; whilst, on the contrary, the room was dark, compared to the adjoining ball-room.”

“I can distinctly remember, when taken for the first time to the French opera, entering the house with fear and trembling, from the belief that all the spectators would be called upon to dance, for which I was not quite prepared. The opera was ‘*La Tentation*,’ the grand staircase in the first act, down which the inhabitants of the infernal regions descend in such number, is calculated to impress a young mind with something like supernatural awe. It did mine, and I had no sleep that night, or rather dreamt all night of Monsieur Somebody, with large black wings, joining the infernal *galop* with Madame Somebody else, whose names I have forgotten, or most likely never heard.”

With what exquisite unconsciousness does our grave little moral philosopher touch the tenderest point of French manners in the following simple remark; which, had it emanated from an older pen, might have been taken for a bit of covert irony:—

“The heroines of almost all the French plays and tales that I have seen or read, are young widows; in English, they would not have been already married; the French appear to begin where the English leave off. I have never heard this properly accounted for, but have always preferred English books, probably from feeling more sympathy with the heroines.”

“The French appear to begin where the English leave off!” Oh! *les enfants terribles*!

How likely to have impressed the waxen mem-

ory of childhood, the subjoined little incident; and how natural to enthusiastic sixteen, the reflection with which it concludes:—

“The general sympathy for the queen and royal family here, upon the occasion of their bereavements, was most natural. Everybody who ever had the good fortune to know them, must appreciate their goodness of heart; my opportunities have been rare, but I remember when first taken to a child’s ball at court, it happened that I had a chilblain, and as the heat caused my shoe to shrink and my foot to swell, I suffered much, and limped. The queen, whose kindness to children is proverbial, seeing a poor little thing limping about, took great interest in my suffering, and the Duchess of Wurtemberg, then Princess Marie, now an angel in heaven, watched my shoe being arranged so as no longer to hurt me, with all the kindness of an elder sister. Poor Princess Marie! I sometimes think I could consent to die, to leave behind me such a memorial as her *Jeanne de Arc*.”

Dress, decoration, and deportment fill a large space among the impressions and meditations of sixteen, as the following extracts make manifest:—

“French ladies, although plainly dressed, have so much good taste, that their apparel is always elegant and sets well. English *Marchandes de modes* and *couturières* are apt to overload with ornament, or, as the French so well express it, *chargent*; they will not understand that a really well made dress rather loses than gains by their favorite ‘trimmings,’ and with them there is no end to the feathers, flowers, and ribbons. The French, on the contrary, seek to combine the greatest elegance with the greatest possible simplicity: everything must be rich and good, but never overloaded.”

“Many a French room, otherwise wanting in comfort, is ornamented with looking-glasses; they add much to the beauty, and, by reflection, to the apparent size of rooms. I have sometimes thought, that constantly seeing themselves reflected in glasses, which, in a small French apartment is almost unavoidable, may account for the air of coquetry of which French young ladies are sometimes accused; it is impossible to be untidily or carelessly dressed when you see yourself at every turn.”

“The good taste displayed in ladies’ collars is one of the characteristics of Paris; the embroidery is frequently most elaborate, and its delicacy as exquisite as its richness. The collars are as perfect in their form as in their execution; a *Parisienne* would never feel at ease, if she conceived for a moment that her collar did not set perfectly well.”

“The fashion of curling the hair becomes more general in Paris, and the classic shining *bandeaux* have been partially abandoned for ringlets; the rich abundant curls of the Duchesse de Nemours may have given rise to the change. Several actresses have adopted it, but they go too far, and make themselves the slaves of their curls, fearing to turn their heads lest they should derange their *coiffure*. A pretty little actress of the *théâtre du Vaudeville*, who played before the Queen at Eu, never moves her head without her shoulders accompanying it, for fear of any misfortune happening to her fair long ringlets.

"A Frenchman would not be seen giving his arm to a lady on each side. The inattention to this custom by the English renders them often an object of ridicule when walking in the streets, or in places of public amusement in Paris; the French call it *panier à deux anses*. If a Frenchman is seen with two ladies, he gives his arm to one, the second lady taking the arm of the other."

"At theatres and other public places in France, except at the Italian Opera, which is usually resorted to, previously to balls and other *réunions*, young ladies are seldom seen *décoltées*; the exposure of the neck and shoulders is not considered good taste; when the dress is low, the neck is usually covered by a scarf or collar. Children, too, are generally more warmly clad here than in England; the French attributing the cause and prevalence of consumptive complaints to the want of sufficient clothing in childhood."

Here is a pretty trait of *mœurs* prettily noted:—

"Many a servant or peasant in going to market, many an artisan in going to his daily work, enters a church, and remains there in some corner unobserved; this must arise from piety of the heart; nobody perhaps thinks better of them for doing it, nor would think worse of them if they did not. The cold stone replaces the cushioned *prie-Dieu* among the poor, nor appears too hard to those who enter the church to pray unobserved."

Sixteen, at church, directs particular attention to subjects matrimonial; and she delivers most matronly opinions about nurses, babies, and the unfolding intellect:—

"One of the most beautiful groups in the Madeleine is that of marriage, by M. Pradier; it is on the right hand side immediately on entering; the three personages composing it, the priest, bride, and bridegroom, have each a distinct and striking beauty."

"It has often surprised me never to have seen noticed by an older observer, or an abler pen, the vast difference between French and English nursery maids and *bonnes d'enfants*. In England, it is not uncommon to see young children left to the care of girls from fifteen to seventeen, the most thoughtless age in life; to whom, to trust one's property would be considered almost madness, whilst the most precious of all treasures, young children, are freely confided to them; indeed it would seem that girls disqualified by youth and inexperience for any other service are best suited for this. A poor woman who would not dare to offer her daughter as a cook, house, or laundry-maid, will freely do so for a place in the nursery. In France, there is no sight more agreeable than the respectable, matronly-looking *bonnes d'enfants* who are seen in the costumes of their province, attending their young charges either in the Tuileries garden, at Paris, or in the shade of the *promenade publique* which generally surrounds every French country town."

"French mothers and nurses roll up their infants until they look like little mummies; this must be very injurious, by confining the natural notions and growth of the child, which, on beginning to walk, has no strength in its legs, and must grow a weakly, frail thing. English children in their long dresses, look much prettier, and, being at liberty, are more likely to be healthy; I have even

heard French people acknowledge the superiority of English children, and I cannot account for this barbarous system being persevered in."

"A great writer has said that there is nothing so beautiful in the world as the mind of a young child; this might never have struck me without having read it; but it is quite true. I have a little brother, much younger than myself, and to watch the expansion of his intellect from infancy to childhood has been most delightful. I suppose it will continue with his increasing years, but when an innocent child grows into a mischievous young *gamin*, although it is quite natural and proper that it should be so, the interest in him continues, but the sources of his amusements and pleasures are not quite so apparent or agreeable as when he was younger."

Water, as it appears in fountains, fogs, and dew, is treated of by our sprightly, versatile young friend, in three consecutive paragraphs:—

"The want of fountains in London appears strange; the French are very fond of them; Paris abounds in them; and the *Place de la Concorde* owes its chief beauty to them. They give the capital an air of coolness and gaiety, particularly in summer. The French excel in out-door ornaments."

"The greatness and beauty of London consist in more useful and durable establishments, although sometimes less pleasing to the eye; perhaps too it is considered that there is water enough in London without adding artificially to it. The magnificent Thames, the Serpentine, and pieces of water in the parks and Kensington Gardens, are worth all the fountains of Paris."

"Fogs are not, as many suppose, entirely unknown in Paris; they even continue for some days; but, wanting the smoke and atmosphere of London, are neither so thick nor as yellow. A Parisian fog is vapory, and looks like the ghost of a London one: it does not give the same melancholy appearance to the town."

"One of the delights of the country in England is the refreshing dew. English persons are generally quite afraid of walking at night, on account of the dampness: to me it is delightful. The climate of France is so dry that dew is nearly unknown, the evenings of summer are not relieved by any damp, and are often more oppressive than during the day."

"To the effect of dew may possibly be attributed the *fraîcheur*, as the French call it, of the English complexion, that beautiful union of red and white, so much more pleasing than the dead white admired in the Parisian cheek. A French lady, Madame de G—, née Princess de B—, has been heard to say, that whenever there was a *brouillard*, she either walked in the open air, or put her head out of the window, in the hope of catching some English *fraîcheur*."

Apropos of fountains, we may observe, that they are by no means appropriate ornaments to the capitals of cold rainy countries. Doubtless, a fountain is beautiful, spouting its lucid water high into the clear sunshine, breaking in mid-air into a thousand flashing prisms, and falling back in graceful curves upon the ringing marble; but, without the sun, what becomes of its life, light,

and color? what object can look more pitiable, or strike the fancy with a stronger sense of inconsistency, than a fountain, on a bleak November day, *wet through* in a drenching rain? One longs to provide the rheumatic-looking Tritons with umbrellas. Jestings apart, the true purpose of a fountain is to cool a sultry air, and to supply it with a quantity of moisture necessary for healthy and agreeable respiration. The true and the beautiful are too intimately connected for that which shocks common sense ever to affect pleasantly a correct artistic feeling. London fountains, therefore, should be kept playing in the hot summer months only; during the season of rain and snow the water should be turned off: to fit them for which intermittent action, the design of the masonry and sculpture should be such as to have monumental effect and beauty independently of the flow of water. We know not what may be the intention of the architect with respect to the fountains in Trafalgar Square; but we trust never to shiver at the spectacle of two dreary *jets d'eau* laboriously drilling their way through a dense London fog, and drizzling back, with a chilly pattering, into the leaden lack-lustre pools beneath.

Many of the subsequent observations are entertaining, and they are all more or less characteristic of sixteen; some as noting odd little details of fact and fashion, which the less microscopic perceptions of older observers would scarcely have descried; others, on the contrary, as betraying the secret ambition of sixteen to add a little to its age—to be taken for a personage of discreet years, grave experience, and judicious counsels; which elderly lucubrations are, perhaps, the most amusingly sixteenish of all:—

“One of the peculiarities of Paris, which the summer visitors never see, is the *marchand de marrons*; he arrives from the country upon a certain day, with his apparatus and stock of chesnuts, and takes possession of his winter quarters, generally at the corner of some well frequented street. Habit has rendered him expert in his special mode of cookery, and his customers are by no means confined to casual passengers, the inhabitants of the neighborhood being supplied by him. You are only attracted to him by his *fourneau*, for he makes no noise; mercurial as the population of this country is said to be, I question if an Englishman in the same situation could resist, seeing a crowd pass him, from crying ‘Hot chesnuts!’ The perfect silence of the *marchand de marrons* is really remarkable; the day of his departure is as regular as that of his arrival.”

“The number of children, of which, with their nursery maids, every square appears to be full in London; the groups in the streets of those of the lower order, who would hardly be supposed old enough to be trusted alone, yet carrying a younger brother or sister, unable yet to walk, is very striking after Paris, where, from the scarcity of children, it would appear as if King Herod had passed that way.”

“The English shopkeepers appear in an unfavorable light after the French; the civility amounts to

servility; they thank you so much for nothing, and offer so many things which you do not want, that to enter a shop in London becomes disagreeable. I have often thought what would be their behavior if, after giving an infinity of trouble, one purchased nothing,—whether all the politeness with which they overwhelm you, might not be turned into a different channel.”

“The Parisian cemeteries are very pretty, both in situation and general appearance; much pure and unaffected feeling is displayed in the inscriptions, and in the little gardens with which most of the tombs are ornamented. The whole breathes a melancholy but pleasing air of sentiment, without the gloom which attaches to churchyards. There is only one drawback—the intimation that the gardener of the establishment keeps up gardens by the year, which raises a suspicion that all the pretty flowers may not be the offering of affection, but are sometimes placed there by mercenary hands. I trust and believe, however, that this is only resorted to by persons who are obliged to quit Paris, and are anxious that the graves of those they have loved best may not be neglected.”

“In one of the numbers of the *Journal des Demoiselles*, a work that I would recommend to the attention of young ladies as containing much amusing information, there is a translation from Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, describing the different forms of national vanity in the person of a Frenchman who lavishes all his praise on France, and an Englishman who speaks of his country with sarcastic despondency. The Frenchman finds in his country everything that is good and great; whilst the Englishman can find in England nothing either good or great; until the Frenchman, having satisfied his own vanity, is obliged to help the Englishman out by taking a pinch of snuff, and adding, ‘you too are a very great nation, very.’ Go where they may, the French never forget their country in the beauty of others; when describing the finest capitals of Europe, they will observe, ‘*C’est bien, mais cela ne vaut pas Paris*,’ to the mountains of Switzerland and the plains of Italy, their reply is, ‘*C’est joli, mais cela ne vaut pas notre beau pays de Normandie*.’ The English, on the contrary, although surrounded at home by every beauty and comfort, either from modesty or disinclination, seldom mention them, much less do justice to them. If the two countries were reversed, and a Frenchman went to London, and saw there *tonneaux* of the *porteurs d’eau* as in Paris, he would instantly exclaim: ‘In my country, the *métropole du monde civilisé*, we have water and gas in every house, railroads to every town, and ships to every quarter of the globe.’ The English in Paris most amiably keep all this in the back ground; admire the fountains at which the water-carrier fills his cart, the flowers which have not half the perfume or beauty of their own: the gas which dazzles in the theatres, but in half the streets of Paris does not ever exist; and the toy of a railway to St. Germain, now extended by English money and workmen to Rouen. The French are quite right: they have a magnificent capital, embellished with the finest monuments, and *objets d’art*; a country containing two climates, growing corn at one end, and wine and olives at the other; they appreciate accordingly all they have, whilst the English never appear more delighted than when depreciating the verdant beauty and commercial mag-

nificance of our country, and appearing only to recollect that the one produces damp and the other smoke.

"Victor Hugo's *Notre-Dame de Paris* attracted so many persons to visit this venerable cathedral, that the bell-ringer who shows the upper part of it, being continually asked for *Quasimodo's* room, and forgetting, or rather not knowing that the whole was a fiction, has actually adopted a shed near the belfry to satisfy the curiosity of the Parisians in this respect."

"The harness of the post-horses in France is very rough, sometimes consisting of little but a collar and ropes. The postilions have a characteristic air which they owe chiefly to their costume. The term post boy would apply less than in England, as they are generally men of large stature. The great boots and powdered *queues* are no longer common. The boots, however cumbrous, could not be said to be entirely useless, for I remember to have seen a postilion fall from his horse, and the wheel of the *calèche* go over his leg; but, to our surprise, he got up unhurt. Some of the postilions have such perfect command of their whips as to crack a simple air with it: I have heard '*Au clair de la lune*' given in a manner not to be mistaken."

"The Musée at Versailles, beautiful as are the great gallery, the paintings by Vernet, and the collection of the old masters in the upper story, contains some very indifferent pieces; so confused and unfinished, that they remind one of '*Mort du général je ne sais qui, à la bataille de je ne sais quoi*.' The only wonder is, how so great a number of paintings and statues could be gotten together and beautifully arranged in so short a time, except that like the embellishments of Paris, the establishment of foot pavements, the completion of public buildings, the fortifications, in a word all that the king of the French undertakes, appears as if done by magic; if works of utility and magnitude confer upon their author the title of great, surely *Louis Philippe* is a truly great man."

"Public attention was, a short time since, much attracted by a remarkable building operation on the *boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle*: the road has been lowered, during which the foundations of the houses were entirely cut away; it thus became necessary to support the upper part of the houses, whilst the lower part was rebuilt; the cutting away the road having, however, left a greater space than existed before, afforded room for an additional story; as the addition was from below, the people above found themselves raised a floor higher from the new road. This became the subject of a laughable little piece at a minor theatre. A person, having left his wife in Paris, in their apartment *au second*, returns from a journey to Algiers; his home on the second floor, which he enters as usual, having, during his absence, become a third floor, gives rise to the usual equivocal of a man making himself at home in another person's house, until the change is explained to him, and he is told that his wife is above in her old apartment, which has from a *second* thus curiously become a *troisième*."

"The Elysian fields are now paved!"

"The *pommes de pin*, which were introduced last year for lighting fires, are very convenient; if kept dry, they ignite immediately with a match, and when placed under the wood kindle it without

further trouble, giving out an agreeable aromatic smell. As well as immediately recovering an expiring fire, they look ornamental when piled in a basket at the fire-side."

"During my visits to French *châteaux*, I have often asked myself whether country-houses and villas in England have the superiority over the *châteaux* of France; they have both their beauties and *agréments*, corresponding with the different taste of each country. The long avenues of beautiful old trees, which usually lead to the French *châteaux*, although formal, are not without a certain air of majesty, whilst the dark wood which overhangs and forms a magnificent back-ground, throws an appearance of melancholy grandeur over the whole. I shall not readily forget the effect one such as described had upon me while travelling on a dark night; there must have been a *fête*, for suddenly at a turn in the road, as if called up by the wand of a magician, burst on the view an illuminated *château*, every window lighted, and the trees bearing festoons of lamps; it was the more striking as for miles there had scarcely been a single habitation, and immediately after passing it, the scene again relapsed into darkness and solitude. A comparatively modern *château* in France would give an English traveller the idea of ruin, as in England even ruins are kept in the best possible repair, which is, I think, carrying neatness too far."

We will conclude our notice of these daintily-touched little sketches, with the graceful and feeling expressions that close the volume itself; which, though confessedly a slender contribution to literature, will yet, we venture to predict, brighten with pleasant reminiscences many a time-dimmed eye; for our own part, in taking leave of the clever and evidently amiable young authoress, we offer her the hearty thanks of a very old man, whose flagging pulse she has quickened, and whose slackened nerves restring, with the "sensations of sixteen."

"The late visit of the queen of England to the *château d'Eu* must have been most gratifying to the king and the royal family of France; one of the most delightful circumstances attending that visit, was the interview of two young, accomplished, and beautiful women, both mothers of children destined at a future day, and may it be far distant, to rule over England and France, and who, a short time since, might have been said to rejoice in husbands of their choice, young, handsome, and valiant. Alas! for the poor Duchess of Orleans! May a like affliction never visit our royal mistress. I know nothing about politics, but have so often heard with regret of differences between England and France, that the news of the queen's visit was the more gratifying as likely to cement a good understanding between my native and my adopted country. France is dear to me from having passed in it the happy days of my childhood, in having had a brother born on its soil, in having, even during my short existence, lived to see its capital improve in beauty, extent, and civilization; and although, when I visit my native land, I am lost in wonder and admiration at the magnitude of her metropolis, at her wealth, her commerce, bringing luxuries from every quarter of the globe, at the almost incredible rapidity of her internal intercourse, and

the perfection which she has attained in arts and sciences; yet, proud and happy as I feel that I am an Englishwoman, when I return here, it is still with the grateful feeling towards a country in which I have passed happy years and known many kind friends; and I trust the time will never return when the two greatest countries in the world shall relapse into hostilities; after so long a peace, in which ties have been formed by friendship and marriage, England and France armed against each other would present almost the horrors of a civil war."

Fare thee well! ingenious and ingenuous sixteen, and lay up in thy heart the beautiful admonition of Victor Hugo to a little child—" *Devenez grande, et restez sage.* "

From Hood's Magazine.

### THE FORLORN HOPE.\*

Hath Nature's soul,  
That formed this world so beautiful, that spread  
Earth's lap with plenty, and life's smallest chord  
Strung to unchanging union, that gave  
The happy birds their dwelling in the grove,  
That yielded to the wanderers of the deep  
The lovely silence of the unfathomed main,  
And filled the meanest worm that crawls in dust  
With spirit, joy, and love; on Man alone  
Partial in causeless malice, wantonly  
Heaped vice, disease, and slavery?

Nature! no!

SHELLEY.

WHAT need of this gorgeous livery—this title-page blazing with crimson, and azure, and gold—these admirably executed wood cuts scattered profusely in every page—this luxurious typography, with its illuminated initials, its borders, and its vignettes—to increase the attraction of so favorite a name as that of Mrs. S. C. Hall; or enhance the interest of one of the most charming tales that even her fertile and graceful pen has ever produced? What special occasion has induced our ever-welcome friend, generally satisfied with touching our hearts, to allure our eyes also, this time, with unaccustomed enticements—presenting us with a book equally fitted to shine among the brilliant triflers of our drawing-room table, or to take higher degree and graver residence in the collegiate retirement of our library book-shelves? Was it that you thought, Mrs. Hall, we should not sympathize with old John Hardy, the veteran pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, watching with tremulous solicitude his fragile daughter, the only solace of his age, "the bird of his bosom," his "forlorn hope?" Did you doubt that we should follow, with intense interest, the fate of the gentle girl left, by his sudden death, to struggle lonely and friendless with her terrible enemies—Poverty and Consumption; expending in the hardships of service the little strength that, well husbanded, might have resisted the first inroads of disease; and, at last, knocking in despair at the door of the Hospital—and finding it shut against her! shut, because of the very extremity of her need; shut, because

she was past hope; shut, because for her a darker gate, and a narrower house, were open! And when, at last, she dies in the arms of the old Irish widow, who has divided with the daughter of her husband's ancient friend her mean lodging and her scanty crust, was a picture wanting, Mrs. Hall, to enforce the pathos of the faithful creature's passionate lament?—

"To die so, in her prime, her youth, her beauty; to be left to die, because they say there's no cure for it; THEY NEVER TRIED TO CURE HER! No place to shelter her—no one to see her—no proper food, or air, or care—my heart's jewel—who cared for all, when she had it! Still, the Lord is merciful; another week, and I should have had nothing but a drop of cold water to moisten her lips; and no bed for her to lie on. I kept *that* to the last, anyhow; and now it may go; it must go; small loss; what matter what comes of the likes of me, when such as her could have no help! I'll beg from door to door, till I raise enough to lay her by her father's side, in the churchyard of old Chelsea."

Oh! you may take back your story, Mrs. Hall, strip it of its pictures, print it on the veriest tea-paper, and bind it, if you will, in the repulsive semblance of Hamel's Exercises, or the Eton Grammar; it will continue to moisten, when it has ceased to dazzle, our eyes; and, as for pictures, it will daguerreotype its own—on the heart!

But what have we here? "L'envoy"—an epilogue almost as interesting as the play itself—with its description and clever lithograph of the new hospital for consumption at Brompton—unriddling at once the plot and purpose of the book, and the charitable eagerness of its excellent authoress to increase its attractiveness and its chances of circulation by every legitimate embellishment. Published to advocate the claims, and aid the funds, of so humane and useful an institution\*—the first of its kind that has yet been established in London—this tale would have deserved our hearty recommendation, even had it been deficient, as it certainly is not, in literary merit. Indeed, now that the movement against consumption is begun, it will be felt as an astonishing instance of social *inertia*, that a malady whose victims are in this country more numerous than those of all epidemic, endemic, and contagious diseases—including typhus and small-pox—put together, should have hitherto been suffered to ravage the human species, unchecked by any publicly organized system of alleviation or cure. Insidious in its advance, lingering in its progress; now mocking its victims with hectic phantasies of hope—now racking them with tedious pain; this disease reminds one of the stealthy ferocity of the tiger—creeping from an ambush on his prey, and prolonging, for ghastly sport, its dying struggles. And yet it is this very tediousness, the most hideous feature of the malady, that has hitherto closed the heart—or at any

\* The Forlorn Hope: a story of Old Chelsea. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

\* Situate in Smith street, Chelsea, where the book may be had.

rate the purse—of Christian charity against those whom it attacks. Putting duty and humanity for a moment out of question, and quitting the individual for the social point of view, can the wealthy classes fail to perceive that they bring upon themselves, by such preposterous neglect, a direct and demonstrable pecuniary loss? Ten thousand consumptive patients, lingering in ten thousand separate cottages,—absorbing, to a great extent, the time and attention of ten thousand anxious relatives, who would otherwise be productively employed,—receiving from time to time ten thousand distinct medical visits, which involve ten thousand journeys of considerable average distance, and impairing by these and many similar trials the resources, the spirits, and often the health, of ten thousand families;—such sufferers, so scattered, evidently entail on society a pecuniary burden, twenty times greater than would be incurred, if the same number of patients were concentrated in ten hospitals—furnishing them with better food, lodging, air, &c., better nursing, better and more frequent medical advice, and yet occupying in their attendance less than a twentieth of the number of hands now employed. In augmented poor's rates, in diminished demand for articles of commerce, in the proportionately impaired prosperity of the country, the extravagance—yes, the short-sighted *extravagance*—of leaving the sick poor to their fate, tells, at last, upon the purses of the rich. But the same argument—carried beyond the comparatively narrow question in hand—applies, with a wider range, to prove that positive pecuniary loss is incurred whenever the productions of labor are brought so cheap—such *very good bargains*—that illness, the consequence of under payment and under feeding, falls upon the laborer. When the loss of his service, the cost of his illness, and the charge of his family on the parish, are reckoned, the *cheap bargain* turns out to be a *dear* one after all;—dear enough if he is cured in the hospital; dearer still, if he is left to perish in a hovel. Who can tell how often the reluctant contributors to poor's rates and hospitals are but unconsciously completing their payments for those "capital bargains" in needle-work, and the like, which they have chuckled so complacently at buying *under price*? Little dreamed they, that the disease and destitution which each of those hard bargains helped, in its degree, to promote, stood over to a future account, remaining unseen to draw on their purse, and perhaps double, in the long run, the cost of their purchase. Cunning tricksters as we may be, time is more than a match for us all. Pursuing us often with "limping foot," he yet rights all wrongs in the end, and enforces payment of forgotten debts. Well, if his whirligigs bring in no sterner revenges. Well, if the bitter sufferings engendered by commercial oppression be not counted against us, pang for pang, at some early day of reckoning and retribution. Commerce, like war, has its conquests and its spoils—like

war, it may have also its reverses. Hurried on as we are by a Frankenstein of our own creation—the factory-system—from whose grasp neither masters nor men can discover, as yet, any means of escape;—with the frightful gulf between rich and poor widening and deepening as we proceed; the discontent of our underground population\* rumbling like an earthquake beneath our feet;—the incendiary lurking by night in our fields with his terrible weapon, the match;—our old statesmen, professing no bolder principle than "*laissez-faire*;" our rising statesmen proposing (as yet) no deeper doctrine than a vague heroism;—the old landmarks of party overturned; the old political creeds unsettled; and no larger faith established in their stead;—amidst such portentous phenomena as these, who can foretell the chances of the next ten years? The French king and his nobles were dancing at court the night before the bastille was taken. Let us avoid their blindness, if we would escape their fate. Every oppression has its price; every injustice must be paid for in gold, or blood; every disease, every death, with which our "good bargains," or our short-sighted neglect, have to do, will sooner or later swell the torrent of a momentous reaction. Each, in his station, may do something to avert such calamities; the wealthy, in striving to alleviate distress by multiplying throughout the country such institutions as that before us;—the philosopher in painfully elaborating the elements of that triple reform, intellectual, moral, social,—which, manifesting itself in sounder opinions, purer manners, juster institutions, shall effect in due time the harmonious federation of mankind, and the elimination of misery, disease, and vice, in all their loathsome forms;—and the HERO—(for we, too, recognize the need of an *enlightened* heroism)—in daring the perils of leadership in this magnificent movement, with the impassioned energy that overcomes opposition and infects indifference—above all, with the enduring faith to which has been promised the removal of mountains.

Such is the wide range of thought and aspiration suggested by the discussion of this terrible disease, the scourge of the north, with its hitherto unmitigated evils, considered in their relation to the commercial anarchy and social disorganization, which, under the name of "Liberty and Trade" and "Free Competition of Labor," engender seven eighths of the evils which afflict humanity. Hospitals may check the ravages of consumption; charity may alleviate the sufferings of its victims; but for its ultimate extinction we must look to the philosopher and the hero; to the social reorganization which they are commissioned to achieve; and to the control which mankind, by unitary instead of discordant action, may hereafter attain

\* We may mention that, in many districts, 43 per cent. of the miners perish by consumption, in consequence of exposure to sudden changes of temperature when enfeebled by hard living and over-work;—the term of their life is thus abridged, on an average, eleven years below the ordinary standard.



over every form of mundane evil—not excepting even the insalubrity of climate.\* and the abnormal abbreviation of human life.

Large questions, these, to be raised by the appearance of so small a book—or even by the institution of a new hospital: but “*tout est en tout, et l’infinitesime peut rendre l’infiniment grand.*” Indeed, it is as much to be expected as desired that this movement, initiated by a few individuals, may become universal throughout the country;—that what now appears but as “a man’s hand in the North,” may portend “abundance of rain.” In this as in all other great advances, the first impulse, and the sustaining energy, must proceed from the people themselves, and not from their rulers—whose conduct latterly has not been such as to strengthen the public confidence in parliamentary progression.

From Hood’s Magazine.

#### THE PREMIER.

AMIDST the various controversies which have engaged the attention of historical critics, few have been more frequently, and perhaps more fruitlessly discussed, than the question “Whether great men make, or are made by, the age in which they live?” It may be pronounced almost impossible to give any final answer to such an inquiry. To enable us to do so with satisfaction, we should first have an accurate knowledge of the causes which in the first instance determine human character. Besides it is so difficult to assign any comprehensive standard of greatness, for some men are revered by posterity in proportion as they were before their time in intelligence and spirit; and others again are applauded as the efficient expositors and successful vindicators of the ideas of their own age. There is the greatness of the philosopher as well

\* The tendency of civilization is at first to improve climate by the drainage of marshes and moist lands, &c., but subsequently to deteriorate it by the gradual encroachment of the woodcutter on the forests that clothe the heights, which Nature intended to shelter the land from piercing winds, and to secure the valleys from inundations of water. The branches of trees, spreading in the air, divide and retard the rapid currents of wind, which, so broken, sweep the plains and hollows with a moderated force. The trunks and roots of the trees play a similar part with respect to the currents of water which are constantly descending the hills. Retarding their progress with innumerable interlacing fibres, (the dams and breakwaters of nature,) they prevent by this process of filtration the sudden rush of larger bodies of water into the valleys than the rivers can carry off. The inundations that have happened in the south of France, and in many other parts of Europe, within the last few years, have depended in a great measure on the injudicious felling of mountain timber for fire-wood. The inhabitants are not blind to the origin of the evil; and in several departments of France petitions have been signed praying the government to take measures for replanting the denuded heights, and for the prevention of their further *déboisement*. There is little doubt that in time governments will learn to levy constructive instead of destructive armies; and men, instead of cutting each other’s throats, will accomplish, by vast unitary operations, important conquests over Nature. The germs of such a progress, as of every other that is not visionary, exist, and are growing; its development may ultimately render the climate of our island warm and equable; and place consumption (along with the plague and the wolf) in our catalogue of extinct diseases.

as of the statesman—of the prophet who founds moral and religious systems, as well as of the warrior who conquers empires. There is the greatness of the poet who precedes, as well as that of the artist who illustrates civilization. And again, some men are great by force of antagonism and hostility to their times, deriving their moral activity from opposition and resistance; whilst others exhibit their whole force from an intense sympathy with the social system under which they have been reared. For which reasons, it is impossible to assign any one invariable principle as causative of individual greatness.

Nevertheless the spirit of generalization leads some modern and contemporary critics to treat all men of history and literature as mere creatures of the ages in which they were born. Forgetting that variety and individualism are as much parts of human nature as conformity and imitation, those critics (some of them the highest ornaments of our literature) on examining the works or character of a great man, first of all seek to fix, in a few graphic sentences, the prevailing features of a particular time, and then establish a general resemblance between the time (as depicted by themselves) and the works or actions (as the case may be) of the poet or statesman upon whom they may comment. Thus Machiavel and Milton—Burke and Ossian—Dante and Dryden, are all depicted as the products of the respective ages in which they flourished. Is it necessary to examine such instances *seriatim*, in order to demonstrate the unsoundness of such a theory? Where is the fanaticism of the Cromwellian era shown in the productions of the Miltonic muse? or was it from the spirit of the eighteenth century—with its levity, luxury, and want of all earnestness and faith—that Burke imbibed his moral enthusiasm and the deep seriousness of his full-toned mind?

The truth is, that a remark of Burke’s may be not ill applied to those critics, who, in their love of general principles, have been rash enough to account for Shakspeare having been so great a genius, and who have imagined that they have explained satisfactorily why the “sweet swan of Avon” sang so divinely, by assigning the character of the age in which he lived as a main cause of the development of his genius! The “degenerate fondness for trickling short cuts, and little fallacious facilities,” which, according to Burke, has been in all ages a cause of arbitrary power, has also been the source of this widely-spread habit of accounting for every genius, on some neat, sparkling little principle, that is equally portable, plausible, and superficial.

Without going into the question further, the doctrine that master spirits are produced by their times may be pronounced untenable on the evidence supplied by history; and as a matter of speculation, it may be condemned as being totally irreconcilable with the spontaneity and originality that are present in all the manifestations of *first-rate* genius.

But with regard to the *secondary* men, it may, without inconsistency, be admitted that they may be pronounced as being for the most part the mere product of circumstances. And of all kinds of eminent men, none are more influenced by external and accidental causes than statesmen, especially those whose lot is cast in a community governed by popular institutions. They cannot dwell, abstract, isolated, and remote from general sympathy and national prejudice; they must conform,

concede, and compromise. To acquire power directly over others, they must assume the prejudices of those over whom they seek to wield authority. In order to direct the impulses of their party, they must affect to feel its passions, and identify themselves with its aspirations. By constant collision with society, and with large bodies of men, their personal characters gradually become conventional; and, reciprocating the passions of those around them, their own peculiarities gradually wear away under the influence of social intercourse and political attrition.

If ever there was an eminent man, who might be taken as being simultaneously the creature and expositor of the age in which he lived, it is the present premier of England—Sir Robert Peel. It is an age of compromise and common-place—unmarked by high enthusiasm or passion, but, nevertheless, removed far from contempt, by its general spirit of activity, intelligence, and progress—its rational prejudice against all violent change, and its reasonable regard for every improvement which appears to be feasible. It is for the most part, a cool, circumspect, sensible, and plodding age, in which, much that is very useful, and little that is truly glorious is achieved. In conduct moderate, because its hopes are not extravagant; it is in morals utilitarian, because its sympathies are narrow. It is not a grand age—an era in which men's hearts throb with expectations—when their minds vibrate with revolutionary emotion; but neither is it a mean, stupid and apathetic age, in which men grovel in ignorance and apathy—in which they live lives of dejection, terminating in deaths of despair. In religion it gropes, with critical circumspection, for a better creed than has heretofore been extant; but unlike "Young Germany," it does not querulously gasp for a new revelation. On the contrary, it seems satisfied with eclectic views, and requires that its prophets and instructors should be rather distinguished for the soundness of their reasoning, and the general correctness of their sentiments, than for the startling sublimity of their ideas, or the glowing enthusiasm of their characters. In politics, it shrinks from the vast, and advocates the small, as having the recommendation of safety. It wishes to see its way clearly, and recoils instinctively from any uncertain though captivating policy; but when it has once discerned the course to be followed, it acts with promptitude and energy. It is an age of adaptation and compromise, rather than of invention or originality; an age of slow but certain social change, in which correct views are widely diffused, and common-place sentiments are decorously uttered. In short, it is a most respectable, but by no means a glorious age; and, finally, to describe it in a sentence, it is the age of Sir Robert Peel!

Twenty years since what different features were presented in the times, when the public mind heaved with excitement, and a passionate love for movement, vague in its purposes but violent in its manifestation, was the marked characteristic of society. That was an age in England of great expectations, of rooted aversion to the existing state of things, of bold expression and unsettled desire, of alarm on one side, and enthusiasm on the other,—of discursive views, and dangerous projects. It was an age in which a daring ambition had taken possession of the public mind, displaying itself in an energetic movement for the education of the people—and the introduction of

utilitarian reform into all the national institutions, whether ecclesiastical, political, or legal. It was the time in which the middle class had resolved not to rest until it acquired constitutional power and influence commensurate with its increased social importance. It worked by popular education, and by the incessant application to politics of astonishing energies. Its restless discontent—its passion for movement—its vague but grand moral purposes—its fierce energy in assailing existing grievance—its spirit of resistance to prescriptive authority, were most admirably represented in the personal character of the man of that time; for it was the age of *Henry Brougham*!

Indeed, though at first sight no two men seem to present fewer points for making a parallel between their political characters, upon a comprehensive review of their respective careers, the amount of personal influence which Brougham and Peel have exercised upon their contemporaries is suggestive of contrast. In personal character totally dissimilar, their ambition has been similar, springing from a love of power, and a desire of fame. But their way of arriving at their respective objects has been strikingly different, and the force of antithetical contrast between Brougham and Peel is derived from the fact that both having commenced their careers in the senate at nearly the same period, they may each of them be regarded as the historical representative of the period which immediately preceded and followed the Reform Bill. It may be added, that each of them moulded himself upon the general spirit of the times, which he found most congenial with his character, and best suited for the exhibition of his powers.

Nothing can more clearly show the freedom of English institutions than the power which these two men have respectively wielded. They started in life upon terms more nearly equal as to social condition than persons generally consider. For though Peel was heir to vast wealth, yet his family was new; while Brougham's possessed an ancient but not celebrated name, and its representative required the aid of a profession. In 1830, then in his fifty-first year, Brougham became chancellor; and in 1835, then in his forty-seventh year, Peel, for the first time, became premier of England.

And though at first sight the career of Brougham may appear more dazzling, on closer examination it will be found that Peel has achieved as great a destiny. It is worth while to examine the abilities of the premier with critical impartiality.

There are many persons who, upon a superficial examination of Sir Robert Peel, are disposed to speak slightly of his powers, when contrasting him with the Pitts and Foxes of former ages. They censoriously disparage his speeches, and compare them with the grand and massive orations of Fox—so full of political wisdom, of profound and original reasoning, not derived from books, or other sources, but from the native strength of his comprehensive mind. On listening to the calm and equable flow of the premier's eloquence, pursuing a dead level course, they ask whether such oratory can be classed with the grand and stately style of the younger Pitt, or with the awful torrent of Chatham. They ask whether such a style of artificial oratory can vie with the brilliant declamation of Canning—

"By nature gifted with a power and skill  
To charm the heart and subjugate the will."

Or they tauntingly compare him with Brougham and Plunket, and with confident presumption decide upon him as being in the secondary class of the public men of England.

Their decision would be right if prime ministers were to be estimated merely by an academical standard, and if surpassing genius for oratory were the best criterion of the merits of a statesman. It may, without injustice, be admitted that Peel is inferior in eloquence to the great orators that have been named. It would be equally unjust to assert that in political abilities he has been surpassed by any of them with the exception of Chatham.

The distinctive excellence of Sir Robert Peel's political genius consists in the fact, that no other man has exhibited the same wide range of admitted talents, of a genuine as distinguished from a showy character. It is very true that Mr. Fox was a greater orator than Sir Robert Peel, and that he possessed a noble ardor of character, that glowed with passion and enthusiasm: "*Quoique la force d'argumentation fût le caractère distinctif de son éloquence, on sentait tant d'âme au fond de ses raisonnemens, que l'on était ému.*" (Madame de Staël.) But, as a parliamentary leader, Charles Fox was deplorably reckless of consequences: he was too much the sport of his passions, and on several occasions destroyed the party with whose interests he was intrusted. It is just as difficult to imagine Fox creating and then wielding the conservative party for upwards of a dozen years with the consummate political strategy displayed by Sir Robert Peel, as it is to imagine the present premier committing such a mistake as to coalesce with Lord North, in 1783, supposing that destiny had placed him in the Whigs of those times. Again, it is impossible to conceive Sir Robert Peel performing the dazzling part which Pitt played in the senate, when he was twenty-three years of age; but, on the other hand, it is very difficult to believe, that if Sir Robert Peel had been premier from 1791 to 1800, he would have been guilty of the fatal and frantic blunders in finance committed by Mr. Pitt.

It is true that Canning had a more brilliant mind, and that Brougham had more native genius than Sir Robert Peel; but the acquisitions of the premier are of a more substantial and real character than the more attractive qualities of his more popular rivals. Whatever subject Peel has applied himself to, he has almost invariably mastered. There is no charlatanism in his knowledge, which is always genuine. No one can charge him with being a smatterer, or with cramming for a debate. As a constitutional lawyer, his attainments are held in deserved respect, and are sufficiently proved by his admirable speeches on privilege. It is admitted that no one possesses his knowledge of finance, and that he is thoroughly familiar with all the intricacies of the currency question. What general question can come before Parliament on which he will not address himself to the House with an amount of knowledge, and debating talent, beyond the reach of any other member of the House of Commons? In powers of statement and lucid exposition of a perplexed subject, he is not equalled by any of his contemporaries. If he has not Lord Stanley's raciness and energy of style, neither has he any of the colonial secretary's tendency to exhibit undue heat of manner. If he does not take the original views to which the philosophical mind of Lord John Russell impels him, still the premier can more amply illustrate a subject, displaying a

practised familiarity with details as well as principles, and an artful method of arranging his arguments in the very best manner,—added to which superior parliamentary accomplishments, he exhibits all those *agréments* of a public speaker in which, from physical causes, Lord John Russell is notoriously deficient. If he has not Lord Palmerston's jaunty liveliness of style, neither has the premier any of the noble viscount's levity of manner, or tendency to pomposity, which so often and very unjustly gives the late secretary for foreign affairs all the appearance of a Forcible Feeble.

In fact, one might go through the whole list of public men, and show that, while Peel wants some particular quality by which each of them are respectively distinguished, still that the premier surpasses every one of them in the wide range of his political acquirements, and in the singular variety of his statesmanlike abilities. More conspicuously than any of his predecessors, Sir Robert Peel exhibits that rare conjunction between the official qualities of a minister, and the accomplishments of a parliamentary speaker, which one looks for in a prime minister of England. It would be difficult to name any other man, who has been at the same time so artful in tactics, and so accomplished in knowledge—so sagacious in council, and so skilful in debate.

His political life naturally divides itself into three parts.

In the first part, from 1809 to 1822, when he became home secretary, he exhibited all the popular talents upon which he sought to acquire political distinction. He vigorously displayed that degree of natural and acquired ability which gave him a presumptive claim to the post of one of the great party leaders of the state.

In the second, from his acceptance of the seals of the home department, to the period of his resignation of office in 1830, he carefully cultivated those high official qualities, which gain for their possessor the confidence of his sovereign, and procure for him a moral authority in the councils of the empire.

In the third period, from the passing of the Reform Bill to the present time, he played before Europe that part in politics, which gives him a lasting place in history. It was in this portion of his career that the premier manifested his greatest ability, and signally exhibited those qualities which constitute the greatness of a statesman.

He may be said to have then created the conservative party—to have originated the idea on which it rests—and, proceeding from speculation to practice, to have made its principles widely prevalent throughout the English community. And even if conservatism should pass away, the influence which it exerted would not cease; and the recollection of its expounder would not terminate with his political fall—any more than the fame of Grattan's conduct in 1782 has perished with an Irish Parliament—or the consequences of Fox's unsuccessful opposition to the French war have ceased to operate by way of historical example.

In discerning the exact effect which the Reform Bill produced on English society, and in conforming exactly to the genius of the time, he showed statesmanlike penetration, and more capacity for affairs, than any of his contemporaries in either house of Parliament. Unlike Lord Lyndhurst, or Mr. John Wilson Croker, the premier did not despair of the fortunes of his party. He felt calmly assured that the reaction against change

amongst the middle class would cause a prejudice against the Whigs; while the desire for further innovation would render them unpopular with the restless and dissatisfied portion of the community. The years 1833, 1834, and 1835, form the most brilliant portion of the prime minister's personal career.

All men of all parties are disposed to accord to Sir Robert Peel the praise here allotted to him.

But how does it happen that such a man should not be an object of enthusiasm and confidence? How comes it that the exhibition of his great powers produces no other sentiment in the community than that of a cold and mere critical approval, which never warms into admiration, or glows with enthusiasm? There is Conservatism, but verily there is no Peelism, in the country. In former times, men enthusiastically proclaimed themselves as Pittites and Foxites; but it would be rare or impossible to find the enthusiast who, with the fervor of unaffected feeling, would publicly proclaim himself a Peelite!

The prejudice which is rising against Sir Robert Peel is a movement against the spirit of the times, and is a strong symptom of the character of the approaching age. It is beginning to be felt that our age is over mechanical, and that the physical principle is allowed to predominate over the moral. There is a growing tendency not to be satisfied with the perception of the mere external causes that regulate society; the age is beginning to demand from its representatives and guides that they should exhibit a sympathy with the inner life of human nature. A modern author has said that man has two lives—the inner and outer; and it can be scarcely denied that whatever is palpable, mechanical, and external, has been almost exclusively developed in this age. And if such still continued to be the character of the age, Sir Robert Peel would remain, for years to come, the foremost man of the time. For he has been almost entirely formed out of the external and conventional. He never betrays any symptom of possessing an inner life—his human nature is that of the merest public man—of an individual whose character is wholly moulded by external circumstances. He is a Benthamite Tory defending proscription upon the ground of utility—the leading statesman of a mechanical era—administering the affairs of the British Empire according to the spirit of the dominant middle class.

And it is thus that the moral inferiority of the premier becomes manifest. Examined on the score of rare talents he may dispute the palm of political excellence with most of his predecessors; but he is radically defective in that potent quality which gained for the Chathams, the Foxes, the Grattans, the Cannings, not merely the support of political partizans, but the enthusiastic affection of devoted friends. The British public have often approved of the course, and admired the talents, of Sir Robert Peel, but they have never loved his character, or sympathized with his personal ambition. They have given him a respectful and discriminating—but never an ardent support. He stands out in parliamentary annals as the able statesman, who led a party without possessing its sympathy, and governed the nation without obtaining the affection of one faction or the abhorrence of the other.

And so will he stand in history. He will be remembered as a man of preëminent parliamentary talents, unrivalled in shaping events by the calcu-

lated agency of political combinations. He will be recollected as a progressive Tory—as a man who won power for himself and his party by his happy conformity to the spirit of the times. His career will be viewed without sympathy or emotion, for the absence of ethical purpose will destroy the feeling of admiration which his abilities invite, and his coldness of character will stifle all sentiments of affectionate regard.

The reader will observe that we have, throughout the whole of the foregoing remarks, confined ourselves almost exclusively to the historical point of view; refraining from any speculation on the politics of the day, the chances of the present parliamentary campaign, or the immediate dangers which are supposed to be thickening around the dominant party, and its leader. Thus much, however, we may venture to say in general terms, that the stability of *any* party however strong,—of *any* leader however able,—cannot fail to be seriously compromised by braving too often or too lightly, the popular odium which (justly or unjustly) attaches to rescinded votes, and, above all, to *individual recantation*. The public common sense cannot but revolt against the spectacle of party-followers who within the brief space of three days, vote on opposite sides of the same question,—

“Finding, with nice discriminative sight,  
Black's not so black, nor white so *very* white.”

From Hood's Magazine.

#### THE DIARY OF THE LADY WILLOUGHBY.

1635—1648.\*

WHEN we saw the first announcement of this work, we were prepared to expect another welcome contribution toward the history of a period unexampled in interest—that of the parliamentary war; and we began to hope that in these days of general “record commissions” some personal narrative or memoir of those eventful times had, perhaps, been discovered in some forgotten *escrutoire*, or hitherto unransacked cabinet, as authentic, and as valuable, even if not so graphic, as Lucy Hutchinson's delightful memoirs. The Diary of the Lady Willoughby, however, is not authentic. Although the masquerade is admirably kept up, and although both printer and bookbinder have aided to the utmost, and the thick-ribbed paper, and the lined pages, and the large wood cut of the Willoughby arms, even the gold paper sprinkled over with pale yellow flowers, of the binding, (how it reminded us of the century-old books for good little girls and boys, which our grandmamma used to let us peep at, when we were *very* good,—that is, *very* quiet.)—even all these cannot disguise from the reader, accustomed to works of the seventeenth century, that the book is of modern origin—not only “imprinted,” as the title-page quaintly sets forth, “by Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, Paternoster Row, over against Warwick Lane, 1844,” but is the work of some living writer.

\*“So much of the Diary of Lady Willoughby, as relates to her Domestic History, and to the Eventful Period of the Reign of Charles the First.”—Longmans.

Still, no one who turns over its pages can feel disappointment, any more than he might feel who, when reading the poems of the good priest Rowley, should be told that the strongly-locked chest in St. Mary Redcliffe's was a mere fiction, and that a gifted youth of eighteen was the real author; or than he who, after following the "Auncient Marinere" through his wondrous narrative, should be told that it was written by "that old man eloquent" who departed from among us but as yesterday, instead of being the genuine remains of some veritable minstrel of the olden time.

It is as a work of fiction that we shall treat the Diary of the Lady Willoughby—a work of fiction of great interest and of great beauty—exhibiting a heroine neither faultlessly excellent, nor of super-human loveliness, painting no scenes of "intensely thrilling interest," as puffing advertisements say, still less scenes of wild and extravagant passion, or of dark crime and fearful retribution, but detailing the home scenes of a noble and gentle lady's life, intermixed with passing notices of public affairs, and sadly sweet reflections on the mutability of all things.

The work opens with a pretty morning scene, in which the Lady Willoughby, "for the first time since the birth of my little sonne, opened the casement, and looked forth upon the park." Then follow details of the preparations for the christening, the expected arrival of her mother, and a slight lover's quarrel, soon made up, when the diary proceeds:

"Mett my Husband in the Corridor with Lord Brooke, and well nigh lost my Selfe-command when he gave a kindly pressure of my Hand as he led me down stairs. This Evening how different does all appeare; and though this and some other late Experiences occasion me to perceive that Life is not so calm a Sea as it once did seem in my ignorance of humane Nature; slight Breezes may ruffle it, and unseene Rocks may give a Shock to the little Shipp: haply the Mariner will learn to steer his course, and not feare Shipwreck from every accident."

The arrival of her mother is shortly after followed by the departure of Lord Willoughby.

"My deare Lord set forth at a little past six, with only one Serving-man, who had a led Horse and one to carry the baggage. After they had rode some way, they stopp'd, and my Lord dismounted, and taking a short cut thro' the Park, came up to the Window where I had remain'd to watch his Departure: he bade me call the Steward, gave him some directions; then telling me to keep up a good heart, took another tender Leave, and followed by Armstrong, returned to the spot where were the Horses; and he mounting the led Horse, they were soon out of sight. Old Britton seemed to understand he was not to follow his Master, and came and reared himself up to the Window, resting his Fore-paws on the stone; I patted his broad Head, and questioned not that he felt as I did, that his best Friend was gone: tooke a few turns with him on the Terrace; the Mist cleared off the distant Woods and Fields, and I

plainly discern'd the Towers of Framlingham Castle, and could heare the pleasant sound of the Scythe cutting through the thick Grass in the fields nearest, and the Cuckoo, as she fled slowly from hedge to hedge."

Domestic cares now engage her attention. "Busy in the Still-room this forenoon; put the dried rose-leaves in paper bags. Alice was picking the rosemary."

"Bade Alice take heed there should be a good store of Chamomile-flowers and Poppy-heads, and of Mint water; our poore Neighbours look to us for such; gave her my Mother's recipe for Hungary Water and the Conserve of Hips.

"John took the Yarn to the Weaver's, and brought back Flax, Spices, and Sugar. The Stage Waggon had not arrived when he left Ipswich, and there was no package from London. My Lord was to send Hangings for the large Drawing Room; but it matters not."

Meanwhile, "baby grows finely," and has also cut a tooth; shortly afterwards we find,

"June 6, Monday. Baby walked a few steppes alone, and did seem greatly pleased thereat, as were his Parents.

"These Lines repeated by one at supper-time, who hath met with divers Mischances in his life:

*The Fortunate have whole Yeares,*

*And those they chose;*

*But the Unfortunate have onely Dayes,*

*And those they lose.*

"At Dinner near twenty People; some remain till next week; young Harry Vane, the Lord Brooke, and others. My Husband brought me a Muff, and a Fan of Ostrich-feathers, and Sir Philip Sydneys Arcadia: the latter most suited to my taste; it is said the King dothe hold this Worke in high esteeme."

Alas! the entry soon after in the Diary is—"Baby ill, and feverish;" then, "my poor child worse;" and then,—

"No better to-day: I dare not think: Strength and Spirit needed to the utmost; for he likes no one so well to nurse him, and hath ever a sweet Smile when I come againe after a short absence. Oh God, spare him to me: give me not this bitter cup.

"Weeks have pass'd and I am childless: yett doe I seeme as one not awaken'd from a frightfull dreame. My Child, my Child.

"The Fever hath left me weak: I dare not looke back, and there is nothing now left me to looke forward to."

"Returned through the Park: never saw the Chestnuts and Beeches more beautiful in their autumn tints, the fallen Leaves crushed pleasantly beneath my Feet, the Sun was setting before I was aware, and the Aire grew suddenly chill. Taking the nearest way, I entered the house by a side-door, and there beneath the old Mulberry saw the little Cart and Whip as they had beene left by my poore Child the last day he was out, when he looked so tired, and I carried him in. I stooped and took up the Whip, and hiding it beneath my cloke, went straight up stairs: no Hand had touched it since his: the teares I wept over it did me good: it seemed my innocent right to weep over this Token of my lost one."

Comfort at length revisits the sorrowing young mother, and she now bends over the cradle of a second child, her daughter Diana. Still "a weight is on my spirit that no effort or time has yet shaken off: will it ever be thus? Young as I am, is Hope so blighted that it will never more unfold its fair blossoms!" Rumors of the coming conflict however arise, and

"July 19, *Wednesday*. Late in the day Mr. *Gage* rode up; he tells us Mr. *John Hampden* hath refused the late Demand for Ship-money: Discontent encreasing every where. The proceedings of the *Starre Chamber* against *Prynne* and others have roused the whole country, even many who before tooke not part with the Malcontents doe now expresse their Abhorrence of this Tyranny. My *Husband* will go to *London* straight-way.

"With a heavy heart saw my deare Lord depart this forenoon: *Armstrong* accompanying him as far as *Ipswich*: Struggled against desponding Thoughts and pass'd some time in the *Nursery*, to give my selfe Occupation of Mind as well as Hands. After a Walk on the *Terrace*, went to *Alice's* Room: she had long bene ailing: sate some while with her to cheer her, as I knew she would take to heart this voyage to *London*, which Place, in her eyes, doth abound with all manner of Wickednesse and Danger."

The entries in the Diary now become less frequent: we find two other daughters have been added to the family, but

"These are fearfull times, let mee be encreasingly vigilant; and whatsoever happeneth be faithful to the Duties of my present Station, Wife and Mother; and a large Household, the Charge whereof is much left to mee: sufficient Care for one of but little Experience, and with Health not so good as might be wished.

"Read in *Isaiah* chapter 26, these Words of Comfort: *Thou keepest Him in perfect Peace whose Mind is stayed upon Thee, because he trusteth in Thee*: May I attaine unto this trust, need have I of better Strength than my own at this Time when my dearest *Life* may be in circumstances of Danger: at a Time like this, who is safe? the *King* ever playing false with the *Commons*, and disregarding their Privileges, & the *House* now sitting in Judgement on his favored Servant; yet whatsoever Danger may threaten, I would not that my *Husband* should desert his Poste; rather let mee rejoyce that he standeth up in his place to defend the People's Rights."

A beautiful account of her mother's last days follows.

"I remember as clearly as if 'twas no longer ago than yesterday, the Day whereon my *Mother* arrived, which did afterwards prove to be the last time it was ever my Happinesse to welcome her under our Roof. The Afternoon was calm and beautiful, and the Sunne low in the West caused the Shadows to fall at length across the Grasse, the Honeysuckle over the Doorway was covered with its pale luscious Flowers, which hung down until some of the trailing Branches lost themselves in the old Sweet-brier Bush, and the White Rose, my *Mother's* favourite Tree, was arrayed in its faire Blossoms. As we stood looking at these,

she did presently arrive. Methought she stepped feebly from her Coach; and when I gave her such aid as I could, she sayd with a mournful yet sweet smile, I need a stronger Arme now than thine, my *Daughter*: one equally kind, I do fully believe, she added as she leaned on my *Husband's*. Saddest Thoughts took hold of me, yet did I use my best endeavour to conceal the Feare that struck suddenly on my Heart, that her Tarryance here would not be for long. She looked better when seated in her accustomed Chaire: and her pale Cheek had a delicate colour, which gave me a Hope that her Weaknesse was not so great as at first did appeare, and that the Difficulty in Walking might be from her having sate so long in the Coach, causing a degree of Stiffnesse."

Meanwhile her strength decays, but

"One fore-noon I did prevaile with her to let them carry her a considerable distance from the House, to a sheltered sunny Spot, whereunto we did oft resort formerly to hear the Wood-pigeons which frequented the Firre Trees hereabout. We seated ourselves, and did passe an houre or two very pleasantly: she remarked how mercifully it was ordered, that these Pleasures should remaine to the last Days of Life; that when the Infirmities of Age make the Company of others burthensome to us, and ourselves a burthen to them, the quiet Contemplation of the Workes of *God* affords a simple Pleasure which needeth not aught else than a contented Minde to enjoy: the Singing of Birds, even a single Flower, or a pretty Spot like this, with its bank of Primroses and the Brooke running in there below, and this warm Sun-shine, how pleasant are they. They take back the Thoughts to our Youth, which Age doth love to look back upon. She then related to me many Passages of her early Life, wherein was observable the same Love of natural Beauty that doth now minister in so large a measure to her Enjoyment.

"She asked me if I would repeate the 90th and 91st *Psalmes*, which I did for the most part; she repeated after me the words, *Yet is their Strength Labour and Sorrow*. Three score and ten Yeares I have not seene: and this lengthened Span of Life may not be ordained for me, yet in the latter Days of my Pilgrimage thus farre towards the Grave, the *Lord* hath layed upon me no Burthen which his Love hath not made light and easy to be borne; Sight and Hearing remaine, and the Use of my Limbs so farre as an old woman needeth. Surely Goodnesse and Mercy have followed me all the Days of my Life, and will, I doubt not, to the close; and my evening Sun will, I humbly hope, be permitted to set in brightness. She took a Rose-bud which I had gathered, and sayd, This Bud will never open; but some there are which will unfold in Heaven. She looked earnestly in my Face: I perceived her meaning, My precious *Child*, mine that is in Heaven, I sayd, and could not refraine from Teares. Calm thyselfe, my *Daughter*: I shall soone meet him, if I am founde worthy to be where his pure Spirit is: let me feel as a Link between thy Soul and his. Oh that I may one day meet there all my deare Children: many have been my Bereavements, but Mercy, tender Mercy, was in all my Afflictions.

"One Night, it was the *Sabbath*, she called us both to her Bed-side, expressed her Happinesse in beholding us so united in the bonds of Affection and Friendship: in a most touching manner addressed my *Husband*, commended me as her chief

earthly Treasure to his continued tender Care and Love, and then, the Teares running down her Face, thanked him for the Kindnesse and Gentlenesse he had always shown to her beloved *Daughter*: she pressed our two Hands together, rayssed herselfe up, and in a low tremulous Tone, slowly uttered as nearly as I can remember them, these Words:

"Allmighty Father, behold these my Children: blesse them in each other and in their Children; keepe them in the Path of Righteousnesse: protect them in Danger, comfort them in Affliction, and when they come to passe through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, let their Spirit faint not, neither be afraid: but let them lay hold on the Promises of Eternal Life, through Faith in Christ Jesus our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

"She sunk back exhausted, and revived not againe to hold much Intercourse with us.

"About five of the clock in the morning she opened her eyes: the early Sunne shon in at the Casement, which was at the farthest side from the Bed: she appeared conscious of the Day-light, and we could partly distinguish the Words, *Heaven, no Sun, the Glory of God, the light thereof*. She look'd on all that were neare unto her, and we thought she said, *Deare Children*. I stoop'd to kisse her: with a last Effort she returned my Embrace; and as I gently layd her Head on the Pillow, her pure Spirit left its earthly Mansion."

We need not apologize for the length of this extract; for its truthfulness and beauty must come home to every reader. Lord Willoughby is still absent, but

"At five of the clock my Cousins *Anne* and *Margaret* arrived: seem warm-hearted young Women, *Anne* grown into more Comeliness than she appeared likely to do two yeares since; *Margaret* lovely as a bright Morning in May, the calme Truthfulness of her Countenance brings to mind *Spenser's* Verses to the Memorie of his beloved Friend,

*A sweet attractive kind of Grace,  
A full Assurance given by Lookes,  
Continuall Comfort in a Face  
The Lineaments of Gospell Bookes."*

At length Lord Willoughby returns, though only on his way to the North.

"Late in the Afternoone my Lord arrived, travaille-soiled, having ridden so farre out of his way to the North: he with some others are appointed to present to the King, now at *Yorke*, a Declaration from *Parliament*. He had but a few Houres to stay: so much to be sayd in short Time, we scarce knew where to begin: he inclined to dismisse for a while all Public Affaires. I caused a good fire to be made in our favourite Parlour. *Armstrong* relieved his Master of parts of his Riding-dresse, & took Orders respecting fresh Horses, baggage, &c. the while I hasten'd up to the *Nurserie* & brought down the three *Girls*. *Fan* took her old place on her Father's Knee, *Di* on a Stool at his Feet, & I nursed and coaxed *Baby* into not being alarmed at a Stranger, so little has she seene of him, that at first she did refuse to leave my Arms for his: very great was our Satisfaction and Delight: he looked wearied, and well he might, but sayd the sight of so many deare Faces was the onely Happinesse he had had

since he last saw us, and did more to rest him than could aught else: the Dogs too shared his Notice: and the *Children* prattled so that we could hardly get in a word to each other. One by one they were sent off to Bed, and we had a short space of Quiet to ourselves.

"The Take-leave time came at last, *And now, deare Heart*, he said to his trembling *Wife*, with much adoe I kept a tolerable Composure, have no Misgivings of thyselfe: I have ever found thee of quick Wit in Difficulties, and manifesting a quiet Courage and Endurance, at which I have marvelled: and if need should be, I will find Meanes for your better Protection. Well was it now that the Horses were readie, and he looked not around, after his parting Embrace, to see mee drown'd in Teares. He set forth well armed. Two Men the same, and another with a led Horse and Baggage.

"Went to my lonely Roome at Night: the Casement shook with the Winde, and presently the Raine came downe heavily: for a time I was overpowr'd with the Grief of losing him, and thinking of him riding all night in Weather so tempestuous, the while I sat by a brightly burning Fire, in a comfortable warm Roome. Yet would I gladly share his Hardships, and be at his Side through all. Roused myself at last, and prepared for Rest, praying for Strength that my selfish Love may never bee a Hindrance to my beloved *Husband* in the way of his Duty, but rather that I may give all the Aide that a poore weake Creature may, to one so farre above her in all true Noblesse. As I beheld the little Face sleeping beside mee, thought what should betide if wee were driven from our Home: how should wee find Shelter for this tender Flower, and the other deare ones."

Lord Willoughby arrives safely at Nottingham. He "had some knowledge of Mr. Hutchinson, a steadfast friend on the side of liberty, and justice." Would that the Diarist had introduced delightful Lucy Hutchinson also to us. Indeed, had some of the great leaders of the parliament been introduced to us, as they acted and spoke, these portions of the diary which relate to public affairs would have had an equal interest with those parts that detail domestic occurrences. As it is, the notices of passing events are little more than quotations from Rushworth, Lucy Hutchinson, and other contemporary writers; and we willingly pass them over, to meet with passages like the following:

"The Season of *Christmasse* hath pass'd gloomily. At a time when Families are divided by civill Differences and many gathered round a darkened and desolate Hearth, there is not much disposition to Mirthfulness. The new Yeare hath arisen upon a distressed Land: the Dayes and the Weekes thereof are yet in the Hand of the *Almightie*: and who shall live or who shall die we know not. Apart from the publicke Distractions and Unhappinesse, precious Blessings and abundant Mercies fill our House with rejoicing and thanksgiving: not onely Life but Limbs spared to him who had to go forth into Battle and danger, and *Nurserie* prospering. Methought as yesterday I sate by a bright Fire-side, my three little *Daughters* playing round mee, the deare Father,

though absent, in health and present safetie, few were so blest, suddenly their Play ceased, & *Di* and *Fanny* were no where to be seene, *Bess* on my Knee: when hidden in the deep Bay Window, they sung to my eare very sweetly the Carols they had learned from the Neighbours Children; they staid up to Supper, and kept up a fine Prattle.

"Walked downe to *Wingfields*: the poore Mother is in a pitiable state, her Son's lingering Death has worne her away, & she doth long to lay her head beside him in the Grave. Strove to comfort her, but belevee she took more in seeing mee share her Sorrow than in any Words I could say. Went on to see the Soldier who had his arme broken, beside other injuries; he was greatly better and able to walke a little: he sate cleaning his Carbine and Sword, and the Teares ran downe his Wife's pale Cheeke as he talked of againe joining the Army, so soone as he could beare the Fatigue: poore Creature."

Then the "great fear, and amazement in the country round at the sight of three suns in the firmament, and a rainbowe with the bend towards the earth," is noted, with a kind of half belief in the portent, most characteristic of the puritan lady, whose dread of superstition cannot yet entirely overcome the belief of her childhood in omens. "Many did thinke it portended Evile," she says, "but that which did most affect my mind was beholding the Bow that had been set in the Cloude as a token of the everlasting Covenant, now appearing as it were overthrown. No wonder that we soon after read of dissensions that arise in our own party, and alterations in the army."

Short notices of the executions of Sir John Hotham and Archbishop Laud follow, intermixed with remarks on domestic affairs and laments over the still unsettled state of the country. Then the children sicken with the measles, from which they slowly recover.

"The day so milde the Children went out, & did greatly enjoy the fresh aire, and rambling about the Fields: seated on the Bank by the Pond, they wove Caps and Baskets of Rushes. *Fanny's* dainty Hands and slim Fingers looking barely strong enough for the worke: whilst we were all at worke, we saw Dr. *Sampson* coming across the Field: whereupon I left them, to hear what newes he might bring. At their tender age, I like not their hearing of Fighting and Crueltie more than can be helped. I have heard little of publick Affaires since the Battle at *Naseby*, whereat our Army was victorious, & Colonel *Cromwell's* part much noised abroad. Dr. *Sampson* says the King's Cause hath suffered more by the Letters found in his Cabinet, the same being now made publick, than by his Defeate: many of his Friends greatly grieved thereby: his Double-dealing and Arrogance herein proved, during his Treaty with the *Parliament*."

Public troubles multiply; "and woe is me, the Husband whom I love and honour, so mixed up with them, that he must abide by their acts, and share in them."

"Late to-night my dearest Life rode hastily up: he was safe for the present moment, & my first

Feeling was of unmix'd Thankfulness to Him who permitted us to meete once more. After he had rested awhile, he entered into some Relation of the late Events in the House. He and many others have believed that the Powers of the Army endangered the libertie of the Countrey."

"For a time the consideration of our private Affaires was set aside, in the momentous concerns of this distracted Kingdome. Who will arise with a strong minde and pure Heart, to bring these struggles for Freedome, and these conflicting Opinions to a happy issue?"

"My Husband leant downe his Head on the table, & hid his Face on his arme, and so remained overwhelmed by the prospect of Misery before us. I ventured not to speake: it is an awful thing to behold the Spirit of a strong Man shaken, and to hear Sobbes burst forth from his overburthened Heart. At length such violent Shivering seized him that I summoned *Armstrong*. We endeavoured to persuade him to drinke a little Wine, he tooke some, but begged for Water, his Mouth was so parch'd: after some time he went to bed, and desired that *Armstrong* might sit up by him during the first part of the night: his owne Man, having had poore rest of late, he feared to affright mee by his uneasie sleepe. I layd mee downe in the Nurserie, rising oft to see if he slept: toward 3 of the clock he was more quiet: and at 4 I sent *Armstrong* to bed, and tooke his place by my poore Husband. I look'd on his altered Countenance, sunk and pale, the faire Brow wrinkled, and his long black Haire now gray and disorder'd: a slight quivering of his lippes and unequall Breathing betoken'd still uneasy rest: my Eyes grew blinded with Teares, and I bent downe and hid my Face on the Pillow beside his. And here to my surprise found I had dropt asleepe: he seeming likely to remaine quiet, I arose softly and stepp'd into my Closet, & there alone, endeavoured to compose my Thoughts."

Lord Willoughby, now opposing the power of the Commons, is impeached, and committed to the Tower.

"Wente downe in a coach to the Parliament-house, and sate therein the while *Henry Willoughby* did try to learne some Newes. After waiting more than an houre, the Lord *Say* came out and inform'd mee a Message had been sent to them by the Commons that morning praying for further Time to be allowed for bringing up the Impeachment of the seven Lords, which was granted. Hereupon I went backe to the Tower to tell my Husband of this further Delay: and it was agreed betweene us that it were well I should returne to *Parham* forthwith: and as *Mistresse Gage* did purpose to sett forth early in the forenoon, tomorrow, and would goe by *Hengrave*, and had offered to carry mee with her in her coach, it seemed too favourable an opportunitie to be miss'd, although it would make my Departure sudden. Left the Tower before 8, the Snow lying thick upon the Street, and with sorrowfull Heart made Preparation for setting forth home-wards. My deare Husband maketh light of his situation, and strives to cheere mee, and persuade mee to take Hope in the Exertions now making by a few faithfull Friends of Influence in the House. who promise they will doe him what Service they can to pacifie his Adversaries, who are more sharply bent against him. The chearfull and composed De-



meanour he did maintaine served for a time to lighten my Forebodings, and the moment of Parting came on a sudden, and I followed the Guard down the Staires and under the Arch-way as in a Dreame: the Doore closed after me: had I in truth left him, my dearest Life, in that dark Prison-house there alone to await his Sentence? I knowe not how I reach'd my Lodging, some kind Friende put mee into a coach and supported mee to my chamber.

"The night was cold, and my condition forlorne and comfortlesse, but I laid me downe on the bed in as much quietnesse of spirit as I well could, feeling that rest was needed to encounter the morrow's Journey from this weary Citie to returne to my poore Children. Reflection on the Encouragement given by divers kind and powerfull Friends was very helpfull, and I slept. The time of our Departure the next day was appoynted at an early houre."

A few short notices now follow, from which we find that exertions are made to convey Lord Willoughby to Holland; and the Diary concludes with the welcome entry, "My dear life, thanks be unto God, is safe in Holland," and with the following most characteristic fragment of a letter:

"Deare Heart,

"After a toylsome Passage we landed at *Dunkirk*: methought the Voyage did too nearly picture my troubled and uncertaine Life. I am well in Health: the Packet came safe to hand, and I was right glad of the Pastie and Wheaten-loaf, after having spent the night on deck, the Victuals on board being ill to eat. The Doublet worked by my sweete Wife did greatly add to my Comfort, as did divers other Matters lovingly remembered by her for my use. Heretofore, though often separated, yet was I in the same Countrie that did containe my little Ones and her who is my Soule's Joy and Consolation, the truest Friend and Counsellor that ever man had: now each wave carry'd me onward to a strange Land, and never did Absence appear so unsupportable. Kisse our deare Children for me. Bid *Armstrong* be careful to omit nought that I left in his Charge; he would doe well to see *Wingfield* concerning the gray Horse, which should be cared for: my Brother can ride *Berwick*."

We have indeed been copious in our extracts, but this we are sure the reader will gladly pardon. In a day when works of fiction are so characterized by exaggeration, when

"Who seasons the highest is surest to please,"

it is refreshing to meet with a book exhibiting so much simplicity and truthfulness, so much unaffected, but deep feeling, and so beautiful a sense of those daily pleasures and duties, which, because they lie in our pathway, are too apt to be overlooked. It is indeed refreshing to turn from the mawkishly sentimental heroines of many modern novels, to contemplate a character so natural and so excellent, as that of the sweet Lady Willoughby.

Wafers with the motto "Not to be *Grahamed*" have been manufactured, intended as an additional injunction against breaking the seal.

## NAPOLEON AT PLAY.

*Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon, during the First Three Years of his Captivity in the Island of St. Helena.* By Mrs. ABELL. Murray.

THIS book could be moralized "into a thousand heedful similes," were we so disposed. After having kept Europe in a storm—after every step of his career had been fought anew by orators, journalists, and historians—when forgotten in his own France (for to what else did the return of "*les cendres*" amount, save a bad pageant!)—a sad and suffering woman, whose childish audacity amused his captivity, now gathers her recollections to relieve herself from her difficulties. The mouse tells of its gambols round the chained lion! How far the world may be disposed to listen to the tale of trifles, is dubious; to ourselves, it is in every point of view, curious, valuable, and touching.

The maiden name of our authoress, Miss Elizabeth Balcombe, has already figured in so many of the St. Helena memoirs, that it is needless to introduce her to the reader: the less so, as a part, if not more, of her "*Recollections*" has already appeared in the magazines. "*The Briars*," where Napoleon found her family settled, seems to have been the Arcadia of the island: a pretty house, situated in a beautiful valley, and surrounded by a garden, so rich and teeming, that its produce (if we are not to make allowance for some mistake in figures,) "which the family could not consume, brought annually from 500*l.* to 600*l.*" It was in October, 1815, that the tranquillity of this happy valley was broken by the cannon announcing the arrival of Napoleon: and the child, who like other English children of 1815, had doubtless been trained to consider him as something more wickedly monstrous than ever was Ogre in faëry tale, was thoroughly frightened at the thoughts of sleeping in the same corner of the world with a being so redoubtable. The evening after the emperor's disembarkation, these fixed terrors were doomed to receive a shock:—

"At four o'clock in the evening, the same horsemen whom we had seen in the morning, again appeared on their return from Longwood. As soon as they reached the head of the narrow pass which led down to the Briars, they halted, and after apparently a short deliberation, with terror I saw them begin to descend the mountain and approach our cottage. I recollect feeling so dreadfully frightened, that I wished to run and hide myself until they were gone; but mamma desired me to stay, and to remember and speak French as well as I could. \* \* The party arrived at the gate, and there being no carriage-road, they all dismounted, excepting the emperor, who was now fully visible. He now retained his seat and rode up the avenue, his horse's feet cutting up the turf on our pretty lawn. Sir George Cockburn walked on one side of his horse, and General Bertrand on the other. How vividly I recollect my feelings of dread mingled with admiration, as I now first looked upon him whom I had learned to fear so much. His appearance on horseback was noble and imposing. The animal he rode was a superb one; his color jet black; and as he proudly stepped up the avenue, arching his neck and championing his bit, I thought he looked worthy to be the bearer of him who was once the ruler of nearly the whole European world. Napoleon's position on horseback, by adding height to his figure, supplied all that was wanting to make me think him the

most majestic person I had ever seen. His dress was green, and covered with orders, and his saddle and housings were of crimson velvet richly embroidered with gold. He alighted at our house, and we all moved to the entrance to receive him. Sir George Cockburn introduced us to him. On a nearer approach Napoleon, contrasting, as his shorter figure did, with the noble height and aristocratic bearing of Sir George Cockburn, lost something of the dignity which had so much struck me on first seeing him. He was deadly pale; and I thought his features, though cold and immovable, and somewhat stern, were exceedingly beautiful. He seated himself on one of our cottage chairs, and after scanning our little apartment with his eagle glance, he complimented mamma on the pretty situation of the Briars. \* \* The portraits of him give a good general idea of his features; but his smile, and the expression of his eye, could not be transmitted to canvas, and these constituted Napoleon's chief charm. His hair was dark brown, and as fine and silky as a child's; rather too much so indeed for a man, as its very softness caused it to look thin. His teeth were even, but rather dark, and I afterwards found that this arose from his constant habit of eating liquorice, of which he always kept a supply in his waistcoat pocket. The emperor appeared much pleased with the Briars, and expressed a wish to remain there.

No sooner said than done. Down sat "the modern earth's Prometheus," and, what was more awful, prepared to make acquaintance with the family, by the approved mode among royalties, from the days of Solomon and Hiram down to those of Solomon and the apple-dumpling, namely, by asking questions. He made Miss Balcombe tell him who burnt Moscow, and sing him "Ye banks and braes;" in return for which he volunteered "Vive Henri Quatre." But whatever music Spontini, his chosen man, might have drummed into his soul, there was none in his voice; even the most devoted of generals or marshals could not have told what tune it was the august lips were humming.

In a few days, if not in a shorter period, familiarity had done its usual work; and the Balcombes were as much "at home with Napoleon" (how strangely this reads!) as he at "the Briars!" Miss Elizabeth became his special favorite; the playfully teasing humor which so eminently marked his character, and probably was not the least attractive ingredient in the personal fascination he exercised, found ample occupation in the girl's audacious high spirits, and love of mischief. They became Baudelore and Shuttlecock:—livelier, and in better harmony with each other, in proportion as blows were hard and bounds high. The emperor brushed up his hair, and "gave a sort of savage howl" at his playfellow's entreaty to frighten little Miss Legg—when at table threw English "*rosbif*" in her teeth, which she as spiritedly answered with an impudent battery against French frogs—entrapped her into being saluted by a saucy little French boy (Las Casas' son) which she avenged, by all but throwing him down when he was descending a steep path. The children called him "Bony," and he only laughed and answered "*Je ne suis pas osseux.*" He showed them his sword, and they pinned him up in a corner with his own weapon, screaming with laughter. He gave them sweetmeats and *bijouterie*, and, what was better, sympathy, though

never without a dash of *malice*. One more anecdote in illustration of their intercourse must suffice:—

"Napoleon asked me what my *robe de bal* was to be. I must mention that on my father's refusal to allow me to go to the ball, which was to be given by Sir George Cockburn, I had implored the emperor's intercession for me. He most kindly asked my father to let me go, and his request, of course was instantly acceded to. I now ran up stairs to bring my dress down to him. 'It was the first ball dress I had ever possessed, and I was not a little proud of it. He said it was very pretty; and the cards being now ready I placed it on the sofa, and sat down to play. Napoleon and my sister were partners, and Las Casas fell to my lot. We had always hitherto played for sugar-plums, but to-night Napoleon said, 'Mademoiselle Betsee, I will bet you a Napoleon on the game.' I had had a pagoda presented to me, which made up the sum of all my worldly riches, and I said I would bet him that against his Napoleon. The emperor agreed to this, and we commenced playing. He seemed determined to terminate this day of *espionnerie* as he had begun it. Peeping under his cards as they were dealt to him, he endeavored, whenever he got an important one, to draw off my attention, and then slyly held it up for my sister to see. I soon discovered this, and calling him to order, told him he was cheating, and that if he continued to do so, I would not play. At last he revoked intentionally, and at the end of the game tried to mix the cards together to prevent his being discovered, but I started up, and seizing hold of his hands, I pointed out to him and the others what he had done. He laughed until the tears ran out of his eyes, and declared he had played fair, but that I had cheated, and should pay him the pagoda; and when I persisted that he had revoked, he said I was *méchante* and a cheat; and catching up my ball dress from off the sofa, he ran out of the room with it, and up to the pavilion, leaving me in terror lest he should crush and spoil all my pretty roses. I instantly set off in chase of him, but he was too quick, and darting through the marquee, he reached the inner room and locked himself in. I then commenced a series of the most pathetic remonstrances and entreaties, both in English and French, to persuade him to restore me my frock, but in vain; he was inexorable, and I had the mortification of hearing him laugh at what I thought the most touching of my appeals. I was obliged to return without it. He afterwards sent down word he intended to keep it, and that I might make up my mind not to go to the ball. I lay awake half the night, and at last cried myself to sleep, hoping he would relent in the morning; but the next day wore away, and I saw no sign of my pretty frock. I sent several entreaties in the course of the day, but the answer was, that the emperor slept, and could not be disturbed. He had given these orders to tease me. At last the hour arrived for our departure for the valley. The horses were brought round, and I saw the little black boys ready to start with our tin cases, without, alas! my beautiful dress being in them. I was in despair, and hesitated whether I should not go in my plain frock, rather than not go at all, when, to my great joy, I saw the emperor running down the lawn to the gate with my dress. 'Here, Miss Betsee, I have brought your dress; I hope you are a good girl now, and that you will like the ball; and mind that you dance with Gourgaud.' General Gourgaud was not very hand-

some, and I had some childish feud with him. I was all delight at getting back my dress, and still more pleased to find my roses were not spoiled. He said he had ordered them to be arranged and pulled out, in case any might have been crushed the night before."

These anecdotes have a certain value, as confirmatory of the traits of character reported by Madame d'Abantès, who has been accused, it will be remembered, of having invented playful dispositions and schoolboy tricks for Napoleon, with the purpose of reflecting credit on her own coquetties and powers of conquest. In all that concerns herself, Mrs. Abell is a reliable witness. It is possible that in recording opinions and in offering general remarks on Napoleon, she draws, more than she is aware, on hearsay information. The races, and the ear-pinchings, the creams and the china plates, were sure to fix themselves in the fancy and the heart of an amiable and lively girl, however misty be her recollections of what the emperor said of Josephine, or the Duke d'Enghien—of the prisons of Jaffa, or the *flotilla* at Boulogne.—*Athenæum*.

From the *Athenæum*.

#### THE QUEEN'S RANGERS.

*A History of the Operations of a Partisan Corps, called the Queen's Rangers, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel J. G. Simcoe, during the War of the American Revolution.* New York, Bartlett & Welford; London, Wiley & Putnam.

THESE personal reminiscences (for they are little more) of a spirited but subordinate actor in the war of the American Revolution, were, it appears, privately printed by their author and hero, so long ago as the year 1787,—but they are now for the first time published.

The neglect which they have so long experienced at the hands of those who are careful collectors of documentary evidence illustrating that eventful history, we are inclined to accept as the test of their value. The author has a few properties fitting him very admirably for a soldier, which are by no means appropriate qualifications for an historian. The spirit of partisanship, a very useful instrument in the field of war, precisely the genius to wield the one-sided argument of the sword, is wholly unfurnished for the unimpassioned duties of the judgment-seat, and not over-wise to commit its no-reasonings to the permanent record of the *littera scripta*. The prejudices that have their value, and even rise into dignity, amid the false and lurid lights of the strong passions which those prejudices faintly reflect, but substantially serve—while yet the passions are at work, and great issues hang on their contest,—look small and ridiculous in the calm, clear atmosphere of truth that follows—growing out of—the storm. Then, again, our hero's personal vanity—a good soldierly quality, too, where it is the companion, as in his case, of unquestionable gallantry, and apparently a good deal of professional skill,—serves him better in the field of

his military enterprises, than in the narrative which records them. In the former, it carried him eagerly along the path to distinction—urged him, by every means in his power, to make (as a soldier should) as great a figure as he might;—in the latter, it tempts him to draw that figure in larger proportions on the canvas of a vast historical picture than the conscience of posterity can accept. Some other qualities, too, the worthy colonel had, which, whether in his capacity of soldier or of author, he might have been better without. He seems to have had no suspicion whatever that a sergeant and a lieutenant-colonel could be made of the same materials; his arguments in favor of the humanities are generally limited in their application to persons of rank;—and when he comes to insist on points of military punctilio with the leaders of the rebels, (as, all his days, he continued to call those builders-up of a majestic nation,) he is at once mystified and indignant to find his strait-laced positions and established etiquettes met by arguments of broad and general right. The republican simplicity disconcerted him; and he evidently hated the "rebel" chiefs for no one thing so much as because they would not subject their reasonings, any more than they had subjected their bodies, to *drill*. His own mind was always in full uniform. When we speak of his hatred of the republican party, however, it must be understood (for he seems to have had nothing malignant in his nature) that his hatred was not a passion, but a principle. It was in no degree melo-dramatic, but merely pedantic; it was a portion of his military duty. In fact, the colonel could see very little further than the length of his sword. Of the great truths that were fermenting around him he perceived nothing; he apprehended neither the characters of the events which were passing before his eyes, nor of the men who ruled them to their issues. Of Washington he writes as follows, in 1787:—

"In the length of the war, for what one generous action has Mr. Washington been celebrated? What honorable sentiment ever fell from his lips which can invalidate the belief, that surrounded with difficulties, and ignorant in whom to confide, he meanly sheltered himself under the opinions of his officers and the congress, in perpetrating his own previous determination? And, in perfect conformity to his interested ambition, which crowned with success beyond human calculation in 1783, to use his own expression, 'bid a last farewell to the cares of office, and all the employments of public life,' to resume them at this moment, (1787,) as President of the American Convention."

In a word, Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe was better fitted for the particular age (and scenes) in which he played his part, than for this unwarlike one, into which he has imprudently intruded, (by means of this book,) "in his armor as he lived," and calculated to cut a far more distinguished figure at the head of the "Queen's Rangers" than in the title-page of any volume whatsoever.

Notwithstanding these defects in the author's

philosophy, it might, however, fairly have been expected that a narrative of such events as form the daily life of a partisan corps, in such a field as that on which the great battle of American independence was fought, must have been one of excitement and adventure at least,—rich as romance, if meagre as history. But here, again, the reader is doomed to disappointment; it is, as the author himself says of it, “not generally interesting.” It is a mere military journal, kept in dry military form, not only not connecting (for reasons which we have already given) the particular facts with which it deals with the general ones of which they are the supplement—so as to make history of them—but so presenting the detached incidents themselves as to show them divested of all color. The author is no dramatist, he is only a soldier. For this very reason, it is possible that the work has value as a military instructor. It is written with great simplicity; and, as no man could conduct an authentic narrative through such events without throwing occasional light on the action, or the characters of the actors, it may, perhaps, be worth consulting amongst the materials for history.

Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe (who afterwards attained the rank of general, and was the first lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada, on the division of the province of Quebec,) inherited his taste for the profession of war—being the eldest son of Captain Simcoe, of the navy, who died in command of the *Pembroke*, in the expedition of 1759, against Quebec. The son's Oxford education introduced him to Cæsar, Tacitus and Xenophon, his classics by predilection—and, at the age of nineteen, he exchanged the trencher for the military cap, becoming an ensign in the 35th, and landing at Boston on the memorable day of the battle of Bunker's Hill. He, subsequently, led a company at the battle of Brandywine, where he was wounded; and finally obtained the great object of his ambition, an independent command, by his appointment, with the title of lieutenant-colonel, to the head of the “Queen's Rangers.” This celebrated contingent of the Provincial Legion had already distinguished itself greatly, before Colonel Simcoe undertook its command; and under his zealous exertions and well-directed regulations, it grew rapidly in fame and efficiency. The gallantry and perfection of his corps were the objects nearest his heart. He got together, at a considerable sacrifice of his private fortune, a very spirited band—succeeded in keeping them well equipped during all the accidents of the contest—inspired them with a portion of his own military ardor—added, with the permission of his chiefs, a troop of hussars to the regiment, which he mounted on the enemy's horses as they could get them—and obtained testimonials from all with whom they served, to the active enterprise and gallant bearing of his “partisans.” In a campaign of more than five years, they are said to have never suffered a “single reverse;” and their commander reports of them, with justifi-

able pride, that “for years, in the field, to use the language of a former age, they were the *forlorn of the armies in which they served*; and that, even in winter quarters, where, in common wars, troops are permitted to seek repose, few hours can be selected in which the ‘Queen's Rangers’ had not to guard against the attacks of a skilful and enterprising enemy.” His regulations for attaining this state of efficiency seem to have been directed by sound practical wisdom. He labored successfully to free his light troops from that character of marauders which has been too generally earned by partisan bodies, attaining his object less by formal prohibition than by generating a sense of military honor amongst his men. It was his earnest endeavor, too, to create amongst them a sense of individual importance and enterprise. “It was explained that no rotation, except in ordinary duties, should take place among light troops, but that those officers would be selected for any service who appeared to be most capable of executing it; it was also enforced, by example, that no service was to be measured by the numbers employed on it, but by its own importance; and that five men in critical situations or employment, was a more honorable command than an [a] hundred on common duties.” “The officers of the ‘Queen's Rangers’ always understood, that whatever plans they might offer for the good of the king's service, would be patronized, and fairly represented to the commander in chief by the lieutenant-colonel, that they might reap the fruit of their own exertions.”

With some difficulty, Colonel Simcoe managed, amid the changes of the war, to preserve the green uniform of his rangers. “Green,” he says, “is, without comparison, the best color for light troops, with dark accoutrements; and if put on in the spring, by autumn it nearly fades with the leaves, preserving its characteristic of being scarcely discernible at a distance.” In this particular American war, against a nation of impromptu soldiers, the absence of the distinguishing and conspicuous red had other advantages—of which the following may be taken for an example:—

“On the arrival at the camp, Lieut. Colonel Simcoe immediately passed a deep hollow that separated it from a high hill, with the hussars, in order to observe the ground in front, as was his constant custom; two men came out of the wood to Lieut. Wickham, who was patrolling, deceived by his green clothes; he gave in to the deception, passed himself upon them for a rebel partisan, and introduced Lieut. Colonel Simcoe to them as Colonel Lee. One of the men was very glad to see him, and told him that he had a son in his corps, and gave him the best account of the movements of the rebel army, from which, Lieut. Colonel Simcoe said, he had been detached two days; the other proved to be a committee-man of New Jersey; they pointed out the encampment of the British army, and were completely deceived, till, having told all they knew, and on the party returning, the committee-man having asked, ‘I wonder what Clinton is about?’ ‘You shall ask him yourself,’ was the answer, ‘for we are British.’”

It will readily be supposed, that at the head of such a corps, in such times, the lieutenant-colonel did not escape the casualties of his position. He was thrice wounded, and once taken prisoner, his horse being killed under him, and himself stunned by the violence of his fall, so as to be reported dead by those of his men who were with him at the time of his capture. Of all the circumstances of his life, this imprisonment seems to have tried his temper most severely; and his stilted bearing under it almost reaches the ridiculous, seen beside the quiet plain-dealing of the republican leaders before whom he showed off. That they did not sooner arrive at an understanding was simply because they were not speaking a common language. The colonel did his best to provoke them, but had no success. They appear to have been amused with his flourishes, but answered his arguments calmly and courteously. At the first moment of his imprisonment he would seem to have been in some personal danger. A Captain Vorhees was unnecessarily killed by the detachment, on its return home, after the colonel was taken; and the excited populace, misled into the belief that the latter was present at the catastrophe, was eager for vengeance. The governor of New Jersey, Mr. Livingston, however, did everything that was necessary for his protection; and the American Colonel, Lee, to whom he had often been opposed on service, wrote to offer him money, and such advice and alleviations as were suited to his position. Finally, the colonel was committed to Burlington gaol, along with Colonel Billop, of the loyal militia of Staten Island:—the latter, however, to our author's great indignation, being treated according to the terms of the following mittimus from the Commissary of Prisoners:—

*"To the Keeper of the Common Jail for the county of Burlington. Greeting.*

*"You are hereby commanded to receive into your custody the body of Col. Christopher Billop, prisoner of war, herewith delivered to you, and having put irons on his hands and feet, you are to chain him down to the floor in a close room, in the said jail; and there so detain him, giving him bread and water only for his food, until you receive further orders from me, or the Commissary of Prisoners for the State of New Jersey, for the time being. Given under my hand at Elizabeth Town, this 6th day of Nov. 1779. ELISHA BOUDINOT, Com. Pris. New Jersey."*

This mittimus was accompanied and explained by the following letter from the Commissary to the prisoner:—

*"Sir,—Sorry I am that I have been put under the disagreeable necessity of a treatment towards your person that will prove so irksome to you; but retaliation is directed, and it will, I most sincerely hope, be in your power to relieve yourself from the situation by writing to New York, to procure the relaxation of the sufferings of John Leshier, and Capt. Nathaniel Randal. It seems nothing, short of retaliation, will teach Britons to act like men of humanity. I am, sir, your most humble servant, ELISHA BOUDINOT, Com. S. Pris."*

*"Nothing," says the angry colonel, "could possibly suggest to Boudinot the reflection he made on the national humanity, but that he could do it with impunity,—and that it did not misbecome his birth and extraction, being the son of a low Frenchman, who kept an alehouse at Prince Town." He adds:—"His brother has been President of Congress."*

In the progress of the correspondence Colonel Simcoe observes to Governor Livingston:—

*"I never heard of a Lt. colonel's being taken from his parole, and confined in a common gaol, because a private sentinel was imprisoned; and am at a loss, in such treatment, to find the meaning of retaliation. You cannot force yourself to believe, sir, that I ever harbored a thought of violating my parole; although the principle of honor be very imperfectly felt among common people, no man, even in that class, would break his word, or suspect that a British officer dare do it, were he not himself divested of all probity."*

To his own commander, Sir Henry Clinton, inclosing this correspondence, he writes: *"For my own part, sir, I wish for no retaliation that may affect the rights which the custom of war allows to individuals of rank, to soften the horrors of it."*

A month after Colonel Simcoe's capture, Governor Livingston again replies to his remonstrances as follows:—

*"What you mean by being used like a criminal I am at a loss to determine. If you refer to your imprisonment, our own people have received similar treatment from the British in numerous instances; Mr. Fitzrandolph, one of our citizens, who is proposed to be exchanged for you and Col. Billop, is at this very time used in the same manner, and is no more a criminal than any man that is not so. If Sir Henry Clinton will agree to any exchange, I cannot see why he should object to the one proposed; and, considering that one of those we want to have liberated is in gaol, and that the other has been chained to the floor for above four months, there is the highest reason for this State to insist upon it; if he is against all exchange whatsoever, to him, sir, you must ascribe the prolongation of your durance. That we consider your reputation with the British troops, and your intended voyage to Europe, as two circumstances that will probably expedite the relief of our suffering citizens, you will be pleased to impute (though you may regret, as I really do myself, your personal disappointment) to my fidelity to those for whose liberty it is my duty to be anxious."*

To which the following is the colonel's answer:—

*"I conceive myself treated as a criminal; the custom of civilized nations allows a parole of honor to officers, but not to private sentinels: as such Mr. Fitzrandolph's confinement is an usual matter, therefore it does not confer any disgrace or hardship upon him, but what was incident to his employment; his station is allowed by yourself in the claim you make for mine and Col. Billop's release. I do conceive, sir, that when it was proposed that Col. Billop and I should be exchanged for Lt. Col. Reynolds, and as many privates as make up the difference of rank between a colonel*

and a private sentinel, that neither did you or the council seriously imagine it could be accepted of."

Nothing could ever persuade the author that any number of privates could count against a colonel of partisans—or make him understand that revolutionary Americans, whose armies were filled with volunteers, had a different mode of reckoning. However, after some further blustering, an appeal to Washington, which that general did not see fit to answer, and some schemes for escape, on his own part and that of his friends, Colonel Simcoe was exchanged on the 27th of December; and returned, after an imprisonment of more than two months, on the last day of the year, to his place, in which he ever shows to most advantage, at the head of the "Queen's Rangers."

The part taken by Colonel Simcoe in the affair of the unfortunate Major André, is all to the credit both of his daring and of his feelings. On the first intimation of the major's detention, he—

"By letter, desired Lt. Col. Crosbie to inform the commander-in-chief, 'that if there was any possibility of rescuing him, he and the Queen's Rangers were ready to attempt it, not doubting to succeed in whatever a similar force could effect.' At the same time, he sent out persons to watch the road between Washington's camp and Philadelphia; for he reasoned, that without the concurrence of Congress that general would not proceed to extremities, and that probably he would send Major André to Philadelphia, in which case he might possibly be retaken upon the road thither."

He wrote also to Colonel Lee, his old but friendly opponent, "of whose generous temper he had personally received so many proofs, to procure an interview with him, ostensibly for the exchange of prisoners, but really to converse with him relative to Major André. That officer penetrated his views, and returned an answer," from which the following is an extract:—

"I am happy in telling you, that there is a probability of Major André's being restored to his country, and the customs of war being fully satisfied.—I have the honor to be, &c. HENRY LEE.—Since writing the foregoing, I find that Sir Henry Clinton's offers have not come up to what was expected, and that this hour is fixed for the execution of the sentence. How cold the friendship of those high in power!"

After the execution, Colonel Simcoe,

"In his orders to the Queen's Rangers, the officers and soldiers of which personally knew and esteemed Major André, he informed them, that 'he had given directions that the regiment should immediately be provided with black and white feathers as mourning for the late Major André, an officer whose superior integrity and uncommon ability did honor to his country, and to human nature. The Queen's Rangers will never sully their glory in the field by an undue severity; they will, as they have ever done, consider those to be under their protection who shall be in their power, and will strike with reluctance at their unhappy fellow-

subjects, who, by a system of the basest artifices, have been seduced from their allegiance, and disciplined to revolt: but it is the Lt. colonel's most ardent hope, that on the close of some decisive victory, it will be the regiment's fortune to secure the murderers of Major André, for the vengeance due to an injured nation, and an insulted army."

When York Town capitulated, the "Queen's Rangers" were included in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis' army. Colonel Simcoe returned to England, where he was advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the British army. In 1790 he was elected to sit in Parliament for the borough of St. Mawes; and afterwards, as we have said, proceeded to Upper Canada as lieutenant-governor. In 1794 he attained the rank of major-general, and soon afterwards succeeded Sir Adam Williamson, as civil governor and commander in chief in St. Domingo. He remained there but a few months; was made lieutenant-general in 1798; was invested with the command of the town of Plymouth and county of Devon, on the threatened invasion of the French in 1801; and died in 1806, at the age of fifty-four, when about to succeed Lord Lake, as commander in chief of the British forces in India. As a military man he seems to have had much professional knowledge; his Canadian policy was poisoned by his hatred of the Americans, more deeply entertained and loudly professed since, and because of, their triumph. His prejudices, though they failed eventually to serve his country, served himself; and verily his partisanship had its abundant rewards.

From Punch.

#### ASKING A LOAN—AND THE ANSWER.

FROM A GENTLEMAN TO A FRIEND, SOLICITING HIS ACCEPTANCE AND BOND.

MY DEAR RICHARDS,—In this our fleeting life, how few are the opportunities afforded us of really testing the hearts of our friends! Sorry, indeed, should I be for my own nature, were I of the barren creed of those who, from the depths of their would-be-wisdom, smile knowingly at friendship, as though, like the word phoenix, it spoke of something very fine, but very fabulous; a spicy monster, building in the clouds, and never known to descend upon our earth. No; I should be among the most insensible of my kind—a very savage of social life—did I fail to worship friendship in my innermost heart as a virtue illustrated by one of the noblest of created men. Forgive me if I do not name him; for true worth, like the rose, will blush at its own sweetness!

Truly, it is pleasant to hear men abuse the world, as though, forsooth, they themselves were the only shining exceptions from the general selfishness they condemn. When I hear a man cry out, "It is a bad world," I must of course lump him with the aggregate iniquity; for how can he have the enormous vanity to select himself as the one pure Adam from naughty millions? No, Richards; be it my faith to think the best of the world; be it my special felicity to know that I hold the heart—ay, as though it were in my hand—of the truest and the best of friends. But what,

indeed, is friendship, if it be not active? What, but a harp, or the divinest of Cremonas, resting in silence—all the melodious, ravishing sounds that waft our spirits to the clouds, sleeping in their strings, a dumb sleep! So is it with the heart of a true friend until touched by the wants of his companion.

My dear Richards, I enclose you a bill of a hundred and fifty pounds. That bill, like the harp or fiddle I have spoken of, is now as a dead thing. But only write across it "Accepted, John Richards," and it will have a voice of gold—yes, it will ring with sovereigns. Oh, friendship! thou divinest alchemist, that man should ever profane thee! Send the bill back by post, as I *must* have the cash to-morrow.

I have many acquaintance, any of whom would have gone through the little form (for it is only a form) I ask of you. But no: I should have thought such an act on my part a treason to our friendship. You know, my dear boy, that I am apt to be imaginative; and thus, it is a sweet and peculiar pleasure to me to fancy both our names linked indissolubly together—the union legalized by a five-shilling stamp,—each adding value to the other by being paired. Thus, it almost seems to me, that we merge two souls into one—that in very truth, by the potent spell of friendship, we are no longer single, but bound together by a bond unknown to those pagans of the ancient time, Orestes and Pylades, Damon and Pythias!

Yes; with a slight flourish of the pen, we shall feel what I once thought impossible, a greater interest in one another. We shall know that our names, written upon accredited paper, pass in the world as symbols of gold; you will have turned ink-drops into ready money, and I shall have received it. The roses that wreath around the stamp are, to my mind's eye, Richards, the very types of our kindred minds. Do not, however, fail to post the bill to-night.

There is—I believe he calls it—a bond on my account for three or four hundreds to which a troublesome attorney wants your name. Come and breakfast with me on Monday, my dear boy, and it shall be ready for you. Heaven bless you. Your friend, to the Place of Tombs,

MONTAGUE ST. GEORGE.

P. S. I have a *pâté de foie gras*, which I don't think you ever tasted, from Paris, for Monday. It's made of geese's-liver. They put the live goose before the fire and make it drink and drink. Rather cruel, but there's no mistake in the liver.

THE FRIEND'S ANSWER, REFUSING BOTH ACCEPTANCE AND BOND.

MY DEAR MONTAGUE,—Your letter has given me great pleasure. You know how highly I have always thought of friendship; it is, as you say, a divine thing. Indeed, to my mind so divine, that it should never, no never, be mixed up with money.

Nevertheless, however we may differ on this little point, it is impossible for me to speak as I feel on your letter. It is charmingly written. There is a beauty, a fervor in your sentiments about friendship that convince me you have felt its treasures, and are therein, though poor in the world's esteem, rich as an emperor. My dear friend, cultivate this style of writing: I am certain money is to be made by it.

I agree with you as to your opinion of the

world—it is a glorious world—and glorious, indeed, are some of the people in it. The friendship that has so long subsisted between us, must make me acknowledge this. Your smile of a friend and a fiddle is perfect and touching. What, indeed, are they both made for, if not to be played upon?

Your picture of the union of souls, when both the souls' hands are to the same bill, is beautiful, affecting. I have read the passage over twenty times. It has neither one word too many or too few. The picture is perfect: a cabinet gem to be locked up in one's heart. The union of souls is a charming phrase; but, unhappily, my friend, it is too fine, of too subtle an essence to be acknowledged and respected by the coarse men of the world. The sheriff, for instance, cares not for souls, only inasmuch as they are in bodies. Now, unhappily, so far as we know, disembodied souls do not draw or accept; otherwise, what felicity would it be to me to meet and mingle with your spirit on a five-shilling stamp!

I confess, too, that it is tempting to think that, by the alchemy of a few ink-drops, I could put a hundred and fifty gold pieces, (bating the discount,) in the purse of my friend. Alas! if the ceremony began and ended with ink, I would spend a Black Sea upon you. You should have my name ten thousand times multiplied, with a good wish in every stroke, hair and thick.

That you have eschewed so many acquaintance, all happy with clean-nibbed pens to accept for you, and in the fulness of your friendship selected me, is a compliment, nay more, it is an evidence of your affection which I—I hope to deserve.

You know that I, as well as yourself, am apt to be imaginative. Imaginations, however, fly not always together. You say, that by accepting the bill, our souls would be united. My dear friend, for three months, I should feel ourselves growing together, every day strengthening the process. I should feel as if I breathed for two; nay, I should hardly turn in my bed unnumbered. I should, in my fancy, become a double man with only single strength to bear about my added load. You know the story of Sinbad and the Old Man of the Mountain! That is a fine allegory, though not understood. The truth is, the Old Man drew a bill, and Sinbad—guileless tar!—accepted it.

You speak of the roses that wreath about the stamp. They are, indeed, very pretty. But, somehow, my eye fell upon the thistles; which I doubt not, the benevolence of Her Majesty causes to be embossed there; thistles, clearly significant that the man who accepts a bill, save for his own debt, is an ass.

I am, on the contrary,

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN RICHARDS.

P. S. I can't come on Monday, and I don't like *pâté de foie gras*. Why, in the name of mercy, should geese be treated as you describe. They never accept other geese's bills.

A German paper reports that the late riot at Breslau, when most threatening, was brought to a close by an unexpected circumstance, which excited the mirth of the crowd. The following proclamation suddenly appeared in various parts of the town—"The revolution cannot be continued, in consequence of the sudden hoarseness of the journeymen-bootmakers!" This pleasantry immediately put a stop to the proceedings.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

June 10.—Viscount Ebrington and Lord Harry Vane were elected Fellows. Read an account communicated by Lord Stanley, of an exploratory journey to Lake Torrens, Australia, by Capt. Frome, R. E., Surveyor-General of South Australia. On the 20th of July, Capt. Frome having left his dray and the larger portion of his party at a point of the Black Rock hills, in lat.  $32^{\circ} 45' 25''$ , took only a light spring cart, the bottom filled with kegs containing sufficient water for three days for the horses, and provisions for one month, which was as much as the cart would contain. The object was to ascertain the southern terminus of the Eastern branch of Lake Torrens, as laid down by Mr. Eyre, and also the nature of the country between Flinders' Range, as high as the parallel of Mount Hopeless and the meridian of  $141^{\circ}$  (the eastern limit of the province.) Proceeding in a direction N. by E. the traveller came to a water-course, which ran, like all the streams he subsequently crossed at the eastern foot of the range, in a N. E. direction; this was the Siccus, having a section nearly equal to that of the Murray, and with indications of not very remote floods, having risen to between twenty and thirty feet above its bed. Having crossed this river, Capt. Frome was obliged to hug the hills on his left for the sake of water, thus going northward as far as the parallel of  $30^{\circ} 59'$ , when the lake became visible within 15 or 16 miles, and appeared from the high land to be covered with water, studded with islands and backed on the east by a bold rocky shore. This was, however, only an effect of the mirage, for on riding to the spot the following day, not a drop of water was to be seen in any direction. A salt crust was seen at intervals on the surface of the sand at the margin of the lake, or more properly of the desert. The sand became more and more loose, without the slightest trace of vegetation, rendering hopeless any attempt to cross with horses. Having proceeded as far as Mount Serle, Capt. Frome was convinced that Mr. Eyre's eastern arm of Lake Torrens was in reality the sandy desert he had left, and whose elevation above the level of the sea was 300 feet. From Mount Serle the traveller returned southward to Pasmore river, whence he struck across to the low hills stretching away eastward to the south of Lake Torrens, the most northern of which he reached the second evening. Want of water, however, prevented Capt. Frome from going as far as he wished, but from the position he had reached, he could plainly see the whole country within 50 or 60 miles of the boundaries of the province, which presented the most absolute sterility. The captain is, nevertheless, of opinion that in the wet season, and by carrying water for eight or ten days, the distance, 160 miles, from Prewitt's Springs to Mount Lyell, might be crossed by a small party; but from thence to the Darling, 80 miles further, no water would be found. Besides, it would be madness to attempt anything on that river without a considerable force, on account of the natives; whereas the Laidly Ponds might be reached with any number of men, in as short a time and with more certainty, by ascending the Murray, and proceeding north from thence. On returning to the dépôt, Capt. Frome moved the party down to Mount Bryan, and endeavored to proceed thence in a north-easterly direction; but though the hills had an elevation of from 1,200 to 1,500 feet above the plain,

there was no indication of rain having fallen there since the deluge. To proceed was, therefore, impossible. From Mount Porcupine, the highest of the hills, a clear view was obtained in every direction, and a more barren, sterile country cannot be imagined. Capt. Frome concludes by observing that there appears to him to be no country eastward of the high land, extending north of Mount Bryan as far as Mount Hopeless, a distance of about 300 miles, as far as the meridian of  $140^{\circ}$ , and probably much beyond it, available for either agricultural or pastoral purposes. The country presents in many places the most unequivocal marks of volcanic action.—*Athenæum*.

## INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

June 17.—This was the closing ordinary general meeting of the session. A communication was read by the Secretary, from Mr. W. Granville, "On some of the Methods and Contrivances employed by the ancient Greeks in their Buildings," being the result of observations made by him during his recent travels in Greece, Sicily, &c., and more particularly of an attentive examination of the remains of the Erechtheum, the Parthenon, and the temples at Selinunti. When we consider, observed Mr. Granville, the perfection to which Greek art attained, that it was arrived at only after the experience of more than eleven centuries, and that its glorious improvement was chiefly owing to the united efforts of generations concentrated upon one particular object, namely, the erection of temples to their protecting divinities, it becomes an interesting subject of inquiry to ascertain, from the structures themselves, those principles and contrivances which, even in the most trifling or minutest matters, were the result of that improvement. The ancient Greeks were as empirical in their rules upon the proportions of each stone they employed, as upon the proportions of the whole design:—thus, it may be observed, for example, that the size of the stones in the Erechtheum and in the Parthenon, differ in about the same ratio as the one building differs from the other.

Symmetry likewise was considered as necessary in the position of the joints, as in the composition of the plan, or the arrangement of the triglyphs and mutules. The Greek joint, whether executed in marble or stone, is a thing really to marvel at, from its perfection arising from the amount of skill and labor bestowed upon it. After noticing the predilection of the Greeks for constructing their buildings with large blocks of marble or stone, Mr. Granville proceeded to explain, in detail, the modes adopted by them in quarrying, working, raising and setting the stones in their several positions, and more particularly as to the mode of working and fluting the columns of the large temples.

With respect to the employment of color in the decoration of ancient temples, Mr. Granville observes,—It is known that the Greeks, in many instances, constructed their temples of a very rough and intractable stone, especially those of an early period, as at Corinth, Ægina, the old Hecatompedon at Athens, Pestum, &c.; this was owing to the natural qualities of the stone where they built, and their preferring the materials at hand to a better kind, the procuring of which would occasion difficulty. It is equally well ascertained that they covered the stone with a thin coating



of stucco, whether for the express purpose of hiding the faultiness of the material, or for receiving the Polychromic painting, which could hardly be executed on a rough surface, or for both these purposes, has not as yet been decided. I am inclined to imagine that it was for the express purpose of receiving the painting, since I have found instances where the buildings have been covered with a fine stucco or other coating, even though the stone was of a smooth and excellent quality, and the workmanship of the most perfect kind:—this is the case in the temples of Jupiter Panhellenius in *Ægina*, and Juno Lucina at *Agrigentum*. In works of a later period, the stucco itself, instead of being allowed to remain of its natural tint, was dyed before it was put on, as an easier expedient than painting it afterwards.

Judging then from the universality of the employment of color on temples, may we not suppose that it was a custom derived from practices which coëxisted with the mode of worship at the time it was first introduced into Attica by Cecrops' colony from Egypt, and cherished from generation to generation, as if it had been a part of the prescribed ritual? It is, however, to Egypt that we must look in future for a better elucidation of this question. In the middle of the fifteenth century before our era, Moses was commanded to build the Tabernacle, the materials for which, it was especially directed, were to be procured through the free-offering of a portion of those possessions and articles in general use, which the Israelites had brought with them from Egypt. By a reference to various portions of the Book of Exodus, we shall find that an abundance of blue, purple and scarlet linen, and rams' skins dyed red, were employed in its construction. So much of them in fact was then used for that purpose, that the structure must have presented almost altogether (at a little distance) an aspect of blue, purple and scarlet. "I do not wish (says Mr. G.) to lay any particular stress upon this fact, but use it only to evidence the general use of those three colors among the Egyptians. The monuments of Ancient Egypt themselves, in the present day, are witnesses to the fact of the extensive employment of those colors from a very remote period. Now it was in 1556 B. C., or about the same epoch as the building of the Tabernacle, that Cecrops left *Saïs* for Greece, upon settling in which country, it is not at all improbable that he and his colony would adhere to the practices of the country they had left, in which case they would naturally have followed the custom of decorating the temples with color and other ornaments. If the origin of color, in Greece, is to be referred to the East, we have next to inquire into the reasons of the Egyptians painting their own temples, and when once those are demonstrated, the question will be set at rest. Now, people have never thought that color spoiled the Egyptian temples, but the contrary; and they attributed the practice to a fancy only for decoration. But the moment that the discovery of polychromic painting on the Grecian buildings comes to show that certain cherished notions, previously conceived, respecting those buildings, were wrongly formed, and that in reality the Greeks, as well as the Egyptians, colored their temples, the same individuals, rather than agree with such a notion, adopt another, which separates altogether the painting from the building of the temples, referring the practice of the former to a different period to that of the latter. Is it not much more

natural to think that the motives which inspired the Greeks were none other than the same which influenced the Egyptians, and that the custom was, as usual, moulded by the former into such definite principles as not to be departed from, even when a Parthenon was to be constructed?"

A model of a Tension Beam, invented by J. White, Esq., was exhibited and explained. The invention consists in the application of a continuous thin flat wrought-iron bar to the lower edge of each side of the beam: the bars are attached to the beam, and united to each other by means of iron keys, and wedges passing through mortice holes made at given distances in the bars, and the beam; the keys, being driven tight, press on the one side against the fibres of the timber, and on the other against the iron, thus keeping both bars in a state of tension, and giving a degree of camber to the beam, for the purpose of producing a considerable additional strength. The system can be readily applied to strengthen beams, or bressummers already in use, as well as to new timbers. The dimensions of the iron bars must of course be increased, according to the width of bearing and the strength required.—*Athenæum*.

#### CIVIL ENGINEERS.

June 11.—The paper read was by Mr. A. Angus Croll, on the purifying of coal gas, and the application of the products thereby obtained to agricultural and other purposes. The process consists in passing the gas through a solution of sulphuric acid, of the strength of two and a half pounds of oil of vitriol to 100 gallons of water, and by a continuous supply of acid, so that the proper amount of free acid might be always kept in the vessel, the whole of the ammonia in the gas was abstracted, preventing the corrosive effect of this impurity on the fittings and meters through which it was transmitted, and rendering the gas capable of being used in dwelling-houses, and also enabling the gas companies to use dry lime, instead of wet lime purifiers, without producing any nuisance on the opening of the vessels, by which a considerable saving was effected, while at the same time sulphate of ammonia of great purity is obtained and of such a strength, that the evaporation of one gallon produces eighty ounces of this valuable salt, instead of fourteen ounces, which was the quantity rendered under the former process. The author concluded by showing the advantage to agriculture by the application of this produce; he stated that various experiments upon an extensive scale had been tried with this manure with great success: one example will suffice for giving an idea of its powers. One half of a wheat field was manured with sulphate of ammonia, at the rate of 1½ cwt. to the acre, and at a cost of 11. 2s., the other half with the ordinary manure; the latter produced only 23½ bushels, but the former, under the treatment of sulphate of ammonia, produced 324 bushels. In the discussion that ensued, in which Prof. Graham, Mr. Cooper, and many members took part, the advantages of the system were confirmed, and the necessity for its extension insisted upon. The various modes of purifying gas, and the value of the products obtained for agricultural purposes, were canvassed at length. It was stated that seeds steeped for 40 hours in a solution of 1 pound of sulphate of ammonia to one gallon of water, sown in unmanured land, produced a heavy crop,

and remained green during a dry season, when every other kind of vegetation became yellow and withered. Another remarkable feature was, that faded flowers, when plunged in a weak solution of sulphate of ammonia, were in a short time restored, and that plants, watered with it, attained extraordinary health and beauty. The great loss resulting from the leakage of the gas through the joints and the pores of the cast iron pipes, was incidentally mentioned, and it was stated that in some instances it had amounted to from 25 to 75 per cent. of the total quantity produced.—*Atk.*

## PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

June 10.—M. de Gasparin read a report on a paper by M. Fustu, on the variations of the climate of France. M. Fustu had endeavored to show that these variations had been periodical; that, on the arrival of the Romans in Gaul, the climate was cold and humid; that it became progressively milder from the south to the north, after the period of the conquest; that this change terminated towards the ninth century, and that, after being stationary for two hundred years, the temperature again fell progressively. According to M. Fustu, we are now in the period of decline of temperature. Some of the historical facts quoted by this gentleman were curious. He tells of rivers frozen over for nearly two-thirds of the year, when the Romans first entered Gaul, in localities where, subsequently, they were scarcely once frozen over during the whole of the year, and then of the successful culture of the vine at the period of the change, in districts where now the grape would hardly ripen. M. de Gasparin, in his report, does not absolutely deny that some of the changes stated by M. Fustu took place, but he thinks the author has attributed to variations of climate, in the general acceptance of the term, many changes which are to be ascribed to other causes. If Normandy, for instance, is no longer a wine country, says M. de Gasparin, it is not because the climate has so changed that wine cannot be made there so good as it was formerly, but because the Normans now receive at a reasonable cost the wines of the south, and have turned their attention to the making of beer and cider, in which they establish a competition with the wine countries. M. Fustu had imagined that Paris was once celebrated for the wine of its environs,—an error which has become very popular, from the belief that the famous wine, of which good King Henry the Fourth was so fond, was the wine of Surenne, near Paris, whereas, in fact, it was that of Suren, near Vendôme. M. de Gasparin thinks that the wine of the environs of Paris was never better than it is at present. M. Fustu had spoken of the cultivation of the fig-tree in Paris; but M. de Gasparin observes that undoubtedly it was cultivated here formerly as it is now, but only by great care and outlay. Orange-trees, says the author of the paper, were grown near Marseilles in the open fields, whereas now they require sheltered positions; but his reporter observes, that the growth of oranges near Marseilles has been partially abandoned, because they are now imported at a cheap rate from countries where they are obtained in abundance. A communication was received from MM. Thilorier and Lafontaine on their endeavor to demonstrate the existence of a fluid, being neither that of electricity nor magnetism, but intermediate, and having reference exclu-

sively to the nerves. M. Cyprien Desmarais laid before the academy a note on the distinctions between instinct in animals and reason in man. He agrees with other writers in stating that although the powers of instinct are marvellously developed in animals, and to such an extent as to make some persons believe that it borders upon reason, it is really distinct. He goes farther, for he contends that the perfection of instinct is the greatest proof of the absence of the reasoning faculties. A paper by M. Fréney, on the compounds to which osmium, one of the four metals which always accompany platina, give rise, was then read.—*Athenæum.*

OLD BIBLE.—The sale of the theological portion of the late Duke of Sussex's library excited unusual interest. The division headed "English Bibles," certainly exhibit an extraordinary collection, and evince wonderful industry and painstaking in amassing so remarkable a series, illustrating, as they do, the progress of the efforts to render the Holy Scriptures into English. "Biblia Sacra Latina," 2 vols. First edition of the Holy Scriptures, and the first book executed by the inventors of printing, with movable metal types. Printed at Mentz, by Guttenberg and Fust, between the years 1450 and 1455. This edition is generally known by the name of "the Mazarine Bible," from the discovery of a copy in Cardinal Mazarine's library, by that eminent bibliographer, De-bure. It is printed in double folio columns, in imitation of the large letters employed by the scribes in the church missals and choir books. This work must always form the most prominent feature in a collection of books of the 15th century, for what book can be more interesting to the collector than "the first production of the art of printing?" It is astonishing that the inventors of printing should, by a single effort, have exhibited the perfection of their art. The firmness of the paper, the brightness of the ink, and the exact uniformity of the impression, have never been surpassed. Of this first edition of the Bible only four copies are known upon vellum, and 14 upon paper, and of the latter eight copies are in public libraries. This extraordinary work sold for 190*l.*: and the next lot, the first edition of the Latin Bible, with the date, (Mogunt, per Fust and Scheffer, 1462,) printed on vellum, fetched 170*l.*

KING CHARLES' BIBLE.—At Broomfield, near Chelmsford, is a Bible which belonged to King Charles the First, the date A. D. 1529, Norton and Bill, printers. It is a folio, bound in purple velvet; the arms of England richly embroidered on both covers; and on a fly leaf is written, "This Bible was King Charles the First's, afterwards it was my grandfather's, Parrick Youngs, Esq., who was library keeper to his Majesty, now given to the church at Broomfield by me, Sarah Atwood, August 4th, 1723." The Bible is perfect, but there is no signature to sheet I, the pages run from 84 to 87, there being no 85 and 86. I do not find the book mentioned in Morant's History of Essex, or any modern publication, and I think it is a relic little known.—*Athenæum.*

The *Polytechnic Review* states that "in portraits of Queen Victoria, not less than 200,000*l.* have been already expended."

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

# MAN ON THE EARTH.

*On the Terrestrial Arrangements connected with the Appearance of Man on the Earth: being the substance of a Lecture delivered by Professor GUSTAV BISCHOF of Bonn, at Bonn.*

## I. COAL AND SOIL.

COAL. Evaporation goes on the more rapidly the higher the temperature of the sea and of the surrounding atmosphere. The southern seas are, therefore, much more productive of vapors than those situated farther to the north. Moreover, during the earliest geological periods, when the amount of heat diffused over the earth was comparatively greater than at present, the quantity of atmospheric moisture must have been much more considerable.

We have, in one of our former lectures, pointed out the surprising grandeur and luxuriance which characterized the vegetation that was destined to furnish the materials for the formation of our immense beds of coal. Whence comes this luxuriant growth of plants? Because the two main conditions of vegetable life, heat and moisture, were then much more copiously diffused than they are at present.

It has also been observed in one of our former lectures, that the ocean covered a much larger space ages ago; and that extensive countries now raised above the sea, were then but inconsiderable islands. The ocean yielded a greater amount of vapors, not only because it was warmer, but because it presented a larger surface. These, then, were the principal causes active in the production of a very great early vegetation. It has been incontestably proved, that at one time the whole earth, with the exception of a few islands, must have been covered by the waters of the ocean. We shall here make a few remarks on this subject. If, for instance, our Rhine province had formerly possessed the same extent of surface as at present, we would feel completely at a loss to account for the fact, that the coal strata are so irregularly distributed over the country.

The same causes which, in the vicinity of Saarbrücken, of Eshweiler, and of Aachen, gave rise to a luxuriant vegetation, and which influenced the formation of such extensive beds of coal, must have been in operation all over the other districts of the Rhine province. Instead of this, the coal has been deposited in isolated basins, analogous to the manner in which islands are grouped together. Some of these coal-beds are, however, of considerable dimensions; witness, for instance, the enormous coal-beds in England and Scotland, which prove such a blessing to these two countries, and which lead us to infer, that, during the period of luxuriant vegetation, Great Britain had nearly attained to its present size.

Another component element of our atmosphere, viz., carbonic acid gas, formerly in large quantities, and which constitutes a chief portion of the

nourishment of plants, in conjunction with heat and moisture, acted a prominent part in the production of a vegetation remarkable for its luxuriance.

On examining more closely, we cannot but perceive the admirable order displayed, in all the arrangements of nature. This very element of our atmosphere, the carbonic acid, so indispensable to the growth of plants, is prejudicial to animal life; for an atmosphere containing more than 8 per cent. of this gas proves fatal to every animal, our own species not excepted. It kills, because it arrests the process of breathing. Nevertheless, the elements of which it is composed are necessary to the sustenance of human life. Not a single animal has been gifted by nature with the faculty of digesting these elements when presented under this particular form. Vegetation was destined to inter-mediate between unorganized nature and the animal world. An unorganized world issued from the hand of the Creator; immense quantities of carbonic acid gas were disengaged from its bowels. This gas was decomposed by plants, the second wonder of the creation; and food was thus provided for animals, the third wonder of the creation.

For what reason was it that warm-blooded animals did not make their appearance when such enormous quantities of food lay ready for consumption? Because the colossal vegetables were destined to purify the atmosphere, and to reduce the carbonic acid gas to a certain minimum. (The average proportion in which it occurs in our present atmosphere is nearly one in 2000 parts.) But they were also destined to furnish the materials for fuel and commerce. The next period brought to light the various species of monstrous reptiles; the gigantic lizards, and others. All the conditions necessary to the growth and propagation of these monsters were then in existence; abundance of food, and an excess of heat and moisture. The atmosphere at that time—in a state of much greater impurity than it is at present—could have no effect on these reptiles, accustomed as they were to breathe the foul air of swamps and marshes.

It was for the exclusive benefit of mankind that these early vegetables were converted into dead matter, so as to furnish the materials for coal. We are always in the habit of considering the material world created for no other object than that of ministering to our own immediate wants and pleasures. We fancy ourselves the lords of the whole creation; and it is, therefore, natural to ask for what purpose was it that such a vast number of animals were first created, and these again destroyed—what part in the great drama of life was to be performed by those large reptiles? We might answer with a verse from Ecclesiastes, (i. 4,) "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever." Let us, however, be more explicit on this subject.

In the first place, let us put the question in general terms. Why have millions and millions of animals been doomed to live and to die before man could make his appearance on earth? The answer is very simple. The Brahmins live exclusively on vegetable diet. This proves that we can exist without the flesh of animals. There are many amongst us who, in imitation of monastic discipline, abstain altogether from animal food. We might thus be induced to believe that human existence is independent of animals. It is easy to expose the fallacy of this reasoning. We assert that those who feed upon vegetables only, belong, nevertheless, to the class of carnivorous animals. This looks very paradoxical, but still it is true. We may, indeed, live on mere vegetable diet, provided that the plants have grown on a soil manured with the dung of animals; but the dung of animals implies the existence of these latter. Animals were, therefore, of necessity the precursors of the human race. Animals are said to be either carnivorous or herbivorous. We may, with equal justice, express ourselves in this manner; every animal is both herbivorous and carnivorous. Our horses and our cattle are classed among the herbivorous animals, but their food is produced on a soil fertilized by the dung of animals. Although we are not in the habit of manuring our pasture lands, it is easy to prove that the growth of the grass depends entirely on the presence of animal manure, which, if not actually mixed with the soil, is carried to the plants by the atmosphere.

As it is very evident that the world of animals has emanated from that of vegetables, it follows that the first race of animals inhabiting our earth were purely herbivorous. It would, however, be difficult to point out the exact species. I merely wish to draw your attention to the fact, that when plants, of whatever description, are made to pass into a state of putrefaction by keeping them immersed in water, a crowd of animalculæ—the so-called Infusoria—is then brought to view by the microscope. The same mysterious laws, which cause animals to spring up under our own eyes, were likewise in operation at the period when the earliest race of animals was called into being. With the infusoria the first link of the great chain is given, connecting one generation with another, until it closes with our own species, the last and most perfect of created animals.

All that is required are infusoria—dating their birth from the putrefaction of vegetable matter—in order to obtain a series of carnivorous animals.

The moment that plants began to decay, and to give rise to infusoria, which, in their turn, fell a prey to other small animals—for instance, to the mollusca, which again became the food of a larger species, &c.—they became part of the food of the monstrous reptiles, the most voracious of the then existing animals; that moment organization had taken a new direction. Ages ago, when by far the

greater portion of vegetables was converted into dead matter for the formation of coal, there was but little left for the food of molluscos and other small animals. The converse appears to have taken place in a later period. The red and variegated sandstone formations, and the groups of oolites, where those monstrous reptiles are still found in a fossil state, is indeed productive of coal, but the beds are very thin and few in number. On the other hand, the remains of animals are copiously disseminated throughout the whole mass of the rocks just mentioned. These remains, the result of decayed animal and vegetable substances, and of very common occurrence in the various kinds of sandstone, are all comprised under the term Bitumen. Accordingly, we read in geological works of bituminous slate, of bituminous limestone, &c. In the copper slate, which is a formation very widely distributed, and where the working of mines proves to be a lucrative business—as, for example, at Stadzbergen, in the province of Westphalia—the bitumen amounts to the tenth part of the weight. This slate abounds with the impressions of fish, from the substance of which the bitumen has for the most part been derived. The contorted position frequently indicated by these impressions intimates a violent and sudden death of the animal; and their complete preservation proves, that, soon after death, the fish were imbedded in a mass of finely divided mud.

In a similar manner, the coloring principle of the most esteemed species of marble, embracing the spotted and striped varieties, as also those of a yellow, red, brown, or blackish color, consist exclusively of bitumen. Hence it happens that all these species burn completely white—the bitumen is destroyed, and the white limestone remains. The drawing slate (black chalk) used by artists is likewise indebted to bitumen for the blackness of its color.

The manner in which animal substances are transformed into bitumen is very plainly illustrated by the ammonites—a genus of shell abounding in the lias formation. Among the vast number of ammonites found in the lias, we have had occasion to examine several where the large external chamber forming the abode of the animal is found half empty. The creature in its death-struggle seems to have, as far as possible, retreated into this part of the shell, so as to prevent the mud from entering. The matter which occupies the other divisions of this latter chamber is, owing to the decay of the animal, highly bituminous.

*Soil.* If we now consider, that all the mountain strata, formed at a time when billions of animals might easily be buried in their substance, are filled with their remains, we may justly regard these strata as the large cemeteries or burying-grounds of antiquity, if we be allowed to use such an expression. The greater portion of the crust of our globe is formed by these strata. Let us, for instance, examine the mountains of Switzerland

and of our own country. In the Jura mountains of Switzerland the strata rise to a height of from 4000 to 5000 feet above the sea; they continue their course through Swabia and a part of Bavaria, as far as Saxe-Coburg, reappearing in the north of Germany between the Weser and the Hartz mountains. Similar strata are found in Swabia and the northern parts of Germany, and amongst them the red sandstone formations occur in considerable masses.

Suppose the surface of all these strata to be decomposed by the action of the atmosphere, and to be converted into earth, what will be the result? We obtain a mould or soil impregnated with primordial manure. All those animal and vegetable substances, which have been imbedded in these mountain strata during the period of their formation, are there still, existing, in a mineralized condition, under the form of bitumen; for not a particle of matter can be lost. Since the creation, there has not been lost one single grain of sand, nor one single drop of water. There is only motion in a circle,—one metamorphosis succeeding another. It follows, therefore, that all those mountain strata, which abound with the remains of animals and vegetables, furnish a species of rich soil. Plants and fruit-trees thrive and give nourishment to man and beasts, at the expense of these remains and of this primordial manure. We return to the fields, through the medium of manure, what we gather from them at the various seasons. Again a motion in a circle.

Nature, in order to distribute the fertile mould over the country, and to carry it even to the lower plains and sandy deserts, has raised into a vertical position the strata so often alluded to, and which were originally deposited at the bottom of the sea.

They have been raised to heights exceeding 10,000 and 12,000 feet. I shall here advert to one particular mountain. Six years ago, as I was ascending the Faulhorn, which is situated in the highlands of the Canton Berne, and rises about 8,200 feet above the level of the sea, I inquired of my guide concerning the origin of the name given to that mountain. His answer was, because the rocks of which it is composed are more apt to rot than any others in Switzerland. This was not correctly expressed; because stones cannot undergo the process of rotting. I understood, however, what he meant to say; and I became soon enlightened on the subject by ocular inspection. The mountain is formed of a species of slate of a blackish color, which is easily decomposed by the action of the atmosphere. The water insinuates itself between the laminae, and expanding, when in the act of freezing, tears the rocks asunder; so that, on the commencement of thaw, large masses of stone are seen to roll down into the valleys below, where they break to pieces, are decomposed, and finally dissolved into a mould of a deep black color. On lifting up stones of the size of my fist, or larger, they appeared so soft to the

touch, that I could easily reduce them to powder between my fingers. Towards the end of August, I spent a few days on the top of this mountain, (the highest in Switzerland, where the traveller can be accommodated with lodgings,) with the view of making experiments. It was one of my objects to observe the temperature of the ground in such an altitude. I hardly expected to accomplish this, as it was necessary to fix the thermometer in the ground to the depth of nearly one foot, a thing quite impracticable on heights consisting of solid rock. To my astonishment, on removing the snow, I could, with the greatest ease, penetrate the ground to the depth of several feet, where I discovered a mould so rich, and of a color so intensely black, that I would think myself fortunate to have some of it in my garden. There, on the borders of eternal snow, we might rear the most delicate garden-plants, were it but possible to provide them with the necessary quantity of heat. This valuable humus was evidently derived from the decomposition of the strata of the black limestone rock, of which the Faulhorn chiefly consists.

The mountain-torrents, when swelled by a continuation of rain, or by the melting of snow, carry this fertile mould from the mountain to the lowlands. The Bergelbach, one of the largest, is charged to such a degree with this finely divided earth, that the water has assumed a deep black color, and that it communicates this tint to another glacier stream, somewhat the size of our Sieg, which, on that account, has received the name of the Black Lütchine.

The productive powers of this mould are displayed to advantage on taking the rather dangerous route from the Faulhorn to the Giesbach, a celebrated water-fall in the vicinity of the Lake of Brience. As soon as we pass into the region of forests, we encounter the most luxuriant vegetation, not surpassed by that of tropical countries. The tallest fir-trees are there crowded together, improving the soil by their decay, and thereby clearing a space for the growth of others. The traveller forces his way with great difficulty through the shrubs, and across an ocean of the most delicious strawberries, raspberries, and bilberries, &c.

What enormous quantities of the most fruitful soil have been transferred from this mountain alone to the lowlands, through the agency of the mountain-torrents! And this has been going on for centuries, and will continue for thousands of years, until, in the course of time, the whole Colossus, now at an elevation of 8200 feet above the level of the sea, shall have entirely disappeared.

After such reflections, we need no longer be astonished at the fertility of the valley of the Rhine, for which it is indebted to Switzerland. What wonder, if, by the accumulation of a fertile mould, which, for thousands of years, has been floating down the Rhine, entire countries, such as

Holland, have, out of large plains covered by the sand of the sea, been converted into the most fruitful corn-fields and pasture-lands? Indeed, the Dutch ought to pronounce the name of Switzerland with the greatest respect, for Holland owes its existence altogether to Switzerland.

My friend, Von Dechen, has informed us, that the waters of the Rhine rose formerly to a much higher level than at present. At that period, the river deposited a species of earth of a yellowish-white color, which bears the name of marl (in German, *Löss*.) This earth may be seen to the right of the public road between Remagen and Sinzig, extending in compact masses high on the neighboring hills. It occurs, moreover, on the road from Poppelsdorf to Typendorf. It is likewise a gift of Switzerland; though many tributaries of the Rhine, rising in the Schwarzwald, Overwald, &c., come in for a certain share. The vegetation between Remagen and Sinzig proves it to be a mould possessing strong productive powers, though inferior to that of the Faulhorn and other mountains of Switzerland.

## II. SALTPETRE.

Chemical experiments have demonstrated, beyond all doubt, that saltpetre, a well-known salt, requires for its production the presence of animal remains. From time immemorial this salt has been procured from Egypt, the East Indies, &c.; formerly in smaller quantities, but since the invention of gunpowder, of which it is the chief element, its importation has become very considerable. In those hot countries, the salt effloresces on the surface of the ground. The species of rock from which it is secreted, has recently been examined in the island of Ceylon, where saltpetre is of frequent occurrence, and the result has shown it to be a limestone containing animal matter. Mariano de Rivero discovered, not many years ago, immense quantities of a similar salt, the so-called *cubic saltpetre*, in the wilds of Atacama, a province belonging to Peru. The bed which it forms is overtopped by a thin coating of earth, and extends in one direction for upwards of an hundred miles, in beds of variable thickness. There is not the least doubt that a multitude of animals found their grave in this quarter.

How singular that one race of animals was doomed to perish, in order to furnish, in such vast quantities, the materials for the destruction of other races of animals; and we grieve to think even for the slaughter of human beings when engaged in deadly warfare. But whatever may be the pernicious effects of saltpetre when employed under the form of gunpowder, it is impossible to do without it in the present advanced state of society. The want of gunpowder would prevent us from conducting roads through rocks and over large mountains, and from building tunnels for the use of railroads. Without saltpetre, chemistry, which so powerfully influences our trades and commerce, would scarcely have existence.

After all these reflections, is there still need of asking, why were such multitudes of animals destined to live and to die before man could make his appearance on earth?

What a miserable doom, one might exclaim, was imposed on the extinct races of animals, to live merely in order to perish! But what other fate awaits the present race of animals? What difference is there between the slaughtered ox and those monstrous reptiles which, millions of years ago, were suffocated in mud? Merely this, that the flesh of the former is directly used for food, whilst that of the latter was fitted for our nourishment only after a series of metamorphoses. I have remarked, in my last lecture, that nothing on earth exists for its own sake, but that everything is created for the attainment of higher objects. Even man himself is but a link in the great chain of events. The moment he begins to care for nothing beyond his own self, he ceases to be a useful member of society. It is our duty to employ our talents and our skill for the good of our fellow-creatures; and, as regards the lower animals, we consider them bound to serve us with their physical strength, and with their body.

## III. WATER—ITS EFFECTS.

On casting another glance upon those long periods which my colleague, Mr. Goldfuss, has so well described, we cannot but perceive, that when Divine Providence caused a vegetation to spring up for the subsequent deposition of coal-beds, it was with the view of supplying us with fuel and the means of preparing our food. Nature made use of the then superfluous heat by expending it on the growth of a luxuriant vegetation, and afterwards of a vigorous animalization. This was a very wise arrangement in the economy of nature. She, in order to store up a portion of the original heat for the benefit of the future race of man, buried, in the bowels of the earth, the whole mass of vegetables which had been reared by the aid of a high temperature. A pious mind cannot but feel deeply moved, on contemplating the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator, which is manifested in the works of nature. "O Lord," so we may exclaim with the Psalmist (Ps. civ. 24,) "how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches." I have already observed, that the temperature and the waters of the sea have always been on the decrease since the period characterized by the growth of a monstrous vegetation. What was the consequence? This decrease of the temperature and of the waters of the sea involved a decrease in the amount of vapors, which arise from the latter, and descend again, under the form of rain. In order to remedy this, and to restore the balance, it became necessary to raise up chains of lofty mountains.

It is a well-known fact, proved even by our hills, the Siebengebirge, and the Slate Mountains of the Rhine, that a greater quantity of moisture

is condensed from the atmosphere by the action of mountains, than by that of plains.

We observe, that the clouds are attracted by the mountains, that they discharge upon them their contents, and give origin to springs, brooks, and rivers. It is said in the same psalm, that the Lord sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

It was sufficient to raise the chain of the Alps in order to supply with water, through the medium of the largest streams, a considerable portion of Europe,—the south and west of Germany, the Netherlands, the south of France, the north of Italy, Hungary, and European Turkey.

Those parts of the Alps which have been lifted above the snow-line, became, of necessity, covered with eternal snow. There was nothing lost by this arrangement, though large tracts of country were thus rendered inaccessible to the growth of plants and animals; for beyond a certain altitude there is an end to every species of organized products. Add to this, that on the other side of the Alps a large extent of country, traversed by low ranges of hills, is well adapted for the growth of organized products. A fertile mould, covering the ground for miles, and extensive tracts of Alpine country, where numerous flocks of cattle and goats are seen to pasture, became the result of those subterranean actions by which nature has uplifted mountains. Fertility was gradually spread from the Alps to the most distant countries of Europe. The heat engendered in the narrow and deeply indented valleys of the Alps would become intolerable, and forbid the growth of plants, unless the atmosphere were constantly cooled down by the neighboring snow and ice-mountains as also by the ice-cold waters of the glaciers.

In the same way as the superfluous heat of former ages has been, as it were, preserved by the coal-beds, the water which, during winter, falls down in the form of snow, is stored up in the Alps for the summer season. Glaciers descend from the highest parts of the Alps, which lie buried in everlasting snow, into those regions where the snow begins to melt in summer. At the same time that those rivers, which do not rise from the Alps or glaciers, as, for instance, our Elbe, Oder, &c., are nearly dried up during the summer months, the streams issuing from the Alps, as, for instance, the Rhine, the Danube, the Rhone, the Ethe, &c., continue to swell in proportion as the heat increases; for the greater the heat the larger will be the supply of water, formed by the melting of the snow and of the ice of the glaciers. Nature has covered the Alps with eternal snow and ice; but she avoided to do so with regard to the inferior regions of lakes and of the sea, because she intended them for the abode of organized beings. To what expedient did Nature resort, in order to effect her object? She fell upon a very simple plan, but which ap-

pears, on that account, so much the more wonderful.

All substances, both in the liquid and in the solid state, contract during the process of cooling; and the more so the longer that process is carried on. We may observe this every day on the liquid mercury contained in the glass tube of our thermometers. We perceive that the column contracts whenever the cold increases. The thermometer is then said to fall. The contraction of water is, however, regulated by a law very different, and very peculiar. It is certainly true that water contracts in proportion as the cold increases; but the instant that it has cooled down as far as 39° Fah., it ceases to contract,—nay, at a still lower temperature, it begins again to expand, and continues to do so down to the freezing point. The power of expansion is so considerable, that the strongest metallic vessels, if completely filled with water, and closely shut, are seen to burst during the process of freezing. This power is indeed irresistible. I request you to keep this in remembrance, since I shall afterwards have occasion to revert to this subject.

Water diminishes in volume, and gains in specific gravity, in proportion as it continues to contract. Again, a heavier fluid sinks below that which is lighter, as may be witnessed on pouring water on oil. In the same way the heavier particles of water descend through those which are lighter, and the lighter ones rise through those which are heavier. What takes place in a lake, for instance, in our Laacher Lake, on the commencement of the winter's cold? The sheet of water on the surface being in immediate contact with the cold atmosphere, begins to assume a lower temperature. It contracts, becomes heavier, and sinks down through the water below, which, being warmer and lighter, rises in its turn to the surface. This movement continues, until the water which is uppermost has acquired the temperature of about 39° Fah.; its specific gravity is then at its maximum. Water of this temperature has, therefore, still a tendency to sink; but it loses that tendency the moment that it cools down below 39° Fah.; for now it begins again to expand, becomes lighter, and swims on the warmer water below, as oil swims on water. It follows from this, that water of a temperature lower than 39° Fah., can never reach the bottom of the lake. We have thus explained the mystery, why deep lakes can never be frozen to the bottom. The temperature of water, which occupies the lower regions of lakes, can never sink below 39° Fah.; whence we infer that, at a certain depth, there exists a temperature of about 39° F., and this not only in winter, but likewise in summer. I have said likewise in summer, because it is obvious that water of the above temperature can never be replaced by water of a higher temperature, on account of the inferior weight of the latter. Deep

lakes exhibit, therefore, this peculiarity, that heat cannot descend downwards, whereas cold may. But as it is impossible for water of an icy temperature to arrive at the bottom of the lake, it follows that the lake cannot be frozen to the bottom.

Many experiments, made, for instance, in the lakes of Switzerland, prove the truth of our theory. On examination, the temperature of their lower regions amounts at all seasons to from 41° Fah., to 43° .2 Fah. The cause why it was never exactly 39° Fah., is attributable partly to the internal heat of the earth, partly to the circumstance that water of the temperature of 39° Fah. never reaches the bottom without being mixed with some of the warmer particles through which it passes. This temperature of 41° Fah. or 43° Fah. is observed in all the lakes where that of the surrounding atmosphere sinks in winter at least as low as 39° Fah. It is common to all the lakes of the northern and southern countries of Europe; as, for instance, to the lakes of Sweden, Norway, and Lower Germany, as well as to those of the Alps and of Italy. Hence it is intelligible why the same species of fish are found in lakes belonging to very different climes. The unequal temperature of the atmosphere does not in the least affect them. The fish inhabiting the lakes in the north of Sweden swim about in their native element at a depth where the water has constantly the same temperature; as is, for instance, observed in the Lago di Como, although in winter the atmosphere frequently shows 20° or 30° below 39° Fah., whilst in summer it rises here as many degrees above 39° Fah. It is only during the hot season that the fish betake themselves to the upper regions in order to deposit their spawn.

The same providential care which Nature has bestowed on the accommodation of the finny tribe is also discernible in the manner in which she has attended to the comforts of quadrupeds. The organization of each particular class is strictly adapted to the climate and condition of the country assigned to it. The ice bear and the reindeer are confined to the polar regions; the lion and the leopard to the torrid zone. Misery and death await them should they venture beyond the bounds of their native clime. Birds, the most nimble of all animals, are by nature allowed the most extensive range. The birds of passage—as swallows, too delicate for the severity of our winters, leave us in autumn, in search of warmer countries. Reptiles—as toads, lizards, serpents, &c.—not provided with the means of escape, hide themselves in the bosom of the earth, to protect themselves from the winter's cold. The insects, which in summer swarm about in such abundance, perish at the commencement of winter, but their eggs and larvæ are preserved for the propagation of their species. How very different from this is the life of fish, allowed to traverse their native element at a depth where they may always enjoy the same uniform temperature.

Suppose, now, that the creation of water had been left to ourselves—short-sighted beings as we are—with what properties would we have endowed it? It would never have occurred to us, in the case of the contraction of water, to deviate from the general law with regard to the contraction of bodies. Like other fluids, we would have made it to contract as far as the freezing point. What would have been the consequence? In one severe winter the beautiful lakes of the Alps, and of other countries visited by frost, would have been frozen to the bottom. The fish, and every other creature in them, would have died—a whole creation would have perished. Nothing is plainer than this.

It is evident that lakes no deeper than the Rhine, will require the same time for cooling down to 32° Fah. The temperature of that river sinks to 32° Fah. a few days after the commencement of frost, when shoals of ice are seen to float about. For a series of winters I have been in the habit of examining the temperature of the Rhine at the time of incipient frost, when I have invariably found that the thermometer, although it stood several degrees above 32° Fah., fell to the freezing point upon the weather continuing severe for three days. You may make the same observation, with less inconvenience to yourselves, if you watch the Rhine from your windows. Mark the day when the first ice is seen on the streets. On that day you will never perceive any ice floating on the Rhine. This will, however, be the case after a few days of sudden and intense frost. But it is not only on the surface that the Rhine assumes the temperature of 32° Fah.; it may be traced at whatever depth we examine it. Several years ago this matter was very carefully investigated at Strasburg. Water, drawn from different depths, showed the same temperature of 32° with that on the surface.

In some places the Rhine is more than fifty feet deep. This river being frozen three days after the commencement of severe frost, it follows that a lake 1500 feet deep, for instance the Lake of Geneva, will cool down to 32° in the course of three months; so that the next moment it may be converted into one solid mass of ice. Considering that in the Alps, where the lakes occupy a much more elevated situation, the winter makes its appearance in November, and frequently lasts till April or May, it is evident that such lakes will already be frozen to the bottom before the end of February. It is true, that, in the succeeding summer, the ice would begin to melt on the surface, but that would scarcely produce a sheet of water a few feet deep; for, in order to melt a mass of ice 1500 feet thick, it would require our summer heat to continue without intermission for many years. Such lakes would cease to deserve the appellation of lakes; they would forever present one solid mass of ice.

Such would have been the fate of the magnificent lakes in Switzerland, in Upper Bavaria, and in Upper Italy; of the charming Lago Maggiore, of the Lago di Como, and others. Their fish would have been frozen to death, and their shores stripped of that matchless luxuriance of vegetation for which they are so remarkable. Steamboats would have been out of the question, for the thin sheet of water obtained by the melting of the upper crust of ice would scarcely admit of the use of flat canoes.

Our beautiful lakes in Northern Germany, for



instance those of Brandenburg and Mecklenburg, and which are almost the only ornaments of those countries, would be visited by a similar misfortune. We might certainly, up to the middle of summer, amuse ourselves with skating, and with excursions on sledges; but then the ice would melt so slowly as to leave the lakes scarcely accessible to the smallest boats.

How different would be the aspect of countries if water had not been endowed with the peculiar property of attaining its maximum density at about 39° Fahrenheit. In the contrary case, nothing would have been better, but everything so much the worse; and we ought, therefore, to give praise to our Creator, who, by such simple means, has conferred on mankind such great and everlasting benefits. Job, the hero of that well-known ancient poem, seems to allude to this when he says, (chap. xxxviii. 29, 34,) "Out of whose womb came the ice? The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen."

The atheist may object to this, and protest that the water received this property by a mere caprice of nature. But what right have we so to call that beautiful arrangement, whereby such important ends are accomplished? He who does not recognize therein the power and exceeding mercy of God, will never find it elsewhere.

Let us now turn away from that picture of desolation, and once more direct our attention to contemplate that wise arrangement by which such great things have been effected. A continued frost is requisite, in order to reduce the temperature of deep lakes to 39° Fahrenheit. If the frost continues still longer, a thin layer of water at the surface begins to undergo the process of freezing. The crust of ice that is forming slowly increases downwards, but, on the appearance of thaw, its growth is immediately arrested. Under this cover the fish continue in a lively and active condition, because the region in which they move about, preserves, winter and summer, the same temperature. A few warm days of spring are sufficient to melt the ice, and to destroy every trace of the winter.

The time which is required in order to cool the lakes down to 39° Fahrenheit, and to continue that process on their surface, is proportional to their depth. The freezing of deep lakes is, therefore, a very rare occurrence. It has happened but once within these fifty-four years, namely, in the year 1830, that the Lake of Constance was frozen over during the severe frost in January and February. It was almost completely covered with ice, with the exception, however, of a small circle opposite to Friedrichshafen, which, being exactly over the spot where it is deepest, presented an open space, scattered over with shoals of floating ice. The greatest thickness of the ice was found to be half a foot. Of course, a few warm days of spring were sufficient to remove all traces of the ice.

The sea presents relations very analogous to those of lakes; but there is this difference, that the water of the former, owing to its salt condition, takes much longer time to freeze than that of the latter.

I have stated before, that water expands in the act of freezing, and that this power is irresistible. It follows from this, that ice must be lighter than water; for it is seen to swim on the latter.

Here we have again a proof of Divine wisdom.

What would be the consequence if the ice had been heavier than water? That substance would sink to the bottom as soon as it is formed, a second layer would thus be deposited, and so on, until the whole bed of the Rhine was filled with ice. An impenetrable and immovable ice-wall would thus begin to overtop the water, cause the river to overflow, and to deposit fresh masses of ice. The ice-wall would then rise above the banks, occasioning the most fearful inundations, by which the whole country would be converted into one scene of desolation and misery.

If it had pleased the Almighty to ordain that ice should be heavier than water, one single severe winter would be sufficient to destroy all our cities, and to lay waste all the adjacent districts of the Rhine. The beautiful valley, which extends along the whole course of that river, from Switzerland down to Holland, would present one entire wilderness.

But do not imagine that ice has been made lighter than water, merely in order to prevent ruin and desolation! Nature intended thereby to confer on us the most signal and everlasting benefits. The whole coast extending from Holland to Russia is deficient in rocks. In that whole direction, not one single rock is to be seen. In order to remedy this evil, Nature fell upon the following plan: At an early period of our earth, she loaded large ice islands with the rocks of Sweden. This was probably the same period when the mammoths and elephants were buried in the ice at the mouths of the river Lena. The ice islands landed on the coast of the Baltic, then still under water; they divested themselves of their burden, depositing the stones in localities where they are now found under the name of *erratic blocks*, consisting chiefly of large pieces of granite, porphyry, &c., and employed for decorating the bridges and museums of Berlin, as also for paving the highways and public roads of Brandenburg. Our countrymen on the Baltic enjoy the possession of these stones merely because ice is lighter than water.

You will remember that I stated before, that the expansive power of water, when in the act of freezing, is irresistible. Nature possesses no gunpowder, for this is altogether an artificial product; but she accomplishes by water what we obtain by fire. I have already brought to your notice, how the rocks of the Faulhorn are broken to pieces by the action of freezing water. Nature purposed to convert sterile rocks and stones into a fruitful mould. She employed the simple means of admitting water into the crevices, and of causing it to freeze. The ice, in severing the rocks, acts on the principle of a wedge. When it begins to melt, it assists in loosening the rocks, and in accelerating their dilapidation. This process is repeated until the stone is completely reduced to clay.

I have now endeavored to show, that Nature is able to accomplish great things by small means; and I trust you will not depreciate the small means I have employed in order to amuse you, and to direct your attention to a class of phenomena on which you have had perhaps little occasion to reflect. It has fallen to the share of very few individuals to perform great things by small means; an ordinary mortal frequently accomplishing but little by great means. But he is contented with the testimony, that his labors have not been thrown away.

From the Edinburgh Review.

## THE GOOD MEN OF CLAPHAM.

1. *The Life of Isaac Milner, D. D., F. R. S., Dean of Carlisle, President of Queen's College, and Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge; comprising a portion of his Correspondence and other Writings, hitherto unpublished.* By his Niece, MARY MILNER. 8vo. London.
2. *Memoir of the Life and Correspondence of John Lord Teignmouth.* By his Son, LORD TEIGNMOUTH. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

IN one of those collections of Essays which have recently been detached from the main body of this journal, (we following herein the policy of Constantine and of Charlemagne, when dividing their otherwise too extensive empires into distinct though associated sovereignties,) there occur certain pleasant allusions, already rendered obscure by the lapse of time, to a religious sect or society, which, as it appears, was flourishing in this realm in the reign of George III. What subtle theories, what clouds of learned dust, might have been raised by future Binghamms, and Du Pins yet unborn, to determine what was *The Patent Christianity*, and what *The Clapham Sect* of the nineteenth century, had not the fair and the noble authors before us appeared to dispel, or at least to mitigate, the darkness! Something, indeed, had been done aforetime. The antiquities of Clapham, had they not been written in the *Britannia* of Mr. Lyons! Her beauties, had they not inspired the muse of Mr. Robbins! But it was reserved for Mrs. Milner, and for Lord Teignmouth, to throw such light on her social and ecclesiastical state as will render our facetious colleague\* intelligible to future generations. Treading in their steps, and aided by their information, it shall be our endeavor to clear up still more fully, for the benefit of ages yet to come, this passage in the ecclesiastical history of the age which has just passed away.

Though living amidst the throes of empires, and the fall of dynasties, men are not merely warriors and politicians. Even in such times they buy and sell, build and plant, marry and are given in marriage. And thus it happened, that during the war with revolutionary France, Henry Thornton, the then representative in Parliament of the borough of Southwark, having become a husband, became also the owner of a spacious mansion on the confines of the villa-cinctured common of Clapham.

It is difficult to consider the suburban retirement of a wealthy banker esthetically (as the Germans have it;) but, in this instance, the intervention of William Pitt imparted some dignity to an occur-

rence otherwise so unpoetical. He dismissed for a moment his budgets and his subsidies, for the amusement of planning an oval saloon to be added to this newly-purchased residence. It arose at his bidding, and yet remains, perhaps, a solitary monument of the architectural skill of that imperial mind. Lofty and symmetrical, it was curiously wainscotted with books on every side, except where it opened on a far-extended lawn, reposing beneath the giant arms of aged elms and massive tulip-trees.

Few of the designs of the great minister were equally successful. Ere many years had elapsed, the chamber he had thus projected, became the scene of enjoyments which amidst his proudest triumphs, he might well have envied, and witnessed the growth of projects more majestic than any which ever engaged the deliberations of his cabinet. For there, at the close of each succeeding day, drew together a group of playful children, and with them a knot of legislators, rehearsing, in sport or earnestly, some approaching debate; or travelers from distant lands; or circumnavigators of the worlds of literature and science; or the pastor of the neighboring church, whose look announced him as the channel through which benedictions passed to earth from heaven; and, not seldom, a youth who listened, while he seemed to read the book spread out before him. There also was still a matronly presence, controlling, animating, and harmonizing the elements of this little world, by a kindly spell, of which none could trace the working, though the charm was confessed by all. Dissolved in endless discourse, or rather in audible soliloquy, flowing from springs deep and inexhaustible, the lord of this well-peopled enclosure rejoiced over it with a contagious joy. In a few paces, indeed, he might traverse the whole extent of that patriarchal dominion. But within those narrow precincts were his porch, his studio, his judgment-seat, his oratory, and "the church that was in his house,"—the reduced, but not imperfect resemblance of that innumerable company which his Catholic spirit embraced and loved, under all the varying forms which conceal their union from each other, and from the world. Discord never agitated that tranquil home; lassitude never brooded over it. Those demons quailed at the aspect of a man in whose heart peace had found a resting-place, though his intellect was incapable of repose.

Henry was the second son of John Thornton, a merchant, renowned in his generation for a munificence more than princely, and commended to the reverence of posterity by the letters and the poetry of Cowper. The father was one of those rare men, in whom the desire to relieve distress assumes the form of a master passion; and if faith

\* The Rev. Sydney Smith.

be true to tradition, he indulged it with a disdain, alternately ludicrous and sublime, of the good advice which the eccentric have to undergo from the judicious. Conscious of no aims but such as might invite the scrutiny of God and man, he pursued them after his own fearless fashion—yielding to every honest impulse, relishing a frolic when it fell in his way, choosing his associates in scorn of mere worldly precepts, and worshipping with any fellow-Christian whose heart beat in unison with his own, however inharmonious might be some of the articles of their respective creeds.

His son was the heir of his benevolence, but not of his peculiarities. If Lavater had been summoned to divine the occupation of Henry Thornton, he would probably have assigned to him the highest rank among the judges of his native land. Brows capacious and serene, a scrutinizing eye, and lips slightly separated, as of one who listens and prepares to speak, were the true interpreters of the informing mind within. It was a countenance on which were graven the traces of an industry alike quiet and persevering, of a self-possession unassailable by any strong excitement, and of an understanding keen to detect, and comprehensive to reconcile, distinctions. The judicial, like the poetical nature, is a birthright; and by that imprescriptible title he possessed it. Forensic debates were indeed beyond his province; but even in Westminster Hall, the noblest of her temples, Themis had no more devoted worshipper. To investigate the great controversies of his own and of all former times, was the chosen employment, to pronounce sentence in them the dear delight, of his leisure hours.

Nothing which fell within the range of his observation, escaped this curious inquiry. His own duties, motives, and habits, the characters of those whom he loved best, the intellectual resources and powers of his various friends and companions, the prepossessions, hereditary or conventional, to which he or they were subject, the maxims of society, the dogmas of the church, the problems which were engaging the attention of Parliament or of political economists, and those which affected his own enterprises—all passed in review before him, and were all in their turn adjudicated with the grave impartiality which the keeper of the great seal is expected to exhibit. Truth, the foe of falsehood—truth, the antagonist of error—and truth, the exorcist of ambiguity—was the object of his supreme homage; and so reverential were the vows offered by him at her shrine, that he abjured the communion of those less earnest worshippers, who throw over her the veil of fiction, or place her in epigrammatic attitudes, or disguise her beneath the mask of wit or drollery. To contemplate truth in the purest light, and in her own fair proportions, he was content that she should be unadorned by any beauties but such as belong to her celestial nature, and are inseparable from it. Hence his disquisitions did not always escape the

reproach of drought and tediousness, or avoided it only by the cheerful tone and pungent sense with which they were conducted. He had as little pretension to the colloquial eloquence as to the multifarious learning and transcendental revelations of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Yet the pilgrimages to Clapham and to Highgate were made with rival zeal, and the relics brought back from each were regarded as of almost equal sanctity. If the philosophical poet dismissed his audience under the spell of theories compassing all knowledge, and of imagery peopling all space, the practical philosopher sent his hearers to their homes instructed in a doctrine cheerful, genial and active, a doctrine which taught them to be sociable and busy, to augment to the utmost of their power the joint stock of human happiness, and freely to take, and freely to enjoy, the share assigned to each by the conditions of that universal partnership. And well did the teacher illustrate his own maxims. The law of social duty, as expounded in his domestic academy, was never expounded more clearly or more impressively than by his habitual example.

Having inherited an estate, which, though not splendid, was enough for the support of his commercial credit, he adjudged that it ought never to be increased by accumulation, nor diminished by sumptuousness; and he lived and died in the rigid practice of this decision. In the division of his income between himself and the poor, the share he originally assigned to them was nearly six-sevenths of the whole; and as appeared after his death, from accounts kept with the most minute commercial accuracy, the amount expended by him in one of his earlier years, for the relief of distress, considerably exceeded nine thousand pounds. When he had become the head of a family, he reviewed this decree, and thenceforward regarded himself as a trustee for the miserable, to the extent only of one-third of his whole expenditure. The same faithful record showed that the smallest annual payment ever paid by him on this account, amounted to two thousand pounds. As a legislator, he had condemned the unequal pressure of the direct taxes on the rich and the poor; but instead of solacing his defeat with the narcotic of virtuous indignation combined with discreet parsimony, he silently raised his own contribution to the level of his speech. Tidings of the commercial failure of a near kinsman embarked him at once on an inquiry, how far he was obliged to indemnify those who might have given credit to his relative, in a reliance, however unauthorized, on his own resources; and again the coffers of the banker were unlocked by the astuteness of the casuist. A mercantile partnership, (many a year has passed since the disclosure could injure or affect any one,) which, without his knowledge, had obtained from his firm, large and improvident advances, became so hopelessly embarrassed, that their bankruptcy was pressed on him as the only chance of averting from his own house the most serious

disasters. He overruled the proposal, on the ground that they whose rashness had given to their debtors an unmerited credit, had no right to call on others to divide with them the consequent loss. To the last farthing he therefore discharged the liabilities of the insolvents, at a cost of which his own share exceeded twenty thousand pounds. Yet he was then declining in health, and the father of nine young children. Enamored of truth, the living spirit of justice, he yielded the allegiance of the heart to justice, the outward form of truth. The law engraven on the tablet of his conscience, and executed by the minister of his affections, was strictly interpreted by his reason as the supreme earthly judge. Whatever might be his topic, or whatever his employment, he never laid aside the ermine.

And yet, for more than thirty years, he was a member of the unreformed parliament, representing there that people, so few and singular, who dare to think, and speak, and act for themselves. He never gave one party vote, was never claimed as an adherent by any of the contending factions of his times, and, of course, neither won nor sought the favor of any. An impartial arbiter, whose suffrage was the honorable reward of superior reason, he sat apart and aloft, in a position which, though it provoked a splenetic sarcasm from Burke, commanded the respect even of those whom it rebuked.

To the great whig doctrines of peace, reform, economy, and toleration, he lent all the authority of his name, and occasionally the aid of his voice. But he was an infrequent and unimpressive speaker, and sought to influence the measures of his day rather by the use of his pen, than by any participation in its rhetoric. His writings, moral, religious, and political, were voluminous, though destitute of any such mutual dependence as to unite them into one comprehensive system; or any such graces of execution as to obtain for them permanent acceptance. But in a domestic liturgy, composed for the use of his own family, and made public after his death, he encountered, with as much success as can attend it, the difficulty of finding thoughts and language meet to be addressed by the ephemeral dwellers on the earth to Him who inhabiteth eternity. It is simple, grave, weighty, and reverential: and forms a clear, though a faint, and subdued, echo of the voice in which the Deity has revealed his sovereign will to man. That will he habitually studied, adored, and labored to adopt. Yet his piety was reserved and unobtrusive. Like the life-blood throbbing in every pulse and every fibre, it was the latent though perennial source of his mental health and energy.

A peace, perfect and unbroken, seemed to possess him. His tribute of pain and sorrow was paid with a submission so tranquil, as sometimes to assume the appearance of a morbid insensibility. But his affections, unimpaired by lawless indulgence,

and constant to their proper objects, were subject to a control to be acquired by no feeblér discipline. Ills from without assailed him, not as the gloomy ministers of vengeance, but as the necessary exercise of virtues not otherwise to be called into activity. They came as the salutary lesson of a father, not as the penal infliction of a judge. Nor did the Father, to whom he so meekly bowed, see fit to lay on him those griefs, under the pressure of which the bravest stagger. He never witnessed the irruption of death into his domestic paradise, nor the rending asunder by sin, the parent of death, of the bonds of love and reverence which united to each other the inmates of that happy home—a home happy in his presence from whose lips no morose, or angry, or impatient word ever fell; on whose brow no cloud of anxiety or discontent was ever seen to rest. Surrounded to his latest hours by those whom it had been his chief delight to bless and to instruct, he bequeathed to them the recollection of a wise, a good, and a happy man; that so, if in future life a wider acquaintance with the world should chill the heart with the skepticism so often engendered by such knowledge, they might be reassured in the belief that human virtue is no vain illusion; but that, nurtured by the dews of heaven, it may expand into fertility and beauty, even in those fat places of the earth which romance disowns, and on which no poet's eye will condescend to rest.

A goodly heritage! yet to have transmitted it, (if that were all) would, it must be confessed, be an insufficient title to a place amongst memorable men. Nor, except for what he accomplished as the associate of others, could that claim be reasonably preferred on behalf of Henry Thornton. Apart, and sustained only by his own resources, he would neither have undertaken, nor conceived, the more noble of those benevolent designs to which his life was devoted. Affectionate, but passionless—with a fine and indeed a fastidious taste, but destitute of all creative imagination—gifted rather with fortitude to endure calamity, than with courage to exult in the struggle with danger—a lover of mankind, but not an enthusiast in the cause of our common humanity—his serene and perspicacious spirit was never haunted by the visions, nor borne away by the resistless impulses, of which heroic natures, and they alone, are conscious. Well qualified to impart to the highest energies of others a wise direction, and inflexible perseverance, he had to borrow from them the glowing temperament which hopes against hope, and is wise in despite of prudence. He had not far or long to seek for such an alliance.

On the bright evening of a day which had run its course some thirty or forty summers ago, the usual groups had formed themselves in the library already celebrated. Addressing a nearer circle, might be heard above the unbusy hum the voice of the Prelector, investigating the characteristics of Seneca's morality perhaps; or, not improbably,

the seizure of the Danish fleet; or, it might be, the various gradations of sanity as exhibited by Robert Hall or Joanna Southcote; when all pastimes were suspended, and all speculations put to flight, to welcome the approach of what seemed a dramatic procession, emerging from the deep foliage by which the further slopes of the now checkered lawn were overhung. In advance of the rest two noisy urchins were putting to no common test the philanthropy of a tall, shaggy dog, their playfellow, and the parental indulgence of the slight figure which followed them. Limbs scarcely stouter than those of Asmodeus, sustaining a torso as unlike as possible to that of Theseus, carried him along with the agility of an antelope, though under the weight of two coat-pockets, protuberant as the bags by which some learned brother of the coif announces and secures his rank as leader of his circuit. Grasping a pocket volume in one hand, he wielded in the other a spud, caught up in his progress through the garden, but instinct at his touch with more significance than a whole museum of horticultural instruments. At one instant, a staff on which he leaned and listened to the projector at his elbow developing his plan for the better coppering of ships' bottoms, at the next it became a wand, pointing out to a portly constituent from the Cloth Hall at Leeds some rich effect of the sunset; then a truncheon, beating time to the poetical reminiscences of a gentleman of the Wesleyan persuasion, looking painfully conscious of his best clothes and of his best behavior; and ere the sacred cadence had reached its close, a cutlass raised in mimic mutiny against the robust form of William Smith, who, as commodore of this ill-assorted squadron, was endeavoring to convey them to their destined port. But little availed the sonorous word of command, or the heart-stirring laugh of the stout member for Norwich, to shape a straight course for the volatile representative of the county of York, now fairly under the canvass of his own bright and joyous fancies. He moved in obedience to some impulse like that which prompts the wheelings of the swallow, or the dodgings of the barbel. But whether he advanced, or paused, or revolved, his steps were still measured by the ever-changeable music of his own rich voice, ranging over all the chords expressive of mirth and tenderness, of curiosity or surprise, of delight or of indignation. *Eheu, fugaces!* Those elder forms are all now reposing beneath the clods of the valley; those playful boys are venerable dignitaries of the church; and he who then seemed to read while he listened silently, is now in the garrulity of declining years, telling old tales, and distorting, perhaps in the attempt to revive them, pictures which have long since been fading from the memory. But for that misgiving, how easy to depict the nearer approach of William Wilberforce, and of the *táil* by which, like some Gaelic chief or Hibernian demagogue, he was attended! How

easy to portray the joyous fusion of the noisy strollers across the lawn, with the quieter but not less happy assemblage which had watched and enjoyed their pantomime—to trace the confluence of the two streams of discourse, imparting grace and rapidity to the one, and depth and volume to the other—to paint the brightening aspect of the grave censor, as his own reveries were flashed back on him in picturesque forms and brilliant colors—or to delineate the subdued countenance of his mercurial associate, as he listened to profound contemplations on the capacities and the duties of man!

Of Mr. Wilberforce, we have had occasion to write so recently, and so much at large, that though the Agamemnon of the host we celebrate—the very sun of the Claphamic system—we pause not to describe him. His fair demesne was continuous with that of Mr. Thornton; nor lacked there sunny banks, or sheltered shrubberies, where, in each change of season, they revolved the captivity under which man was groaning, and projected schemes for his deliverance. And although such conclaves might scarcely be convened except in the presence of these two, yet were they rarely held without the aid of others, especially of such as could readily find their way thither from the other quarters of the sacred village.

It is not permitted to any coterie altogether to escape the spirit of coterie. Clapham Common, of course, thought itself the best of all possible commons. Such, at least, was the opinion of the less eminent of those who were entitled to house-bote and dinner-bote there. If the common was attacked, the whole homage was in a flame. If it was laughed at, there could be no remaining sense of decency amongst men. The commoners admired in each other the reflection of their own looks, and the echo of their own voices. A critical race, they drew many of their canons of criticism from books, and talk of their own parentage; and for those on the outside of the pale, there might be, now and then, some failure of charity. Their festivities were not exhilarating. New faces, new topics, and a less liberal expenditure of wisdom immediately after dinner, would have improved them. Thus, even at Clapham, the discerning might perceive the imperfections of our common nature, and take up the lowly confession of the great Thomas Erskine—"After all, gentlemen, I am but a man."

But if not more than men, they were not less. They had none of the intellectual coxcombray since so prevalent. They did not instil philosophic and political neology into young ladies and officers of the Guards, through the gentle medium of the fashionable novel. They mourned over the ills inseparable from the progress of society, without shrieks or hysterics. They were not epicures for whose languid palates the sweets of the rich man's banquet must be seasoned with the acid of the poor man's discontent. Their philanthropy did not

languish without the stimulant of satire ; nor did it degenerate into a mere ballet of tender attitudes and sentimental pirouettes. Their philosophy was something better than an array of hard words. Their religion was something more than a collection of impalpable essences, too fine for analysis, and too delicate for use. It was a hardy, serviceable, fruit-bearing and patrimonial religion.

They were the sons, by natural or spiritual birth, of men, who, in the earlier days of Methodism, had shaken off the lethargy in which, till then, the Church of England had been entranced—of men, by whose agency the great evangelic doctrine of faith, emerging in its primeval splendor, had not only overpowered the contrary heresies, but had perhaps obscured some kindred truths. This earlier generation of the evangelic school had been too ingenuous, and too confident in the divine reality of their cause, to heed much what hostility they might awaken. They had been content to pass for fools, in a world whose boasted wisdom they accounted folly. In their one central and all-pervading idea, they had found an influence hardly less than magical. They had esteemed it impossible to inculcate too emphatically, or too widely, that truth which Paul had proclaimed indifferently to the idolators of Ephesus, the revellers of Corinth, the sophists of Athens, and the debauched citizens of sanguinary Rome.

Their sons adopted the same creed with equal sincerity and undiminished earnestness, but with a far keener sense of the hindrances opposed to the indiscriminate and rude exhibition of it. Absolute as was the faith of Mr. Wilberforce and his associates, it was not possible that the system called "Evangelical," should be asserted by them in the blunt and uncompromising tone of their immediate predecessors. A more elaborate education, greater familiarity with the world and with human affairs, a deeper insight into science and history, with a far nicer discernment of mere conventional proprieties, had opened to them a range of thought, and had brought them into relations with society, of which their fathers were comparatively destitute. Positiveness, dogmatism and an ignorant contempt of difficulties, may accompany the firmest convictions, but not the convictions of the firmest minds. The freedom with which the vessel swings at anchor, ascertains the soundness of her anchorage. To be conscious of the force of prejudice in ourselves and others, to feel the strength of the argument we resist, to know how to change places internally with our antagonists, to understand why it is that we provoke this scorn, disgust or ridicule ; and still to be unshaken, still to adhere with fidelity to the standard we have chosen,—this is triumph, to be won by those alone on whom is bestowed not merely the faith which overcomes the world, but the pure and peaceable wisdom which is from above.

And such were they whom the second generation of the evangelical party acknowledged as their secular chiefs. They fell on days much unlike

those which we, their children, have known—days less softened by the charities and courtesies, but less enervated by the frivolities of life. Since the fall of the Roman republic, there had not arisen within the bosom, and armed with the weapons, of civilization itself, a power so full of menace to the civilized world as that which then overshadowed Europe. In the deep seriousness of that dark era, they of whom we speak looked back for analogies to that remote conflict of the nations ; and drew evil auguries from the event of the wars which, from Sylla to Octavius, had dyed the earth with the blood of its inhabitants, to establish at length a military despotism—ruthless, godless, and abominable. But they also reverted to the advent, even in that age of lust and cruelty, of a power destined to wage successful war, not with any external or earthly potentate, but with the secret and internal spring of all this wretchedness and wrong—the power of love, incarnate though divine—of love exercised in toils and sufferings, and at length yielding up life itself, that from that sacrifice might germinate the seeds of a new and enduring life—the vital principle of man's social existence, of his individual strength, and of his immortal hopes.

And as, in that first age of Christianity, truth, and with it heavenly consolation, had been diffused, not alone or chiefly by the lifeless text, but by living messengers proclaiming and illustrating the renovating energy of the message intrusted to them ; so to those who, at the commencement of this century, were anxiously watching the convulsions of their own age, it appeared that the sorrows of mankind would be best assuaged, and the march of evil most effectually stayed, by an humble imitation of that inspired example. They therefore formed themselves into a confederacy, carefully organized and fearlessly avowed, to send forth into all lands, but above all into their own, the two witnesses of the Church—Scripture and Tradition ;—scripture, to be interpreted by its divine Author to the devout worshippers—tradition, not of doctrinal tenets, but of that unextinguishable zeal, which, first kindled in the apostolic times, has never since wanted either altars to receive, or attendant ministers to feed and propagate the flame. Bibles, schools, missionaries, the circulation of evangelical books, and the training of evangelical clergymen, the possession of well-attended pulpits, war through the press, and war in Parliament, against every form of injustice which either law or custom sanctioned—such were the forces by which they hoped to extend the kingdom of light, and to resist the tyranny with which the earth was threatened.

Nor was it difficult to distinguish or to grapple with their antagonists. The slave trade was then brooding like a pestilence over Africa ; that monster iniquity which fairly outstripped all abhorrence, and baffled all exaggeration—converting one quarter of this fair earth into the nearest possible

resemblance of what we conceive of hell, reversing every law of Christ, and openly defying the vengeance of God. The formation of the holy league, of which we are the chroniclers, synchronized with that unhappy illness which, half a century ago, withdrew Thomas Clarkson from the strife to which he was set apart and consecrated; leaving his associates to pursue it during the twelve concluding years, unaided by his presence, but not without the aid of his example, his sympathy, and his prayers. They have all long since passed away, while he still lives (long may he live!) to enjoy honors and benedictions, for which the diadem of Napoleon, even if wreathed with the laurels of Goethe, would be a mean exchange. But, alas! it is not given to any one, not even to Thomas Clarkson, to enjoy a glory complete and unalloyed. Far from us be the attempt to pluck one leaf from the crown which rests on that time-honored head. But with truth there may be no compromise, and truth wrings from us the acknowledgment that Thomas Clarkson never lived at Clapham.

Not so that comrade in his holy war, whom, of all that served under the same banner, he seems to have loved the best. At the distance of a few bow-shots from the house of Henry Thornton, was the happy home in which dwelt Granville Sharpe; at once the abiding guest and the bosom friend of his more wealthy brothers. A critic, with the soul of a churchwarden, might indeed fasten on certain metes and bounds, hostile to the parochial claims of the family of Sharpe; but in the wider ken and more liberal judgment of the historian, the dignity of a true Claphamite is not to be refused to one whose evening walk and morning contemplations led him so easily and so often within the hallowed precincts.

Would that the days of Isaac Walton could have been prolonged to the time when Granville Sharpe was to be committed to the care of the biographers! His likeness from the easel of the good old angler would have been drawn with an outline as correct and firm, and in colors as soft and as transparent, as the portraits of Hooker or of Herbert, of Doune or of Watton. A narrative, no longer than the liturgy which they all so devoutly loved, would then have superseded the annals which now embalm his memory beneath that non-conforming prolixity which they all so devoutly hated.

The grandson of an archbishop of York, the son of an archdeacon of Northumberland, the father of a prebendary of Durham, Granville Sharpe, descending to the rank from which Isaac Walton rose, was apprenticed to a linen-draper of the name of Halsey, a Quaker who kept his shop on Tower Hill. When the Quaker died, the indentures were transferred to a Presbyterian of the same craft. When the Presbyterian retired, they were made over to an Irish Papist. When the Papist quitted the trade, they passed to a fourth master, whom the apprentice reports to have had no religion at all. At one time a Socinian took up his abode at the draper's, and assaulted the faith of the young apprentice in the mysteries of the trinity and the atonement. Then a Jew came to lodge there, and contested with him the truth of Christianity itself. But blow from what quarter it might, the storm of controversy did but the more endear to him the shelter of his native nest, built for him by his forefathers, like that of the swallow of the Psalmist, in the courts and by the altar of his God. He studied Greek to wrestle with the Socinians—

he acquired Hebrew to refute the Israelite—he learned to love the Quaker, to be kind to the Presbyterian, to pity the Atheist, and to endure the Roman Catholic. Charity (so he judged) was nurtured in his bosom by these early polemics, and the affectionate spirit which warmed to the last the current of his maturer thoughts, grew up, as he believed, within him, while alternately measuring crapes and muslins, and defending the faith against infidels and heretics.

The cares of the mercer's shop engaged no less than seven years of a life destined to be held in grateful remembrance as long as the language or the history of his native land shall be cultivated among men. The next eighteen were consumed in the equally obscure employment of a clerk in the office of ordnance. Yet it was during this period that Granville Sharpe disclosed to others, and probably to himself, the nature, so singular and so lovely, which distinguished him—the most inflexible of human wills, united to the gentlest of human hearts—an almost audacious freedom of thought, combined with profound reverence for hoar authority—a settled conviction of the wickedness of our race, tempered by an infantine credulity in the virtue of each separate member of it—a burning indignation against injustice and wrong, reconciled with pity and long-suffering towards the individual oppressor—all the sternness which Adam has bequeathed to his sons, wedded to all the tenderness which Eve has transmitted to her daughters.

As long as Granville Sharpe survived, it was too soon to proclaim that the age of chivalry was gone. The ordnance clerk sat at his desk with a soul as distended as that of a Paladin bestriding his war-horse; and encountered with his pen such giants, hydras, and discourteous knights, as infested the world in the eighteenth century. He found the lineal representative of the Willoughbys de Parham in the person of a retired tradesman: and buried himself in pedigrees, feoffments, and sepulchral inscriptions, till he saw his friend enjoying his ancestral privileges among the peers of Parliament. He combated, on more than equal terms, the great Hebraist, Dr. Kennicott, in defence of Ezra's catalogue of the sacred vessels, chiefs, and families. He labored long, and with good success, to defeat an unjust grant made by the Treasury to Sir James Lowther, of the Forest of Inglewood, and the manor and castle of Carlisle. He waged a less fortunate war against the theatrical practice of either sex appearing in the habiliments of the other. He moved all the powers of his age, political and intellectual, to abolish the impressment of seamen, and wound up a dialogue, with Johnson, on the subject, by opposing the scriptural warning, "Woe to them that call evil good, and good evil," to what he described as the "plausible sophistry and important self-sufficiency" of the sage. Presenting himself to the then secretary of state, Lord Dartmouth, he denounced, with prophetic solemnity, the guilt of despoiling and exterminating in the Charib war that miserable remnant of the aboriginal race of the Antilles. As a citizen of London, he came to the rescue of Crosby, the Lord Mayor, in his struggle with the House of Commons. As a citizen of the world, he called on earth and heaven to stay the plagues of slavery and the slave-trade, and advocated the independence of America with such ardor as to sacrifice to it his own. Orders had reached his office to ship munitions of war to the revolted col-

onies. If his hand had entered the account of such a cargo, it would have contracted in his eyes the stain of innocent blood. To avoid that pollution he resigned his place, and his means of subsistence, at a period of life when he could no longer hope to find any other lucrative employment. But he had brothers who loved and supported him; and his release from the fatigues of a subordinate office left him free to obey the impulses of his own brave spirit, as the avenger of the oppressed.

While yet a chronicler of gunpowder and small arms, a negro, abandoned to disease, had asked of him alms. Silver and gold he had none, but such as he had he gave him. He procured for the poor sufferer medical aid, and watched over him with affectionate care until his health was restored. The patient, once more become sleek and strong, was an object on which Barbadian eyes could not look without cupidity; and one Lisle, his former master, brought an action against Granville Sharpe for the illegal detention of his slave. Three of the infallible doctors of the church at Westminster—Yorke, Talbot, and Mansfield—favored the claim; and Blackstone, the great expositor of her traditions, hastened, at their bidding, to retract a heresy on this article of the faith into which his uninstructed reason had fallen. Not such the reverence paid by the hard-working clerk to the inward light which God had vouchsafed to him. He conned his entries indeed, and transcribed his minutes all day long, just as if nothing had happened; but throughout two successive years he betook himself to his solitary chamber, there, night by night, to explore the original sources of the law of England, in the hope that so he might be able to correct the authoritative dogmas of chancellors and judges. His inquiries closed with the firm conviction that, on this subject at least, these most learned persons were but shallow pretenders to learning. In three successive cases he struggled against them with various and doubtful success; when fortune, or, be it rather said, when Providence, threw in his way the negro Somerset.

For the vindication of the freedom of that man, followed a debate, ever memorable in legal history for the ability with which it was conducted;—for the first introduction to Westminster Hall of Francis Hargrave;—for the audacious assertion then made by Dunning, of the maxim, that a new brief will absolve an advocate from the disgrace of publicly retracting any avowal however solemn, of any principle however sacred;—for the reluctant abandonment by Lord Mansfield of a long-cherished judicial error;—and for the recognition of a rule of law of such importance, as almost to justify the poets and rhetoricians in their subsequent embellishments of it;—but above all memorable for the magnanimity of the prosecutor, who, though poor and dependent, and immersed in the duties of a toilsome calling, supplied the money, the leisure, the perseverance, and the learning, required for this great controversy—who, wholly forgetting himself in his object, had studiously concealed his connexion with it, lest, perchance, a name so lowly should prejudice a cause so momentous—who, denying himself even the indulgence of attending the argument he had provoked, had circulated his own researches in the name, and as the work, of a plagiarist, who had republished them—and who, mean as was his education, and humble as were his pursuits, had proved his superiority as a jurist, on one main branch of the

law of England, to some of the most illustrious judges by whom that law had been administered.

Never was abolitionist more scathless than Granville Sharpe by the reproach to which their tribe has been exposed, of insensibility to all human sorrows, unless the hair be thick as wool, and the skin as black as ebony. His African clients may indeed have usurped a larger share of his attachment than the others; and of his countless schemes of beneficence, that which he loved the best was the settlement at Sierra Leone of a free colony, to serve as a *point-d'appui* in the future campaigns against the slave trade. But he may be quoted as an experimental proof of the infinite divisibility of the kindly affections. Much he wrote, and much he labored, to conciliate Great Britain and America; much to promote the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures; much to interpret the prophecies contained in them; much to refute the errors of the Socinians; much to sustain the cause of Grattan and the Irish volunteers; much to recommend reform in parliament; and much, it must be added, (for what is man in his best estate!) to dissuade the emancipation of the Catholics. Many also were the benevolent societies which he formed or fostered; and his publications, who can number! Their common aim was to advance the highest interests of mankind; but to none of them, with perhaps one exception, could the praise either of learning or of originality be justly given. For he possessed rather a great soul than a great understanding; and was less admirable for the extent of his resources, than for the earnest affection and the quiet energy with which he employed them.

Like all men of that cast of mind, his humor was gay and festive. Among the barges which floated on a summer evening by the villa of Pope, and the chateau of Horace Walpole, none was more constant or more joyous than that in which Granville Sharpe's harp or kettle-drum sustained the flute of one brother, the hautboy of another, and the melodious voices of their sisters. It was a concord of sweet sounds, typical, as it might seem, of the fraternal harmony which blessed their dwelling on the banks of that noble river. Much honest mirth gladdened that affectionate circle, and brother Granville's pencil could produce very passable caricatures when he laid aside his harp, fashioned, as he maintained, in exact imitation of that of the son of Jesse. To complete the resemblance, it was his delight, at the break of day, to sing to it one of the songs of Zion in his chamber—raised by many an intervening staircase far above the Temple gardens, where young students of those times would often pause in their morning stroll, to listen to the not unpleasant cadence, though the voice was broken by age, and the language was to them an unknown tongue.

On one of their number he condescended to bestow a regard—the memory of which would still warm the heart, even were it chilled by as many years as had then blanched that venerable head. The one might have passed for the grandson of the other; but they met with mutual pleasure, and conversed with a confidence not unlike that of equals. And yet, at this period, Granville Sharpe was passing into a state which, in a nature less active and benevolent than his, would have been nothing better than dotage. In him it assumed the form of a delirium, so calm, so busy, and giving birth to whims so kind-hearted, as often to remind his young associate of Isaac Walton's saying, that



the very dreams of a good man are acceptable to God. To illustrate by examples the state of a mind thus hovering on the confines of wisdom and fatuity, may perhaps suggest the suspicion that the old man's infirmities were contagious; but even at that risk they shall be hazarded, for few of the incidents of his more vigorous days delineate him so truly.

William Henry, the last Duke of Gloucester, (who possessed many virtues, and even considerable talents, which his feeble talk and manners concealed from his occasional associates,) had a great love for Granville Sharpe; and nothing could be more amiable than the intercourse between them, though the one could never for the moment forget that he was a prince of the blood-royal, and the other never for a moment remembered that he was bred up as a linen-draper's apprentice. Beneath the pompous bearing of the Guelph lay a basis of genuine humility, and the free carriage of the ex-clerk of ordinance was but the natural expression of a lowliness unembarrassed by any desire of praise or dread of failure. A little too gracious, perhaps, yet full of benignity, was the aspect and the attitude of the duke, when, at one of the many philanthropic assemblages held under his presidency, Granville Sharpe (it was no common occurrence) rose, and requested leave to speak. He had, he said, two schemes, which, if recommended by such advocates, must greatly reduce the sum of human misery. To bring to a close the calamities of Sierra Leone, he had prepared a law for introducing there King Alfred's frankpledge, a sovereign remedy for all such social wounds. At once to diminish the waste of human life in the Peninsula, and to aid the depressed workmen in England, he had devised a project for manufacturing portable wool packs; under the shelter of which ever-ready intrenchments, our troops might, without the least danger to themselves, mow down the ranks of the oppressors of Spain.

A politician as well as a strategist, he sought and obtained an interview with Charles Fox, to whom he had advice of great urgency to give for conducting the affairs of Europe. If the ghost of Burke had appeared to lecture him, Fox could hardly have listened with greater astonishment, as his monitor, by the aid of the Little Horn in Daniel, explained the future policy of Napoleon and of the Czar. "The Little Horn! Mr. Sharpe," at length exclaimed the most amiable of men, "what in the name of wonder do you mean by the Little Horn?" "See there," said the dejected interpreter of prophecy to his companion, as they retired from the Foreign Office—"See there the fallacy of reputation! Why, that man passes for a statesman; and yet it is evident to me that he had never before so much as heard of the Little Horn!"

As his end drew nearer, he became less capable of seizing the distinction between the prophecies and the newspapers. It rained as heavily on the 18th of February, 1813, as on the afternoon when Isaac Walton met the future Bishop of Worcester at Bunhill Row, and found, in the public house which gave them shelter, that double blessing of good ale and good discourse which he has so piously commemorated. Not such is the fortune of the young Templar, who, in a storm at least as pitiless, met Granville Sharpe at the later epoch moving down Long Acre as nimbly as ever, with his calm thoughtful countenance raised gently upwards, as was usual with him—as though gazing

on some object which it pleased him well to look upon. But his discourse, though delivered in a kind of shower-bath, to which his reverie made him insensible, was as characteristic, if not as wise, as that of the learned Sanderson. "You have heard," he began, "my young friend, of this scandalous proceeding of the Rabbi Ben Mendoli?" No. "Why, then, read this brief account of it which I have been publishing. About a year ago, the Rabbi being then at Damascus, saw a great flame descend, and rest on one of the hills which surround the city. Soon after, he came to Gibraltar. There he discovered how completely that celestial phenomenon verified my interpretation of the words—'Arise, shine, for thy light is come,' &c.; and now he has the audacity not only to deny that he ever saw such a flame, but to declare that he never pretended to have seen it. Can you imagine a clearer fulfilment of the predicted blindness and obduracy of Israel before their restoration?"

That great event was to have taken place within a few months, when the still more awful event which happens to all living, removed this aged servant of God and man from the world of shadows to the world of light. To die at the precise moment when the vast prophetic drama was just reaching its sublime catastrophe, was a trial not easily borne, even by a faith so immovable as his. But death had no other sting for him. It awakened his pure spirit from the dreams which peopled it during the decay of his fleshly tabernacle; and if that change revealed to him that he had ill-interpreted many of the hard sentences of old, it gave him the assurance that he had well divined the meaning of one immutable prophecy—the prophecy of a gracious welcome and an eternal reward to those who, discerning the brethren of their Redeemer in the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, the naked, the sick, and the prisoner, should for His sake feed, and shelter, and clothe, and visit, and comfort them.

United in the bonds of that Christian charity, though wide as the poles asunder in theological opinions, were Granville Sharpe and William Smith; that other denizen of Clapham, who has already crossed our path. He lived as if to show how much of the coarser duties of this busy world may be undertaken by a man of quick sensibility, without impairing the finer sense of the beautiful in nature and in art; and as if to prove how much a man of ardent benevolence may enjoy of this world's happiness, without any steeling of the heart to the wants and the calamities of others. When he had nearly completed four-score years, he could still gratefully acknowledge that he had no remembrance of any bodily pain or illness; and that of the very numerous family of which he was the head, every member still lived to support and to gladden his old age. And yet, if he had gone mourning all his days, he could scarcely have acquired a more tender pity for the miserable, or have labored more habitually for their relief. It was his ill fortune to provoke the invective of Robert Southey, and the posthumous sneers of Walter Scott—the one resenting a too well merited reproach, the other indulging that hate of Whigs and Whiggery which, in that great mind, was sometimes stronger than the love of justice. The enmity even of such men, he, however, might well endure, who possessed, not merely the attachment and confidence of Charles Fox and his followers, but the almost brotherly love of William

Wilberforce, of Granville Sharpe, and of Thomas Clarkson. Of all their fellow-laborers, there was none more devoted to their cause, or whom they more entirely trusted. They, indeed, were all to a man *homœo-usians*, and he a disciple of Belsham. But they judged that an erroneous opinion respecting the Redeemer's person would not deprive of his gracious approbation, and ought not to exclude from their own affectionate regards, a man in whom they daily saw a transcript, however imperfect, of the Redeemer's mercy and beneficence.

Thirty-seven years have rolled away since these men met at Clapham in joy, and thanksgiving, and mutual gratulation, over the abolition of the African slave-trade. It was still either the dwelling-place, or the haunt, of almost every one of the more eminent supporters of that measure; and it may be that they exulted beyond the measure of sober reason in the prospects which that success had opened to them. Time has brought to light more than they knew or believed of the inveteracy of the evil; and of the impotency of law in a protracted contest with avarice. But time has also ascertained, that throughout the period assigned for the birth and death of a whole generation of mankind, there has been no proof, or reasonable suspicion, of so much as a single evasion of this law in any one of the transatlantic British colonies. Time has shown that to that law we may now confidently ascribe the deliverance of our own land from this blood-guiltiness forever. Time has ascertained that the solemn practical assertion then made of the great principles of justice, was to be prolific of consequences, direct and indirect, of boundless magnitude. Time has enlisted on our side all the powers and all the suffrages of the earth; so that no one any longer attempts to erase the brand of murder from the brow of the slave-trader. Above all, time has shown that, in the extinction of the slave-trade, was involved, by slow but inevitable steps, the extinction of the slavery which it had created and sustained. This, also, was a result of which, as far as human agency is concerned, the main springs are to be found among that sect to which, having first given a name, we would now build up a monument.

It is with a trembling hand that we inscribe on that monument the name of Zachary Macaulay; for it is not without some misgiving lest pain should be inflicted on the living, while we pass, however reverently, over the half-extinguished ashes of the dead. The bosom shrines, erected in remembrance of them, may be yet more intolerably profaned by rude eulogy than by unmerited reproach; and the danger of such profanation is the more imminent, when the judgment, though unbiassed by any ties of consanguinity, is not exempt from influences almost as kindly and as powerful. It is, however, an attempt which he who would write the sectarian history of Clapham could not wholly decline, without an error like that of omitting the name of Grotius in a sectarian history of the Arminians.

A few paces separate from each other, in the church of Westminster, are three monuments, to which, in God's appointed time, will be added a fourth, to complete the sepulchral honors of those to whom our remotest posterity will ascribe the deliverance of mankind from the woes of the African slave-trade, and of colonial slavery. There is a yet more enduring temple, where, engraven by

no human hands, abides a record, to be divulged in its season, of services to that cause, worthy to be commemorated with those of William Wilberforce, of Granville Sharpe, of Zachary Macaulay, and of Thomas Clarkson. But to that goodly fellowship the praise will be emphatically given. Thomas Clarkson is his own biographer, and pious hands have celebrated the labors of two of his colleagues. Of Mr. Macaulay no memorial has been made public, excepting that which has been engraved on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, by some eulogist less skilful than affectionate. It is no remediless omission, although it would require talents of the highest order, to exhibit a distinct and faithful image of a man whose peculiarity it was to conceal as far as possible his interior life, under the veil of his outward appearance. That his understanding was proof against sophistry, and his nerves against fear, were, indeed, conclusions to which a stranger arrived at the first interview with him. But what might be suggesting that expression of countenance, at once so earnest and so monotonous—by what manner of feelings those gestures, so uniformly firm and deliberate, were prompted—whence the constant traces of fatigue on those overhanging brows, and on that athletic though ungraceful figure—what might be the charm which excited among his chosen circle a faith approaching to superstition, and a love rising to enthusiasm, towards a man whose demeanor was so inanimate, if not austere!—it was a riddle of which neither Gall nor Lavater could have found the key. That much was passing within, which that ineloquent tongue and those taciturn features could not utter; that nature had compensated her other bounties by refusing him the means of a ready interchange of thought; and that he had won, without knowing how to court, the attachment of all who approached him closely—these were discoveries which the most casual acquaintance might make, but which they whom he had honored with his intimacy, and they alone, could explain.

To them he appeared a man possessed by one idea, and animated by one master passion—an idea so comprehensive, as to impart a profound interest to all which indicated its influence over him—a passion so benevolent, that the coldest heart could not withhold some sympathy from him who was the subject of it. Trained in the hardy habits of Scotland in ancient times, he had received from his father much instruction in theology, with some Latin and a little Greek, when not employed in cultivating his father's glebe at Cardross, on the northern bank of Clyde. While yet a boy, he had watched as the iron entered into the soul of the slaves, whose labors he was sent to superintend in Jamaica; and, abandoning with abhorrence a pursuit which had promised him early wealth and distinction, he pondered the question—how shall the earth be delivered from this curse? Turning to Sierra Leone, he braved for many years that deadly climate, that he might aid in the erection and in the defence of what was then the one city of refuge for the Negro race; and as he saw the slave-trade crushing to the dust the adjacent tribes of Africa, he again pondered the question—how shall the earth be delivered from this curse?

That God had called him into being to wage war with this gigantic evil, became his immutable conviction. During forty successive years, he was ever burdened with this thought. It was the

subject of his visions by day, and of his dreams by night. To give them reality, he labored as men labor for the honors of a profession, or for the subsistence of their children. The rising sun ever found him at his task. He went abroad but to advance it. His commerce, his studies, his friendship, his controversies, even his discourse in the bosom of his family, were all bent to the promotion of it. He edited voluminous periodical works; but whether theology, literature or politics were the text, the design was still the same—to train the public mind to a detestation of the slave-trade and of slavery. He attached himself to most of the religious and philanthropic societies of his age, that he might enlist them as associates, more or less declared, in his holy war. To multiply such allies, he called into existence one great association, and contributed largely to the establishment of another. In that service he sacrificed all that man may lawfully sacrifice—health, fortune, repose, favor, and celebrity. He died a poor man, though wealth was within his reach. He pursued the contest to the end, though oppressed by such pains of body as strained to their utmost tension the self-sustaining powers of the soul. He devoted himself to the severest toil, amidst allurements to luxuriate in the delights of domestic and social intercourse, such as few indeed can have encountered. He silently permitted some to usurp his hardly-earned honors, that no selfish controversy might desecrate their common cause. He made no effort to obtain the praises of the world, though he had talents to command, and a temper peculiarly disposed to enjoy them. He drew on himself the poisoned shafts of calumny; and while feeling their sting as generous spirits alone can feel it, never turned a single step aside from his path to propitiate or to crush the slanderers.

They have long since fallen, or are soon to fall into unhonored graves. His memory will be ever dear to those who hate injustice, and revere the unostentatious consecrations of a long life to the deliverance of the oppressed. It will be especially dear to the few who closely observed, and who can yet remember, how that self-devotion became the poetical element of a mind not naturally imaginative; what deep significance it imparted to an aspect and a demeanor not otherwise impressive; what energy to a temper, which, if not excited, might perhaps have been phlegmatic; what unity of design to a mind constitutionally discursive; and what dignity even to physical languor and suffering, contracted in such a service. They can never forget that the most implacable enemy of the tyrants of the plantation and the slave-ship, was the most indulgent and generous and constant of friends; that he spurned, as men should spurn, the mere pageantry of life, that he might use, as men should use, the means which life affords of advancing the happiness of mankind; that his earthward affections, active and all-enduring as they were, could yet thrive without the support of human sympathy, because they were sustained by so abiding a sense of the Divine presence, and so absolute a submission to the Divine will, as raised him habitually to that higher region, where the reproach of man could not reach, and the praise of man might not presume to follow him.

Although, to repeat a mournful acknowledgment, the tent of Thomas Clarkson was pitched elsewhere, yet throughout the slave-trade abolition war, the other chiefs who hailed him as the

earliest, and as among the mightiest of their host, kept their communications open by encamping in immediate vicinity to each other. Even to Lord Brougham the same station may, with poetical truth at least, be assigned by the Homer who shall hereafter sing these battles; for though at that period his London domicile was in the walks of the Inner Temple, yet might he not seldom be encountered in the less inviting walks which led him to the suburban councils of his brethren in command. There he formed or cemented attachments, of which no subsequent elevation of rank, or intoxicating triumph of genius, or agony of political strife, have ever rendered him forgetful. Of one of those denizens of Clapham he has published a sketch, of which we avail ourselves, not as subscribing altogether to the accuracy of it, but as we can thus fill up, from the hand of so great a master, a part of our canvass which must have otherwise remained blank and colorless.—“Mr. Stephen was a person of great natural talents, which, if accidental circumstances had permitted him fully to cultivate, and early enough to bring into play upon the best scene of political exertion, the House of Commons would have placed him high in the first rank of English orators. For he had, in an eminent degree, that strenuous firmness of purpose and glowing ardor of soul, which lies at the root of all eloquence; he was gifted with great industry, a retentive memory, an ingenuity which was rather apt to err by excess than by defect. His imagination was, besides, lively and powerful; a little, certainly, under the chastening discipline of severe taste, but often enabling him to embody his own feelings and recollections with great distinctness of outline and strength of coloring. He enjoyed, moreover, great natural strength of constitution, and had as much courage as falls to the lot of most men. But having passed the most active part of his life in one of the West Indian colonies, where he followed the profession of a barrister, and having, after his return, addicted himself to the practice of a court which affords no scope at all for oratorical display, it happened to him, as it has to many other men of natural genius for rhetorical pursuits, that he neither gained the correct taste which the habit of frequenting refined society, and above all, addressing a refined auditory, can alone bestow, nor acquired the power of condensation which is sure to be lost altogether by those who address hearers compelled to listen, like judges and juries, instead of having to retain them by closeness of reasoning, or felicity of illustration. \* \* \* \* \*

It must have struck all who heard him when, early in 1808, he entered Parliament under the auspices of Mr. Percival, that whatever defects he had, arose entirely from accidental circumstances, and not at all from intrinsic imperfections; nor could any one doubt that his late entrance upon parliamentary life, and his vehemence of temperament, alone kept him from the front rank of debaters, if not of eloquence itself. With Mr. Percival, his friendship had been long and intimate. To this the similarity of their religious character mainly contributed; for Mr. Stephen was a distinguished member of the evangelical party, to which the minister manifestly leant without belonging to it; and he was one whose pious sentiments and devotional habits occupied a very marked place in his whole scheme of life. No man has, however, a right to question, be it ever so slightly, his perfect sincerity. To this his blameless life bore the most irrefragable

testimony. A warm and steady friend—a man of the strictest integrity and nicest sense of both honor and justice—in all the relations of private society wholly without a stain—though envy might well find whereon to perch, malice itself, in the exasperating discords of religious and civil controversy, never could descry a spot on which to fasten. Let us add the bright praise, and which sets at naught all lesser defects of mere taste, had he lived to read these latter lines, he would infinitely rather have had this sketch stained with all the darker shades of its critical matter, than been exalted, without these latter lines, to the level of Demosthenes or of Chatham, praised as the first of orators, or followed as the most brilliant of statesmen. His opinions upon political questions were clear and decided, taken up with the boldness, felt with the ardor, asserted with the determination, which marked his zealous and uncompromising spirit. Of all subjects, that of the slave-trade and slavery most engrossed his mind. His experience in the West Indies, his religious feelings, and his near connection with Mr. Wilberforce, whose sister he married, all contributed to give this great question a peculiarly sacred aspect in his eyes; nor could he either avoid mixing it up with almost all other discussions, or prevent his views of its various relations from influencing his sentiments on other matters of political discussion.”\*

The author of the preceding portrait enjoyed the happiness denied to the subject of it, not merely of witnessing, but of largely participating in, the last great act by which the labors borne by them in common, during so many preceding years, were consummated. It was a still more rare bounty of Providence, which reserved the abolition of slavery throughout the British empire, as a triumph for the statesman who, twenty-seven years before, had introduced into the House of Commons the first great act of tardy reparation to Africa. Crowned with honor and with length of days, to Lord Grey it has further been given, by the same benignant power, to watch, in the calm evening of life, the issues of the works of justice and mercy which God raised him up to accomplish. With the evil omens, and with the too glowing anticipations of former times, he has been able to contrast the actual solution of this great practical enigma. He has lived to witness eleven years of unbroken tranquillity throughout countries, where before a single year undisturbed by insurrection was almost unknown—the extinction of feuds apparently irreconcilable—positions full of danger in former wars, now converted into bulwarks of our national power—an equal administration of justice in the land of the slave-courts and the cart-whip—a loyal and happy peasantry, where the soil was so lately broken by the sullen hands of slaves—penury exchanged for abundance—a population, once cursed by a constant and rapid decay, now progressively increasing—Christian knowledge and Christian worship universally diffused among a people so lately debased by pagan superstitions—and the conjugal duties, with all their attendant charities, held in due honor by those to whom laws, written in the English language, and sanctioned by the kings of England, had forbidden even the marriage vow. If, with these blessings, have also come diminished har-

vests of the cane and the coffee plant, even they who think that to export and to import are the two great ends of the social existence of mankind, have before them a bright and not very distant futurity. But he, under whose auspices the heavy yoke was at length broken, is contemplating doubtless, with other and far higher thoughts, the interests of the world, from which, at no remote period, the inexorable law of our existence must summon him away. In that prospect, so full of awe to the wisest and the best, he may well rejoice in the remembrance that, in conferring on him the capacity to discern, and the heart to obey the supreme and immutable will, God enabled him to grasp the only clue by which the rulers of the world can be safely guided amidst the darkness and the intricacy of human affairs.

Such at least is the doctrine which, if Clapham could have claimed him for her own, Clapham would have instilled into that great minister of the British crown, to whom, more than to any other, she was prompt to offer her allegiance. Politics, however, in that microcosm, were rather cosmopolitan than national. Every human interest had its guardian, every region of the globe its representative. If the African continent and the Charibbean Archipelago were assigned to an indefatigable protectorate, New Holland was not forgotten, nor was British India without a patron. It was the special charge of Mr. Grant, better known to the present generation by the celebrity of his sons, but regarded at the commencement of this century as the real ruler of the rulers of the east, the director of the Court of Directors. At Leadenhall street he was celebrated for an integrity, exercised by the severest trials; for an understanding large enough to embrace, without confusion, the entire range and the intricate combinations of their whole civil and military policy; and for nerves which set fatigue at defiance: At Clapham, his place of abode, he was hailed as a man whose piety, though ever active, was too profound for much speech; a praise to which, among their other glories, it was permitted to few of his neighbors there, to attain or to aspire. With the calm dignity of those spacious brows, and of that stately figure, it seemed impossible to reconcile the movement of any passion less pure than that which continually urged him to requite the tribute of India by a treasure, of which he who possessed it more largely than any other of the sons of man, has declared, that the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. No less elevated topic (so judged the inquisitive vicinage) could be the subject of his discourse, as he traversed their gorse-covered common, attended by a youth, who, but for the fire of his eye, and the occasional energy of his bearing, might have passed for some studious and sickly competitor for medals and prize poems. If such were the pursuits ascribed by Clapham to her occasional visitant, it is but a proof that even “patent Christianity” is no effectual safeguard against human fallibility.

Towards the middle of the last century, John Martyn of Truro was working with his hands in the mines near that town. He was a wise man, who, knowing the right use of leisure hours, employed them so as to qualify himself for higher and more lucrative pursuits; and who, knowing the right use of money, devoted his enlarged means to procure for his four children a liberal education. Henry, the younger of his sons, was

\* *Speeches of Henry Lord Brougham*. Vol. i., pp. 402-6.

accordingly entered at the University of Cambridge, where, in January, 1801, he obtained the degree of bachelor of arts, with the honorary rank of senior wrangler. There also he became the disciple, and as he himself would have said, the convert of Charles Simeon. Under the counsels of that eminent teacher, the guidance of Mr. Wilberforce, and the active aid of Mr. Grant, he entered the East India Company's service as a chaplain. After a residence in Hindostan of about five years, he returned homewards through Persia in broken health. Pausing at Shiraz, he labored there during twelve months with the ardor of a man, who, distinctly perceiving the near approach of death, feared lest it should intercept the great work for which alone he desired to live. That work (the translation of the New Testament into Persian) at length accomplished, he resumed his way towards Constantinople, followed his Mihmander (one Hassan Aga) at a gallop, nearly the whole distance from Tabriz to Tocat, under the rays of a burning sun, and the pressure of continual fever. On the 6th of October, 1812, in the thirty-second year of his age, he brought the journal of his life to a premature close, by inscribing in it the following words, while he sought a momentary repose under the shadow of some trees at the foot of the Carmanian mountains: "I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and fear of God—in solitude, my company, my friend, and comforter. Oh when shall time give place to eternity! When shall appear that new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness and love! There shall in nowise enter anything that defileth; none of that wickedness which has made man worse than wild beasts; none of those corruptions, which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more." Ten days afterwards those aspirations were fulfilled. His body was laid in the grave by the hands of strangers at Tocat, and to his disembodied spirit was revealed that awful vision, which it is given to the pure in heart, and to them alone, to contemplate.

Amidst all the discords which agitate the Church of England, her sons are unanimous in extolling the name of Henry Martyn. And with reason; for it is in fact the one heroic name which adorns her annals from the days of Elizabeth to our own. Her apostolic men, the Wesleys and Elliots and Brainerds of other times, either quitted, or were cast out of her communion. Her *Acta Sanctorum* may be read from end to end with a dry eye and an unquickened pulse. Henry Martyn, the learned and the holy, translating the Scriptures in his solitary bungalow at Dinapore, or preaching to a congregation of five hundred beggars, or refuting the Mahommedan doctors at Shiraz, is the bright exception. It is not the less bright, because he was brought within the sphere of those secular influences which so often draw down our Anglican worthies from the empyrean along which they would soar, to the levels, flat though fertile, on which they must depasture. There is no concealing the fact, that he annually received from the East India Company an ugly allowance of twelve hundred pounds: and though he would be neither just nor prudent who should ascribe to the attractive force of that stipend one hour of Henry Martyn's residence in the east, yet the ideal would be better without it. Oppressively conclusive as may be the arguments in favor of a well-endowed and punctually paid "Establishment," they have, after all, an unpleasant earthly savor. One would not

like to discover that Polycarp, or Bernard, or Boniface, was waited on every quarter-day by a plump bag of coin from the public treasury. To receive a thousand rupees monthly from that source, was perhaps the duty, it certainly was not the fault, of Henry Martyn. Yet it was a misfortune, and had been better avoided if possible.

When Mackenzie was sketching his *Man of Feeling*, he could have desired no better model than Henry Martyn, the young and successful competitor for academical honors; a man born to love with ardor and to hate with vehemence; amorous, irascible, ambitious, and vain; without one torpid nerve about him; aiming at universal excellence in science, in literature, in conversation, in horsemanship, and even in dress; not without some gay fancies, but more prone to austere and melancholy thoughts; patient of the most toilsome inquiries, though not wooing philosophy for her own sake; animated by the poetical temperament, though unvisited by any poetical inspiration; eager for enterprise, though thinking meanly of the rewards to which the adventurous aspire; uniting in himself, though as yet unable to concentrate or to harmonize them, many keen desires, many high powers, and much constitutional dejection—the chaotic materials of a great character, destined to combine, as the future events of life should determine, into no common forms, whether of beauty and delight, or of deformity and terror.

Among those events, the most momentous was his connection with Charles Simeon, and with such of his disciples as sought learning at Cambridge, and learned leisure at Clapham. A mind so beset by sympathies of every other kind, could not but be peculiarly susceptible to the contagion of opinion. From that circle he adopted, in all its unadorned simplicity, the system called Evangelical—that system of which (if Augustine, Luther, Calvin, Knox, and the writers of the English Homilies may be credited) Christ himself was the author, and Paul the first and greatest interpreter.

Through shallow heads and voluble tongues, such a creed (or indeed any creed) filtrates so easily, that, of the multitude who maintain it, comparatively few are aware of the conflict of their faith with the natural and unaided reason of mankind. Indeed he who makes such an avowal will hardly escape the charge of affectation or of impiety. Yet if any truth be clearly revealed, it is, that the apostolic doctrine was foolishness to the sages of this world. If any unrevealed truth be indisputable, it is, that such sages are at this day making, as they have ever made, ill-disguised efforts to escape the inferences with which their own admissions teem. Divine philosophy divorced from human science—celestial things stripped of the mitigating veils woven by man's wit and fancy to relieve them—form an abyss as impassable at Oxford now, as at Athens eighteen centuries ago. To Henry Martyn the gulf was visible, the self-renunciation painful, the victory complete. His understanding embraced, and his heart reposed in the two comprehensive and ever germinating tenets of the school in which he studied. Regarding his own heart as corrupt, and his own reason as delusive, he exercised an unlimited affiance in the holiness and the wisdom of Him, in whose person the divine nature had been allied to the human, that, in the persons of his followers, the human might be allied to the divine.

Such was his religious theory—a theory which

doctors may combat, or admit, or qualify, but in which the readers of Henry Martyn's biography, letters, and journals, cannot but acknowledge that he found the resting-place of all the impetuous appetencies of his mind, the spring of all his strange powers of activity and endurance. Prostrating his soul before the real, though the hidden Presence he adored, his doubts were silenced, his anxieties soothed, and every meaner passion hushed into repose. He pursued divine truth (as all who would succeed in that pursuit must pursue it) by the will rather than the understanding; by sincerely and earnestly searching out the light which had come into the world, by still going after it when perceived, by following its slightest intimations with faith, with resignation, and with constancy, though the path it disclosed led him from the friends and the home of his youth, across wide oceans and burning deserts, amidst contumely and contention, with a wasted frame and an overburthened spirit. He rose to the sublime in character, neither by the powers of his intellect, nor by the compass of his learning, nor by the subtlety, the range, or the beauty of his conceptions, (for in all these he was surpassed by many,) but by the copiousness and the force of the living fountains by which his spiritual life was nourished. Estranged from a world once too fondly loved, his well-tutored heart learned to look back with a calm though affectionate melancholy on its most bitter privations. Insatiable in the thirst for freedom, holiness, and peace, he maintained an ardor of devotion which might pass for an erotic delirium, when contrasted with the Sadducean frigidity of other worshippers. Regarding all the members of the great human family as his kindred in sorrow and in exile, his zeal for their welfare partook more of the fervor of domestic affection, than of the kind but gentle warmth of a diffusive philanthropy. Elevated in his own esteem by the consciousness of an intimate union with the Eternal Source of all virtue, the meek missionary of the cross exhibited no obscure resemblance to the unobtrusive dignity, the unflinching purpose, and the indestructible composure of Him by whom the cross was borne. The ill-disciplined desires of youth, now confined within one deep channel, flowed quickly onward towards one great consummation; nor was there any faculty of his soul, or any treasure of his accumulated knowledge, for which appropriate exercise was not found on the high enterprise to which he was devoted.

And yet nature, the great leveller, still asserting her rights even against those whose triumph over her might seem the most perfect, would not seldom extort a burst of passionate grief from the bosom of the holy Henry Martyn, when memory recalled the image of her to whom, in earlier days, the homage of his heart had been rendered. The writer of his life, embarrassed with the task of reconciling such an episode to the gravity befitting a hero so majestic, and a biography so solemn, has concealed this passage of his story beneath a veil, at once transparent enough to excite, and impervious enough to baffle curiosity. A form may be dimly distinguished of such witchery as to have subdued at the first interview, if not at the first casual glance, a spirit soaring above all the other attractions of this sublunary sphere. We can faintly trace the pathway, not always solitary, of the pious damsel, as she crossed the bare heaths of Cornwall on some errand of mercy, and listened, not unmoved, to a tremulous voice, pointing to

those heights of devotion from which the speaker had descended to this lower worship. Then the shifting scene presents the figure—alas! so common—of a mother, prudent and inexorable, as if she had been involved in no romance of her own some brief twenty years before; and then appears the form (deliciously out of place) of the apostolic Charles Simeon, assuming, but assuming in vain, the tender intervenient office. In sickness and in sorrow, in watchings and in fastings, in toils and perils, and amidst the decay of all other earthly hopes, this human love blends so touchingly with his diviner enthusiasm, that even from the life of Henry Martyn there can scarcely be drawn a more valuable truth, than that, in minds pure as his, there may dwell together in most harmonious concord, affections which a coarse, low-toned, ascetic morality, would describe as distracting the heart between earth and heaven.

Yet it is a life pregnant with many other weighty truths. It was passed in an age when men whom genius itself could scarcely rescue from abhorrence, found in their constitutional sadness, real or fictitious, not merely an excuse for grovelling in the sty of Epicurus, but even an apology for deifying their sensuality, pride, malignity, and worldly-mindedness, by hymns due only to those sacred influences, by which our better nature is sustained, in the warfare with its antagonist corruptions. Not such the gloom which brooded over the heart of Henry Martyn. It solicited no sympathy, was never betrayed into sullenness, and sought no unhallowed consolation. It assumed the form of a depressing consciousness of ill desert; mixed with fervent compassion for a world which he at once longed to quit, and panted to improve. It was the sadness of an exile gazing wistfully towards his distant home, even while soothing the grief of his brethren in captivity. It was a sadness akin to that which stole over the heart of his Master, while, pausing on the slope of the hills which stand round about Jerusalem, he wept over her crowded marts and cloud-clapped pinnacles, hastening to a desolation already visible to that prescient eye; though hidden by the glare and tumult of life from the obdurate multitude below. It was a sadness soon to give place to an abiding serenity in the presence of that compassionate Being who had condescended to shed many bitter tears, that he might wipe away every tear from the eyes of his faithful followers.

Tidings of the death of Henry Martyn reached England during the parliamentary debates on the renewal of the East India Company's charter; and gave new impetus to the zeal with which the friends and patrons of his youth were then contending for the establishment of an Episcopal see at Calcutta, and for the removal of all restraints on the diffusion of Christianity within its limits. In the roll of names most distinguished in that conflict, scarcely one can be found which does not also grace the calendar of Clapham. It was a cause emphatically Claphamic. John Venn, to whom the whole sect looked up as their pastor and spiritual guide, was at that time on his death-bed. He had been the projector, and one of the original founders, of the society for sending missionaries of the Anglican communion to Africa and the east—a body which, under the name of the "Church Missionary Society," now commands a wider field of action, and a more princely revenue, than any Protestant association of the same character. To him who prompted the deeper medita-

tions, partook the counsels, and stimulated the efforts of such disciples, some memorial should have been raised by a church which to him, more than to any of her sons, is indebted for her most effective instrument for propagating her tenets and enlarging her borders. But, linked though that name was to the kindest and the holiest thoughts of so many of the wise and good, it must be passed over in this place with this transient notice: lest the reverence due to it should be impaired, as it certainly could not be strengthened, by a tribute in which might not unjustly rest some grave suspicion of partiality.

The shepherd was taken from his flock immediately after the success of the parliamentary contest, and while their exultations, and the forebodings of their opponents, predicted the glorious or the disastrous results of Episcopacy, and of missions in India. At this distance of time, we know that these prophecies, whether of good or of evil, were uninspired. Neither Hindoos nor Mussulmen have revolted on the discovery that their European sovereigns have a belief and a worship of their own, which they seriously prefer to the faith of Brama or of Mahomet. But neither has Benares yet ceased to number her pilgrims by myriads; nor is the Rammadan violated from dawn to sunset. These results can hardly have surprised those who derived their anticipations of the future from a careful survey of the past.

The power before which the temples of pagan Rome fell down, (like the mighty agencies of the material creation,) is a silent, invisible influence, obedient to no laws which human wisdom can explore; though, at length, manifesting its reality in results which the dullest observation cannot overlook. It works by searching out affinities in the elements of man's moral and social nature; by separating such as are incongruous, and by combining the rest into organic forms, animated by a common life. It works by the repulsive force of mutual antipathies, and by the plastic force of self-denying love; and exhibits its presence in the Christian system, as in its noblest form, and most complete development. And though the prolific energies of this renovating power may often appear to slumber, and though, even when roused into activity, it operates but slowly and imperfectly, yet is it the one vital principle of this otherwise corrupt and corrupting world; and is not less the source of light and of order now, than when it brooded over the dark primitive chaos.

Thus earth's history is but as some incoherent rhapsody of wild joys and maddening sorrows, if not regarded as the progressive fulfilment of the Supreme will, effected by the ministry, sometimes spontaneous, at other times reluctant, of other wills subordinate to the Supreme. And that passage of history which is to unfold the religious and intellectual regeneration of Hindostan, will, like the rest, delineate the strife, the reverses, and the long delay, which must precede and allay the final triumph. It will tell of men devoting themselves, in constancy and resignation, to labors of which they must never witness the recompense; and obeying every intimation of the good pleasure of God, even when appearing to have abandoned to their own weakness the champions of his truth. It will trace the path of the heralds of peace, illuminated amidst the deep surrounding darkness by the inward light of faith, and by the outward light which the inspired records throw on the state, the prospects, and the duties of man. And it will also

tell of the restoration of those records to the supremacy, for which their Divine Author destined them, among his instruments for the renewal of the image impressed on his moral creation, at the first dawn of its existence.

To effect that restoration became the chief design of the devout men whose wiser Anglo-Catholic sons are now calling their fathers fools. Of that folly the ecumenical seat was in the immediate vicinity of our suburban common, reflecting from her glassy pools the mansions by which she is begirt. From them came forth a majority of the first members of the governing body of the "Bible Society," its earliest ministers or secretaries, and above all, the first and greatest of its presidents—John Lord Teignmouth; to the commemoration of whose life are dedicated the volumes from which our devious course commenced, and to which it at length returns.

As Mr. Carlyle has it, he was a noticeable man. While Napoleon had been founding an empire in Europe, he had been ruling an empire in Asia. The greatest of commercial corporations had made him their viceroy. The greatest of religious societies had made him their head. He was a man of letters too, and a man of hair-breadth escapes and strange adventures. He had been the friend of Sir William Jones, the associate of Warren Hastings, the adviser of Henry Dundas, and the choice of William Pitt, when he had a trust to confer, superior in splendor, perhaps in importance, to his own. So, at least, said the chronicles of those times, but his own appearance seemed to say the contrary. If the *fascies* had really once been borne before the quiet every-day looking gentleman who was to be seen walking with his children on Clapham Common, or holding petty sessions of the peace for the benefit of his neighbors there, then Clapham Common had totally misconceived what manner of men governors-general are. The idea of the common was as magnificent as that of a lord mayor in the mind of Martinus Scriblerus. But a glance at our Arungzebe, in the Clapham coach, was enough to dispel the illusion. How a man, who had sat on the Musnud of Calcutta, could now sit so patiently between Messrs. Smith and Brown of St. Mildred's, Cornhill, and listen to them on the Paving Rate Question with such genuine and good-humored interest, was a question which long exercised the faith and the tongues of the commoners, and which has ever since remained one of the dark problems of parochial history.

Lord Teignmouth was an estimable, accomplished, and religious man, on whom Providence bestowed extraordinary gifts of fortune, without any extraordinary gifts of nature. He was exalted to one of the highest places of the earth, but was not endowed with the genius or the magnanimity for which such places afford their meet exercise and full development. The roll of British viceroys in India includes other names than those of the immortals. Clive, Hastings, and Wellesley, transmitted empire, but could not transmit imperial minds to Amherst, or Minto, or to Shore. He was not one of those who enlarge our conceptions of the powers occasionally confided to man. He rose to the summit of delegated dominion, without any sublime endurance or heroic daring. He wrote many speculations, political, moral, and religious; but without rendering more clear our knowledge of the actual condition of mankind; or our conjectures respecting what awaits them. He



also wrote many verses; but can scarcely ever have awakened an echo in the hearts of others. The eminence of his position suggested comparisons which it would otherwise have been unmeaning to form. There is not room for many great men, in any age or in any dynasty; and he who, in the age of Napoleon and the dynasty of Clive, ruled with spotless virtue, and aimed only to consolidate the conquests of his predecessors, might justly deprecate the disparaging remark, that he was not cast in their gigantic mould. But the good Vespasian must always be prepared for invidious allusions to the mighty Julius.

The son of a supercargo, and the grandson of a captain in the marine of the East India Company, John Shore was destined from his youth to the service of the same employers. He was prepared for it at Harrow, where he recited Homer and Juvenal with Nathanael Halhed on the one hand, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan on the other; Samuel Parr being the common tutor of the three. On the same form were seen, nearly forty years later, three other boys since known to fame, as Lord Byron, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir George Sinclair. In the first of these triumvirates Halhed, in the second Sinclair, were pointed out by Harrovian divination as the men destined to illuminate and command the ages which had given them birth. The spirit of prophecy did not rest on the Hill of Harrow. Neither, indeed, was the United Company of Merchants, trading to the East Indies at the first of those eras, precisely a school of the prophets. The one qualification they required of the future ministers and judges of their empire, was a sound acquaintance with book-keeping. Mr. Shore was accordingly removed from Harrow to a commercial school at Hackney. Among the students there, was one who, at the distance of half a century, he met again; the stately Marquis of Hastings, who then came to ask a lesson in the art of governing India, from the old school-fellow with whom he had once taken lessons in the art of double entry.

Enthusiasts are men of one idea. Heroes are men of one design. They who prosper in the world are usually men of one maxim. When Mr. Shore was toiling up the steep ascent trodden by writers, "an old gentleman named Burgess," chanced to say to him, "make yourself useful, and you will succeed." Old Mr. Burgess never said a better thing in his life. It became the text on which the young civilian preached many a discourse to others, and to himself. With his own hand he compiled several volumes of the records of the secret political department. In a single year, he decided six hundred causes at Moorshedabad. He acquired the Hindostanee, Arabic, and Persian tongues; and was summoned to employ that knowledge at what was then called the Provincial Council at Calcutta. He revised one of the philippics launched by Francis against Warren Hastings, and lent his pen to prepare a memorial against the supreme court and Sir Elijah Impey. So useful, indeed, did he make himself to the opponents of Hastings, that he was appointed by that great man (oriental and occidental politics having much in common) to a seat in his supreme council of four. But, whatever might be his change of party, Mr. Shore never changed his maxim. He presided at the board of revenue. He acted as revenue commissioner in Dacca and Behar. He drew up plans of judicial reform. Ever busy, and ever useful, he remained in India

till Hastings himself quitted it, when they returned in the same ship to England—the ever-triumphant Hastings to encounter Burke and the House of Commons; the ever-useful Mr. Shore to receive from the court of directors a seat in the supreme council of three, established under Mr. Pitt's India bill.

Again he bent his way to the east, and again enjoyed, under the rule of Lord Cornwallis, abundant opportunities of acting up to the precept of old Mr. Burgess. He sustained nearly all the drudgery which in every such combination falls to the lot of some single person, assuming, as his peculiar province, the settlement of the revenues of Bengal, Behar, and Oressa. The result of his labors was that momentous decision, remaining in force to this day, which has recognized the right of the Zemindars to the land, in the double character of renters and landlords—a measure against which there is such an array of authority and argument, as to compel a doubt whether, on this occasion at least, Mr. Shore did not render a service useful rather to the sovereigns of India than to their subjects.

To himself the result was most important. The time had come when Mr. Pitt hoped to witness the introduction into India of the pacific system which, at his instance, parliament had enjoined. He committed that task to Mr. Shore; wisely judging that the author of the territorial settlement possessed in an eminent degree the habits, the principles, and the temper, which qualify men for an ambitious and equitable course of policy. With that charge he sailed a third time for the east, in the character of governor-general.

He had been eminently useful, and had succeeded eminently. But now the old maxim began to wear out. He who would climb an oak, must, as a great living writer has observed, change the nature of his efforts, and quicken his pace after he has once fairly set foot on the branches. Old Mr. Burgess had taught how the highest advancement might be obtained. He had not taught how it might be improved. Sir John Shore (such was now the title of the governor-general) brought to that commanding station, knowledge, industry, courage, and disinterestedness; with a philanthropy as pure as ever warmed the bosom of any of the rulers of mankind. But he did not bring to it the wide survey, the prompt decision, and the invincible will, of the great statesmen who, before and after him, wielded that delegated sceptre. The sense of subordination, and the spirit of a subordinate, still clung to him. To be useful to the Board of Control, to be useful to the Court of Directors, to be useful to the Civil Service, to be useful to the Indian Army, limited his ambition as an administrator; and though the happiness of the nations of India was the object of his highest aspirations, his rule over them was barren, not only of any splendid enterprise, but even of any memorable plan for their benefit.

The four years of Sir John Shore's government was a period of peace, interrupted only by a single battle with the Rohilla chiefs. But it was a peace pregnant with wars, more costly and dangerous than any in which the British empire in the East had been involved since the days of Clive and Laurence. The charges advanced against Sir John Shore by the more adventurous spirits who followed him, are all summed up in the one accusation—that his policy was temporizing and timid.



He acquiesced as an inert spectator in the successful invasion of the dominions of the Nizam by the Mahrattas. He fostered the power and the audacity of that warlike nation. He unresistingly permitted the growth of a French subsidiary force, in the service of three of the most considerable native powers. He thwarted Lord Hobart's efforts for extending the dominion or influence of Great Britain in Ceylon, in the Carnatic, and in Tanjore. He allowed the growth and aggressions in Northern India of that power which, under Runjeet Sing, afterwards became so formidable. He looked on passively while Tippoo was preparing for the contest into which he plunged, or was driven, to his own ruin, and to our no light peril.

These, and such as these, are the charges. The answer is drawn from the pacific injunctions of Parliament, and the pacific orders of the Company, and from the great truth that ambitious wars are the direst curse, and peace the most invaluable blessing to mankind. In the course of his correspondence, Lord Teignmouth takes frequent occasion to announce the new or philosophical maxim, which, as governor-general, he had substituted for his old or utilitarian maxim as a writer. It was that incontrovertible verity, that "honesty is the best policy." Sound doctrine, doubtless; but whether it is the best policy to be honest now and then, may admit of more dispute. Millions of men never lived together under a rule more severely just in intention than was that of Sir John Shore. But the Rohillas distrusted his equity. The Mahrattas had no belief in his courage. The Nizam could not be convinced of his good faith. The oppressed Ryots were incredulous of his benevolence. Integrity, which, being only occasional and transient, passes for weakness and caprice, may work out evils even more intolerable than those of a consistent, resolute and systematic injustice. Under their pacific governor-general, the people of the east remembered the conquests of his predecessors, and were preparing to counteract, by secret or open hostilities, the further conquests of the pro-consuls who were to succeed him. His individual conscience could justly applaud the retrospect of his Asiatic dominion; but the national conscience of which we have lately heard, had it any cause to exult, in a pause of four years, in an otherwise unbroken chain of successful aggressions on the princes and people of Hindostan?

When Napoleon wrote bulletins about the star of Austerlitz and the fulfilment of his destiny, we were all equally shocked at his principles and his style. Yet the apologies still ringing in our ears for the wars in Afghanistan, of Scinde and of Gwalior, though made but yesterday by the highest authorities on either side of the House of Commons, were but a plagiarism from the Emperor of the French, in more correct, though less animated language. Nor could it be otherwise. Empire cannot be built up, either in the west or in the east, in contempt of the laws of God, and then be maintained according to the Decalogue. When the vessel must either drive before the gale or founder, the helmsman no longer looks at the chart. When the pedestals of the throne are terror and admiration, he who would sit there securely must consult other rules than those of the Evangelists. Sir John Shore was the St. Louis of governors-general. But if Clive had been like-minded, we should have had no India to govern. If Hastings had aspired to the title of "The Just,"

we should not have retained our dominion. If Wellesley had ruled in the spirit of his conscientious predecessor, we should infallibly have lost it. With profound respect for the contrary judgment of so good a man, we venture to doubt, whether the severe integrity which forbade him to bear the sceptre of the Moguls as others had borne it, should not have also forbidden his bearing it at all. Needlessly to assume incompatible duties, is permitted to no man. Cato would have ceased to be himself, had he consented to act as a lieutenant of the usurper. The British viceroy who shall, at once, be true to his employers, and strictly equitable to the princes of India and their subjects, need not despair of squaring the circle.

Returning a third time to his native land, Lord Teignmouth fell into the routine of common duties and of common pleasures, with the ease of a man who had taken no delight in the pomp or in the exercise of power; but whose heart had been with his home and with his books, even while nabobs and rajahs were prostrating themselves before him. He became eminent at the Quarter Sessions, took down again the volumes in which Parr had lectured him, thinned out his shrubberies, visited at country-seats and watering-places, watched over his family and his poor neighbors, sent letters of good advice to his sons (to the perusal of which the public are now invited with perhaps more of filial than of fraternal piety;) and in short, lived the life, so pleasant in reality, so tedious in description, of a well educated English gentleman of moderate fortune, moderate desires, and refined tastes; with a fruitful vine on the walls of his house, and many olive branches round about his table.

If, as all Englishmen believe, this is the happiest condition of human existence, it illustrates the remark, that happiness is a serious, not to say a heavy thing. The exhibition of it in these volumes is rather amiable than exhilarating. India-house traditions tell, that when a young aspirant for distinction there, requested one of the Chairs to inform him what was the proper style of writing political despatches, the Chair made answer, "The style we prefer is the *humdrum*." This preference for the humdrum, enjoined perhaps by the same high authority, clung to Lord Teignmouth even after his return to Europe. He wrote as if to baffle the critics, and lived as if to perplex the biographers. A foreigner amongst us might perhaps have sketched him as a specimen of a class peculiar to England. But the portrait is too familiar for exhibition to English eyes, though none is dearer to English hearts. Who that has contemplated and loved (as who has not!) the wise, cheerful and affectionate head of some large household, filling up, without hurry or lassitude, the wide circle of domestic, neighborly and magisterial duties, and aiming at nothing more—let him say whether the second Lord Teignmouth could have rendered animating in description, the tranquil years which the first Lord Teignmouth probably found the most grateful of his life in reality.

They were gliding quietly away, cheered by such retrospects as few have enjoyed, and gilded by hopes which few could so reasonably indulge, when the society, then for the first time formed, for the circulation of the Bible, placed him at their head, not as a mere titular chief, but as the president by whom all their deliberations were to be controlled, and as the dignitary by whom the collective body were to be represented. So high

a trust could not have fallen into hands more curiously fitted for the discharge of it. There met and blended in him as much of the spirit of the world, and as much of the spirit of that sacred volume, as could combine harmoniously with each other. To the capacious views of a statesman, he united a submission the most childlike to the supreme authority of those sacred records. To the high bearing of one for whose smile rival princes had sued, he added that unostentatious simplicity which is equally beyond the reach of those who solicit, and of those who really despise, human admiration. Conversant with mankind under all political and social aspects, and in every gradation of rank, it was at once his habit and delight to withdraw from that indiscriminate intercourse into the interior circle, where holy thoughts might be best nourished, and into the solitude where alone the modesty of his nature would permit the utterance of his devout affections. An Oriental scholar of no mean celebrity, and not without a cultivated taste for classical learning, he daily passed from such pursuits to the study of the Sacred Oracles—as one who, having sojourned in a strange land, returns to the familiar voices, the faithful counsels, and the well-proved loving-kindness of his father's house. To scatter through every tongue and kindred of the earth the inspired leaves by which his own mind was sustained and comforted, was a labor in which he found full scope and constant exercise for virtues, hardly to be hazarded in the government of India.

Of India, indeed, and of the fame of his Indian administration, he had become strangely regardless—witnessing silently, if not with indifference, the overthrow of his policy, and the denial of his claims to the respect and gratitude of mankind. Ordinary men, it is true, are but seldom agitated by the temperament by which men of genius expiate their formidable eminence; but Lord Teignmouth seems to have had more than his due share of constitutional phlegm. He governed an empire without ambition, wrote poetry without inspiration, and gave himself up to labors of love and works of mercy without enthusiasm. He was, in fact, rather a fatiguing man—of a narcotic influence in general society—with a pen which not rarely dropped truisms; sedate and satisfied under all the vicissitudes of life; the very antithesis and contradiction of the hero, whose too tardy advent Mr. Carlyle is continually invoking. Yet he was one of those whom we may be well content to honor, while we yet wait the promised deliverer. He was a witness to the truth, that talents such as multitudes possess, and opportunities such as multitudes enjoy, may, under the homely guidance of perseverance and good sense, command the loftiest ascent to which either ambition or philanthropy can aspire, if that steep path be trodden with a firm faith in the Divine wisdom, a devout belief in the Divine goodness, and a filial promptitude of conformity to the Divine will.

To Lord Teignmouth, and to the other founders of the Bible Society, an amount of gratitude is due, which might, perhaps, have been freely rendered, if it had been a little less grandiloquently claimed by the periodic eloquence of their followers. Her annual outbursts of self-applause are not quite justified by any success which this great Protestant *propaganda* has hitherto achieved over her antagonists. Rome still maintains and multiplies her hostile positions—heathen and Mahomedan temples are as numerous and as crowded as

before—ignorance and sin continue to scatter the too fertile seeds of sorrow through a groaning world—and it is no longer doubtful that the aspect of human affairs may remain as dark as ever, though the earth be traversed by countless millions of copies of the Holy Text. The only wonder is, that such a doubt should ever have arisen—that reasonable people should have anticipated the renovation of man to the higher purposes of his being by any single agency—without an apparatus as complex as his own nature—or without influences as vivifying as those which gave him birth. To quicken the inert mass around us, and to render it prolific, it is necessary that the primeval or patriarchal institute of parental training should be combined with an assiduous education; with the various discipline of life, with the fellowship of domestic, civil and ecclesiastical society, and, above all, with the recreative power from on high devoutly implored and diligently cherished. The wicked habitations by which our globe is burdened, might, alas! be wicked still, though each of them were converted into a biblical library. And yet with the belief of the inspiration, whether plenary or partial, of the Scriptures, who can reconcile a disbelief of the momentous results with which the mere knowledge of them by mankind at large must be attended? Who will presume to estimate the workings of such an element of thought in such a world?—or to follow out the movements resulting from such a voice, when raised in every tongue and among all people, in opposition to the rude clamor from without, or the still harsher dissonance from within?—or who will take on him to measure the consequences of exhibiting amongst all the tribes of men one immutable standard of truth—one eternal rule of duty—one spotless model for imitation?

If this vast confederacy of the Protestant and Greek churches was regarded by the less initiated with some degree of superstitious awe, and extolled beyond the severe limits of truth, the founders of the society were too well instructed in spiritual dynamics, to be themselves in bondage to that vulgar error. The more eminent of the Clapham sectarians thought of it but as one wheel in that elaborate mechanism, by which they believed that the world would at length be moved. Bell and Lancaster were both their welcome guests—schools, prison discipline, savings' banks, tracts, village libraries, district visitings, and church buildings—each, for a time, rivalled their cosmopolitan projects. But of their subordinate schemes none were so dear to them as that of prepossessing, in favor of their opinions and of their measures, the young men who were then preparing for ordination at Cambridge. Hence they held in special honor Isaac Milner, whose biography lies before us, and Charles Simeon, whose life is shortly to be published—both unavoidably residing at the university as their appointed sphere of labor; but both men of Clapham as frequent visitors, as habitual associates, and as zealous allies.

The biography of Isaac Milner, as recorded in this dense volume, occupies a space nearly equal to that which the extant writers of antiquity have devoted to the celebration of all the worthies of Greece and Rome and Palestine put together. And yet of those who have still to reach the meridian of life, how few are aware, either that such a man was famous in the last generation, or what was the ground of his celebrity? Oh! ye candidates for fame, put not your faith in coteries. See here

how lavishly applause may be bestowed in one age, and how profound the silence into which it may die away in the next. See how a man may have been extolled, not thirty poor years ago, as a philosopher, historian, divine, and academic, on whom "young England" has not one passing remembrance to bestow. And although the present effort to revive and perpetuate his glory be made by a kinswoman, prepared for that undertaking by knowledge, by ability, and by zeal; yet how avoid the conviction that the monument itself, like the name to which it is erected, is already becoming a premature ruin, and preaching one more unheeded sermon on the text which proclaims the vanity of all things?

If the several tendencies of Isaac Milner to moral and intellectual greatness had been permitted to act freely, and if Fortune had not caressed and enervated him by her too benignant smiles, his name might have been now illustrious in the *Fasti Cantabrigienses*. But she bestowed on him the rewards of eminence, such as wealth, leisure, reputation, and authority, without exacting the appointed price of toil and self-denial. Humble as was his hereditary station, he scarcely ever felt the invigorating influence of depending on his own exertions for subsistence, for comforts, or even for enjoyments. He soon obtained and soon resigned a fellowship at Queen's College, Cambridge, to become the president of that society; an office to which ere long were added the deanery of Carlisle, and the mathematical chair once occupied by Newton. Three such sinecures were a burden, beneath which the most buoyant spirit could scarcely have moved with freedom. A splendid patrimony in the three per cents., or the golden repose of Lords Arden or Ellenborough, might agree well enough with the pursuits of a scholar or a statesman. Not so the laborious idleness of a deanery and a mastership, with their ceaseless round of chapters, and elections, and founders' feasts, and enclosure questions; and questions about new racks for the stables, and new rollers for the garden; and squabbles with contumacious canons and much-digesting fellows. Newton himself could not, at the same time, have given laws to the butteries and explored the laws of the universe; and therefore it happened that Newton's successor was too busy for the duties of his lucrative professorship. Dalilah bound the strong man with cords supplied by Mammon for the purpose.

From such toils, he might have broken away, if the wily courtesan had not thrown around him the more seductive bondage of social and colloquial popularity. The keen sarcasm, that "science is his forte—omniscience, his foible," though of later date, could never have been aimed at any of the giants of Cambridge with more truth, or with greater effect, than at the former president of Queen's. He had looked into innumerable books, had dipped into most subjects, whether of vulgar or of learned inquiry, and talked with shrewdness, animation, and intrepidity, on them all. Whatever the company and whatever the theme, his sonorous voice predominated over all other voices, even as his lofty stature, vast girth, and superincumbent wig, defied all competition. He was equally at home on a steeple-chase, and on final perseverance; and explained with the same confidence the economy of an ant-hill and the policy of the Nizam. During the last half of his life the Johnsoni-latria was at its height; and among the aspirants to the vacant conversational throne, none appeared to

have a fairer title than himself. Parr, with his pipe and his pedantry, was offensive. Bishop Watson was pompous and tiresome. Lord Ellenborough, the first of that name, was but an eminent phrase-manufacturer. But Isaac Milner, however inferior to the sage of Bolt Court in genius, in wit, in practical wisdom, in philology, and in critical discernment, ranged over a wider field of knowledge; with a memory as ready and retentive, with higher animal spirits, a broader humor, a less artificial style, and an enjoyment so cordial and sociable of his own talk, as compelled every one else to enjoy it. If less contentious than his great prototype, he was not less authoritative. But his topics were more out of the reach of controversy, his temper more serene, and his audience far more subservient. In the whole of his career, he was probably never once surrounded by such a circle as that which at "The Club" reduced the dominion of Johnson to the form of a limited monarchy. At Carlisle, the dean was the life of an otherwise lifeless amalgam of country squires and well-endowed prebendaries. At Cambridge, the master was the soul of dinner and tea parties, otherwise inanimate. At London, he was the centre of a circle, ever prompt (as are all London circles) to render homage to literary and intellectual rank; especially when it can condescend to be amusing and natural, and can afford to disclaim all pretensions to the elaborate refinements of metropolitan society. Thus the syren Fortune raised her most alluring strain—the flattery which rewards colloquial triumphs that so she might induce the warrior to relax his grasp of the weapons by which he might have achieved an enduring reputation.

Lashing himself to the mast, he still might have pursued his voyage to permanent renown, if the enchantress had not raised up in his course certain fog-banks, to seduce him into the belief that he had already reached the yet far distant haven. The moderators, arbiters of Cantabrigian honors, had not only assigned to him the dignity of senior wrangler, but with it the title of *Incomparabilis*; the comparison being made with his competitors of the year 1774. Among the "Transactions of the Royal Society," the curious may discover three or four contributions bearing the name of Isaac Milner, which, though little noticed at the time, and wholly forgotten now, were allowed to establish, in favor of one who sat in Newton's seat, a station among men of science; which, in an age not propitious to such studies, few had the wish, and fewer still the power, to contest. No scientific work or discovery illustrates his name, except the discovery, much insisted on by his biographer, and much rejoiced in by himself, that the invisible girl of Leicester Square was not a fairy enshrined in the brazen ball from which her speaking trumpets issued; but an old woman in the next room squeaking through hidden tubes, the orifices of which were brought into nice contact with corresponding apertures in the lips of those magical trumpets. On the opposite side of the same square rose an observatory, where, a hundred years earlier, his great predecessor had investigated enigmas of greater significance. In literature, Dr. Milner was chiefly known as the editor of the last two volumes of his brother's Church History, which apparently received great additions and improvements from his hands. They have been extolled as containing the most comprehensive and authentic account of the Reformation in Germany, and of the character of the great German Reformer;—a

praise to which it is impossible to subscribe, for this, if for no other reason, that neither the author nor the editor had ever seen, or would have been able to read, one line of the many volumes written by Luther in his mother tongue, and even yet untranslated into any other. A biographical preface of a few pages, prefixed to a posthumous volume of the same brother's sermons, with two controversial pamphlets, complete the catalogue of the literary labors of more than half a century of learned and well-beneficed leisure. Of those pamphlets one was an assault on the ecclesiastical history of the late Dr. Haweis. The other made havoc of the person and writings of Herbert Marsh, the late Bishop of Peterborough. Marsh had denounced the sin and danger of giving people the Bible to read unyoked to the prayer-book; and Milner answered him by an examination much more curious than civil, into the question—"Who, and what is Dr. Herbert Marsh?" The indignant liturgist replied by an equally courteous attempt to determine the who, and the what, touching Dr. Isaac Milner. With cassocks torn, and reputations not much exalted, the combatants retired from the field, and never again appeared among the aspirants to literary renown. Adulation whispered to them both that such glory was already theirs, and in her harlotry and her blandishments betrayed them into the belief of that too welcome assurance.

But Isaac Milner was no ordinary person. His body (the very image of the informing mind) was athletic and capacious, yet coarse and clumsy withal, and alive, far more than is usual with the giant brood, to every vicissitude of pleasure and of pain. His muscular and his nervous structure seemed to belong to two different men, or rather to be of different sexes. The sense of vast physical power was unattended by animal courage; and the consciousness of great intellectual strength animated him to no arduous undertakings. Robust as he was and omnivorous, he was haunted by imaginary maladies and ideal dangers; shuddering at the east wind, and flying to a hiding-place at the sound of thunder. In the pursuit of knowledge, he was an elephant forcing his way through saplings, and bending them to his purpose with a proboscis alike firm and flexible; yet at the next moment obeying the feeblest hand, alarmed by the most transient blaze, and turned out of his way by the first mournful gong or joyous cymbal. He was a kind of Ajax-Andromache, combining such might with such sensibility as made him at once admirable, loveable, and inefficient. Call at the lodge at Queen's in the evening, and you heard him with stentorian lungs tumbling out masses of knowledge, illuminated by remarks so pungent, and embellished with stories, illustrations, gestures, and phrases so broad and unceremonious, that you half expected the appearance of the Lady Margaret, to remind the master of the house that she had built that long gallery, and those oriel windows, for meditation and studious silence. Call again in the morning, and you found him broken-hearted over some of the sorrows to which flesh is heir, or agitated by some collegiate controversy, or debating with his apothecary how many scruples of senna should enter into his next draught, as though life and death were in the balances. Thus erratic in all his pursuits, and responsive to every outward impression, he failed in that stern perseverance, without which none may become the teachers, the rulers, or the benefactors

of mankind, and with which perhaps but few can be much courted as companions, or much loved as friends.

But so to be loved and courted, should not be regarded as a mere selfish luxury. A wise and good man, and such was Isaac Milner, will regard popular acceptance an advantage convertible to many excellent uses; and so he considered it. His great talents were his social talents. In talk, ever ready, ever animated, and usually pregnant with profound meaning, he found the law and fulfilled the end of his sublunary existence. He talked with children (his chosen associates) inimitably. It was like a theological lecture from Bunyan, or a geographical discourse from De Foe. He talked with the great and the rich, as one who was their equal in wealth, and their superior in worship. He talked with pugilists, musicians, and graziers, at once to learn and to interpret the mysteries of their several crafts. He talked with physicians to convince them that their art was empirical. He talked with politicians to rouse them to the dangers of Catholic emancipation. He talked on paper to his correspondents pleasantly and affectionately, though, on the chapter of his own affections, too abundantly. He talked also to his chosen and intimate friends, but not in the same fitful strain. To them, from the abundance of the heart, he spoke on the theme which alone gave any unity of design to the otherwise incongruous habits of his life; and which alone harmonized the passages, droll and melancholy, pompous and affectionate, bustling and energetic, of which it was composed. It was the theme which engages the latest thoughts of all men—the retrospect and the prospect; the mystery within, and the dread presence without; the struggle, and the triumph, and the fearful vengeance; and whatever else is involved in the relations which subsist, between mortal man and the eternal Source of his existence. To search into those relations, and into the duties and hopes and fears flowing from them, was the end which Isaac Milner still proposed to himself, under all his ever-varying moods. From his brother he had derived the theological tenets, for the dissemination of which the History of the Church had been written. Reposing in them with inflexible constancy, he drew from them hopes which, notwithstanding his constitutional infirmities, imparted dignity to his character and peace to his closing hours. He was the intellectual chief of his party, and the members of it resorted to him at Cambridge, there to dispel doubts, and thence to bring back responses, oracular, authoritative, and profound. Nor could they have made a better choice; for to his capacity, learning, and colloquial eloquence, he added a most absolute sincerity and good faith. He had an instinct which could detect at a glance, and a temper which loathed, all manner of cant and false pretension; and he estimated at their real worth the several kinds of religious theatricals, liveries and free-masonries.

Kind-hearted, talkative, wise, old man! from the slumbers of many bygone years how easy is it to raise his image—joyful, as when he exulted over his exorcism of his clothes-tearing ghost of Sawston; or jocund, as when he chuckled over the remembrance of the hearty box he inflicted on the ears of Lord Archibald Hamilton, who, in all the pride of pugilism, had defied the assault of unscientific knuckles; or grandiloquent, as when he reviewed the glories of his first vice-chancellor-

ship, in which he had expelled from the senate Lucius Catilina Frend; or the triumphs of his second consulate, when, having thundered his philippics against Marcus Antonius Brown, he was hailed as *Pater Academicæ*. Well! he is gone, and Alma Mater has still her heads of houses, men of renown; but if once again the table could be spread in that hospitable old dining-room at Queen's, with the facetious dean at the head of it, there is not among the incomparable wranglers, and conversing Encyclopædias of them all, any one who would be fit to sit over against him as Croupier.

As a member of the Confederation of the Common, the Dean of Carlisle administered the province assigned to him rather by the weight of his authority, than by any active exertions. Under the shelter of his name, his college flourished as the best cultured and most fruitful nursery of the evangelical neophytes of Cambridge. From a theological school maintained at Elland, in Yorkshire, at the charge of the Clapham exchequer, an unbroken succession of students were annually received there; destined, at the close of their academical career, to ascend and animate the pulpits of the national church. But if to the president of Queen's belonged the dignity of *Propositus* of the evangelical youth of the University, the far more arduous and responsible office of *Archididasculus* was occupied by a fellow of the adjacent royal college.

Long Chamber at Eton has been the dormitory of many memorable men, and King's has been to many a famous Etonian little better than a permanent dormitory. But about seventy years ago was elected, from the one to the other of those magnificent foundations, a youth, destined thenceforward to wage irreconcilable war with the slumbers and slumberers of his age. Let none of those (and they are a great multitude) who have enshrined the memory of Charles Simeon in the inner sanctuary of their hearts, suppose that it is in a trifling or irreverent spirit that the veil is for a moment raised, which might otherwise conceal the infirmities of so good a man. He was, indeed, one of those on whom the impress of the divine image was distinct and vivid. But the reflected glory of that image (such was his own teaching) is heightened, not tarnished, by a contrast with the poverty of the material on which it may be wrought, and of the ground from which it emerges. They who recollect the late Mr. Terry, the friend of Walter Scott, may imagine the countenance and manner of Charles Simeon. To a casual acquaintance he must frequently have appeared like some truant from the green-room, studying in clerical costume for the part of Mercurio, and doing it scandalously ill. Such adventurous attitudes, such a ceaseless play of the facial muscles, so seeming a consciousness of the advantages of his figure, with so seeming an unconsciousness of the disadvantages of his carriage—a seat in the saddle so triumphant, badinage so ponderous, stories so exquisitely unbecoming him about the pedigree of his horses or the vintages of his cellar—the caricaturists must have been faithless to their calling, and the under-graduates false to their nature, if pencil, pen, and tongue had not made him their prey. Candid friends were compelled (of course by the force of truth and conscience) to admit that he was not altogether clear of the sin of coxcombry; and the worshippers of Bacchus and of Venus gave thanks that they were jolly fellows, and not like this Pharisee.

To the reproach of affectation and conceit, his disciples made answer, that their master had shed his original manner as soon and as completely as his original teeth; and that the new or artificial manner was not only more deeply rooted than the old, but was in fact as natural; being but the honest though awkward effort of the soul within, to give vent to the most genuine feelings for which it could find no other utterance. To the charge of hypocrisy, they replied, that it was related to truth in that sense only in which opposites and contradictions are related. They maintained that even the superficial weaknesses of their teacher ministered to his real designs; just as the very offal of the holocaust feeds the sacred flame by which the offering is consumed. Here, they said, was a man beset by difficulties enough to have baffled the whole school of Athens, as brought together by the imagination of Raphael D'Urbino—by inveterate affectations, by the want of learning, by the want of social talents, by the want of general ability of any kind, by the want of interest in the pursuits of his neighbors, by their want of sympathy in his pursuits, by the want of their good-will, nay, by the want of their decided and hearty animosity. Yet thus unprovided for the contest, he gained a victory which the sternest cynic in that glorious assemblage might have condescended to envy, and the most eloquent of the half-inspired sages there, to extol. Slowly, painfully, but with unfaltering hopes, he toiled through more than fifty successive years, in the same narrow chamber, and among the same humble congregation—requited by no emolument, stimulated by no animating occurrences, and unrewarded, until the near approach of old age, by the gratitude or the cordial respect of the society amidst which he lived. Love soaring to the Supreme with the lowliest self-abasement, and stooping to the most abject with the meekest self-forgetfulness, bore him onward, through fog or sunshine, through calm or tempest. His whole life was but one long labor of love—a labor often obscure, often misapplied, often unsuccessful, but never intermitted, and at last triumphant.

At the close of each academical year, a crowd of youths, just entering into the business of life, received from Charles Simeon his parting counsels and benediction. They had been his pupils, his associates, and his grateful admirers. Without money and without price he had sedulously imparted to them a science, which to many a simple mind compensated for the want of any other philosophy; and which to the best and ripest scholars disclosed the fountains whence all the streams of truth are salient, and the boundless expanse of knowledge towards which they are all convergent. It was the science of which God himself is the author, and men sent of God the interpreters, and revelation, conscience, and history the records. It was that science which explains the internal connection of this world's history; in which law and ethics and politics have their common basis; which alone imparts to poetry and art their loftier character; without which the knowledge of mind and of mental operations is an empty boast, and even the severer problems of the world's material economy are insoluble. It was that science for the effusion of which the halls and colleges of that learned university had been almost exclusively founded—the only science which Cambridge neglected, and which Charles Simeon taught. And yet the teacher was neither philosopher, historian, poet, artist, lawyer, politician, nor psychologist.

He was simply a devout and believing man, who, in the language of Bunyan, "dwelt far from the damp shadows of Doubting Castle," amidst the sunshine of those everlasting hills whence stout Mr. Greatheart and brave Mr. Hopeful, in days of yore, surveyed the boundless prospect, and inhaled the fresh breezes which welcomed them at the close of their pilgrimage. Thither their modern follower conducted his pilgrims by a way which Mr. Worldly-wisdom could never find, and which Mr. Self-confidence despised when it was pointed out to him.

In the Church of the Holy Trinity at Cambridge, every Sunday during more than half a century witnessed the gathering of a crowd which hung on the lips of the preacher; as men hearken to some unexpected intelligence of a deep but ever varying interest. Faces pale with study or furrowed by bodily labor, eyes failing with age or yet undimmed by sorrow, were bent towards him with a gaze, of which (with whatever other meaning it might be combined) fixed attention was the predominant character. Towards the close of that long period, the pulpit of St. Mary's was, occasionally, the centre of the same attraction, and with a still more impressive result. For there were critics in theology, and critics in style and manner, and critics in gastronomy, thronging and pressing on each other, as once on Mars' Hill, to hear what this babbler might say; listening with the same curiosity, and adjudicating on what they had heard, in very much the same spirit. Yet he to whom this homage was rendered, was a man of ungraceful address; with features which ceased to be grotesque only when they became impassioned; with a voice weak and unmusical, and to whom no muse was propitious. His habits, and his very theory of composition, were such as seemed to promise empty pews and listless auditors; for every discourse was originally constructed (to use his own phrase) as a "skeleton," with all the hard processes and the fine articulations as prominent as his logical anatomy could render them—the bony dialect being then clothed with the fibrous and muscular rhetoric, in such a manner as the meditations of the preceding or the impulses of the passing hour might suggest. Such was his faith in this new art of oratory, that, in a collection entitled "*Hora Homiletica*," he gave to the world many hundred of these preparations, to be afterwards arrayed by other preachers in such fleshy integuments as might best cover their ghastliness. Deplorable as the operation must have been in other hands than those of the inventor, he well knew how to make his dry bones live. They restrained the otherwise undisciplined ardor of his feelings, and corrected the tendency of that vital heat to disperse all solidity, and to dissolve all coherence, of thought. His argumentation might occasionally irritate the understanding, his illustrations wound the taste, and his discourses provoke the smiles of his audience. But when, as was his wont, he insisted on fundamental truths, or enforced the great duties of life, or detected the treacheries of the heart, or traced the march of retributive justice, or caught and echoed the compassionate accents in which the Father of mercies addresses his erring children, it was a voice which penetrated and subdued the very soul. It was an eloquence which silenced criticism. It was instinct with a contagious intensity of belief. It sounded as the language of one to whom the mysteries and the futurities of which he spoke had

been disclosed in actual vision, and so disclosed as to have dissipated every frivolous thought, and calmed every turbid emotion.

If the Church of England were not in bondage with her children to certain acts of parliament, she would long ere now have had a religious order of the Simeonites; and would have turned out of her catalogue some of her saints of equivocal character, and some of doubtful existence, to make room for St. Charles of Cambridge. What have Dunstan, and George of Cappadocia, and Swithun the bishop, and Margaret the virgin, and Crispin the martyr, done for us, that they should elbow out a man who, through a long life, supplied from the resources of his own mind, to the youth of one of our universities, the theological education not otherwise to be obtained there; and who, from the resources of his own hereditary fortune, supplied the means of purchasing, in the most populous cities of England, from forty to fifty ad-vowsons, that so the ecclesiastical patronage of those vital organs of our commonwealth might be ever thenceforward exercised in favor of zealous, devout and *evangelical* ministers?

In that last ugly epithet lies all the mischief. "He is not a Jansenist, may it please your majesty, but merely an Atheist," was once accepted as a sufficient excuse of a candidate for royal favor. He is not an evangelical clergyman, but merely a Parson Trulliber, was an equally successful apology with the dispensers of fame and promotion in the last age. Among them was the late Bishop Jebb, who, in his posthumous correspondence, indulges in sneers on the gospeller of Cambridge, as cold and as supercilious as if he had himself belonged to the Trulliber school of divinity; instead of being, as he was, an elegant inquirer into the curiosities of theological literature. So great a master of parallelisms and contrasts might have perceived how the splendor of his own mitre waned before that noble episcopate to which Charles Simeon had been elevated, as in primitive times, by popular acclamation. His diocese embraced almost every city of his native land, and extended to many of the remote dependencies, which, then, as now, she held in subjection. In every ecclesiastical section of the empire he could point to teachers who revered him as the guide of their youth, and the councillor of their later years. In his frequent visitations of the churches of which he was the patron or the founder, love and honor waited on him. His infirmities disappeared, or were forgotten, in the majesty of a character animated from early youth to extreme old age by such pursuits as, we are taught to believe, are most in harmony with the Divine will, and most conducive to the happiness of mankind. He had passed his long life in the midst of censors, who wanted neither the disposition nor the power to inflict signal chastisement upon any offence which could be fastened on him; but he descended to the grave unassailed by any more formidable weapons than a thick and constant flight of harmless epigrams. He descended thither amidst the tears and the benedictions of the poor; and with such testimonies of esteem and attachment from the learned, as Cambridge had never before rendered even to the most illustrious of her sons; and there he was laid, in that sure and certain hope on which he enabled an almost countless multitude to repose, amidst the wreck of this world's promises, and in the grasp of their last and most dreadful enemy.

What is a party, political or religious, without a Review? A bell swinging without a clapper. What is any society of men, if not recruited from the rising generation? A hive of neutral bees. Reviewless, Clapham had scarcely been known beyond her own common. Youthless, her memory had never descended to the present age. At once wrapped in future times, and thoughtful of her own, she addressed the world on the first day of each successive month, through the columns of the "Christian Observer;" and employed the pen of him on whom her hopes most fondly rested, to confer splendor and celebrity on pages not otherwise very alluring. To Mr. Macaulay was assigned the arduous post of editor. He and his chief contributors enjoyed the advantage, permitted, alas! to how few of their tribe, of living in the same village, and meeting daily in the same walks or at the same table, and lightening, by common counsel, the cares of that feudal sovereignty. The most assiduous in doing suit and science to the Suzerain, was Henry Thornton. But he whose homage was most highly valued, and whose fealty was attested by the richest offerings, was the young, the much loved, and the much lamented John Bowdler.

He was the scion of a house singularly happy in the virtues and talents of its members; and was hailed by the unanimous acclamation of the whole of that circle of which Mr. Wilberforce was the centre, as a man of genius, piety, and learning, who, in the generation by which they were to be succeeded, would prosecute their own designs with powers far superior to theirs. A zeal too ardent to be entirely discreet, which gave to the world two posthumous volumes of his essays in verse and prose, has, unintentionally, refuted such traditions as had assigned to him a place among philosophers, or poets, or divines. And yet so rare were the component parts of his character, and so just their combination, that, but for his premature death, the bright auguries of his early days could hardly have failed of their accomplishment. His course of life was, indeed, uneventful. A school education, followed by the usual training for the bar—a brilliant though brief success, closed by an untimely death, complete a biography which has been that of multitudes. But the interior life of John Bowdler, if it could be faithfully written, would be a record which none could read without reverence, and few without self-reproach.

To those who lived in habitual intercourse with him, it was evident that there dwelt on his mind a sense of self-dedication to some high and remote object; and that the pursuits, which are as ultimate ends to other men, were but as subservient means to him. So intent was he on this design, as to appear incapable of fatigue, frail as were his bodily powers; and as to be unassailable by the spirit of levity, though fertile and copious in discourse almost to a fault. It is the testimony of one who for nearly twelve months divided with him the same narrow study, that during the whole of that period he was never heard to utter an idle word, nor seen to pass an idle minute. He stood aloof from all common familiarities, yielding his affection to a very few, and, to the rest, a courtesy somewhat reserved and stately. His friends were not seldom reminded how awful goodness is, as they watched his severe self-discipline, and listened, not without some wandering wishes for a lighter strain, to colloquies, didactic rather than conversational, in which he was ever soaring to

heights, and wrestling with problems inaccessible to themselves. But they felt and loved the moral sublimity of a devotion so pure, and so devout to purposes the most exempt from selfishness. They were exulting in prospects which it appeared irrational to distrust, and were hailing him as the future architect of plans, to be executed or conceived only by minds like his, when, from the darkness which shrouds the counsels of the Omniscient, went forth a decree, designed, as it might seem, at once to rebuke the presumptions of mortal man, and to give him a new assurance of his immortality. It rent asunder ties as many and as dear as ever bound to this earth a soul ripe for translation to a higher sphere of duty; and was obeyed with an acquiescence as meek and cheerful as ever acknowledged the real presence of fatherly love under the severer forms of parental discipline. His profound conviction of the magnitude of the trust, and of the endowments confided to him, was really justified even when seemingly defeated by the event; for it showed that those powers had been destined for an early exercise in some field of service commensurate with the holy ardor by which he had been consumed. Of those who met round his grave, such as yet live are now in the wane of life; nor is it probable that, in their retrospect of many years, any one of them can recall a name more inseparably allied than that of John Bowdler to all that teaches the vanity of the hopes which terminate in this world, and the majesty of the hopes which extend beyond it.

And thus closes, though it be far from exhausted, our chronicle of the worthies of Clapham, of whom it may be said, as it was said of those of whom the world was not worthy, "These all died in faith." With but very few exceptions, they had all partaken largely of those sorrows which probe the inmost heart, and exercise its fortitude to the utmost. But sweet, and not less wise than sweet, is the song in which George Herbert teaches, that when the Creator had bestowed every other gift on his new creature man, he reserved rest to himself, that so the wearied heart in search of that last highest blessing, might cheerfully return to Him who made it. They died in the faith that for their descendants, at no remote period, was reserved an epoch glorious, though probably awful, beyond all former example. It was a belief derived from the intimations, as they understood them, of the prophets of Israel; but it was also gathered from sources which to many will seem better entitled to such confidence.

Revolving the great dramatic action of which this earth has been the scene, they perceived that it was made up of a protracted conflict between light and darkness. They saw that on the one side, science and religion—on the other, war and superstition—had been the great agents on this wide theatre. They traced the general movement of events towards the final triumph of good over evil; but observed that this tendency was the result of all-controlling Providence, which had almost invariably employed the bad passions of man as the reluctant instruments of the Divine mercy—sending forth a long succession of conquerors, barbarous or civilized, as missionaries of war, to prepare the way for the heralds of peace. They saw, or thought they saw, this economy of things drawing to its close. Civilization and, in name at least, Christianity, had at length possessed the far greater and nobler regions of the globe.



Goths and Vandals were now the foremost amongst the nations. Even the Scythians had become members of a vast and potent monarchy. The Arabs had again taken refuge in their deserts. If Genghis or Timour should reappear, their power would be broken against the British empire of Hindostan. The mightiest of warriors had triumphed and had fallen; as if to prove how imprugnable had become the barriers of the European world against such aggressions. On every side the same truth was proclaimed, that military subjugation was no longer to be the purifying chastisement of Christendom.

But the religion of Christ was conquering and to conquer. Courting and exulting in the light, it had made a straight alliance with philosophy—the only faith which could ever endure such an association. Amidst the imbecility and dotage of every other form of belief and worship, it alone flourished in perennial youth and indomitable vigor. If anything in futurity could be certain, it was the ultimate and not very remote dominion, over the whole earth, of the faith professed by every nation which retained either wisdom to investigate, or energy to act, or wealth to negotiate, or power to interpose in the questions which most deeply affect the entire race of man. If any duty was most especially incumbent on those who exercised an influence in the national councils of England, it was that of contributing, as best they might, to speed onwards the approaching catastrophe of human affairs—the great consummation whence is to arise that new era with which creation travails and is in birth, which poets have sung and prophets foretold, and which shall justify to the world, and perhaps to other worlds, all that Christians believe of the sacrifice, surpassing thought and language, made for the deliverance and exaltation of mankind.

When such thoughts as these force themselves on the German mind, it forthwith soars towards the unapproachable, and indites the unutterable. When the practical Englishman is the subject of them, he betakes himself to form societies, to collect subscriptions, to circulate books, to send forth teachers, to build platforms, and to afflict his neighbors by an eloquence of which one is tempted to wish that it was really unutterable. Such was the effect of these bright anticipations on the Clapham mind—an effect perceptible in many much better things, but, among the rest, in much equivocal oratory, and in at least one great effort of architecture.

Midway between the Abbey of Westminster and the church of the Knights Templars, twin columns, emulating those of Hercules, fling their long shadows across the strait through which the far-resounding strand pours the full current of human existence into the deep recesses of Exeter Hall. Borne on that impetuous tide, the mediterranean waters lift up their voice in a ceaseless swell of exulting or pathetic declamation. The changeful strain rises with the civilization of Africa, or becomes plaintive over the wrongs of chimney-boys, or peals anathemas against the successors of Peter, or in rich diapason calls on the Protestant churches to awake and evangelize the world. No hard task to discover here the causes *corruptæ eloquentiæ*! If the shades of Lucian or of Butler hover near that elevated stage, how readily must they detect the anti-types of Peregrinus or of Ralpho! Criticise, for there is no lack of extravagance. Laugh, for there is no stint of

affectation. Yet refuse not to believe, that, grotesque as her aspect may occasionally be, Exeter Hall has a history, a doctrine, and a prophecy, of no common significance.

Of that history, the preceding pages may afford some general intimation. The doctrine is that of an all-embracing, all-enduring charity—embracing every human interest, enduring much human infirmity. The prophecy is a higher and more arduous theme.

It is a prophetic age. We have Nominalists who, from the monosyllable "Church," educe a long line of shadowy forms, hereafter to arise and reign on Episcopal or patriarchal thrones—and Realists, who foresee the moral regeneration of the land by means of union workhouses, of emigrant ships, or of mechanics' institutes—and Mediævals, who promise the return of Astræa in the persons of Bede and Bernard—*redivivi*—and Mr. Carlyle, who offers most eloquent vows for the re-appearance of the heroes who are to set all things right—and profound interpreters of the Apocalypse, who discover the woes impending over England in chastisement of the impiety which moved Lord Melbourne to introduce Mr. Owen to the Queen of England.\* In the midst of all these predictions, Exeter Hall also prophesies. As to the events which are coming upon us, she adopts the theory of her Claphamic progenitor. In reducing that theory to practice, she is almost as much a Socialist as Mr. Owen himself. The moral regeneration which she foretells is to be brought about neither by church, by workhouse, by monk, by hero, nor by the purifying of St. James'. She believes in the continually decreasing power of individual, and the as constantly augmenting power of associated, minds. She looks on the age as characterized by a nearer approach than was ever known before to intellectual equality. But Exeter Hall is no croaker. Her temperament is as sanguine as her eloquence. Enumerate to her the long list of illustrious men who, while scarcely beyond their boyhood, had, at the commencement of this century, reached the highest eminence in every path to distinction; and point out to her the impossibility of selecting now, from those who have yet to complete their fortieth summer, any four names, the loss of which would be deplored by any art, or science, or calling in use amongst us;—and, in spite of Oxford, and Young England, and Mr. Carlyle, Exeter Hall makes answer—"So much the better. The sense of separate weakness is the secret of collective strength. Ours is the age of societies. For the redress of every oppression that is done under the sun, there is a public meeting. For the cure of every sorrow by which our land or our race can be visited, there are patrons, vice-presidents, and secretaries. For the diffusion of every blessing of which mankind can partake in common, there is a committee. That confederacy which, when pent up within the narrow limits of Clapham, jocosose men invidiously called a 'Sect,' is now spreading through the habitable globe. The day is not distant when it will assume the form, and

\* One of the strange blemishes in a work very lately published by the Rev. E. B. Elliott, under the title of *Horæ Apocalyptice*—a book of profound learning, singular ingenuity, and almost bewitching interest. The last commendation is not less due to a similar, though antagonist work of the Rev. Mr. Mylie, a Roman Catholic priest of Dublin, called *Rome under Paganism and the Popes*—a book of which no man ever read one page, and left any other page unread.



be hailed by the glorious title, of The Universal Church."

Happy and animating hopes! Who would destroy them if he could! Long may they warm many an honest bosom, and quicken into activity many an otherwise sluggish temper! The true Claphamite will know how to separate the pure ore of truth from the dross of nonsense to which the prophets of his time give utterance. He will find sympathy for most, and indulgence for all, of the schemes of benevolence which surround him. Like the founders of his sect, he will rejoice in the progress and prospects of their cause; nor will he abandon his creed, however unpopular it may be made by the presumption, or however ridiculous by the follies, of some of the weaker brethren by whom it has been adopted.

#### SUSSEX PEERAGE CLAIM.

PRIOR to the House of Lords resuming the hearing of the O'Connell case on Tuesday morning, their lordships sat as a committee of privileges to hear the opinion of the judges as to their construction of the law called the Royal Marriage Act, in order the better to give their judgment on the claim of Sir Augustus d'Este to the Sussex peerage. The attendance of peers was rather numerous, and the claimant himself was present. The judges were also in attendance, and their opinion was read by the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. The opinion of the learned judges was, that the language of the act was "precise and unambiguous"—that its intent was "clear and unmistakable" that no member of the royal family could marry without the consent of the Crown given in council, such consent being "inserted at full length on the license of the marriage, the certificate of the marriage, and the registry of the marriage"—that a law thus made by the English Parliament was binding upon a British subject, as well without as within the realm—that an eldest son, under a marriage contracted in defiance of this law, was not entitled to recover his father's lands, and that therefore the claim in this case could not be sustained.

All the law lords present—viz., the Lord Chancellor, and Lords Brougham, Cottenham, and Campbell, confirmed this opinion; and the motion being put, the non-contents had it unanimously; and so an end is put to Sir Augustus d'Este's claim to the title of his father, the late Duke of Sussex. In giving his judgment, Lord Brougham said, "a wrong—a grievous wrong—had been inflicted on the mother of those children, who had been seeking justice at their lordships' hands; (loud cries of 'hear,') and justice required that the Parliament which had made such a law—a law which ought never to have been made—should give some reparation to those deeply injured persons whose case they had just been considering."

These observations were received with cheers, and were afterwards concurred in and reechoed by all the law lords present.

**A FORLORN HOPE.**—The Irish papers announce the "Rent" this year will be upwards of 30,000l. We understand that poor Louis Philippe, disappointed in his dotations, has written to Dan to ask him "to do a bill."—*Punch*.

#### OUR FATHER.

The following lines were sent to the children of the Sunday School of St. Thomas' church, in this city, by Dr. Hawkes, the Rector.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

I KNEW a widow, very poor,  
Who four small children had;  
The oldest was but six years old—  
A gentle modest lad.

And very hard this widow toiled  
To feed her children four;  
An honest pride the woman felt,  
Though she was very poor.

To labor she would leave her home—  
For children must be fed;  
And glad was she when she could buy  
A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all the children had  
On any day to eat:  
They drank their water, ate their bread,  
But never tasted meat.

One day, when snow was falling fast,  
And piercing was the air,  
I thought that I would go and see  
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home,  
'T was searched by every breeze;  
When going in, the eldest child  
I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen to the boy—  
He never raised his head;  
But still went on and said—"Give us  
This day, our daily bread."

I waited till the child was done,  
Still listening as he prayed—  
And when he rose I asked him why  
The Lord's prayer he had said!

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning, when  
My mother went away,  
She wept because she said she had  
No bread for us to-day.

"She said, we children now must starve,  
Our father being dead;  
And then I told her not to cry,  
For I could get some bread.

"Our Father, sir, the prayer begins,  
Which makes me think that He,  
As we have got no father here,  
Would our kind father be.

"And then you know the prayer, sir, too,  
Asks God for bread each day;  
So, in the corner, sir, I went,  
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,  
And went with fleeting feet;  
And very soon was back again,  
With food enough to eat.

"I thought God heard me," said the boy;  
I answered with a nod—  
I could not speak, but much I thought  
Of that child's faith in God.

From the North American.

## AN OLD GARDEN IN MIDSUMMER.

And one who hath had losses—go to.  
*Much Ado about Nothing.*

EVERY one has observed, in fine old Flemish paintings of still-life, that we are pleased in a high degree with some of the rudest and most common objects. A broken vessel, a domestic animal, a dish of victuals, a huge ungainly weed, provided only that it be true to nature, shall win our attention no less than the noble building or stately tree. And the same thing holds in descriptive composition. There is scarcely anything which if depicted with absolute adherence to fact will not give some pleasure; and it is philosophical as well as trite to say, that Truth is more interesting than Fiction. Believing this, I am emboldened to attempt a simple account of a scene which was not without its interest to myself, and which I believe may awaken some tender associations in the mind of the gentle reader.

Be it known, then, that I am one of those who call themselves by courtesy, decayed gentlemen. This is to say, I am the poorest of a long line. My father was well to do in the world; my grandfathers were both wealthy, and of my more distant ancestors the aged servants used to tell tales which made my childish soul reckon them among the knights of England; for my descent is from that honorable stock.

The family estate has been dissipated, the only relic of it being a small tract of exhausted land which is nominally my own. Happily, this contains all that is left of the ancient homestead, and is tilled by the grandson of my father's Scotch gardener.

Not long since, in the month of July, which on the eastern shore is a torrid season, business carried me, for the first time in twenty years, into the neighborhood of Vine-Oaks, my native place. Being under the necessity of waiting a day or two upon the Court of ——— county, I was seized with the notion of going down to the old spot. In a few moments I was bestriding my good roadster Robin, and after an hour's riding, awoke from a reverie in a path which I had traversed a thousand times, twenty years ago, on my way to school. I was now very near the scenes of my infancy. In a few minutes I began to catch a glimpse of one or two spindling and decayed Lombardy poplars, marking the very spot where I was born. This tree is going out of favor; and it has great faults, being shadeless and apt (what Swift so feelingly deprecated) *to die at the top*. Yet I can forgive it—for the sake of its associations, and because its spiry form, seen afar, always betokens civilization and usually a mansion.

My horse stopped at the opening of a long and wide avenue; it was the principal entrance to the pleasure grounds of Vine-Oaks. Four rows of gigantic, gnarled, black-limbed cherry trees served to define the road. They were planted by my grandfather, who came to this country from Marestead, Hants. The carriage-way was completely overgrown with matted grass, showing however, by a gentle indentation in the greensward, the track by which the lumbering old coaches used to roll in to the revels of the olden time. Finding that the ancient inlet to the garden was blocked up, I returned and made my way round to what used to be the stable-yard, but which was now the chief entrance. The mansion house was long since taken

down as ruinous, and part of its materials had been used in dressing up the old brick stables into a habitable place for the tenant. It is not my purpose to sentimentalize, or describe feelings. I will only say that there was not a tree or a stone which carried not its recollections to my soul. The general impression was that of ruin and desolation; then a disgust at the profanation of everything by the luxuriant intrusion of weeds and briars.

Amidst a forest of burdocks and elder, I discerned the stone-column on the top of which the dial used to stand. It was green with moss and lichens. In entering the once sumptuous garden, I was glad to see that in the way of positive infraction, nothing had been attempted. The changes were chiefly those of time, and of intrusive beasts and fowls. The boundaries, the walks, and much of the growth had been left unmeddled with. The more delicate plants and trees had died away, and the officious and rank weeds had supplanted many a frail flower, set out scores of years ago, by fair hands which have long been dust. But there was still much to remind me of the high and palmy state of the old garden. Thousands of bees were running riot, under the beams of the July sun. The old turfed alleys stood where they did, and had even gained by manifold encroachments on the borders. The ornamented iron gate was unmoved, and I believe immovable. The hedges of box had shot up to colossal dimensions, and wanted in the most grotesque shapes, giving a deep sequestration to the narrow shady walks. The cedars, which a century ago were shorn into shape as duly as their owner's head, were now sadly out of proportion. Wherever there had been vines, there was a prodigious growth, spreading over ten times the original allotment. Here the grapes were hanging for yards along the relics of a fence; there they had crushed a rotting arbor down to the earth. The pear trees, which I could once reach, were now towering, and lordling it over the domain; and a few rheumatic quince-trees looked as if they had been past bearing for an age.

In former days, when English customs were followed without regard to the difference of climate, the apricot, and even the peach, used to be cultivated as wall-fruit; there were some luxuriant specimens along the blind wall of the old hot-house. By the bye, this edifice was now roofless and doorless, and was filled with the last cutting of hay.

In old gardens, especially of the Anglo-Americans of the last century, it was common to mingle fruit, flowers and kitchen-stuff, with a utilitarian confusion. Our fine modern parterres banish many a savory and balsamic herb, of which the sight and flavor come to us laden with youthful reminiscence, and antiquarian legends. These simples used to enter largely into the composition of the old-time housewife, who was always notable as an herbalist. No hoe or weeding-hook had trenched on the liberty of these benign plants, and they had increased and multiplied marvellously, so that the air, under the hot sun, was redolent of their compounded fragrance. Their good old English names are refreshing after the Babel of a modern Conservatory. There is Rosemary, famed since the days of Sancho; and Rue, which Burton saith tends "to expel vain imaginations, divels, and to ease afflicted souls; and Summer-savory, justly so named; and Burnet, or pimpermell, which my

uncle Roger used to put into his cool tankard of sack and water; and Lavender, which reminds me to this day of my mother's laundry, where the maids used to strew it among the linen. There is Sage, of which the proverb tells marvels:

"Cur morietur homo cui Sagina crescit in horto?"

and Thyme, of which a sprig was always tied up with pinks and roses in a nosegay; and Chervil, or Cicely the sweet, and Speedwell, Sweet Basil, and Balm, of which the virtues are such "to help concoction, to cleanse the brain, expel all careful thoughts and anxious imaginations." Ah! I have taken both balm and the rue; but I cannot add, in the terms of the old books, *probatum est*.

There is a fashion in flowers, as in dress. Not that nature changes her favors, but that we are capricious, cherishing one and neglecting another. How different is an old-style garden, such as this, in the style of the plants! Here are no costly tulips; the gorgeous Mexican Dahlia had not found its way into these retreats, nor the Verbena, nor the pensile Fuchsia, nor the Oleander, nor the Camellia, nor any of the host of *parvenus*, whose names betray their alien origin. But on every side I behold the gay but now despised flowers, with honest old English names, which I learned to lip thirty years ago. There is the Pink and the Sweet-William, the Hollyhock and the Honeysuckle, and twenty different Roses, among them the fragrant Eglantine. There is the Cockspur and Larkspur, the Orange Lily and Lady's Slipper, the Jonquil, the Marygold and the Carnation, the Monkshood, the Peony and the Poppy. There are native American plants from the woods, some of them grown double in this rich soil; the Anemone, the Virgin's bower,\* just in bloom, and spreading its odorous white flowers over rods of the old wall; and the pretty little Orchis, whimsically called Priest-in-the pulpit.†

Even the sunny Nasturtium, welcome both as flowers and as fruit, and the old-fashioned black-currant, served to fill me with the thoughts of my boyhood. But I forbear. Perhaps some reader has found my lines not without a charm, simply from their truth and their resemblance to his own experience. To such a one, it will not be venturing too much to add, that I sought out the cool holly shade, under which my sainted mother used to read to me from the book of God: no temple could be more hallowed. The thick undergrowth of prickly branches forbade my near approach, but the glossy foliage and the "shadowing shroud" were as a sanctuary. "God grant," I cried, "that I may exercise the faith she enjoined upon me in the Saviour of sinners!"

I left the grounds, penetrating through a labyrinth of thorny bushes and vines, and musing upon the hackneyed theme of the changeableness of fortune. The old lines of Shirley were ringing in my ears:

"The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armor against fate,  
Death lays his icy hands on kings;  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

COLUMELLA.

\* *Clematis Virginiana*.

† *Orchis Spectabilis*.

### "RUNAWAY POND."

THIS is the name given to a place in the town of Glover, Orleans county, Vt., not where there is *now* a pond, but from which, as the name intimates, a pond once ran away. The facts in regard to this spot were published in 1810, but by many may be forgotten. There was a pond of water about three miles in length, and half a mile in breadth, from which issued a small stream running to the south, and mingling in its course with the waters that flow into the Connecticut river. There was another small stream taking its rise a little to the north and west of this pond, the waters of which were discharged to the north, falling into Barton river, and finally finding their way through lake Memphremagog into the St. Lawrence. On this stream there was a mill; and the owner having viewed the make of the ground to the north end or head of the pond, and finding its elevation so small as to oppose but a trifling obstacle to its running in that direction, conceived the idea of turning its course to the north, so as to aid in the operations of his mill. Accordingly, on the 4th of July, himself and a number of others, went with spades and shovels and commenced digging. They very soon found that a few inches from the surface there was nothing but quick-sand, and the moment the water began to run in that direction, this gave way very rapidly, cutting a channel, and the whole water of the pond soon appeared to rush to that point—the banks of the new stream, caving in, were swept on by the flood, so that the party were only able to escape with their lives. The owner of the mill, seeing at once that there might be more water than he desired, and that his mill might be in danger, very judiciously made a rapid improvement in the advance of the water, and arrived just in time to apprise his wife of her danger, and enabled her to escape from the mill which she was attending in her husband's absence. As the flood moved onward, it bore down everything that opposed its progress, taking along trees, earth, and rocks, and in narrow places in the valley, the moving mass would rise often to the height of fifty or sixty feet, and again reaching a broader place would spread out and leave immense masses of timber, stones, and earth, which, after a lapse of twenty-nine years, are still visible.—The beholder who was not apprized of what had been done, was struck with absolute amazement, as the water, the moving cause, was wholly invisible.—He saw trees of all sizes, and every other substance which could be accumulated, rolling onward; roaring, crashing, and shaking the hills, and leaving perfect desolation in its course—the forest and the morass were both obliterated, the hills were laid low, and the valleys were exalted. It swept this way some twenty miles, the whole distance to lake Memphremagog, where, finding nothing to resist its course, it gradually mingled its placid waters, having erected at every step the most enduring monuments of its resistless power.

The width of the track of this flood was from six or eight rods to near half a mile. When the mighty torrent, rolling onward, struck the mill, for whose benefit this "letting out of waters" was undertaken, it was crushed into atoms, and so completely obliterated that not a vestige has ever been found. There was only here and there a solitary tree left to show that a forest had been there. In one of them, a fish was found twenty feet from the ground.

Among the extraordinary and almost incredible exhibitions of the power of this flood, is the fact, that a rock was moved about half a mile, the estimated weight of which was *fifty tons*!

The pond lay between the mountains, occupying the whole space, and on being drained it was found to have been seventy feet in depth. In the bed of "Runaway Pond," the whole three miles, there is now a leading road to Montpellier. The town of Glover has been greatly benefitted by the opening of this road. A delightful little village now occupies ground that was made by the flood. It may be asked what was the fate of the inhabitants below! The answer is, that twenty-nine years ago there was not a house, and no building except the mill, in the track over which the flood passed. "Runaway Pond" will long continue an object of much curiosity and the history of its uncere- monious exit will continue to be told in generations yet to come.—*Boston Weekly Magazine*.

#### MOHAMMEDANISM AND CHRISTIAN POLITICS.

Our difference with the French about Morocco, seems likely to blow over. The promises of the French minister seem explicit, and the policy of Marshal Bugeaud to avoid any immediate invasion or conquest. The marshal writes, indeed, to the Moorish general, that "God alone is eternal, and that his (the marshal's) patience is not so;" a comical specimen of the Franco-Oriental style. Nevertheless the correspondence between Bugeaud and Guenouai is pacific. The latter says he is forbidden to make war; the former, that he has no mind to it. Surely, with such mutual feelings, the commanders have but to keep the hot spirits of either army apart in order to maintain peace. Should the Prince de Joinville show equal forbearance, which is difficult to expect, the anxiety of a Morocco war may be avoided. The policy of France is now said to be, not to attack the Moors herself, but to impel Spain to attempt it. Narvaez may be allowed to try. For such a war he will require money; he will also be obliged to transport a large body of troops from Spain. The one will exhaust his resources, the other take from under and around him the sole stay of his tyrannic rule. The project of reconquering the South Americans, by Ferdinand, dethroned that potentate in 1821; an attempt to invade Morocco would prove too much for Narvaez in 1844. Spain cannot seriously make the attempt.

But however forbearant the French in appearance, and however powerless the Spaniards, Morocco unfortunately comes into the same position, with regard to the French, that Turkey does with regard to Russia. The weaker power lives evidently, henceforth, under the tolerance of the stronger; now bearing this state with impatience, and breaking into childish war, now endeavoring to conciliate its master by the most slavish obsequiousness. And these take place whilst other powers at once debase, endanger, and disquiet themselves by endeavoring to support the independence of a froward child against an ambitious and unrelenting tutor.

Such a position, as we said last week, is untenable. We may go on in the usual kind of half friendship, half enmity with Russia; for we are not neighbors. One country does not read the lucubrations or respond to the anger of the other.

Russia has no press, no Chambers; her national spirit and susceptibilities lie bosomed behind the buttons of the Czar's military coat. On the contrary, we are next-door neighbor of the French; we walk arm and arm, and feel the very pulsations of each other's hearts; we respect each other too much to be continued enemies; but we are rivals, who ten times a day get into a passion with each other. Actual combat both avoid, for the good reason that nothing is really to be gained by it on either side; but until some general agreement be come to, it is evident that the combat is only adjourned, and that the fortune of war must decide those questions if we do not undertake to settle them otherwise.

The French say we grudge them everything, and deny to a young and growing country that external development which is natural to it. We extend our empire over the globe, yearly annex large states to our empire in India, whilst we grudge them the possession of a barren coast, which is at best but a colony à *déportation*. We, on the other hand, allege that Asia is out of the scope of European politics, at least that the French have no interests there, whilst we insist on preserving the *status quo* in Europe, including those countries of Asia and Africa around the Mediterranean. If such are our views, we had better get them established and sanctioned. If we leave things as they are, viz., France checked solely by the danger of war, she has only to wait for a good opportunity to take what she pleases, desisting at present because Russia and England might unite against her, and drag in the other powers to join them. This conjuncture may not be always so evident or so feasible; and now, therefore, is the time to effect a settlement of Mediterranean states on the principle of the *statu quo*, or on some other understanding. If things be left to themselves, war must sooner or later grow out of them.

*Examiner.*

A MACHINIST FOR FAIRIES.—Mr. Warner; belonging to the Polytechnic Institution, has just completed the model of a high-pressure steam-engine—so small that it stands upon a fourpenny-piece, with ground to spare! Each part is made according to scale, and the whole, with the exception of the fly-wheel, may be covered with a thimble. But it is not simply a model outwardly, it *works* with the greatest activity by means of atmospheric pressure, (in lieu of steam,) and the motion of the little thing, as its parts are seen laboring and heaving under the first influence, is indescribably pleasing. Some months have been expended upon the structure of this lilliputian engine by Mr. Warner; and the difficulty of the undertaking may be easily conceived when it is remembered how minute the valves, pistons, sockets, screws and hidden apparatus must be, and how accurately they must be moulded and fitted, to insure unbroken functional motion. It is altogether a pretty toy, and an extraordinary instance of what patience, perseverance, and expert artisanship can accomplish. But Mr. Warner is a practised hand at such curiosities. He has scissors so minute that some hundreds of them go to the ounce, and there are knives belonging to the same family which, small as they are, open and shut with a smart click. Mr. Warner, we should imagine, works exclusively for the fairies—no doubt he is entitled by letters patent to wear Oberon's arms over his door.

## EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNEY TO EGYPT AND SYRIA.

BY DR. L. LOEWE, IN THE ASIATIC JOURNAL.

In July, 1837, I left England in the *John Wood* steamer, landed at Havre, and reached Paris, on my pilgrimage to the East.

One of my letters of introduction at Paris was to Sir Sidney Smith, who received me with much kindness, and on my first interview, kept me with him for some hours, recounting many of his adventures; indeed, he gave me a sketch of the whole war with Napoleon. His description was so energetic and vivid, that I was highly amused and instructed. Sir Sidney testified a zealous interest in my design, and gave me a letter of introduction to Mohammed Ali.

On arriving at Syria, from Malta, I was conducted, with the rest of the passengers by the steamer, to the Lazaretto, a building, which had less the appearance of a human habitation than anything I had yet seen. The room we were to occupy was less comfortable than many prisons. It was full of rats and mice, fierce and voracious. Our sleeping-place was a large shelf, without even a mat. Upon our happy liberation from this miserable prison, which a small outlay would render tolerable, we were conveyed by the *Scamandre* steamer to the harbor of Alexandria, and landing in the evening, though it was quite dark, the dead silence, which distinguishes this land from every other, and the groups of troublesome dogs prowling in the streets, assured us that we were in Egypt.

For the first time, I now heard the Arabic tongue spoken in Egypt; but the accentuation and tone did not enable me to understand it. The physician of the steamer conducted me to the house of a family of Egyptian Christians, a member of which had been indebted to his medical skill for her life. We were cordially received by the family. The doctor could only employ the Italian language; I tried to help him with my Arabic, but could not make myself understood.

Near the European quarter of the city are some of the most miserable-looking huts that can be conceived; so low, that a person of middle stature can scarcely stand upright in them; without windows or chimneys, and capable of holding four persons each. Into these dens are crowded men, women, children, and donkeys, all huddled together.

I was anxious to obtain from the Alexandrian Jews some information respecting the celebrated temple of Alexandria, erected by the influence of Onias, an edifice which was thought to rival in splendor the temple of Jerusalem; but neither the Rabbi, nor any of his friends, can afford me any new particulars on the subject. The temple was erected in the time of Ptolemy Philometer, and after remaining for two hundred years an evidence of the prosperity of the Israelites in Egypt, this magnificent pile was shut up in the reign of the Emperor Caius, and in Vespasian's time was utterly destroyed.

In my passage from Adfeh to Cairo, I was delighted with the picturesque scenery on the banks of the majestic river, clothed with verdure, and studded with lofty palm trees.

As soon as I had reached Cairo, I hastened, like all other travellers in this region, to visit the pyramids of Gizeh.

I started an hour or two after midnight, taking with me food sufficient for three days, some wax candles, and a gun. The English consul, Dr Walne, had furnished me with a letter to the late Mr. E. J. Andrews, then employed in taking drawings of the pyramids for Col. Vyse. He had one of the kings' tombs put in order for me, wherein I might sleep at night and study during the day; it was provided with a bedstead, table, chairs, and every article necessary for comfort. Mr. Andrews had another tomb adjacent to mine fitted up as a little drawing-room, since he preferred sleeping in the open air. The first night, although I lay upon a comfortable bed, the idea that I was reposing in a tomb in the Lybian desert, at the foot of the pyramids, produced an indefinable sensation which completely banished sleep, and I was presently attacked by the musquitoes, which would have prevented me from closing my eyes had I been ever so inclined to sleep. Ever since my landing in Alexandria, I had been miserably tormented by these insects, and my body had been constantly covered with "blains of the Nile."

At daybreak, my friend came into my apartment. The sun, appearing to rise majestically from out of the Nile, shed a flood of glorious light on the summits of the pyramids. Three Arab girls, with water-pots, were cooling the arid sand near our habitation. There was something so impressive in this scene, that I stood for some time contemplating it. I was awakened from this reverie by Mr. Andrews, who summoned me to a breakfast of Arab bread, toasted, with butter, coffee, tea, eggs, and dates of Gizeh, which I relished more than any breakfast in my life before. I could scarcely believe that I was now realizing that object for which I had yearned for years, and actually in the presence of the pyramids.

After smoking a pipe and taking some more coffee—a necessary preliminary in this country—we started for the pyramids, mounted upon asses. On arriving at the base of the great pyramid, my astonishment at its immensity made me silent. We entered it; in one of the upper rooms I copied the hieroglyphics which denote the name of Saouphis, the same monarch who is commonly known as Cheops. This day was occupied in examining the interior of the pyramid. The ensuing morning, we proceeded to ascend the summit. The trepidation with which I at first contemplated this undertaking subsided as I approached it. The stones are large, some of them so much so that you must make four or five steps from the outer edge to the next stone upwards. Thus the ascent is gradual, and it was only on looking back that I perceived the progress I was making. The magnificent prospect from the summit has been often described. We could walk about perfectly at our ease on this elevated terrace.

The two following days we examined the second and third pyramids, inspected several tombs, and took a general view of the cemetery; I then returned to Cairo. Here I passed two months, applying myself to my studies in Arabic, Persian, Turkish, and Egyptian.

Occasionally I made excursions in the environs of Cairo, and once I joined the English consul in a visit to the ruins of Memphis. The colossal statue of Rhameses III. excited my admiration. It

is now the property of the English. I here made the acquaintance of Prince Puckler Muskau, who was on his return from Upper Egypt.

Finding that, in two months, I could converse freely in Arabic, I began to meditate an excursion into Upper Egypt. Prince Puckler Muskau endeavored to persuade me to ascend the river as far as Meroë, and I should have done so if Dr. Holroyd, on his arrival from Sennaar, had not assured me that I might suffer severe privations if I were not provided with extensive and various resources.

After another visit to the pyramids, where I spent a few days with Mr. Andrews, copying inscriptions and hieroglyphics, I made preparations for my journey, and agreeably to the advice I received, assumed the costume of a Turk, with pistols, sword, and a *coorbadj*, or whip, made of hippopotamus hide, Dr. Holroyd assuring me that such an instrument was considered in Egypt as an emblem of great authority. I then engaged a *canja*, or boat, the crew of which consisted of five Nubians, besides two I had engaged to take to Assouan. I embarked on the 15th November.

It is needless to relate what most travellers experience, the bad faith of the *rais*, or master of the boat, and the mutinous disposition of the crew, which compelled me to employ the *coorbadj*, much against my inclination. On the 4th December, I found myself abreast of Assouan, where I quitted the boat for a time, the trip to Philoë, a ride of two hours and a half, being performed on camels.

The black rocks scattered here and there in the desert which is crossed have inscriptions rudely carved upon them by visitors to the island of Philoë in ancient times. Many of them, which are in hieroglyphics, refer to kings, and these are of the character denominated by the Greeks *προσκυνηματα*, "religious homage." They belong to the remotest ages, and some are very legible.

We soon emerged from the village upon the desert; our *rashid*, or guide, taking the lead over the trackless space that presented itself with as much confidence, and as much accuracy, as a coachman drives his vehicle through the streets of London or Paris. He was wrapped in a large sheet, which gave him the appearance of a living mummy, and his silence (for he seldom opened his lips) sustained the illusion. The two Nubians and my servant had fallen asleep, and a profound silence reigned throughout this vast expanse of desolation, which afforded me the opportunity of indulging in grateful meditation, from which I was roused by perceiving that my *coorbadj* had fallen off the saddle. This being an indispensable article, I directed the *rashid* to return in search of it, whilst we went on. We soon lost sight of him, and the moon becoming obscured, I was in great apprehension lest we should miss the guide. He returned, however, in about half an hour, but without the *coorbadj*.

The first resting-place was surrounded by thorn-bushes, of a species so singular as to raise the belief that they had sprung up in the desert, at the Almighty's express command, for the service of the weary pilgrim. They present the phenomenon of being fresh, moist, and green in one part, whilst the other is dry, parched, and crisp; so that the green boughs afford food for beasts, and the other fuel for a brisk fire, which was necessary to warm our benumbed limbs, and coffee for our breakfast.

Though the thorns upon these bushes are so very hard and sharp that they pierced a thick-soled shoe, the camels devoured them with avidity.

Having become accustomed to the motion of a dromedary, I re-commenced the march with exhilarated spirits, solacing myself with the never-failing pipe. The desert appeared marked by immense masses of black rock, which made the road so rugged that portions of the camels' loads fell off, and some articles, rolling down ugly-looking ravines, were lost. The heat and glare at midday were great; but my eyes were protected by gauze spectacles, and my head was shrouded in a large turban.

We halted the next night at a wild, unsheltered spot. Upon waking in the morning, a party of Nubians passed us, going in a contrary direction to Wady Khalfa. They were armed with large, extraordinary-looking swords, made at Dongola, which they used as walking-sticks, and had no dress but a slight cincture. Just before sunset this day, we arrived at Samneh, which, as far as I could see, scarcely differed from any other part of the desert. I proceeded to the river, to look for the *birbe*, or temple, and it filled me with melancholy to perceive not a living creature, or the sign of a human habitation. My Nubian attendant, by a loud call, attracted a black man to us, who emerged from behind some rocks, like an apparition. He was entirely naked, except a small square piece of cloth tied round his loins, his head being uncovered. He consented to be my guide to the temple. On our way we were joined by another black man, who was sitting half-buried in the sand, eating locusts, with the same sort of relish which an alderman of London might exhibit in feasting upon turtle. Our course lay over large hills of sand, in which I frequently sank half-way up my body. At length, we came to a large brick enclosure, on the level summit of a high rock, on an angle facing the north; within it I perceived an edifice almost hidden in sand, to remove which I employed the two black strangers, desiring them to get as many other men as they could procure.

I now considered how I should get across the river next morning, as another antiquity lay on the opposite bank. One of the blacks assured me that a friend of his had a boat, and would convey me across. I accordingly rose early, (finding my tent, though well secured, half covered with sand,) but, after waiting a full hour, saw no boat. Growing impatient, I sought for my black friends, and found, to my great surprise, one sleeping on the sand, and the other quietly eating locusts. Upon inquiring about the boat, this man said, "I shall make it." Surprised that a boat, which I had expected to be ready for my conveyance, had yet to be constructed, I expostulated; and finding that soothing, persuasive words made the man insolent, I changed my tone, and first touching my pistol and then lifting a stick, I said, "Let the boat be got ready without delay." He submissively replied, "Directly," and ran off, calling upon some one to assist him. Finding no boat make its appearance, I went in search of the boat-promiser, and ascending an eminence, I came upon a little hut, partly hidden by projecting rocks. A straw mat lay before the entrance, or rather aperture, formed by a pile of large rough stones. I entered this hut, which I found deserted recently, for over a small heap of burning straw was a

boat with locusts in it frying. With the exception of a straw mat, the room contained no furniture. I waited, and at length a female, the wife of my black acquaintance, presented herself, trembling. I dispensed her alarm by telling her I intended no harm to her or her husband; that I only wanted the boat. My servant, arriving, spread my mat on the floor, and I smoked my pipe, whilst in conversation with the Nubian. She soon became familiar, and presently unloosed from her neck a large handkerchief, containing a quantity of live locusts, which she proceeded to fry in the pan. Though her apparel was very scanty, her head was adorned with a profusion of curls, very closely laid; her features were not unpleasing. Whilst I conversed with her, I noticed that her fugitive husband was peeping through an aperture in the hut, listening eagerly to what was said. Presently, the other black man arrived with the intelligence that the boat was almost ready, and at length I was conducted to the river side.

Upon arriving at the place of embarkation, what was my surprise and alarm at beholding, not a boat, but a few rough logs of palm-tree wood, lashed temporarily together! Overcoming my reluctance to trust my life to this frail machine, I at length got into it; the two men jumped into the river, and, swimming themselves, propelled the raft to the opposite bank, half my body being immersed in the stream during the transit. When we landed, the two swimmers threw themselves on the sand, and rolled in it so as to cover their bodies with it, advising me to do the same, as a remedy against the bad effects of the cold water.

#### THE GRIDIRON; OR, PADDY MULLOWNEY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

A CERTAIN old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont upon certain festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friend by *drawing out* one of his servants who was exceedingly fond of what he termed his "*travels*," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps, more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "Troth you won't, sir;" and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the "subject matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's "wife and childher," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing. On such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, (after making certain "approaches" as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant,) might, perchance, assail Pat thus: "By the bye, Sir John (addressing a distinguished guest,) Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself)—you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Troth I do sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "Ay, and farther, please your honor."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed," rejoins the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Troth then, they're not sir," interrupts Pat. "Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 't was when you were crossing the Atlantic!" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading him into the "full and true account"—(for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay*, for "a raison he had," in the autumn of the year ninety-eight.)

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her."

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board, at last, and the pumps was chok'd, (devil choke them for that same,) and av coorse the wather gained an us, and throth to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors call it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a keg o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortail hurry we wor in—and faith there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dhas*, went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many shrokes o' the oar away from her."

"Well, we drifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and thin we sailed iligant, for we darn't show a stitch o' canvass the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murder, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wonder of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae."

"Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good lookin' eyes but the canopy iv heaven, an the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a think was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then soon enough throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throth *that* was gone first of all—God help uz—and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face—'Oh! murder, murder, captain darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land anywhere,' says I."

"More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy," says he, "for sitch a good wish, and throth it's myself wishes the same."

"Oh," says I, "that it may please you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute*

Island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they would n't be such bad Christians as to refuse uz a bit and a sup.'

"Whisht, whisht, Paddy," says the captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other world all of a sudden,' says he.

"Thru for you, captain darlint," says I—I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal—'thru for you, captain jewel—God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite'—and throth that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor the *walker itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowl—well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was bright as silver and as clear as crystal. But it was only the more crule upon uz, for we wor beginnin to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and thundher and turf, captain," says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

"What for?" says he.

"I think I see the land," says I. So he ups with his bring-'m-near—) that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir) and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"Hurra!" says he, 'we're all right now; pull away my boys,' says he.

"Take care you're not mistaken," says I; 'maybe its only a fog-bank, captain darlint,' says I.

"Oh no," says he, 'it's the land in airnest.'

"Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?" says I; 'maybe it id be in *Roosia*, or *Proosia*, or the Garman Océant,' says I.

"Tut, you fool," says he—for he had that con-saited way wid him—thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—tut, you fool," says he, 'that's *France*,' says he.

"Tare an ouns," says I, 'do you tell me so? and how do you know it's *France* it is, captain dear?' says I.

"Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now," says he.

"Throth I was thinkin' so myself," says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard o' that same; and throth the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help o' God, never will.'

"Well, with that, my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so says I, 'Captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

"Why then," says he, 'thundher and turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

"Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger," says I.

"And sure, bad luck to you," says he, 'you could n't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin you wor a *pelican o' the wilderness*,' says he.

"Ate a gridiron!" says I; 'och, in throth I'm not sitch a *gommooh* all out as that any how. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beef-stake,' says I.

"Arrah! but where's the beef-stake," says he.

"Sure, could n't we cut a slice aff the pork," says I.

"By gor, I never thought o' that," says the captain. 'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin.

"Oh there's many a thru word said in joke," says I.

"Thru for you, Paddy," says he.

"Well, then," says I, 'if you put me ashore there beyant,' (for we were nearin' the land all the time,) 'and sure I can ax them to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"Oh, by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stir-about in airnist now," says he; 'you gommooh,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's *France*—and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"Well," says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' them?'

"What do you mane?" says he.

"I mane," says I, 'what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' them.'

"Make me sinsible," says he.

"By dad, maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me could do," says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Garman Océant.

"Leave aff your humbuggin," says he, 'I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all, at all.'

"*Parly voo frongsay*," says I.

"Oh, your humble sarvant," says he; 'why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"Throth, you may say that," says I.

"Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy," says the captain, jeerin' like.

"You're not the first that said that," says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

"Oh, but I'm in airnest," says the captain—'and do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?'

"*Parly voo frongsay*," says I.

"By gor that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the devil—I nivir met the likes o' you, Paddy," says he—'pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyful before long.'

"So with that it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white shrand, an iligant place for ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got, and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was afther bein' cramp'd up in the boat, and perished with the cowl and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow'rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it quite timptin' like.

"By the powthers o' war, I'm all right," says I; 'there's a house there'—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty pilite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took aff my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stoit ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more to be taken fion furriners, which they call so mighty pilite; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the gridiron; and so, says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard o' ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and



if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.'

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I, (knowing what was in their minds,) 'indeed it's thrue for you,' says I; 'I'm tathered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough, but it's by raison of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they took me for a poor beggar commin' to crave charity—with that, says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes, we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, Sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all, at all—and so says I—'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I; 'but I thought I was in France, sir: aren't you furriners!' says I—'*Parly voo Frongsay?*'

"'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plaze?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had sivin heads; and faith myself began to feel flustered like, and onasay—and so says I, making a bow and scrape agin, 'but it's only in regard of bein cast away; and if you plaze, sir, says I, '*Parly voo Frongsay.*'

"'We munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and you'll obleege me.'

"Well, sir, the ould chap began to munseer me, but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gie me; and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all their fine manners; and troth, my blood began to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' drink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte.*'

"Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to streck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might understand—'*Parly—voo—Frongsay, munseer!*'

"'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad scan to you.'

"Well, bad win' to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.

"'Poo!—the divil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I, 'I don't want a tongs at all, at all; but can't you listen to reason,' says I—'*Parly voo Frongsay?*'

"'We munseer.'

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

"Well, what would you think but he shook his own noddle, as much as to say he would n't: and so says I, 'Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—troth if you were in my country it's not that a-way they'd use you; the curse of the crows an

you, you ould sinner,' says I, 'the divil a longer I'll darken your door.'

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more—you ould thief—are you a Christian at all at all? are you a furriner?' says I, 'that all the world calls so p'lite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language!—'*Parly voo Frongsay?*' says I.—'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then thundher and turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, 'the curse of the hungry an you, you ould negarly villain,' says I; 'the back o' my hand, and the sowl o' my fut to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself,' says I; and with that I left them there, and kem away—and in throth it's often since that *I thought it was remarkable.*"

#### LOSS IS LOSS.

It may be well to advert to a very prevalent error of the popular mind with regard to insurance. When any great fire takes place, such as those which have lately happened in Liverpool and Manchester, the paragraphist usually closes his account of it with the consoling words, "We are happy to learn that the property was insured to the amount of £30,000, which will nearly cover the whole loss!" The reader, previously much distressed by the details of the event, now cheers up, and goes on to the next paragraph with a reassured mind, thinking to himself, "Well, after all, there's no loss; that's a blessing!" So, also, when it is stated that the average loss of British shipping per annum reaches about two and a half millions, and is attended by the average loss of fifteen hundred lives, the public mourns for the poor men who have perished in the cause of mercantile enterprise, but takes complacent views of the pecuniary part of the calamity, for "all that comes upon the underwriters, you know." Because the owners of the property are not the losers, because the loss comes upon a company of insurers, it is supposed by the bulk of the public to be no loss at all. Now the fact is, that the houses burnt, and the ships sunk or dashed to pieces, with all the goods concerned in both instances, are as much *lost* in the one case as the other. The loss is not concentrated, as it would have been in early times, upon one or a few persons, but it is fully and unequivocally a loss nevertheless—that is, a destruction of the products of human industry, and a diminution of the possessions of the community; the only difference is, in its being diffused over a large surface. How truly loss is loss to insurers, could, we believe, be most pathetically shown in the state of several companies for sea-risks at the present time, suffering, as they are, from the unusual amount of maritime disaster which has marked the last three years. It is easy, with a little reflection, to see how the loss of capital to the shareholders in such concerns will tell upon the public interest, as all diminutions of the capital of a country are so much taken from the means of employing labor and producing further wealth. And it is equally easy to see how even the owners of shipping, however fully they may insure, have an interest in minimizing loss at sea, as the smaller the average of such loss, the smaller must be the premiums required for insuring sea property. The losses, therefore, of marine and fire insurance companies, are losses in which the public is reasonably called to sympathize, and which it is their interest to see reduced to the smallest possible amount.—*Chambers' Journal.*

From the *Athenæum*.

## POETS' CORNER AND POETS' FUNERALS.

## INTERMENT OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE poet of "Hope" and "Hohenlinden" was buried on Wednesday last, in Westminster Abbey, in that part of the building called the south-transept, or Poet's Corner. No poet of our generation could have made good a better claim to such sepulture than Thomas Campbell. He well deserves to lie in classic ground:—

My Shakspeare rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further to make thee a room—  
Thou art a monument without a tomb;  
And art alive still while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read and praise to give.

Mr. Campbell's book, that neat pyramid, which Cowley commends so warmly, is more than enough for fame hereafter. Collins and Gray together, can, in bulk, barely make a volume.

A poet's interment, in Poet's Corner, is a rare occurrence; the last person essentially and entirely a poet who was buried there, was Gay, who died in 1732. Johnson, Garrick, Sheridan, Macpherson, and Gifford, can make but slender claims to the bays and "singing robes" of poets, for their greater works have little to do with poetry so called, or with the divine fury of the Muse. Considering, therefore, the long interval that has elapsed, and the high honor so lately paid to Mr. Campbell, in the noble attendance that stood beside his grave, it would not, perhaps, be thought ill-timed or out of place if, before we describe Mr. Campbell's funeral, we here relate the history of Poets' Corner, and refer our readers back to the funeral honors that have been paid our poets, long since or more lately dead.

We had no poets to inter before Gower and Chaucer; and Gower was a man of wealth, who had money to leave for the erection of his own monument, and the performance of a yearly obit for his soul. The obit ceased at the Reformation, but the monument still exists in St. Saviour's Church, in Southwark, where the poet's head may be seen resting on three stone books, with a chaplet upon it, like a coronet of four roses. The morning star of English verse, old Geoffrey Chaucer, was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, that is, *without* the building; but a poet and scholar of Oxford, by name Nicholas Brigham, removed his remains, in 1555, to their present resting-place, in the south cross aisle of the church, and erected the monument to the noble old poet, which we still see standing in Poets' Corner.

Spenser died in King-street, Westminster, on the 16th January, 1598-9, actually, we are told, "for lack of bread." He refused twenty *pieces* sent him by my Lord of Essex, and said he was sorry he had no time to spend them:—

And had not that great heart (whose honored head,  
Ah, lies full low) pitied thy woful plight,  
There hadst thou lien unwept, unburied,  
Unblest, nor graced with any common rite.

*Phineas Fletcher.*

"He was buried," says Campbell, "according to his own desire, near the tomb of Chaucer; and the most celebrated poets of the time (Shakspeare was probably of the number) followed his

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hearse, and threw tributary verses into his grave." Twenty years after his decease, Daniel's kind patroness, the Countess of Dorset, erected a monument to his memory, and inscribed upon it that short but beautiful inscription which the poet Mason transferred, in 1778, from Purbeck stone to statuary marble, and which still remains an exact imitation of the original.

The next great poet interred in Poets' Corner, was Francis Beaumont—

Fletcher's associate, Jonson's friend beloved.

The day of his death is unknown, but he was buried on the 9th March, 1615-16. He was only thirty years old when he died; and his epitaph was written by his elder brother, the poet of Bosworth Field:—

Thou shouldst have followed me, but death, to blame,  
Miscounted years and measured age by fame.

No "great heart" came forward to honor his memory in marble, and the associate of Fletcher still sleeps beneath a rude and nameless stone.

Drayton, who died in 1631, was buried in Westminster Abbey, but not in Poets' Corner, for he lies, says Heylin, who was at his funeral, "under the north wall, near a little door which opens to one of the prebendal houses." The same Countess of Dorset, who set up Spenser's monument, bestowed a marble bust upon Michael Drayton, and Jonson or Quarles supplied that noble epitaph still half legible in Poets' Corner. In 1637 Ben Jonson followed his friend Drayton to the grave. Ben, too, was buried in Westminster Abbey, but not in Poets' Corner: why is unknown. He is buried in the north aisle of the nave, with this brief inscription to denote the spot: "O Rare Ben Jonson"—"which was donne," says Aubrey, "at the charge of Jack Young, (afterwards knighted,) who walking here when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen-pence to cut it."

The next poet buried in Westminster Abbey was buried in Poets' Corner. This was Thomas May, (Secretary May,) the translator of Lucan, and the historian of the Long Parliament. But May was not allowed to lie too long in Poets' Corner. At the Restoration his body was taken up and thrown into a pit dug for the purpose in the neighboring churchyard of St. Margaret's. Still greater indignities awaited Cromwell, Ireton, Bradshaw and Blake. May's monument was destroyed at the same time—it stood where Triplett's stands.

At Chertsey, on the Thames, on the 28th July 1667, died Abraham Cowley. The body of the great poet was brought by water from Chertsey to Whitehall—

Oh, early lost! what tears the River shed,  
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!

*Pope.*

Evelyn was at his friend's funeral, and thus records the ceremony: "3 Aug. 1667.—Went to Mr. Cowley's funeral, whose corps lay at Wallingford House, and was thence conveyed to Westminster Abbey in a hearse with six horses, and all funeral decency, were an hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of quality following; among these all the wits of the town, divers bishops and clergymen. He was interred next Geoffrey Chaucer and neere Spenser. A goodly monument since erected to his memory." Wallingford House was the town residence of Villiers, Duke of Bucking-

ham, at whose expense the "goodly monument" was afterwards erected.

In March, 1668, died at his official house in Scotland-yard, Sir John Denham, the poet of Cooper's Hill. He died mad, nor have we any account of his interment in Poets' Corner. He was buried, however, close to Cowley, whose "death and burial amongst the ancient poets," he has celebrated in one of the very best of his poems. Davenant followed Denham in less than a month, and was buried where May had been before. This circumstance is curious. At Jonson's death both Davenant and May were candidates for the vacant laurel. It was given to Davenant, so much to May's mortification, that for this reason alone he was said, by the adverse party, to have sided with the parliament against the king. Davenant was the patentee of the duke's theatre; and all his company, with Betterton at their head, attended his body to the grave. "He was buried in Westminster Abbey," says old Downes, the prompter, "near Mr. Chaucer's monument, our whole company attending his funeral."

Glorious John Dryden was the next great poet buried in Poets' Corner. A private burial in an adjoining churchyard was all that was at first intended, and the funeral procession was actually on its way to so obscure a grave, when it was interrupted; and strange as it may appear, actually put an end to. The chief movers in this extraordinary proceeding were the witty Earl of Dorset, and the second Lord Jefferys, the son of the notorious Judge Jefferys. The poet's body, at their request, was then conveyed to the house of Mr. Russel, a celebrated undertaker, for the purpose of embalment. From Mr. Russel's it was moved to the College of Physicians, where it lay for ten days in state. The after-history of this second funeral is thus given in the papers of that period: "The corps of that great and witty poet, John Dryden, Esq., having lain in state for some time in the College of Physicians, was yesterday [13 May, 1700] carried in great state to Westminster Abbey, where he was interred with Chaucer, Cowley, &c. But before he was removed from the College, Dr. Garth made an eloquent oration in Latin, in praise of the deceased; and the ode of Horace, beginning *Eregi monumentum ære perennius*, set to mournful music, was sung there, with a concert of trumpets, hautboys, and other instruments. The corps was preceded by several mourners on horseback; before the hearse went the music on foot, who made a very harmonious noise. The hearse was followed by twenty coaches, drawn by six horses, and twenty-four drawn by two horses each, most of them in mourning."

After this newspaper paragraph, the reader will not, perhaps, think Farquhar's Picture of the Funeral too highly colored for the truth. "I come now from Mr. Dryden's funeral, where he had an Ode in Horace sung, instead of David's Psalms; whence you may find, that we do not think a poet worth Christian burial. The pomp of the ceremony was a kind of rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for Hudibras than him; because the cavalcade was mostly burlesque: but he was an extraordinary man, and buried after an extraordinary fashion; for I do believe there was never such another burial seen." All this *getting-up* at the College was done by Dr. Garth. "The best good Christian, without knowing it," that Pope had ever known. Mr. Russel's bill is a curiosity in its way, and of more than ordinary interest at this moment.

*Mr. Russell's Bill for Mr. Dryden's Funerals.*  
For the Funerall of Esqre. Dryden.

	£.	s.	d.
A double coffin covered with cloath, and set of [off] with work guilt with gold,	5	0	0
A herse with six white Flanders horses,	1	10	0
Covering the herse with velvet, and velvet housings for the horses,	1	0	0
17 plumes of feathers for herse and horses,	3	0	0
Hanging the Hall with a border of bays,	5	0	0
6 dozen of paper escucheons for the Hall,	3	12	0
A large pall of velvet,	0	10	0
10 silk escucheons for the pall,	2	10	0
24 buck. escucheons for herse and horses,	2	8	0
12 shields and six shaffroones for ditto,	2	8	0
3 mourning coaches with six horses,	2	5	0
Silver dish and rosemary,	0	5	0
8 scarves for musicianers,	2	0	0
8 hatbands for ditto,	1	0	0
17 y'ds of crape to cover their instruments,	1	14	0
4 mourning cloakes,	0	10	0
Pd 6 men moving the corps to the Hall,	0	6	0
8 horsemen in long cloakes to ride before the herse,	4	0	0
13 footmen in velvet capps to walk on each side the herse,	1	19	0
6 porters that attended at the doores, and walked before the herse to the Abby, in mourning gowns and staves,	1	10	0
An achievement for the house,	3	10	0
	£45	17	0

Nicholas Rowe, who died in King-street, Covent Garden, on the 16th of December, 1718, was the next poet of eminence interred in Poets' Corner. He was buried at night, in a grave "over against Chaucer," his friend, Dr. Atterbury, then Dean of Westminster, reading the burial service. Another six months gone by, and Addison is buried in the same grave. This delightful writer died at Holland House, Kensington, on the 17th of June, 1719, from whence his body was conveyed to the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, where it lay in state. Addison was buried at night, a circumstance beautifully alluded to by Tickell, in his Elegy on his death:—

Can I forget the dismal night that gave,  
My soul's best part forever to the grave!  
How silent did his old companions tread,  
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead;  
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,  
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!  
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,  
The pealing organ and the pausing choir,  
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,  
And the last word, that dust to dust conveyed!

"It was her wish," says Campbell of Mrs. Siddons, "that she should be interred with the plainest simplicity; and I know not how it is, but so it is, that I visit her suburban grave with calmer sensations of melancholy pleasure than if I had to approach it in Westminster Abbey—

Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!"

Prior was the next, in point of time, interred in Poets' Corner. "It is my will," he says, "that I be buried privately in Westminster Abbey, and that, after my debts and funeral charges are paid, a monument be erected to my memory, whereon

may be expressed the public employments I have bore. The inscription I desire may be made by Dr. Robert Freind, and the busts expressed in marble by Coriveaux placed on the monument. For this last piece of human vanity, I will that the sum of five hundred pounds be set aside." \* \* "I had not strength enough," says Atterbury, "to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, else I would have done it, to have showed his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried as he desired, at the feet of Spenser, and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living; particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster." We quote the inadmissible triplet, because, at this time, the past and present opinions of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster are of some consequence:—

To me 't was given to die; to thee 't is given  
To live: alas! one moment sets us even—  
Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven.

A melancholy truth, told aptly, is infinitely more admissible than a whole catalogue of virtues which human frailty never could possess.

Congreve followed Prior, but the witty dramatist is buried not in Poets' Corner, but as far from kings and poets as he well could lie. The author of the "Old Bachelor" died at his house in Surrey-street, in the Strand, whence his body was removed to the Jerusalem Chamber, in Westminster Abbey, where it lay in state, before it was interred in the south transept of the Abbey. The six pall-bearers were, the Duke of Bridgewater, the Earl of Godolphin, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington, Mr. George Berkeley, and General Churchill.

On the 4th of December died Johnny Gay,—the simple and gentle-hearted Gay, who breathed his last at the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington Gardens, from whence, we are told, "his body was brought by the Company of Upholders to Exeter 'change, in the Strand; where, after lying in a very decent state, it was drawn in a hearse trimmed with plumes of black and white feathers, attended with three mourning-coaches and six horsemen, to Westminster Abbey. The pall was supported by the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Viscount Cornbury; the Hon. Mr. Berkeley, General Dormer, Mr. Gore, and Mr. Pope (the poet.) The service was read by the then Dean, Dr. Wilcox, the choir attending."

The body of David Garrick was conveyed from his own house in the Adelphi, on the 1st of February, 1779, to Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, "where it was interred," says Davies, "under the monument of his beloved Shakspeare." The "Order" of the funeral may be found appended to every Life of the great actor. There was no lying-in-state in the Jerusalem Chamber, but the body was received at the west-door, by the Dean of Westminster, who, attended by the gentlemen of the choir, preceded the corpse up the centre aisle; the full organ and choir performing Purcell's grand funeral service. The pall-bearers, on this occasion, were, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, Lord Camden, Earl of Ossory, and Viscount Palmerston. Twenty-four of the principal actors of both theatres; and Dr. Johnson and other members of "The Club" attended to the grave the man, of whom it was said that his death eclipsed for a time the gaiety of nations.

Dr. Johnson soon followed his friend and pupil, Garrick, to the grave. "His funeral was attended," says Boswell, "by a respectable number of friends, particularly such of the members of the Literary Club as were in town; and was also honored with the presence of several of the Reverend Chapter of Westminster. Mr. Burke, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Windham, Mr. Langton, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Mr. Colman bore his pall. His schoolfellow, Dr. Taylor, performed the mournful office of reading the funeral service." The great lexicographer lies buried close to the coffin of his friend Garrick.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan died in Saville Row, on the 7th of July, 1816, and on the 14th, his body was buried in the south cross-aisle of Westminster Abbey. His pall-bearers were the Duke of Bedford, Earl of Lauderdale, Earl Mulgrave, the Lord Bishop of London, Lord Holland, and Earl Spencer. May we not exclaim with Pope, on this funeral solemnity:—

"But yet the rich have something in reserve,  
They help'd to bury whom they help'd to starve!"

Shakspeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried in St. Giles' in the Fields; Marlowe in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne in Old St. Paul's; Edmund Waller in Beaconsfield churchyard; Milton in the churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Butler in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Otway, no one knows where; Garth in the church at Harrow; Pope in the church at Twickenham; Swift in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Bristol; Parnell at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young, at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector; Thomson in the churchyard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins in St. Andrew's church at Chichester; Gray in the churchyard of Stoke-Pogeia, where he conceived his "Elegy;" Goldsmith in the churchyard of the Temple church; Falconer at sea, with "all ocean for his grave;" Churchill in the churchyard of St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper in the church at Dereham; Chatterton in a churchyard belonging to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holburn; Burns in St. Michael's churchyard, Dumfries; Byron in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe at Trowbridge; Coleridge in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott in Dryburgh Abbey; Southey in Crossthwaite church, near Keswick; Shelley, "beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers surrounding ancient Rome;" Keats beside him, "under the pyramid, which is the tomb of Cestius;" and Thomas Campbell in Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey.

Few of our poets would appear to have left any particular directions about their graves. Dr. Donne designed his own strange monument for old St. Paul's; "Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;" and Swift expressed a wish on paper that he should be buried in some dry part of St. Patrick's Cathedral; "I desire (he says in his will) that my body may be buried in the great aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral on the south side, under the pillar next to the monument of Primate Narcissus Marsh; three days after my decease, as privately as possible, and at 12 o'clock at night." Pope has an epitaph, "for one (meaning himself) who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey."

\* \* \* "As to my body (he says,) my will is that it be buried near the monument of my dear parents at Twickenham, and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth as mourning." \* \* \* "I do desire (says Gray) that my body may be deposited in the vault, made by my late dear mother in the churchyard of Stoke Poges, near Slough, in Buckinghamshire, by her remains, in a coffin of seasoned oak, neither lined nor covered." Men, like ladies, have their particularities for the grave—and where they are reasonable in request, it is only common charity to see them carried into execution.

It is a singular circumstance, unobserved on this occasion, that another of our poets should have died, like Campbell, at Boulogne. This was Charles Churchill, who died in that city, on the 4th of November, 1764. The coincidence is still more curious, because there was some talk at the time of making a formal application for placing a monument to his memory, "amongst our ancient poets." "Some of his admirers (says Southey) were inconsiderate enough to talk of erecting a monument to him in Westminster Abbey; but if permission had been asked it must necessarily have been refused; it would have been not less indecent to grant than to solicit such an honor, for a clergyman who had thrown off his gown, and renounced, as there appeared too much reason to apprehend, his hope in Christ."

The remains of Mr. Campbell were brought from Boulogne on Sunday last, and deposited two days after in a vault under the Jerusalem Chamber, preparatory to his interment in Poets' Corner on the following Wednesday. The friends and admirers of the poet were made aware by letter of the day of burial, with an intimation, at the same time, that the executors and friends would assemble in the Jerusalem Chamber, and follow from that celebrated room their lamented poet to his grave. In compliance with this intimation, so completely accordant with their own feelings, upwards of one hundred noblemen and gentlemen assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber. Amongst those present, we observed; the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Morpeth, Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, Lord Leigh, and Sir Robert Peel (pall bearers,) Lord Strangford, Lord Dudley Stuart, Sir John Hobhouse, the Belgian Ambassador, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Sheil, Sir Percy Shelley, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Sir John Hanmer, Dr. Croly, Mr. Lockhart, the Rev. W. Harness, Mr. Emerson Tennent, Mr. Dyce, Mr. Browning, &c., with the two executors Dr. Beattie and Mr. William Moxon.

By some unfortunate mismanagement, the procession had moved on, and part of the service had commenced before the poet's friends in the Jerusalem Chamber, were made aware that their attendance was required. On entering the Abbey after the summons came, it was seen at a glance that a push must be made by all who desired to be present at the ceremony, for crowds unasked had already assembled, with greater opportunities of getting within the limits of seeing. A quick succession of feet was heard—then a run, and a cry of "stand back," while a spiked barrier was closed by the vergers. All was crush, disorder, and remonstrance: Farquhar's description of Dryden's funeral came across our minds, and then the scene described by Mrs. Thomas, and demolished by Malone. Nor did we forget a memorable stanza in Coleridge:—

To see a man tread over graves  
I hold it no good mark;  
'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,  
And bad luck in the dark.

Remonstrances were at length of some avail, a flash of information coming across the attendants' minds, that the old "companions" of the poet were wholly excluded. Spiked barriers and iron gates began to open, and the friends of the poet, by the time the service was half over, were permitted to come forward. The scene as you approached was strikingly impressive; the whole transept was filled with anxious faces. The pall was placed upon the coffin in the middle of the transept, and the grave was seen dug above the grave of Dr. Johnson, for in so crowded a spot a spare corner for even a poet like Campbell, is of much importance. The well-known voice of Mr. Milman was heard reading the burial service over the grave of his friend and fellow-poet; Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Brougham were seen standing at the foot of Addison's statue, and the present Duke of Argyll at the base of Roubiliac's fine monument to the great Duke of Argyll. All assembled seemed sensible that a poet's ashes were being committed to poetic ground, and all on their departure took pleasure in acknowledging that our great statesmen had done justice to themselves, in paying homage to the majesty of genius.

At that part of the service, where we "commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," one of the Polish exiles cast upon the coffin of their friend some earth which he had brought with him from the grave of the great Kosciusko.

All that now remains to be done, is to erect an appropriate monument to the poet's memory, in Poet's Corner. This should be done at once.

Morocco.—The following extract of a letter dated Tangier, June 20, shows the state of things there at that time:—"What on earth is to become of Morocco! Now indeed their hand is against every man's, and every man's hand against them. No sooner had we begun to hope that matters might be adjusted between them and their ancient Spanish enemy, than France commences hostilities. And, in the event of a war, the chances are, that some insult will be offered to the English by the indiscriminating Kabyles' which would bring England also down upon them. Sweden and Denmark have refused paying tribute, which the Sultan persists in demanding; so they are every way beset. It seems the Moors have always had forebodings of this year. For a long time they have been exhorting each other to beware of 1260 (which, according to their reckoning, is the present year.) Our little bay is filled with vessels of war of all nations, the ultimatum not yet having arrived from the Sultan. In case of a rupture, we have everything to fear from the tribes of the interior, who always avail themselves of such opportunities to enter the towns for plunder, and in their zeal their first thought would be to murder the Christians. They are fighting desperately, not many miles off. We are to lay in stores in case of a bombardment, and know not whither to look for a solution of this."

DAY OF HUMILIATION AND PRAYER FOR O'CONNELL.—Sunday, the 28th of July next, has been determined on by the Catholic clergy of Ireland, as a day of general humiliation and prayer for "the repeal martyrs." Digitized by Google

FROM CAPTAIN BELLOWS' REMINISCENCES, IN  
THE ASIATIC JOURNAL.

THE MISSIONARY.—Just before we left the army, the lieutenant read a letter from the general, or some one in authority, requesting him to give convoy to a missionary who was proceeding to Guzerat, and to show him all kindness and attention as far as we were going on his route (i. e. to Kotah.) Such a request was tantamount to an order, (not that there was any inclination to decline it on that account,) and the missionary, in consequence, united his small marching establishment to ours. He was somewhat of an original, from the foot of the Caucasus, and his father, he told us, (the commander or proprietor of a trading vessel in the Persian Gulf,) had been killed by the Joassmee pirates. After this, he passed through various vicissitudes of fortune, and ultimately found himself in Calcutta, where, or rather at Serampore, he was converted from a state of scepticism by the preaching of one of the missionaries, either Dr. Ward or Dr. Marshman, I think he said. So great and permanent was the effect produced in his views and inclinations by this change in his religious sentiments, that he determined to devote his future life to the work of proselytizing the "heathen," in which he was evidently engaged at the time we fell in with him. He was a rather stout-built man, of the middle size, of a sallow complexion, and mild and benevolent expression of countenance. 'Tis hard to dive into men's secret motives, sometimes hardly known to themselves, "they come in such a questionable shape;" but I believe the zeal of the good "padre," as we called him, was perfectly genuine, and little, if at all, tainted by mere wordly considerations. His travelling equipage consisted of a diminutive tent, called a "routy," two trunks, a small camp-table, a charpoy, and a chair, the whole carried on a couple of camels. He rode on a tattoo, or pony; jogging along on which, with his somewhat Sancho-Panzaish figure, and huge Sombrero hat, (*solah topee*,) his appearance was not a little grotesque. The principal contents of his camel-trunks were religious tracts, in various languages of the East; in many of which—Persian, Arabic, Hindoostanee, &c.—the padre was a complete proficient. Besides these and other things, they contained sundry plates, dishes, tea-cups and saucers, called by the missionary his "crockeries," which were constantly meeting with some mishap. He usually preceded us on the march, for the purpose, if an opportunity offered, of preaching to the natives as he went along; and more than once we came upon him amidst a picturesque group of Rajpoots, haranguing them with apostolic fervor, they staring on him, open-mouthed, with that species of astonishment which would be felt, doubtless, by a knot of our country bumpkins, were a moollah or byraggie suddenly to tumble in amongst them on a village green, and to hold forth respectively on the transcendent merits of the *Koran*, or the wonderful incarnations of Vishnu. Having preached and distributed his tracts, he would resume his journey, and ultimately join us at breakfast, where he had generally some little adventure to relate connected with his missionary efforts, or some sad tale to tell of disasters which had befallen his "crockeries"—a portion of his property on which he seemed (doubtless from the difficulty of obtaining such things in the wilde) to set an extraordinary value. His camels were,

truly, more than ordinarily addicted to genuflections, and several times came down in the rocky cross-roads, to the great distress of the worthy missionary and the damage of his "crockeries," each successive diminution of which would elicit a very amusing Jeremiad in English, as much broken as the cups and saucers themselves, and which it was impossible to listen to with the requisite amount of composure. Though, however, very amusing, the missionary was a man eminently entitled to respect, having every appearance (and there is a truthfulness in the look, the voice and the manner of some persons not to be mistaken) of being really benevolent and sincere. Plucksly and I took a great liking to him, and gave him the best we had, and that "not grudgingly." His thoughts were rational, and his conversation was instructive, for he had seen much of the ups and downs of life, though the medium of rather broken English he employed often imparted a dash of the ludicrous which did not intrinsically belong to them; 't was the "sage" in the garb of the "drole," or merry Andrew. I believe it to be next to impossible for any man, however strong his sense and great his talents, to express himself in a language with which he is but imperfectly acquainted, without exciting a sense of the ridiculous in his hearers, and very materially impairing the value of what he says: so it was with the padre. For example, I was one day speaking in his presence of the works of Voltaire, Gibbon, &c., when he exclaimed, very earnestly, "Ah, my good young friend, don't you read dis book; dey are, belif me, de 'tigers in de sheepskins.'"\*

At Kotah, then ruled by the celebrated Zalim Singh—a sort of Indian mayor of the palace, and a very extraordinary man—we halted for some days, and found it a well-built and flourishing place, surrounded by strong walls and defences. Here we were visited by the rajah's head pundit and a Mohammedan of his household, both attracted in a great measure by the report, which had got abroad, that we had an English priest with us in camp. It was, I conceive, the business of the first of these persons to supply the rajah with spiritual comfort and keep his conscience in good order, whilst the latter's occupations were, I fancy, rather of an opposite tendency. This man—a voluble, forward fellow, rejoicing in the name of Cheragh Ally, or the "lamp of Ally," and who catered for the rajah's amusements—informed us that his master had a great taste for European science and inventions, and he understood that we made a number of wonderful things in our *Belast* ("country, Europe,") and amongst others a *durbeen*, or telescope, by means of which we could examine the bottom of seas and rivers; one of these the rajah, he said, was most anxious to procure, being curious to know what was going on amongst the fish and alligators at the bottom of the Chumbul. He was very much astonished when I told him that such a glass had never fallen under my cognizance or observation. On the occasion of one of their visits, the missionary, the pundit, and Cheragh Ally, fell into a very earnest theological argument, when the former, who knew far more of the respective religions of his opponents than they did themselves, and who was, moreover, it was clear, a practised polemic and dialectician, contrived to "bother them entirely;" the pundit he soon beat to a dead stand-still, leaving him

\* Meaning "wolves in sheep's clothing."

nothing more to say for himself than "*kea burree bhat*" ("what profound words!") and the like; whilst poor Cheragh Ally had his "lamp" of intelligence quite put out. I remember on this occasion, and whilst the two were sitting in our tent, that the tiffin or luncheon was brought in, upon which we begged the padre to draw to the table and take some wine. As he complied with the invitation, and raised the glass to his lips, both pundit and Cheragh Ally stared in astonishment, and incredulity was depicted on their countenances. At last, the latter, who had somewhat recovered from his defeat, and thought this, probably, a good opportunity for renewing the contest, put up his hands, in the usual Eastern manner, and begged to be allowed to ask a question. "Ask away," said the missionary. "Well, then," said he, "is it really usual for holy men and priests in your country to drink wine?" "Yes," replied the missionary, with great readiness, "it is; my religion tells me that it is not that which goeth in at the mouth which defileth a man, but that which cometh out of it." Anything sententiously and strongly expressed, and above all a quotation, generally paralyzes an Asiatic; so Cheragh Ally, after this, drew in his horns, and left the padre in possession of the field.

**THE FLOOD.**—Having transferred our treasure to the relieving party, and taken leave of the padre—whom I never heard of more, but who, I sincerely trust, carried himself and the residue of his "crockeries" in safety to Guzerat—we returned once more through the Boondee pass, and, retracing our steps across Rajpootana, rejoined the Tullubmojoonds. Eventually we became united to Brigadier Knox's force, consisting of several regiments, with cavalry, pioneers and artillery; and, if my memory does not deceive me, the junction took place at a town called Soaph. From thence we marched to the large fortified town of Lawa, and whilst encamped below it, a singular mishap befell us, the like of which, I will venture to affirm, has seldom happened to an army before.

The "rains" had set in, and it had been pouring heavily all the morning, when, towards evening, the bund or embankment of a small lake, which adjoined the wall of the town, burst, owing to the increased pressure of the waters, augmented by the rains, carrying away a projecting bastion, and very nearly the tent of the superintending surgeon, which, with those of the brigadier and staff, were pitched on the embankment; it poured down into the camp, which occupied a far lower level, completely inundating the whole space. The officers of my corps had just finished dinner, and were chatting over their wine and hookhas in the mess-tent, when the invading waters began to make their forcible entry. I believe that none of us were aware, till some time afterwards, of the real cause, and rather attributed it immediately to the torrents which were falling outside. It began, however, to mount fast up the legs of the chairs, and after some uncomfortable attempts to double up on them, a general move was made to the mess-table, on the top of which, like a merry fraternity of tailors, we all sat cross-legged, smoking our pipes in this novel divan, and on the whole enjoying the excitement resulting from the event, and the row and hubbub outside amongst soldiers and camp-followers flying, *saute qui peut*, with kit and bundle, from the "general deluge." Amidst the confusion, and whilst occupying my place on

the table, I well remember my sirdar-bearer wading in with a most rueful aspect, and dripping like the apotheosis of a river-god, to inform me that, in spite of all his efforts and those of the rest of my establishment, he feared it would be impossible to save my valuables from a soaking, and that nothing short of some happy suggestion of master's, the result of personal inspection, would be likely to avert the impending crisis. Alarmed at this intimation, I immediately slid off what had every right to be considered a "hospitable board," and, hip-deep in water, waded outside of the tent-door, from whence, to my own tent, was some sixty or eighty yards. What a strange sight here opened upon my view! Can I ever forget it! The encampment of a small army actually standing in the middle of a brown and turbid lake, the rain pouring down, and the waters eddying along like the wintry overflow of an English river, charged with drift-wood, grass, and here and there a rat, or some suddenly dislodged reptile, swimming, as Paddy says in his "drame," for "the bare life of him." Having looked around on this dismal and dispiriting scene, and thought of Noah and the ark, I then, though there was certainly no absolute necessity for it, (but for the good English reason of being able to say with truth that I had done such a thing,) swam from the mess-tent to my own; on arriving there, I found things pretty much as my valet had described them—dogs shivering and looking the pictures of woe, and servants (more accustomed to basting than dripping) in an equally miserable plight; the latter had placed my camel-trunks on the top of my camp-table, and my cot above them again, finishing the whole off with a hat-box, *guthree* (bundle,) chillumchee, gun-case, &c. But I had scarcely entered, ere the body of water reached to the edge of the table, upon which that article rose buoyant from its legs, tilted over the whole superstructure, and in ten minutes I was enjoying the full benefit of the "cold-water system," so that I had not a dry article in my possession. Our doctor—a very tall man, from the north of the Tweed, and possessed of all the foresight requisite to meet such emergencies—boasted of the only dry spot in our vicinity; his tent occupied somewhat higher ground, and on observing that the waters were rising, he immediately set his hospital establishment—bearers, bildars, &c.—to work with pickaxe and shovel, and in a short time threw up an embankment round his tent as high, nearly, as the top of the *kanauts*, or walls. He was a kind-hearted and obliging man, and seemed to have much pleasure in giving us all shelter for the night. Higgedly-piggedly was of course the order of things, and in so close a pack it was difficult to tell whom the heads, legs and arms respectively belonged to; however, wrapped up in our blankets, which, in spite of saturation, retained their warmth, we reposed pretty comfortably till morning, by which time the water had in a great measure drained off and subsided. A large quantity of ammunition was destroyed by the inundation, and for several days, during which we remained to repair damages, the whole camp looked like shipping on a gala day—such a fluttering of streamers was there; such a universal drying of sheets, shirts and clothing of every description, both native and European. As for my camel-trunks, which I had trailed after me, like the fleet of Blefuscu, to the doctor's tent, they exhibited, on being opened, a painful amalgam of pulpy books, linen stained by



the dye of my red coats, with a few dark touches and shadings from my boots, and so forth. However, a few days' sun put matters to right, and, like time to grief, brought healing on its wings.

**THE ROHILLAS.**—The Patans, or Rohillas, are the Normans of the East—bold and daring men, who with their swords, have cut out goodly possessions for themselves in various parts of Hindostan and the Dekkan. We had for some time with us in General Donkin's camp a fine specimen of the race—the vakeel, or ambassador, of Ameer Khan. His name was Khan Sahib, (at least, so he was usually called,) and a finer sample of the native soldier I never beheld. He was at least six feet two or three, stout in proportion, and of a noble carriage and bearing, with an open and ingenuous expression of countenance. He bore the marks of wounds received in action against us, particularly in the celebrated fight of Afzulghur, in which the 8th dragoons particularly distinguished themselves. Though he had fought against them, he was nevertheless a special favorite with the officers of that regiment, and a frequent guest at their mess. At a review of the above regiment at Kooshalghur, Khan Sahib accompanied the general and his staff, and I shall never forget his appearance, which was quite that of a knight of old, or such a one as the lion-hearted Richard, as he is often represented. He was mounted on a powerful black horse, armed and barbed; himself in chain mail, with steel gauntlets and breast and back pieces, and a steel morrion (and I think a plume) on his head. Thus, proud and erect, he rode beside the general and his staff, cocked-hatted and aquilleted, both respectively the representatives of war in its present and far remoter state. After the 8th dragoons had gone through several manœuvres, they made their final charge, and as they came thundering down, trumpets sounding and sabres flashing through clouds of dust, (a truly splendid sight, it must be confessed,) Khan Sahib could no longer repress his admiration, but, turning towards the general, and pointing to a range of hills in the background, he exclaimed, in true Eastern hyperbolic style, "General Sahib, yonder mountains could not withstand that charge!"

Some marches more brought us to the ancient and celebrated city of Ajmeer, where our ambassador, Sir Thomas Roe, just two centuries before, had his interview with the Emperor Jahangire, the son of the great Akbar. Little did the good knight then imagine that, in the fulness of time, his countrymen would again appear as rulers where he had become a suppliant for favors. It was my lot to be on the rear-guard the day we arrived before Ajmeer, and my *douras*, or guides, having taken me by a short cut through the hills, I reached the ground before any part of the force had made their appearance; for this, though by no means to blame for it, I was honored with a "wig"—the Anglo-Indian term (the origin of which I could never discover) for a "reprimand." In India, there is a scale of these things, rising through several gradations, from a simple and unadorned "wig," or moderate censure, up to a "h—ll of a wig," which, as may be supposed, is a very serious affair indeed, and seldom fulminated by any functionary much below the degree of an adjutant-general or commander-in-chief. I have had a "bit of a wig" in my time, but never attained to anything higher. The first appearance

of this old city, as it suddenly broke upon me, was exceedingly interesting and picturesque. Contributing to produce this effect were its white buildings, partially embosomed in trees; the durgah of Kajah Moin ud Deen; its long embattled wall; its background of broken and rugged hills, and the lofty table-land on its right, crowned by the far-stretching walls and bastions of Tarra Ghur, or the "Fort of Stars,"\* frowning defiance on the valley below, the generally sterile character of which was relieved by an occasional tomb, tank, garden, or mango tope. The place was in possession of Bapoojee Scindeah,† a relation and dependent of the Gwalior chief, from whom he had received instructions to give it up to us. As is usual, however, with Asiatics on such occasions, to save their "*hoormut*," or honor, he demurred; the brigadier, consequently, who was remarkable for his decision, gave immediate orders for storming the town. The ladders were in readiness, and all prepared for "hammer-and-tongs" work. Paddy put an extra edge on his sabre, Major Growler indited his last will and testament, and I, having nothing to leave, penned a valedictory letter home, to be ready in case of accidents, when Bapoojee, it was discovered, had saved us all unnecessary trouble on that head, by withdrawing his troops from the town to the fort, and we therefore took peaceable possession of the former. The same night—and a dreadful one I remember it was—parties were thrown out on the hills, while an occasional shot, and the rain and the thunder, broke the stillness of the hour.

The following day, or a day or two after, a spot was selected on the side of a hill, flanking a narrow, steep, and stony valley, which led up to the principal gateway, for the erection of a battery; and to reach this, it was necessary to pass completely through the town. This battery duly constructed, the guns and mortars and howitzers were carried to it on the backs of elephants up ascents in some places but a few removes from the perpendicular. I particularly remember being behind a line of these ponderous brutes, as with the guns or their carriages, they were mounting a path so steep that I half-expected every moment that a sudden shifting of the gravitating line would bring some of them down backwards upon me; so strong was this apprehension or idea, that I could not resist the inclination to get out of their wake. Strange to say, this apparently clumsy beast, by pulling himself up with his trunk, doubling his legs under him and sliding down descents, and some power he has of throwing his weight judiciously where he chooses, combined with a wonderful sensibility of foot and quick perception of danger, can traverse with safety places inaccessible to any animal save a goat or a monkey. Our battery was at last completed, and being crowded with soldiers, red jackets and blue, exhibited a lively contrast to the brown, rugged, and precipitous crags amongst which it was situated. Far off, and high above us, rose the fort of Tarra Ghur, with its long extent of walls and bastions, on which I doubt if our small battery could have produced any sort of impression of the least importance; however, it served as a "demonstration"—a proof that we were determined to "show our teeth," and an earnest of good things to come.

\* *Tarra*, or *Sitarra*—"Starry;" almost the same word.

† Father of the late Gwalior chief.



From the *Athenæum*.

*The Memoirs of the Conquistador Bernal Diaz del Castillo. Written by Himself. Containing a True and Full Account of the Discovery and Conquest of Mexico and New Spain.* Translated from the Original Spanish by J. I. Lockhart, F. R. A. S. 2 vols. Hatchard & Son.

Mr. Lockhart's translation is one of those works for which we are indebted to that new and spreading interest awakened by the labors of Humboldt and his successors, in the field of Mexican antiquity. The magnificent remains of an extinct civilization brought to light, in various parts of the great American continent, have conferred an additional value on such descriptions of the ancient Aztec splendor as record the impressions of credible witnesses, when first it rose upon their astonished senses, like a bewildering dream. From the more polished pictures, and philosophic estimates, of historians like Robertson and Prescott, (the latter of whose histories was reviewed, in this paper, not long ago, Nos. 836 and 837,) it will interest many to turn to such direct testimonies as are furnished by the despatches of the Conquistador leader, Cortes, (a translation of which we also noticed, in No. 829,) or the quaint simple chronicling of this old soldier, a conquistador himself, and perhaps the most trustworthy amongst the narrators of the events of that conquest, so far as he had the capacity for discerning them. The strange, wild incidents of that extraordinary tale come out in all their freshness, in the curious details of Bernal Diaz; and the scenes of social magnificence, amid which they are laid, tell wonderfully in the rude sketching and unpremeditated cumulation of his pen. It is true, that the march itself, and the scenes through which it passed, have alike a different aspect to the reader of this day, from that which they wore to Bernal Diaz; but it is one of the strongest testimonies to the honesty of the old chronicler and the value of his chronicle, that the materials for this improved judgment are all, unconsciously, furnished by himself. The upright and earnest narrator had no wish either to suppress or color; and motives and meanings are avowed with a simplicity which is not the least amusing quality of his volumes. There is no concealing, for instance, that this extraordinary conquest originated in a mere vulgar desire for plunder; and was pursued (through dangers, and by deeds that make of the conquistadores a band of heroes, if men can be heroes who do great things from little motives) under the influence of the meanest of all passions—the love of gold. As gold, then, was the impelling spirit, so gold was the measure of the magnificence which they found. All things which appealed to their judgment was seen in its yellow atmosphere. The book of Bernal Diaz reads like “a golden legend”—the stream of his narrative flows on, like another Pactolus, amid all the varieties of its current, gold being ever at the bottom of the movement. The reader is in a per-

petual *El Dorado*, where the spirit of gold is as active as at the marriage of Miss Kilmansegg. For gold, these heroes in the field became petty pilferers in quarters—from all around them and from each other. The only way to blind them was to throw gold “dust in their eyes.” For the moral and political elements, which, in our day, are understood to be involved in the question of civilization, they had no apprehension—gold was their standard of value:—for the qualities of kindness, generosity, and forbearance which made the best part of Montezuma's greatness they had no discernment—their spirits, like their bodies, hung in chains of gold. The Mexican emperor was a great monarch, because his coffers were exhaustless,—and Mexico was a mighty empire, because its rivers ran gold.

As with the scenery of the narrative, so, also, with its incidents,—the spirit that reads them is a new one from that in which Bernal Diaz wrote. It is amusing to see the sort of undoubting faith with which Cortes and his companions are represented as wielding “the sword of the Lord and of Gideon,”—the easy unconsciousness with which the transparent mask of a religious purpose was worn, and the daring villainies that were perpetrated under its cover. In theology, certainly, Cortes was not strong. The sword of Gideon, in his hands, was far from being a sharp argument; and it was generally found that the aid of a more trenchant weapon was necessary to enforce its logic. The “stones and slings” of reasoning, wielded by him, rarely carried to their mark in the forehead of his opponent—whereupon he resorted to the more carnal instrument, which grew to be “like a weaver's beam.” It was Cortes' easy and simple way, in township or in city, to enter into the high places of their immemorial gods—places surrounded by the sanctities of a superstition which was a part of their very natures,—and informing them, “o' the sudden,” that their idols were impostors, to present them with an image of the Virgin Mary, which he requested might instantly take their place. For this they could rarely, at first, see any good reason; and we, in our day, are not greatly surprised at their dulness: but the conquistador was “seated on his horse;” the Spaniard would explain, to an assembled people, as propositions of the utmost simplicity, that he had come from a far country to oblige them, by the substitution of a prince called Don Carlos for their monarch Montezuma, and depose the gods Huitzilopochtli and Tetzcatlipuca, in favor of the Virgin. “We have already a master, and cannot help feeling astonished that you, who have but just arrived and know nothing of us, should, this instant, wish to impose a master on us;”—and “How can you ask us to abandon our gods, whom we have adored for so many years, and prayed and sacrificed to them!” were answers reasonably to be expected, “till further advice.” The ordinary rejoinder, however, in such cases, was, that “a

great number of these people were put to the sword, and some were burnt alive, to prove the deceitfulness of their false gods," and the sovereign rights of Don Carlos. Then, when the argument was complete, the conqueror would take tribute, in gold and women, from his gratified converts. The former of these articles, the *opimia spolia*, by an inherent virtue in itself, needed no form of purification, but passed at once from the coffers of the idolaters into the pockets of the conquistadors, as a thing sacred enough for the *sacra fames* which it fed—but never satisfied. But the women Cortes in no case omitted to regenerate, by the rite of baptism, ere he distributed them, as concubines, among his soldiers!

All these things are, as we have said, set down by the quaint old soldier with the most delicious unreserve, in language picturesque from its very plainness, and in a manner as instructive as it is amusing. Much of the false after-philosophy with which the subject of the conquest has been surrounded, fades away in the inartificial page of the early chronicler. The lights of the theme are here tempered by all their shadows. The fancy which the later Spanish writers took captive with the swords of the conquistadores is here set free, and on the very field of their prowess. The weapon of honest Bernal Diaz struck on one side of the question only, but his pen shows both. It is Mr. Lockhart's opinion—and, for the translator of Bernal Diaz's book, a very strange one—that "the Spaniards were not the cruel monsters they have been generally described during those times. As far as the conquest of New Spain is concerned, they were *more humane than otherwise*; and if at times they used severity, we find that it was caused by the horrible and revolting abominations which were practised by the natives. We can scarcely imagine *kinder-hearted beings* than the first priests and monks who went out to New Spain." In so far as the translator makes a special application of this latter observation to the Father Olmedo, who went out with Cortes, we agree with him. The reader of Bernal Diaz's narrative yields an unresisting belief to all it tells; and there is proof of great prudence and moderation on the part of this father, for a priest following in the wake of a conquering and propagandist army. It is apparent that he often kept Cortes, over whom he had great influence, in check; but to Mr. Lockhart's view of the *humanities* exercised by the Spaniards generally in New Spain, we demur. We gather from Bernal Diaz that the conquest of that country was begun in cupidity, and pursued by a treachery so profligate, a hypocrisy so detestable, a butchery so cold-blooded and systematic, an ingratitude so foul and monstrous, that the more ferocious doings of Pizzaro, in Peru, were needed to redeem it from being, amid all its brilliancy, one of the most disgraceful pages in the world's history. With all his religious professions, however, and all his superstition, there is a shrewdness about

this old writer which makes it very doubtful how far he suspected the worthlessness of some of the spells with which he and his friends were conjuring. The spirit uppermost throughout his book, after the desire to tell the truth, is the wish to take so much of the entire fame of the conquest from Cortes as properly belongs to his brothers in arms; and the wounded feeling of the soldier, acting on a candid nature, helps him to a very clear appreciation of the qualities of his great leader. But it is amusing to see the same candid nature struggling with some superstition which was of the armory of the conquerors, as superstitions have been with conquerors of all time:—

"Francisco Lopez de Gomara, in his account of this battle, says, that previous to the arrival of Cortes with the cavalry, the holy apostle St. Jacob or St. Peter in person had galloped up on a gray-colored horse to our assistance. I can only say, that for the exertion of our arms and this victory, we stand indebted to our Lord Jesus Christ; and that in this battle every individual man among us was set upon by such numbers of the enemy, that if each of them had merely thrown a handful of earth upon us we should have been buried beneath it. Certain it is, therefore, that God showed his mercy to us here, and it may, indeed, have been one of the two glorious apostles St. Jacob or St. Peter who thus came to our assistance. Perhaps on account of my sins I was not considered worthy of the good fortune to behold them; for I could only see Francisco de Morla on his brown horse galloping up with Cortes, and even at this very moment, while I am writing this, I can fancy I see all passing before my eyes just as I have related it; although I, an unworthy sinner, was not considered worthy of beholding one of the glorious apostles face to face: yet again I never heard any of the four hundred soldiers, nor ever Cortes himself, nor any of the many cavaliers, mention this wonder, or confirm its truth. We should certainly have built a church, and have called the town *Santiago*, or *San Pedro de la Vitoria*, and not *Santa Maria de la Vitoria*. If, therefore, what Gomara relates is true, then we must indeed have been bad Christians not to have paid greater respect to the assistance which God sent us in the person of his holy apostles, and for having omitted to thank him daily for it in his own church. Nevertheless, I should feel delighted if this historian has spoken the truth, although I must confess that I never heard this wonder mentioned before reading his book, nor have I ever heard any of the conquistadores speak of it who were present at the battle.

• • • We must now turn to the Mexican generals, and relate how they announced their victory to Motecusuma, and sent him the head of Arguello, who most likely died on the road of his wounds. We afterwards learnt that Motecusuma was quite horror-struck at the sight of this enormous head with the thick curly beard. He could not bear to look at it and would not allow the head to be brought near any of the temples in Mexico, but ordered it to be presented to the idols of some other town; yet he inquired how it came that his troops, which had been many thousands in number, had not been able to overthrow such a handful of teules! His captain replied, that notwithstanding all their courageous fighting they had not been able to make the Spaniards give way, be-

cause a great Spanish *teleciguata* (goddess) had stood at their head, who had filled the Mexicans with fear, and animated the teules by her speeches. Motecusuma was convinced that this illustrious warrior was the Virgin Mary, who, we had told him, with her heavenly Son, whom she held in her arms, was our strong rock. This wonderful apparition I did not behold with mine own eyes, as I was at the time in Mexico. However, several of the conquistadores spoke of it as a fact; and may it please God that it was so. It is, however, certainly true that the blessing of the Virgin Mary was always upon us."

The character of Cortes, as we have said, stands out in strong, clear lights, in the page of this old chronicler; and we get a wonderful insight—far more distinct than is usually obtained of the hearts of conquerors—into its component qualities and motive springs. The conquest of Mexico, divested of rhetorical coloring, and narrated bit by bit, in simple terms, instead of losing by the process, seems even a more wonderful thing for that simplicity. The march of a body of only four or five hundred men, who set out at first with the mere view of enriching themselves by discovery, not as conquerors, through six thousand miles of a country hostile and unknown, swarming with a population all whose prejudices they came to attack—the penetrating, in spite of myriads of opponents, into the very metropolis of the land, full of life, and abounding in wealth—the seizure of its powerful monarch in his own palace, and imprisonment in his own vast and strong capital, where his friends were as ten thousand to one, amount to little less than a miracle. That these conquerors carried fire-arms, and rode horses, which the Mexicans had never seen, is not enough to give anything like an account of the immense disproportion between the agency and the end. They were more effectually helped by a tradition long entertained amongst the Mexicans, that a people should come "from the rising of the sun" to conquer those countries:—

"He (Motecusuma) told me," says Cortes, in his despatches to his sovereign, "We have long known, from the historical books of our forefathers, that neither I, nor the inhabitants of this country, originally belonged to it, but that our forefathers came from distant countries. We also know that the tribe we belong to was brought hither by a monarch to whom it was subject; but this king returned to his own country, nor did he return to visit his people till several years had elapsed, after they had married the daughters of the land, and got large families by them. The monarch came with a view of leading them back to their old country again; however, they not only refused to accompany them, but would no longer acknowledge him as their king. We have always firmly believed that descendants of this monarch would one time or other make their appearance among us, and obtain the dominion of the country. As you, according to your assurances, came from the rising of the sun, we doubt not, after what you have told us of your great monarch, who sent you here, that he is our rightful sovereign; and we

have the more reason to believe this, since you tell us that he had some previous knowledge of us."

But there is something of miracle in everything connected with this matter. The sudden and extraordinary aptitude which Cortes, who had given no previous proof of talent, showed for command—his extraordinary fertility of resource, enlarging with the occasion, and ruling all minds and circumstances to his will—observation the most acute, and invention the most skilful—and still more his extraordinary fortune itself,—all things were combining to advance him to what the world calls greatness, while many things seemed holding him back. Appointed to the command of the expedition of discovery which Velasquez sent out from Cuba, when the crusade for gold had begun, amid much rivalry and violent opposition, he had scarcely sailed, ere that governor sent after to recall him. Messenger after messenger followed to bring him back, and stayed to join his party; ships were despatched with his supersedeas—and induced to swell his armament. His fortunes prospered on the very means taken to thwart them—destructive accidents grew into the nourishment of his greatness—his schemes enlarged by the conversion of all the obstacles which rose up to oppose them—and he who left Cuba little better than a buccaneer, rode into Mexico one of the conquerors of the world! Here is the *great* side of Bernal Diaz's medal—and its reverse is as clearly made out. He stole the fleet of his patron, and set up with it for himself—slaughtered, without reckoning the cost of human life, wherever money could be made of it,—descended to every practical meanness for the same base object—withheld from his own soldiers their share of the spoil, and pilfered from them, besides, whenever he could—burglariously broke into the place of Montezuma's treasure, while he was his honored guest—seized his person and dragged him to imprisonment when loaded with his favors, and in the very moment of taking further gifts, including one of his daughters, at his hands—subjected him to every species of insult and extortion, on pretences utterly vile—forced him to stand between his own danger and the infuriated populace of the city, when they rose in re-action and for the monarch's rescue, where the unhappy prince met his death at the hands of his unconscious subjects—deceived all who trusted him—and, finally, having stolen the gold of his men, stole their laurels, too,—left his friends and fellow-conquistadores in the lurch,—went home to Spain—and became Marquis del valle Oaxaca.

Of the person and habits of the generous prince who perished before this remarkable expedition,—and whom our author calls, always, Motecusuma—we will give that writer's description:—

"The mighty Motecusuma may have been about this time in the fortieth year of his age. He was tall of stature, of slender make, and rather thin, but the symmetry of his body was

beautiful. His complexion was not very brown, merely approaching to that of the inhabitants in general. The hair of his head was not very long, excepting where it hung thickly down over his ears, which were quite hidden by it. His black beard, though thin, looked handsome. His countenance was rather of an elongated form, but cheerful; and his fine eyes had the expression of love or severity, at the proper moments. He was particularly clean in his person, and took a bath every evening. Besides a number of concubines, who were all daughters of persons of rank and quality, he had two lawful wives of royal extraction, whom, however, he visited secretly without any one daring to observe it, save his most confidential servants. He was perfectly innocent of any unnatural crimes. The dress he had on one day was not worn again until four days had elapsed. In the halls adjoining his own private apartments there was always a guard of 2,000 men of quality, in waiting: with whom, however, he never held any conversation unless to give them orders or to receive some intelligence from them. Whenever for this purpose they entered his apartment, they had first to take off their rich costumes and put on meaner garments, though these were always neat and clean; and were only allowed to enter into his presence barefooted, with eyes cast down. No person durst look at him full in the face, and during the three prostrations which they were obliged to make before they could approach him, they pronounced these words: 'Lord! my Lord! sublime Lord!' Everything that was communicated to him was to be said in few words, the eyes of the speaker being constantly cast down, and on leaving the monarch's presence he walked backwards out of the room. I also remarked that even princes and other great personages who came to Mexico respecting lawsuits, or on other business from the interior of the country, always took off their shoes and changed their whole dress for one of a meaner appearance when they entered his palace. Neither were they allowed to enter the palace straightway, but had to show themselves for a considerable time outside the doors; as it would have been considered want of respect to the monarch if this had been omitted. Above 300 kinds of dishes were served up for Motecusuma's dinner from his kitchen, underneath which were placed pans of porcelain filled with fire, to keep them warm. Three hundred dishes of various kinds were served up for him alone, and above 1,000 for the persons in waiting. He sometimes, but very seldom, accompanied by the chief officers of his household, ordered the dinner himself, and desired that the best dishes and various kinds of birds should be called over to him. We are told that the flesh of young children, as a very dainty bit, was also set before him sometimes by way of a relish. Whether there was any truth in this we could not possibly discover; on account of the great variety of dishes, consisting of fowls, turkeys, pheasants, partridges, quails, tame and wild geese, venison, musk swine, pigeons, hares, rabbits, and of numerous other birds and beasts; besides which there were various other kinds of provisions; indeed, it would have been no easy task to call them all over by name. This I know, however, for certain, that after Cortes had reproached him for the human sacrifices and the eating of human flesh, he issued orders that no dishes of that nature should again be brought to his table. I will, however, drop this subject, and

rather relate how the monarch was waited on while he sat at dinner. If the weather was cold, a large fire was made with a kind of charcoal made of the bark of trees, which emitted no smoke, but threw out a delicious perfume; and that his majesty might not feel any inconvenience from too great a heat, a screen was placed between his person and the fire, made of gold, and adorned with all manner of figures of their gods. The chair on which he sat was rather low, but supplied with soft cushions, and was beautifully carved; the table was very little higher than this, but perfectly corresponded with his seat. It was covered with white cloths, and one of a larger size. Four very neat and pretty young women held before the monarch a species of round pitcher, called by them *Xicales*, filled with water to wash his hands in. The water was caught in other vessels, and then the young women presented him with towels to dry his hands. Two other women brought him *maise*-bread baked with eggs. Before, however, Motecusuma began his dinner, a kind of wooden screen, strongly gilt, was placed before him, that no one might see him while eating, and the young women stood at a distance. Next four elderly men, of high rank, were admitted to his table; whom he addressed from time to time, or put some questions to them. Sometimes he would offer them a plate of some of his viands, which was considered a mark of great favor. These gray-headed old men, who were so highly honored, were, as we subsequently learnt, his nearest relations, most trustworthy counsellors and chief justices. Whenever he ordered any victuals to be presented to them, they ate it standing, in the deepest veneration, though without daring to look at him full in the face. The dishes in which the dinner was served up were of variegated and black porcelain, made at Cholulla. While the monarch was at table, his courtiers, and those who were in waiting in the halls adjoining, had to maintain strict silence. After the hot dishes had been removed, every kind of fruit which the country produced was set on the table; of which, however, Motecusuma ate very little. Every now and then was handed to him a golden pitcher filled with a kind of liquor made from the cacao, which is of a very exciting nature. Though we did not pay any particular attention to the circumstance at the time, yet I saw about fifty large pitchers filled with the same liquor brought in all frothy. This beverage was also presented to the monarch by women, but all with the profoundest veneration.

\* \* \* Motecusuma had also two arsenals filled with arms of every description, of which many were ornamented with gold and precious stones. These arms consisted of shields of different sizes, sabres, and a species of broadsword, which is wielded with both hands, the edge furnished with flint stones, so extremely sharp that they cut much better than our Spanish swords: further, lances of greater length than ours, with pikes at their end, full one fathom in length, likewise furnished with several sharp flint stones. The pikes are so very sharp and hard that they will pierce the strongest shield, and cut like a razor; so that the Mexicans even shave themselves with these stones. Then there were excellent bows and arrows, pikes with single and double points, and the proper thongs to throw them with; slings with round stones purposely made for them; also a species of large shield, so ingeniously constructed that it could be rolled up when not wanted; they are only

unrolled on the field of battle, and completely cover the whole body from the head to the feet. Further, we saw here a great variety of cuirasses made of quilted cotton, which were outwardly adorned with soft feathers of different colors, and looked like uniforms; morions and hamlets constructed of wood and bones, likewise adorned with feathers. There were always artificers at work, who continually augmented this store of arms: and the arsenals were under the care of particular personages, who also superintended the works. Motecusuma had likewise a variety of aviaries, and it is indeed with difficulty that I constrain myself from going into too minute a detail respecting these. \* \* I will now, however, turn to another subject, and rather acquaint my readers with the skilful arts practised among the Mexicans: among which I shall first mention the sculptors, and the gold and silversmiths, who were clever in working and smelting gold, and would have astonished the most celebrated of our Spanish goldsmiths: the number of these was very great, and the most skilful lived at a place called Ezcapuzalco, about four miles from Mexico. After these came the very skilful masters in cutting and polishing precious stones and the calchihuis, which resemble the emerald. Then follow the great masters in painting, and decorators in feathers, and the wonderful sculptors. Even at this day there are living in Mexico three Indian artists, named Marcos de Aguino, Juan de la Cruz, and El Crespello, who have severally reached to such great proficiency in the art of painting and sculpture, that they may be compared to an Apelles, or our contemporaries Michael Angelo and Berruguete. The women were particularly skilful in weaving and embroidery, and they manufactured quantities of the finest stuffs, interwoven with feathers. The commoner stuffs, for daily use, came from some townships in the province of Costatlan, which lay on the north coast, not far from Vera Cruz, where we first landed with Cortes."

Our readers will remember, that we quoted from Mr. Prescott's volumes, the description of the splendid city of Mexico when Cortes and his band of heroes first beheld it, as given by the leader, himself. Surrounding the lake, amid whose waters arose the sovereign city, were then a series of large towns, all of which have long since perished. "The spot where Iztapalapan stood," says Bernal Diaz, "is, at present, all dry land; and where vessels once sailed up and down, harvests are gathered." The scene of that earlier day he thus describes:—

"The next morning we reached the broad high road of Iztapalapan, whence we for the first time beheld the numbers of towns and villages built in the lake, and the still greater number of large townships on the mainland, with the level causeway which ran in a straight line into Mexico. Our astonishment was indeed raised to the highest pitch, and we could not help remarking to each other, that all these buildings resembled the fairy castles we read of in Amadis de Gaul; so high, majestic, and splendid did the temples, towers, and houses of the town, all built of massive stone and lime, rise up out of the midst of the lake. Indeed, many of our men believed what they saw was a mere dream. And the reader must not feel

surprised at the manner in which I have expressed myself, for it is impossible to speak coolly of things which we had never seen nor heard of, nor even could have dreamt of, beforehand."

The first meeting of the Mexican monarch, amid this scene of splendors, is worth quoting, in the words of Bernal Diaz:—

"When we had arrived at a spot where another narrow causeway led towards Cojohuacan we were met by a number of caziques and distinguished personages, all attired in their most splendid garments. They had been despatched by Motecusuma to meet us and bid us welcome in his name; and in token of peace they touched the ground with their hands and kissed it. Here we halted for a few minutes, while the princes of Tetzucó, Iztapalapan, Tlacupa, and Cojohuacan hastened in advance to meet Motecusuma, who was slowly approaching us, surrounded by other grandees of the kingdom, seated in a sedan of uncommon splendor. When we had arrived at a place not far from the town, where several small towers rose together, the monarch raised himself in his sedan, and the chief caziques supported him under the arms, and held over his head a canopy of exceedingly great value, decorated with green feathers, gold, silver, calchihuis stones, and pearls, which hung down from a species of bordering, altogether curious to look at. \* \* Motecusuma himself, according to his custom, was sumptuously attired, had on a species of half-boot, richly set with jewels, and whose soles were made of solid gold. The four grandees who supported him were also richly attired, which they must have put on somewhere on the road, in order to wait upon Motecusuma; they were not so sumptuously dressed when they first came out to meet us. Besides these distinguished caziques, there were many other grandees around the monarch, some of whom held the canopy over his head, while others again occupied the road before them, and spread cotton cloths on the ground that his feet might not touch the bare earth. Not one of his suit ever looked at him full in the face; every one in his presence stood with eyes downcast, and it was only his four nephews and cousins who supported him that durst look up. \* \* \* When it was announced to Cortes that Motecusuma himself was approaching, he alighted from his horse and advanced to meet him. Many compliments were now passed on both sides. Motecusuma bid Cortes welcome, who, through Marina, said, in return, he hoped his majesty was in good health. If I still remember rightly, Cortes, who had Marina next to him, wished to concede the place of honor to the monarch, who, however, would not accept of it, but conceded it to Cortes, who now brought forth a necklace of precious stones, of the most beautiful colors and shapes, strung upon gold wire, and perfumed with musk, which he hung about the neck of Motecusuma. Our commander was then going to embrace him, but the grandees by whom he was surrounded held back his arms, as they considered it improper. Our general then desired Marina to tell the monarch how exceedingly he congratulated himself upon his good fortune of having seen such a powerful monarch face to face, and of the honor he had done us by coming out to meet us himself. To all this Motecusuma answered in very appropriate terms, and ordered his two nephews, the princes of Tetzucó and Cojohuacan, to conduct us

to our quarters. He himself returned to the city, accompanied by his two other relatives, the princes of Cuiclahuac and Tlacupa, with the other grandees of his numerous suit. As they passed by, we perceived how all those who composed his majesty's retinue held their heads bent forward, no one daring to lift up his eyes in his presence; and altogether what deep veneration was paid him.

The road before us now became less crowded, and yet who would have been able to count the vast numbers of men, women, and children who filled the streets, crowded the balconies, and the canoes in the canals, merely to gaze upon us? Indeed, at the moment I am writing this, everything comes as lively to my eyes as if it had happened yesterday; and I daily become more sensible of the great mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he lent us sufficient strength and courage to enter this city: for my own person, I have particular reason to be thankful that he spared my life in so many perils, as the reader will sufficiently see in the course of this history: indeed, I cannot sufficiently praise him that I have been allowed to live thus long to narrate these adventures, although they may not turn out so perfect as I myself could wish."

It is a painful story that records the humiliations heaped upon the splendid and generous Montezuma, by a band of Christian men, coming among these western idolaters, in the name of religion and civilization. From such physicians of souls, no doctrines, which they brought, had a chance of being taken naturally—they needed the inoculation of the sword. The external pronouncements were too base and vile, to recommend the faith with which they claimed connexion. In what light must these stately barbarians have looked upon men who, to their apprehension, had attributes which presented them, at first, as a sort of demi-gods, yet used them all as means to the one despicable end of a perpetual alms-seeking? From the Christian camp, there was a continual cry of "give!" and faith, and honor, and charity, and humanity, and all that Christianity sanctions, were prostrated before the monstrous Juggernaut who uttered it. To this idol were daily offered sacrifices as unhallowed as stained the altars of the Mexican gods. To the reader of to-day, these conquistadores loom through the twilight of Bernal Diaz's page, in the sordid and sinister aspect of eternal searchers after hidden treasure, disgustingly compounded with the profligate one of thieves. So wretched is the figure they make in Mexico, that nothing but the exceeding peril of their position could give it dignity. The epic of the character consists in its constant affronting of danger; and in the capital of Montezuma, in particular, they were like men living over a mine. A mere handful themselves, they were surrounded by a countless population, whom, by murder and robbery, and what these deemed sacrilege, and by insult of every species, they were goading into madness. We hear, as we read, the murmur of myriads coming up against them,—but cannot bid them "God speed!" We see, in the clear nar-

ration of the pleasant old chronicler, the small cloud rising on the light of their first welcome, and gathering and swelling into the tempest, and when, at length, it bursts over their devoted heads, all feeling of caste,—which should enlist our sympathies with a European band, bearing the cross—is swept away before the justice of the case; and our indignant sense declares that, in this act of the drama, moral justice has, for once, been done.

The death of Montezuma fired the mine; and the Spaniards fled before the wrath which it was scattering around them. But their flight lay through the waters of a lake; where narrow causeways linked the city to the mainland, but intersected, themselves, at intervals, by channels, which made bridges necessary to complete the line of communication. All these bridges the Mexicans had broken down, to make escape impossible; and the horrors enacted at one of them, gives to it the title, in Bernal Diaz's narrative, of "the Bridge of Sorrows,"—as the night on which they befell, is known, in Mexican history, as "the night of sorrows:"—

"All matters being now properly ordered, and the mode of our retreat settled, we began to move forward. It was about the hour of midnight, and rather dark; a thin mist hung over the town, and a gentle rain was falling. The moment we began to move forward in the abovementioned order, the rear-guard being already in motion, and our movable bridge fixed, and Sandoval, with his body of horse, and Cortes, with those under his command, and many other soldiers, had passed across, the wild war music and loud yells of the Mexicans suddenly burst forth. 'Up, up, Tlatelulco!' they cried; 'out with your canoes! The teules are running away: cut off their retreat over the bridges!' And before we had time to look about us, we were attacked by vast bodies of the enemy, and the whole lake was instantly covered with canoes, so that we were unable to move on any further, although many of our men had already passed the movable bridge. Now the most obstinate conflict ensued for the possession of this, and, as misfortunes never come singly, it happened that two of our horses should slide out on the wet planks, become unmanageable, and roll over into the lake. This caused the bridge itself to overbalance and fall down. A number of Mexicans that instant fell furiously on us, and, though we exerted ourselves to the utmost, and cut down numbers of the enemy, we were unable to recover the bridge. As, however, those behind kept continually pushing on those in front, the opening in the canal was speedily filled up with dead horses and their riders, who were inevitably lost if they were unable to swim. The unmerciful enemy now attacked us on all sides. A number of Tlascallans and our Indian female servants were carried off, with the baggage and cannon; numbers of our men were drowned, and no less a number, who were trying to save themselves by swimming, were taken prisoners by those in the canoes. It was heart-rending to behold this scene of misery, and to hear the moans and pitiful cries for assistance. 'Help! help! I am drowning,' cried one here: 'Help me, they are killing me!' cried another there. Here one called upon the name of the Virgin Mary for assistance;

and there another upon Santiago de Compostella! Here another, who had managed to get to the water's edge, implored us to lift him out: yonder again, was another clambering over the dead bodies. Many, when they had reached the high road, imagined themselves safe, but here they only met with denser crowds of the foe. \* \* Exposed on every side to the enemy's arrows and lance, pelted with stones from the housetops, they had also to encounter a forest of our own swords, which the enemy had captured and fixed to their long lances, so that it was a wonder each time a horse with its rider escaped. Neither could we defend ourselves in the water, as the wet had rendered our muskets and crossbows totally useless, while the darkness of the night made every movement uncertain. All our attempts to keep together were fruitless. What did it avail us if, at times, thirty or forty of us managed to make a stand, and boldly faced about? \* \* When Cortes came up with Alvarado and his few followers, and learnt the fate of those left behind, tears flowed from his eyes; for Alvarado and Leon had had above twenty horse and more than one hundred foot with them in the rear-guard. All these, with nearly the whole of the cavalry, and above one hundred and fifty other men of the old and new troops, had perished with Leon. Alvarado related, that after he and his men had all lost their horses, he managed to get together about eighty men, and with these he succeeded in passing over the first opening by clambering over the baggage, dead men and horses. Although I am not sure whether he said that he passed the opening by stepping over the dead bodies, I know that at this bridge more than two hundred men, with Leon at their head, were cut to pieces by the enemy, notwithstanding all their courageous fighting. At the second bridge again, it was merely through God's mercy that Alvarado had saved himself, as all the canals and streets were crowded by the enemy.

One especial moral of this episode must not be omitted:—"Most of Narvaez's men met with their death at the bridges, from the weight of the gold with which they had overburdened themselves. The Tlascallans, who had charge of the crown treasures, shared a similar fate."—"Indeed, if it be well considered," says old Bernal Diaz, "it will be found that none of us derived any blessings from the gold the Indians gave us."

But the peril was not ended with the passage of the lake. The country had been raised behind it; and that had yet to be done, which, this time, it is the chronicler's opinion, could not have been effected without the personal aid of a saint. There is no suspicion, on this occasion, of a mistake of identity between St. James of Compostella and "Francisco de Moria, on his brown horse:"—

"The next morning early we continued our route, and marched in closer order than on the day previous, the half of our cavalry being always in advance. We had marched to the distance of about four miles along an open plain, where we considered ourselves in safety, when three of our horse came galloping up to inform us that the fields were covered with Mexicans, who were lying in wait for us. We were not a little dismayed at this intelligence; however, our courage

did not flag so far as to prevent us from making immediate preparations for battle, and we determined to defend ourselves to the last. We halted for a few moments, and Cortes gave instructions for the cavalry to dash in a body full gallop upon the enemy, to aim at the face and break their line. Our infantry were to direct their blows and thrusts at the enemy's lower quarters. In this way it was said we should be certain to revenge our dead and wounded, if it pleased the Almighty to spare our lives in the approaching battle. We then commended ourselves to God and the holy Virgin, and boldly rushed forth upon the enemy, under the cry of *Santiago! Santiago!* Our cavalry charged the enemy's line five abreast, and broke it, we rushing in after them close at their heels. What a terrific battle and remarkable victory was this! How we fought man to man! and those dogs like the very furies themselves! and many of our men did they kill and wound with their pikes and huge broad swords. \* \* In this way we continued fighting courageously, for God and the blessed Virgin strengthened us, and St. Santiago de Compostella certainly came to our assistance; and one of Quauhtemotzin's chief officers, who was present at the battle, beheld him with his own eyes, as he afterwards affirmed. \* \* \* After the Mexican chief had fallen and the royal standard was lost, and numbers of the enemy killed, they began to give way, and then fled. Our cavalry, however, kept close at their heels, and punished them severely. Now, indeed, we no longer felt our wounds, nor hunger, nor thirst, and it appeared to us all as if we were beginning the attack with renewed vigor! Our friends of Tlascalla had likewise changed into real lions, and hacked in furiously among the enemy with the broad swords they had captured. After our cavalry had returned from the pursuit, we offered up thanks unto the Almighty for this victory, and our escape from the hands of so numerous an enemy; for the Spaniards had never before in India encountered so vast an army as on this occasion. It was composed of the flower of the joint armies of Mexico, Tezcuco, and of Xaltocan; while every Indian had entered the battle with the determination that not a soul of us should escape alive. It was also evident, from the richness of their arms and apparel, that a greater portion were officers and men of distinction. Near to the place where this terrible and bloody battle was fought lay the township of Otumpan, by which name this battle will be known through all times to come. The Mexicans and Tlascallans have given a faithful representation of it in their numerous paintings of the battles we fought, up to the conquest of Mexico."

The star of Cortes was, still, in the ascendant. From Tlascalla, where the flying armament was, at length, brought up, the tide of war rolled back to the lake of cities; and, this time, included thirteen brigantines, which Cortes had built for its waters, to support the battles of the causeways. As Cortes, himself, went with the brigantines, his general, Sandoval, who led back the land forces, stopped at the various townships on his route, to inquire after the prisoners and treasures that had been seized in the flight; and, finding that the former had been *eaten*, usually offered to overlook that circumstance, on condition that all the *money*

found in the pockets of the victims should be returned to him. Cortes, himself, sent to inform the Mexican monarch that, if he would admit the Spaniards peacefully into his capital, they would "forgive all the injuries they had received at the hands of the Mexicans!"—and he had the confidence to add that, "it was an easy matter to make war, but it always terminated in the destruction of those who first began it!" These are choice morsels in the history of a hero, and show the quality of some of the materials, with which that, which the world has agreed to call "a great thing," was built up. The unfortunate Montezuma had been succeeded by his nephew, Quauhtemotctzin, as Bernal Diaz spells his name—and the experience, which his uncle had paid life and treasure to buy, determined the heir of that experience to keep the Spaniards from re-entering Mexico, at whatever further cost. All the resources of the empire were called out to resist them; and of *ninety-three days'* fighting, nearly without intermission, by night and by day, amid the lake and on the causeways that protected Mexico, the entire incidents are here related in a manner which, though the relation be a continual repetition of the same incredible labors and dangers, never grows monotonous in the page of the lively chronicler. Never was perseverance in a bad cause more gallantly maintained. Again and again was the purchase of the day's blood and wounds resigned, as the night fell, by the return of the weary soldiers across the causeways which had been so hardly carried; yet the spirit of the siege never drooped, amid its almost hopeless toil. "If all our wounded," says Bernal Diaz, "each day we renewed the attack, had remained behind in our camp, none of the companies could ever have sallied out with more than twenty men at a time." Torquemada says picturesquely, in allusion to the smallness of the conquistadores' band amid their multitudinous foes,—that "the Spaniards stood like a small island, in the midst of the ocean, against which the rolling billows beat on every side." To the ordinary horrors of such a warfare, too, were added others peculiar to the scene:—

"As we were thus retreating," says the chronicler, "we continually heard the large drum beating from the summit of the chief temple of the city. Its tone was mournful indeed, and sounded like the very instrument of Satan. This drum was so vast in its dimensions that it could be heard from eight to twelve miles distance. Every time we heard its doleful sound, the Mexicans, as we subsequently learnt, offered to their idols the bleeding hearts of our unfortunate countrymen. But we had not nearly accomplished our retreat; for the enemy attacked us from the house-tops, from out of their canoes, and from the mainland, at the same time, while fresh troops were constantly pouring in. At this moment Quauhtemotctzin commanded the large horn to be sounded, which was always a signal to his troops that he allowed them no choice but death or victory. With this at the same time

was mingled the melancholy sound of the drum from the temple top, which filled the Mexicans with terrific fury, and they ran headlong against our swords. It was really a horrible sight, which I am unable to describe, though even at this moment it comes vividly to my mind. \* \* \* We could plainly see the platform, with the chapel in which those cursed idols stood; how the Mexicans had adorned the heads of the Spaniards with feathers, and compelled their victims to dance round their god, Huitzilopochtli; we saw how they stretched them out at full length on a large stone, ript open their breasts with flint knives, tore out the palpitating heart, and offered it to their idols."

But enough of these horrors, the depressing effect of which on the spirits of the most indomitable, is well described in the admissions of this candid soldier. Another curious effect of this ninety-three days' residence in Pandemonium is also mentioned by Bernal Diaz, at the close of the siege:—

"Subsequent to Quauhtemotctzin's capture, we soldiers had become so very deaf, that we could scarcely hear anything, and we felt a similar sensation to what a person experiences when standing in a belfry and all the bells are ringing at once, and then cease all of a sudden. The reader will certainly not think this an ill-timed comparison if he only considers how our ears were constantly assailed during the ninety-three days which the siege of Mexico lasted, both night and day, with all manner of noises. In one quarter rose the deafening yells, piping, and war-whoop of the enemy; here some were calling out to the canoes to attack the brigantines, the bridges, and the causeways; there the Mexicans drove their troops together with loud yells, to cut through the dykes, deepen the openings, drive in palisades, throw up entrenchments, while others cried out for more lances and arrows; in another place, the Mexicans shouted to the women to bring more stones for the slings; between all which, was heard the dismal din of the hellish music of drums, shell trumpets, and particularly the horrible and mournful sound of the huge drum of Huitzilopochtli; and this infernal instrument, whose melancholy tones pierced to the very soul, never ceased a moment. Day and night did all this din and noise continue, without intermission; no one could hear what another said; and so my comparison of the belfry is the most suitable I can imagine."

Among other arms which the Mexicans employed against their Christian foes, they did not neglect the tongue,—and this weapon they seem to have wielded much after the European fashion. One of their exercises of this description is worth recording, for the sake of our chronicler's reflection upon it:—

"In the midst of their fierce attacks, they constantly cried out, 'you are a set of low-minded scoundrels, you are fit for nothing, and you neither know how to build a house nor how to cultivate maize. You are a pack of worthless fellows, and only come to plunder our town. You have fled away from your own country and deserted your own king; but before eight days are past there will not be one of you left alive. Oh! you miserable beings, you are so bad and beastly that even your very flesh is not eatable. It tastes as bitter as



gall!" It is most probable that after they had feasted off the bodies of several of our companions, the Almighty, in his mercy, had turned the flesh bitter."

In the progress of the siege, Cortes himself nearly perished. But step after step, in spite of foes innumerable, the progress of the little band of conquerors was made good amid the waters,—the openings in the causeways were filled up behind them, as they advanced—house after house was destroyed in front, to narrow the defences of the foe—inch by inch, the city of Montezuma was once more won. The words in which the unhappy Quauhtemotzin addressed the conqueror, when led captive into his presence, have a natural dignity, which lifts him far above the crafty Spaniard, and well sustains the grandeur of Montezuma when first, for his curse, he looked on Cortes:—"I have done what I was bound to do, in the defence of my metropolis, and of my subjects. My resources have now become entirely exhausted. I have succumbed to superior power, and stand a prisoner before you. Now draw the dagger which hangs at your belt, and plunge it into my bosom." Of the human misery which the siege had wrought, we have some significant hints, in Bernal Diaz's quaint, picturesque way:—

"I must now say something of the dead bodies and skulls which we saw in that quarter of the town where Quauhtemotzin had retreated. It is a real fact, and I can take my oath on it, that the houses and the canals were completely filled with them, a sight which I am unable to describe; and we were scarcely able to move along the streets, and through the courtyards of the Tlateluco, on account of the number of dead bodies. I have certainly read of the destruction of Jerusalem, but should not like to decide whether the carnage was equally great there as it was here; but this I know, that most of the troops, as well of the town itself as those from the townships and provinces which stood under the dominion of Mexico, were most of them slain; that bodies lay strewn everywhere, and the stench was intolerable; which was the reason why, after the capture of Quauhtemotzin, the three divisions drew off to their former stations. Cortes himself became indisposed that day, from the horrible stench."

And speaking of strangers, who afterwards visited the great city, in her sudden desolation, from the provinces, the chronicler says—"Each of these ambassadors brought with them valuable presents, in gold; and many had their young sons with them—to whom they pointed out the ruins of Mexico, just as we should show our children the spot where Troy once stood." The unhappy Quauhtemotzin, Bernal Diaz says,—“was between twenty-three and twenty-four years of age, and could in truth be termed a handsome man, both as regards his countenance and his figure. His face was rather of an elongated form, with a cheerful look; his eye had great expression, both when he assumed an air of majesty or when he looked pleasantly around him; the color of his

face inclined more to white than to the copper-brown tint of the Indians in general. His wife was a niece of his uncle Motecusuma; she was a young and very beautiful woman."

This unfortunate prince tasted, even more largely than his uncle, the bitterness of such tender mercies as are drawn from conquerors of Cortes' stamp. Tortured, in his capital, along with his cousin, the king of Tlapuca, to extort from them confessions as to gold which the unsated conquerors supposed them to have concealed,—he was afterwards dragged through the provinces, in the train of Cortes, when that hero went to seek for more,—and there, finally, executed, together with the same friend, on suspicion of conspiring against the conqueror. It is instructive to compare their calm and noble bearing, under misfortunes that most try the spirits of men, with the mean and jealous movements of the conquerors, amid the pride of conquest. "Oh, Malinche!" (the name given by the natives, throughout New Spain, to Cortes,) "I have, for a long time perceived, from your false words, that you have destined me for such a death, because I did not lay violent hands on myself when you entered my city of Mexico! Why are you thus going to put me, unjustly, to death? God will, one time, ask this of you!" "The King of Tlapuca," remarks the chronicler, "said he could only rejoice in a death which he would be permitted to suffer with his monarch Quauhtemotzin."

"The death of these two monarchs grieved me excessively, for I had known them in all their glory, and on our march they honored me with their friendship, and showed me many little attentions; for instance, they would often order their servants to go in quest of fodder for my horse; besides which, they were innocent of the guilt imputed to them, and it was the opinion of all who accompanied this expedition, that they were put to death unjustly."

The remainder of Bernal Diaz's narrative brings out some of the most useful morals of the tale. Cortes employed himself in rebuilding the city of Mexico, on a scale of great magnificence,—and in pushing his conquests and founding new settlements throughout the great continent. Wonderful things were achieved in this way. Nothing stopped these enterprising adventurers. The gaunt figure of famine often waved them back, in vain. Bridges were thrown over rivers and arms of the sea, on the line of march. "The bridges," says the chronicler, "which we threw across the numerous rivers we passed on our march, had been so strongly put together, that several of them were still to be seen for many years after; and subsequently, when all these provinces were subjected to the Spanish crown, our countrymen regarded them in astonishment, and exclaimed, 'These are the bridges of Cortes!' in the same way as people say, 'These are the columns of

Hercules ! ” But he began to taste the fruits of the principles he had planted, and relished them with a very bad grace. Friends, commissioned by him to make discoveries, set up for themselves with his forces, as he had done with the original expedition of Diego Velasquez. When Cortes learned that Christobal de Oli “ had determined to act independent of him, *he became very pensive.* ” It is possible that, at that moment, he felt that the “ poisoned chalice ” of treachery was returned to his own lip not unsuitably. Having made bitter enemies, too, among his own people by his robberies from them, and neglect of their interests while he built up his own, he found charges gathering around him, at home, which the latter years of his life were spent in combating, and with indifferent success. Those whom, on the other hand, he had favored most, took advantage of his reverses to rear their own fortunes on the fragments of his, and gave him a further insight into the sourness of selfishness and the bitterness of ingratitude. Returning suddenly, too, on one occasion, from an expedition in which he was supposed to have perished, he found that assumed fact to be the cause of great satisfaction to his friends, and had a small foretaste, besides, of the quality of his posthumous fame. One story current among the people was, he found, a report that a certain Spaniard, “ passing over the Tlateluco, near the church of Santiago, where the great temple of Huitzilopochtli once stood, had seen the souls of Cortes, Dña Marina and Sandoval, burning in livid flames, in a court-yard, near this church. ” The latter days of Cortes were filled with trouble and vexation :—and “ when we reflect, ” says Bernal Diaz, “ that none of his undertakings were attended with success, after the conquest of New Spain, we cannot at least be surprised that people should say, he was pursued by the curses that were heaped upon him. ”

“ Thanks be to God and the Blessed Virgin, ” says the pious chronicler, in conclusion, “ who saved me from being sacrificed to the idols, and from so many perils, and thereby rendered it possible for me to write this history ! ”—and we are thankful for it, too. The honest annalist has told all—and told it well ; and his narrative is made picturesque by many a figure, which gives it life and reality, as in examples already quoted, and many an allusion and self-reference which makes it touching. “ Alas ! ” says Bernal Diaz, “ now even, while I am writing this, the figure and powerful build of Christobal de Oli comes fresh to my memory, and my heart feels sore with grief. ” The amusing vanity of the old soldier, too, being never offensive, and based upon a long series of gallant services and sufferings, gives great piquancy to his gossip ; and there is something genial about the man, which confers a pleasant flavor on all he says. Though wounded, both in his feelings and interests, by the neglect of Cortes, and eager to claim his share of that fame

as a conquistador, which the latter sought to monopolize, he will let no man depreciate his chief. He loves to exhibit the conqueror as always foremost in action and readiest in resource. Through life, he never failed his illustrious leader ; and, in this memoir, he becomes his apologist and panegyrist—though not an uncompromising one. “ May the Almighty pardon his sins, ” he concludes, after a long summing up in his favor, “ and mine also ; and may he, also, grant me a happy death, for this is of more importance than all our conquests and victories over the Indians ! ”

Our summing up will be different from that of Bernal Diaz, because the figures that go to the account have another value in our day. If it were permitted us to praise evil, for the good it had done, then might the conqueror of Mexico be allowed to take his place among the truly great. It is impossible to read of the wholesale human sacrifices, and other abominations practised in New Spain, when Cortes found it, without feeling that, by whatever door it came in, the introduction of the improved civilization of the European world was a final gain and blessing. But the actor is not to be measured by this act—apart from his motives and his means. All are not great men who have done great things. It has been the long habit of history, while a poet or partisan, to deal much in hero-worship,—and history, become a philosopher, has much to rectify. It will have something to take from the fame of Cortes ; and will find the testimony of Bernal Diaz useful for the purpose—far beyond what the chronicler intended.

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**AFFECTION OF BIRDS.**—A day or two since a sparrow was caught in a trap set to catch vermin, in a gentleman's garden. A few minutes afterwards another sparrow was seen trying with all its might, by means of its bill, to drag the captured bird from its confinement, and was so intent upon its object, that only on its being touched by the hand did it fly away.

**THE NEWSVENDORS' ANNUAL DINNER.**—The annual dinner of persons employed by the dealers in newspapers was held on Wednesday at the Highbury Barn Tavern. At one o'clock about 200 boys dined, and were regaled with a substantial dinner. At about four o'clock 300 persons sat down to dinner. The total number of persons who dined at the tavern was 529. The dinner had been ordered for a much smaller number, and some little delay occurred in affording the requisite supplies ; but, under all the circumstances, the worthy proprietor catered in the best possible manner for his guests.

**THE POLISH BALL.**—The clear profits of the late ball for the benefit of the Polish refugees, after paying all expenses, exceeded 1000*l.* Last year the ball at Willis', for the same purpose, produced about 600*l.* only.

**CHINESE RANSOM.**—On Wednesday morning her Majesty's brig Childers, Captain Wellesley, arrived in Portsmouth harbor from Hong Kong. She has brought 1,000,000 dollars of Sycee silver, being another portion of the Chinese ransom.

From the Asiatic Journal.

## INTERCOURSE WITH JAPAN.

A GERMAN newspaper, the *Gazette of Cologne*, contains the following communication from Trieste:—

Our last letters from China announce, that the English are seriously occupied with a plan for opening the ports of Japan to their commerce. Up to the present moment, only the Dutch and Chinese had a limited authority to enter the port of Nangasaki, and the Dutch are even less favored than the Chinese. British commerce is carried on only through the medium of Chinese traders. Some Englishmen have lately disguised themselves as Chinese, and travelled with the others—an attempt which, if discovered, would cost them their lives. The English government have made several efforts to induce the Emperor of Japan to grant British merchants permission to carry on a direct trade, and Capt. Belcher has received orders to proceed, with a sufficient force, and make an hydrographic survey of the coasts of the empire of Japan. It is possible that a conflict may take place between the English and the Japanese. It is a vital question for England.

How much of this announcement may be true, and how much conjectural, it is not of much consequence to inquire. No person who pays any attention to the ordinary and natural course of events, and who is but slightly imbued with a knowledge of the commercial history of England, can doubt that the opening of an intercourse between this country and Japan must be one of the consequences of our having established, by force, a footing upon the shores of China. The mighty empire last named, into which, by the access to five ports in its chief maritime provinces, we have secured avenues for our trade, is extensive enough to satisfy the utmost demands of our merchants; but Japan, though much smaller, is inhabited by a people, perhaps, more advanced in arts and civilization than the Chinese, and in a fitter state to form advantageous commercial relations with us, if they are disposed to do so. It will be, therefore, impossible to prevent mercantile enterprise, in conjunction with legitimate curiosity and a desire for knowledge, from seeking an intercourse with Japan; and it is important to devise beforehand the best means of regulating such attempts, in order that they may be accompanied with as little evil as possible.

Few are ignorant that the Japanese government is more averse to intercourse with other nations than that of China; that the Chinese themselves have only a limited permission of resort to Japan, and that the Dutch, whose admission to the port of Nangasaki is allowed under very peculiar circumstances, are rigidly confined to that port, where they are treated as if they were in a lazaretto. The resources of the islands, and the ingenuity of the people, supply the wants which even a certain degree of refinement has created amongst them, and as they are yet ignorant of

those doctrines of political economy and of free-trade, which have made our own laboring population so happy and contented, the Japanese seem to prefer living as one separate family to being admitted into the great society of mankind.

The antipathy of the Japanese authorities to intercourse with foreigners, and especially with Christians, is not founded upon the same principle as that of the Chinese government, namely, institutions and the law of custom,—though custom is a greater tyrant in Japan than in China,—but it results from experience of its danger. The political convulsion produced by the Portuguese, by their introduction of Christianity into the islands, was the cause of the jealous prohibitory code, which is scarcely two centuries old. Its strength, however, has been tested by many unsuccessful efforts made by various nations to procure even an abatement of its rigor. The Americans astutely availed themselves of the war between this country and Holland, at the close of the last century, to endeavor to introduce their vessels as carriers for the Dutch; but the design was discovered and defeated. In later years, the Russians have made repeated attempts, employing force as well as diplomacy, but they have equally failed. Later still, the English, commencing their intercourse as successors of the Dutch at Java, (then a British dependency,) and therefore the virtual proprietors of the factory at Nangasaki, made the utmost exertions to establish a trade with Japan, but in vain. Even a recent visit, in 1837, by the American ship *Morrison*, conveying some Japanese sailors who had been shipwrecked on the coast of China, afforded only further evidence of the inflexible determination of the Japanese government not to modify their laws of exclusion in favor of foreigners humanely bringing home subjects of Japan who had been cast by the elements upon their hospitality. In the accounts of this visit which have been published by Dr. Parker and Mr. Williams, the former condemns the conduct of the Japanese in the severest terms, declaring that they are “obnoxious to the law of nations,” which Europeans and Americans are so fond of quoting for their own purposes, and that “the good of mankind may imperiously demand the interference of civilized nations.” Mr. Williams, however, palliates, if not justifies, the Japanese by referring to the conduct of whalers, which frequent the eastern coasts of Nipon and Yedo, and to the probability of their having been mistaken for some of those “marauders.”

The hostile feeling of the Japanese towards the English nation has been aggravated by some incautious proceedings on our part. In the year 1808, H. M. S. *Phaeton*, Captain Pellew, whilst cruising against the Dutch traders to Japan, entered the bay of Nangasaki. As the ship had Dutch colors flying, the Dutch officials proceeded towards her, and were seized, forced on board, and detained as prisoners. The governor of the

province, who was responsible for the safety of the members of the Dutch factory, was highly exasperated, and his anger suffered no diminution when the *Phaeton* made her way, unpiloted, into the harbor, and the people exclaimed that she was bearing down upon Dezima. Meanwhile, a note was received from one of the captives, stating that the vessel was English, and that she wanted wood and water. The governor had despatched orders for collecting a force to capture the audacious foreigners, and he supplied the vessel with small quantities of wood and water, in hopes of detaining her. The troops at the stations, it appeared, were not on the alert, and before they had assembled in sufficient force, the *Phaeton* sailed out of the harbor, as she had sailed in, unpiloted, having previously liberated the Dutchmen. The result of this occurrence was such as (according to Dr. Siebold) to excite a fierce hatred of England in the minds of the Japanese. The governor of Nagasaki, conscious that he had, unintentionally, disobeyed orders in allowing the intrusive vessel to escape, and feeling that he had been negligent in not knowing the state of his coast-guard posts, immediately assembled his family and household, and in their presence ripped himself up. The commanders of the posts followed his example, and the prince of Fizen, the viceroy of the province, though then compulsorily resident at Yedo, was punished with imprisonment (because the officers he had left in charge had misconducted themselves,) and was compelled to pay to the family of the late governor of Nagasaki a pension of £2,650. This anecdote will illustrate the severity with which the non-intercourse system is enforced. The story is still current in Japan, with exaggerations (native or Dutch) of the proceedings of Capt. Pellew, who is reported to have demanded a supply of bullocks, and to have threatened to hang his Dutch prisoners in case of refusal.

It is evident, therefore, that attempts to establish an intercourse between the British and the Japanese, though they are inevitable, will encounter serious obstacles, and it may be well to consider whether, instead of leaving the matter to chance, it be not desirable for the government (in diplomatic language) to undertake the initiative, and endeavor, by negotiation at least, to make the Japanese government aware of the precise nature of the object sought, and to warn them of the attempts that will be made to visit their shores, and the parties who will make them. The Japanese are reported to be a kind-hearted, courteous, and hospitable people; their present attitude of hostility and defiance may proceed from causes of which we have no present knowledge. Very high-wrought descriptions have been published of their rudeness, violence, and inhospitality towards vessels visiting their coasts; but we have no means of knowing whether this behavior be not a retaliation of the buccaneering conduct of whalers

and free traders, who, speaking the language of England, may be confounded with the countrymen of Capt. Pellew.

There was an especial reason why the Japanese should have been cautious in communicating with the *Morrison*. We learn from a report made by Mr. Gutzlaff,\* who was on board, that the empire, which had enjoyed political tranquillity for two centuries, was then suffering under the horrors of a civil war. In August, 1836, a dreadful tempest, which lasted with unabated fury for ten days, had destroyed the greater part of the crops; a famine was the consequence, which rose to such a height that the rabble at Osaha, the principal emporium, rose upon the corn-merchants, and plundered or destroyed the magazines. The government, in order to quell the insurrection, attacked the starving people, who, driven by hunger to desperation, resisted, and the whole city, second only to Yedo, became a prey to the flames. In the capital itself, the inhabitants had risen against the imperial troops, and the city was at that very time a scene of confusion and bloodshed. The vassals ceased to send grain to Yedo; the prospects of the existing harvest were discouraging, and the interior of the empire was in fact in a state of almost disorganization. The visitors were not acquainted with these facts till after they had left the island, and it is curious to observe the construction which Mr. Gutzlaff puts upon a proceeding which may have had its rise in prudent precaution, to prevent the addition of further calamities to those which afflicted the empire. He observes:—

Conscious of having given no cause for provocation, we were the more astonished at the unprecedented act of aggression upon defenceless foreigners. In all expeditions on record, some officer had visited the foreign ship and supplied her provisions; but, here, notwithstanding our earnest entreaties, no understanding took place. We suppose this, therefore, to be a new law, according to which barbarians are to be treated. If such, however, be the case, the exclusive system of this government is at its climax—where it ought to receive a check. They will neither care whether a ship is in distress, or whether there are some wrecked seamen in a boat, but endeavor to take away their lives, if this can be effected. As many of our whalers cruize about this coast for several months of the year, this must occasionally happen, and it is very mournful to think, that men who hasten to those shores, in order to save their lives, should expose themselves to the danger of being killed by their fellow-men. If they could treat us so barbarously when they had ocular proof that we had divested ourselves of the means of injuring them, and came with friendly intentions, how will they treat suspected foreigners? Whatever may be the politics of this reclusive country, its rulers must be constrained to pay regard to the law of nations, and not to treat all the remainder of mankind as enemies.

To sum up the total of our experience in regard

\* Correspondence relating to China, presented to Parliament, 1840; p. 223.

to this country, we ought to give full credit to the frankness and friendliness of the natives; they are people who would oblige foreigners to any extent. The Japanese coasting commerce is very extensive; the resources of this country are very large, and the inhabitants fully as industrious as the Chinese. The government is the only check to improvement, and the insurmountable bar to foreign intercourse.

If the spirit and sentiments exhibited in this demi-official document influence the individuals who will, with the facilities afforded by our recent successes in China, endeavor to force an intercourse with Japan, the consequences may be easily foreseen. The stain fixed upon our war with China will never be removed, be the beneficial results to both nations in future ever so great; let us, therefore, be most vigilant in preventing similar acts of injustice in Japan.

The course which matters will take, if left without the interposition of the government, is this. A vessel, belonging to some English traders, manned with a determined crew, will proceed to a port in Japan, and request civilly permission to trade. This will be refused. The request will be reiterated, probably with a studied avoidance, at first, of any offensiveness of language or demeanor. Importunity will provoke the authorities to require that the vessel shall leave the coast, and the cloth batteries will be prepared to enforce obedience to the mandate. A shot, fired with more precision than usual, may strike the English ship, and kill or wound an English sailor. The law of nations—a law which the Japanese never heard of, and are no parties to—will then be invoked, and, under its convenient construction, the crews land and ravage the country. Loud clamor arises against the treacherous Japanese; an appeal is made to a queen's cruiser, the commander of which, a man of coolness and judgment, strives to mediate and reconcile the parties; but the Japanese will not "listen to reason;" they fire at her Majesty's ship, and her commander, seeing his flag insulted, has no alternative, and takes part in the hostilities. Representations are made to her Majesty's government, and the ministers advise the queen to issue a declaration of war against Japan, and, after much slaughter, and the "ripping up" of all the governors and chief officers at the scene of hostilities, the war is terminated by the cession of some convenient ports, and, in fact, the subjection of the little empire.

When such an event has happened, many honest men endeavor to make the best of it, and although wishing it had not occurred, smother their feelings, and try to persuade themselves that the Japanese were in the wrong, "according to the law of nations," or, at all events, that we were not "much" to blame. They console themselves with thinking that good may spring from evil, and that Christianity as well as commerce, missionaries as well as merchants, may thereby gain an inlet into the empire. But this is a mode of attaining

the end which we hope every good man would avoid if he could, and it is only by looking forward, and calculating the probable current of events, that it can be avoided. We are advocates for the diffusion of knowledge, which ought to make men wiser; for the extension of commerce, the end of which is to make men happier; and for the spread of our religion, which must make men better: but we are far from desiring that the march of either should be over the slaughtered natives of the country into which they are introduced, ignorant and perverse though they may seem to be; that the mild reign of Christianity should be harbingered, as it too often has been, by war and bloodshed. This must, however, be the consequence of leaving individuals to act upon their own impulses, when the governing impulse is *self-interest*.

The measure we suggest,—the only measure that can anticipate and counteract the calamities we foresee,—is an embassy or mission to Japan, preceded by some preliminary intercourse with its government, through the medium of the Chinese, whose feelings are at present well inclined towards us, and who would not be likely to entertain any jealousy of our communication with a nation which is not, and never was, a tributary of China. The obstacles in the way of such a mission are far less serious than have been experienced in our Chinese embassies. The exclusive policy of Japan is the fruit, as we have before said, not of any maxims of government, or of social rules, but of the experience she has had of the political evils introduced by foreigners, and especially those belonging to Christian nations. Her antipathy is more reasonable than that of the Chinese, who cut short all argument upon the subject by "such is our law," *ita lex scripta est*. The antipathy, therefore, being more reasonable, is more easily assailable by reason, whilst force and coercion would tend to convince them of its justness rather than of its absurdity. The Japanese government cherishes none of that contempt for the mercantile character, which has been at the bottom of all our misunderstandings with the Chinese. The court of Yedo is so little averse to the presence of European merchants at the capital, that it requires the Dutch to pay a visit of ceremony thither every year. In short, there seems nothing to prevent the success of a mission properly managed, if the Japanese can be made thoroughly to understand that we have no design upon their religion or upon their government; that we desire commerce, and not conquest.

The measure suggested is of importance in another view. The victory we have gained over the prejudices of the Chinese has inspired other nations, who, whilst the British were engaged in a hazardous, uncertain and expensive contest, stood calmly looking on, to avail themselves of its moral effect in pushing their commerce and relations in the China seas, and it is understood that some diplomatic experiment is in preparation by a Christian state, with a view of obtaining a

participation with the Dutch in the trade with Japan. It would, perhaps, be politic to wait the result of this experiment, that is, to imitate the safe course which other nations have pursued in relation to the Chinese war; but it is beneath the dignity of England to follow in the wake of any other power, and it is to be recollected that the English labor under an ill-opinion on the part of the Japanese, which, if not removed, will place us in a very disadvantageous position in any negotiations with their government in which another power should take the lead. So much is known of the manners of the Japanese, and of the diplomatic forms and proceedings of their court, from the papers published in this Journal, in 1839 and 1840, that there could be no difficulty in managing such a mission. Good Japanese linguists may now be found amongst the Europeans in China, and we are informed that the English language is not unknown in Japan.

From the London Age and Argus.

#### POLITICS OF CANADA—DANGER OF THE CRISIS.

THE inability of Sir Charles Metcalfe to form a Council in Canada, after a period of eight months' unceasing exertions to accomplish that object, and this difficulty experienced by a governor admitted by all parties as one of the most just, generous, distinguished, and talented men to be found in the British dominions, is a sad and fearful commentary on the mischievous character of the union of the Canadian provinces; and affords a melancholy foreboding of their violent disruption and severance from the British crown, unless Sir Charles is firmly sustained by the British government, and succeeds in restraining the virulence, malignity, and mischief produced by the rashness of Lord Durham, the corruptions of Lord Sydenham, and the imbecility of Sir Charles Bagot.

The increasing machinations of the American Republicans in Upper Canada, and the unfortunate contest between the races in Lower Canada, had for years interposed an obstacle to the advancement of those provinces, and were continually interrupting their repose.

The mischievous activity of the malcontents in the Upper province was still farther provoked by a treasonable letter sent by Mr. Hume, then member for Middlesex, in 1834, to the man Mackenzie, who was the leading rebel in 1837, declaring that the crisis had arrived in Canada, when the baneful domination of the mother country should be thrown off, and that the Canadians should ever keep in view the great struggle of the Americans in 1770, and its successful issue.

This incipient treason was still further incited and fostered by the opinions of Mr. Stephen, of the Colonial Office, who declared in his evidence before the House of Commons, that the Canadians could not be expected much longer to remain under the reproach of being the only portion of the Western Hemisphere dependent on a foreign power. With such potent ingredients in the poisonous alembic then in operation, it was not wonderful that in the absence of every British soldier from Upper Canada, an attempted violent overthrow of British dominion took place, particularly as it was in concert with a national movement in Lower Canada, and with a huge and desperate

band of brigands in the neighboring Republic of the United States.

When Hume's letter was first circulated in Canada, it is difficult to determine which was the most prevailing feeling, indignation or astonishment. So daring and so outrageous, however, was it considered, that every mail from England was looked for with great anxiety, in the fond expectation that such a daring promulgation of treason in a distant part of our empire, from the member of the metropolitan county, would have been followed by his committal to the Tower of London and subsequent public trial.

It is true that it was reprehended—by Mr. Spring Rice, then colonial minister; but as it was unpunished, the colonists began to fear that these sentiments were not as distasteful as they should have been.

An admirable governor was soon after sent to Upper Canada, Sir Francis Head—a kind, but most inefficient one to Lower Canada, the Earl of Gosford. Sir Francis soon discovered that different instructions were given to them, and that an union of the provinces was then under the consideration of the crown.

In his usual bold and manly style, he thus deprecates that measure:—"Toronto, Oct. 28, 1836. The remedy which I fear will be assiduously recommended by the British population of Lower Canada is, that the two provinces should be united, and placed under the government of some individual, in whose coolness, decision, and ability they can rely. My humble opinion of this project is, that it would produce the effect of separating both the Canadas from the parent state, on the homely principle that if tainted and fresh meat be attached together, both are corrupted. So long as Upper Canada remains by itself, I feel confident that by more moderate government her 'majority men' will find that prudence and principle unite to keep them on the same side; but if once we were to amalgamate this province with Lower Canada, we should instantly infuse into the House of General Assembly a powerful French party, whose implacable opposition would be a dead, or rather living, weight, always seeking to attach itself to any question whatever that could attract and decoy the 'majority men.' If the imperial Parliament will now deal with Lower Canada with firmness and decision there is nothing whatever to fear—if it vacillates, all is gone."

Such were the memorable words of Sir Francis Head in 1836, the year prior to the horrid and unnatural rebellion. The rebellion broke out, and was repressed, and Lord Durham was sent out to recommend the union of the provinces. He came like an Eastern satrap, bursting with vanity, inflated with pride, intoxicated with power, alternately playing the bashaw and the Jacobin, alarming and disappointing by turn all who had hoped that his mission was to have been one of justice, firmness, and peace.

The Wakefields, Turtons, and Bullers, were lords in the ascendant, and like all who are cankered by envy, and who hate the excellence they cannot reach, they commenced their baneful and unprincipled career by reviling and stigmatizing the oldest and most incorruptible families in the colony as a compact. None but the limping loafers *par nobile fratrum* found favor in Buller's eyes, or were admitted into a participation of Wakefield's intrigues.

The result was a more violent hatred of the

French, a general alienation of the loyal British in Upper Canada, and an undissembled gloating and exultation of all the republican leaven to be found in both the provinces.

John Durham abandoned his post on the very eve of a second rebellion, of which he acknowledged he had been duly apprized. Of Lord Durham's detestable report, the Chief Justice of Upper Canada, when in England in 1839, thus addressed the colonial minister:—"As an inhabitant of Upper Canada, I did not hesitate to state officially to her Majesty's secretary of state, immediately upon its appearance, that I was ready, in any place and at any time, to show that it was utterly unsafe to be relied upon as the foundation of parliamentary proceedings. I knew then, and I know now, that the means of refuting the most important statements and conclusions contained in it must exist in the office of the colonial department, and could not require even a reference to the colony." The union of the provinces was decided upon, Sir John Colborne recalled, Sir George Arthur superseded, and Mr. Poulett Thompson appointed governor-general to carry that measure, *per fas et nefas*. The advocate of the ballot and of the removal of the protection from Canadian timber, was the most objectionable person who could have been selected for the hateful task; and it was in the general hatred that his political principles had produced in Canada he found one of the main ingredients of his success. He commenced his career with an open warfare with all the oldest and worthiest families in the Upper province, and eventually carried the measure of the Union over the Canadas. He met his first Parliament, convoked under the Union, and after elections carried by open and unblushing force, he succeeded in carrying through the first session, became the object of universal dislike by the French, and expired just as the parliament was about to be prorogued. At his death, the French population were even more exasperated than previous to the rebellion.

Of all men selected to cure the evils bequeathed to Canada by Lord Sydenham, Sir Charles Bagot was the very last to have been chosen, and least able to accomplish it. With a kindness only to be surpassed by his indecision, he was incapable of discovering the machinations and intrigues by which he was surrounded; and he wanted the necessary firmness to crush and control them after they became apparent.

The herculean task of remedying these evils, and rectifying these disasters, is now left to Sir Charles Metcalfe, in whom is to be found every combination suitable for the task. Incorruptible integrity, and unimpeachable veracity, indomitable firmness, and sound judgment; in fine, honor, probity, justice, benevolence, and every excellence that reflects credit on a man, and can ensure success to a governor. If he fails to remedy these disasters and rectify these mistakes, then indeed CANADA WILL BE LOST AND GIVEN AWAY.

**THE DUKE DE BORDEAUX.**—The *Augsburgh Gazette* states, from Goritz, that the DUKE DE BORDEAUX has notified to the courts of Europe his determination to retain the title of Count de Chambord. This is said to be for the purpose of avoiding the alternative of accepting or refusing the title of King of France, which his party has given to him since the death of the Duke d'Angoulême.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.**—June 14.—The following communication was read:—

"Some remarks on the telescopic appearance of the moon, accompanying a model and a drawing of a portion of her surface," by J. Nasmyth, Esq. The model and drawing submitted, represent a portion of the moon's surface of 190 by 160 miles, situated in the upper part of her left limb, as seen in an inverting telescope. The author selected the portion above mentioned as a subject for a model by reason of its comprising in a small space most of the chief features which so remarkably distinguish her surface. The model was constructed with a view of illustrating the close relationship which appears to exist between the structure of the lunar surface and that of a considerable portion of the earth, in regard to the similarity in the results of vast volcanic action. The author, in reference to the nature of the peculiarities of the surface of the moon, first remarks on the *vast size* of the lunar craters as compared with those on the surface of the earth. Of these there exist some of the enormous magnitude of 150 miles in diameter, besides other circular formations, such as the "Mare Serenitatis," and "Mare Crisium," which are from 200 to 300 miles in diameter, and which evidently owe their form to volcanic action of prodigious central energy. This enormous effect, compared with that of volcanic agency on the earth's surface, will appear less suprising when we consider that the mass of the moon is scarcely the seventieth part of that of the earth, and that consequently, the weight of the materials acted on by the volcanic force is diminished very considerably compared with bodies on the earth's surface: the probable want of atmospheric resistance will also assist in accounting for the immensely greater effects produced. The beautiful and almost perfectly circular form of the majority of the lunar craters may be due to the absence of wind or other disturbing causes, permitting the discharged materials to perform the course due to the impulse comparatively free from all impediment. Next to the circular form of the craters, the author considers that there is no feature more striking than the small cones or mounds which we observe in the centre of most of the craters. These he considers to be the result of the last expiring efforts of the volcanic action, as we find it to be the case in Vesuvius and other terrestrial volcanoes. Other cases exist in which there is no such central cone; but these may have resulted from the more sudden termination of the volcanic action which had permitted the fluid sooner to float across the bottom of the crater, and to form that plain, smooth surface which may be seen in a few cases. One has been, however, observed by the author in the upper part of the right limb of the moon, in which the lava had apparently kept flowing up so gently to the last as to leave the crater brimfull. The ruts or channels which may be distinctly observed in the sides or banks of the outside circular mounds, and which frequently extend to a considerable distance, prove that the matter discharged has not been entirely of a solid nature. Blocks of solid materials also appear to have been discharged with vast force and in a vast quantity. They may, in many cases, be observed lying about the bases of the larger craters, where the surface is rendered quite rough by the quantity of such detached fragments. The last peculiarity, ad-

verted to by the author, consists in the bright lines which generally converge to a centre, and in which we frequently find a crater of very considerable magnitude. The material of these bright lines is evidently of a much more reflective nature than the contiguous or general surface of the moon, and in most cases the interior of the crater to which they converge is equally resplendent. The author considers them to be derived from the same original cause which produced the central volcano, from which they appear to diverge.—*Athenæum*.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—June 18.—A paper was read by Mr. E. Solly on the solid vegetable oils. These oils were characterized by possessing stearine, the solid principle of all oils, in such quantity as to render them solid at the ordinary temperatures of the atmosphere. They were of the consistence of animal fats, and in many instances were used as substitutes for the fat of animals in the making of candles, and as substitutes for butter, as articles of diet. There was some difficulty in distinguishing these oils from wax; but the latter was produced in much less quantities. The various plants yielding solid oils were pointed out, with the modes of obtaining the oils, and the uses to which they were subservient in the various parts of the world. Few or no British plants yield solid oils. The plants yielding butter, tallow, and solid oils which were mentioned are as follows:—*Theobroma cacao*, chocolate nut-tree, yielding cacao butter; *Vateria Indica*, producing a solid semicrystalline fat, used for various purposes in India, where the tree is called tallow-tree; *Pentadesma butyracea*, the butter or tallow-tree of Sierra Leone. Several species of plants belonging to the natural order Lauraceæ, as *Laurus nobilis*, *Tetranthera sebifera* or *Litsea sebifera*, *Laurus cinnamomum*, &c., yield solid oils, in addition to their volatile fluid oils. The *Myristica moschata*, the common nutmeg, with the *M. sebifera*, both yield a solid oil, sometimes called nutmeg butter; *Bassia butyracea*, the Mahua or Madhuca-tree, gives out a kind of butter which is used in India. The butter-tree of Mungo Park, found in Africa, is the *Bassia Parkii* of some writers, though others have doubted if the butter-tree of Park is a *Bassia* at all. The butter is also called Shoa butter, and specimens were exhibited procured by Dr. Stanger during the late Niger expedition. Several palms yield solid oils; the principal of these are the *Cocos nucifera*, cocoa-nut-tree, and the *Elæis guineensis*; the former yields the cocoa-nut oil and butter; the latter, the palm-oil of commerce. All the fruits, however, of Palmaceæ are capable of yielding more or less solid oil, and many other species than those named yield the palm-oil of commerce.—A paper was read from Mr. Curtis, on the economy of the order Strepsiptera.—A third paper was read from Dr. Hemming, on the anatomy of the muscles which move the peacock's tail.—*Athenæum*.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.—June 19.—A paper was read by E. J. Quekett, Esq., on an apparently new form of vegetable discharge from the human stomach, belonging to the class Algæ. The Society then adjourned until October.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—July 1.—M. Chevreul read a report on the various papers sent by M. Ebelmen, on the use of gas as an amelioration of the process of fusion in high furnaces.—M.M. Ferret and Galinier presented a paper containing an account of barometrical and thermome-

trical observations made by them in their travels in Abyssinia, and also a geographical map of the country. M. Amici presented a polariscope, so contrived as to demonstrate all the known facts of polarization. This was accompanied by a paper defending the microscope of his invention against some attacks made upon it by M. Matthieson, of Altona.—A communication was received from Dr. Mayer, of Bonn, on the electrical apparatus of the torpedo. The object of this paper is to prove that the ramifications of this apparatus are more extensive in the system of the animal which is endowed with it than has hitherto been supposed.—A letter was received from M. Patterson, of Paris, on improvements in mechanical substitutes for the loss of limbs. A paper was read from M. Ducros, to show that the laws of the circulation of the blood are essentially electro-physical. According to this physician, the recoil of the sanguino-arterial globules, by transforming the functions of the arteries into venous functions, is the efficient cause of various diseases, such as chlorosis, typhus fever, &c. He proposes as a remedy the more frequent use of alkalis in inflammatory cases.—*Athenæum*.

From the Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.

#### LA REVUE DES DEUX MONDES—RAILWAYS.

Paris, July 13, 1844.

La Revue des Deux Mondes, of the 1st instant, opens with an article on the Mahrattas of the West and their country, and their situation in regard to British rule, from the pen of Theodore Pavie, an orientalist and traveller, who has visited British India. His account of the Mahratta character is far from being favorable; the power of the race cannot be restored: Monsieur Pavie has introduced various and good descriptions of manners and scenery. He had acquired repute by translations from the Chinese, and he means to prepare a Mandchou dictionary. By the way, I have just purchased for Mr. Cushing a selection of works on the Mandchou language, which will facilitate his study of the Chinese. That gentleman has looked to every source for the means of increasing his fitness to be useful to his country. An oriental scholar, at least, will have been produced by his mission. If he has reached or should reach Peking, the French opposition will scold Mr. Guizot with double asperity for having instructed the French envoy to refrain from the attempt. The second article of La Revue is the second part of an essay on Greek poetry read and referred to in Greece. The traveller finds Homer still illustrated there; the popular songs and traditions relate to antiquity: striking affinities abound between ancient and modern Hellas, in customs, manners, texts, localities: the language, both spoken and written, is constantly approximated—more and more assimilated—to the old and pure tongue: this regeneration includes a recall of ideas and aspirations; it forms a new case in the history of nations. The Hellenists of this day know that they owe their liberty to their name; they wish to prove themselves in every respect legitimate de-



scendants of the people who furnished the finest models in heroism, literature, and the arts. We must all desire the fulfilment of the French enthusiast's hopes. The most important portion of the Review is of forty pages on the Moral and Political state of Brazil, by a French tourist who recently visited the interior of the empire. He has drawn a dismal picture—an ignorant, semi-barbarous population, disaffected and turbulent under a government scarcely more enlightened and upright: no efficient administration; no real union of the provinces; neither substantive navy, nor manufactures; nor finances except the customs; clergy licentious and without the least influence in any quarter; no solid organization of any kind; the inhabitants a mongrel breed—Portuguese, creoles of every hue, negroes, mulattoes, Indians: all the provinces aspire to independence; a Republic on the pattern of the American is the dream; the Brazilians, in their silly pride, deem themselves too civilized to need even a constitutional monarchy: they place their great men, the generals in particular, above the most renowned of the other hemisphere. At his levees the young emperor never speaks; he nods and motions, without intelligence in look or gesture; the traveller happened to be at Oupreto on his Majesty's anniversary; this was celebrated by a military parade in the morning, and at night at the theatre by a dramatic pageant: the emperor's portrait was brought forward on the boards; loyal couplets were sung; all the functionaries, civil and military, knelt before the portrait, and most of them kissed the hands on the canvass! Three rounds of hurrahs closed the homage. There are some curious details of the domestic existence of the interior; the working of the mines; the search for superficial gold, and the treatment of the slaves. On the whole, the United States have not been exhibited by any of the foreign travellers in worse lights than Brazil is in these pages. We may suspect more or less of exaggeration and prejudice. The Review comprises a good disquisition by the academician St. Beuve on the new edition of Pascal's Thoughts, Letters, and Fragments, from the original manuscripts which were first disinterred and explored by Cousin, and have been deciphered with wonderful pains by Faugere. The next article might have been signed Philo-Joinville. It defends the tenets of the prince's pamphlet against the semi-official commentary of the *Journal of the Hague*. The Dutch critic believes it to be best that France should remain inferior to Great Britain at sea: if she became superior or equal, she would soon conquer or endeavor to conquer the whole continent, which is safe enough from British power, the proper check to French ambition. Philo-Joinville argues that France, though she should match or overcome England on the waters, could never again deem universal empire, or the dominion of the continent, possible: that England interferes most with continental independence and security;

extends her sway more formidably for the whole world; and, therefore, all the secondary powers should favor the rivalry, and be prepared to second the forces of France.

The number terminates with a sensible, laudatory exposition of Sir Robert Peel's modifications of the banking and currency systems. I am glad to see the attention of the American papers to this subject. It has been extended, I trust, to the proceedings of the House of Commons on the bill on the 27th and 28th ultimo and the 4th instant. On the first of those days, Sir Robert repeated that the main object of the bill was, "that the government, with the aid of the Bank of England, might have a salutary check and control over banks of issue;" besides, "one of its principles was to encourage free competition, although he put a restraint on issues." Colonel Torrens, in his reply to the Westminster Review, which treated the question shrewdly enough, observes:

"I continue to retain, after an attentive and patient consideration of all the objections urged by the able and scientific reviewer, the opinion which I formerly expressed, that the adoption of Sir Robert Peel's plan for the renewal of the charter of the Bank of England will be the most important improvement in our monetary system which has been effected since the passing of the act of 1819 for the resumption of cash payments."

In reply to a question from Sir W. James, relative to the probable supply of gold,—

"Sir R. Peel said he could not do better than consult 'M'Culloch's Commercial Dictionary,' which contained all the information that had been received on the subject. The only definite information they had from consuls was from Russia, where it appeared there had, during the last year, been a great increase in the supply of gold. Mr. Murchison, also, had lately published a paper containing the result of his information as to the probabilities of a supply from Siberia, which his (Sir R. Peel's) honorable friend would find very interesting reading. [A laugh.]

"Mr. P. M. Stewart said that if Mr. Murchison were to be taken as an authority, his statements made at the geographical society on the previous Saturday were most important. Among other things, Mr. Murchison stated that, during the last year half a million of gold had been obtained from the Ural mountains; and that in Silesia (an extent of country greater than the area of France) the rocks were entirely auriferous."

RAILWAYS are so prominent in the public economy and general weal of Europe and America that a special interest is felt in the legislative discussions concerning them. Yesterday I was involved in the perusal, quite to the end, of the debate in the House of Commons on the ministerial railways bill, against which the British companies were exerting all their influence, within and without. The report of it occupies nearly ten columns—small type—of the Morning Chronicle. It comprises valuable statistics of the subject, and instructive views of the action and tendencies of the mo-

nopoly. Mr. Gladstone vindicated his bill in a speech as creditable to his powers, and illustrative of his peculiar capacity, as any he ever delivered.

The resolution and bill apply to companies that may be constituted. Mr. Gladstone stated his case, generally, in the following terms :

"If the bill gave the executive the power to purchase the railways, or any one railway, at its discretion, he would vote against it; but that would be foreclosing a question which the whole object of this bill was to open, and not to close. Government would have no absolute power of purchasing any line under this bill; the companies had power to make an agreement with the government which should bind them, but government had no right or power to make an agreement that should bind the state. Government could not take a step to buy any one railway existing, or to be in future constructed, without a resort to parliament. An opinion might be entertained that even that course was not desirable. But the proposition he meant to contend for was, that parliament ought to have that discretion—that, with respect to existing railways, parliament was precluded from the power; and that, with respect to future railways, it was the bounden duty of parliament to reserve to itself that power."

But Mr. Entwistle, and the great majority of the railroad proprietors, protested "against the government taking such power as might enable them, by future grant of parliament to take the field against private companies; the control that the public now have being sufficient for its protection." This assertion Mr. Gladstone utterly exploded by details of the management of the companies in their fares and conveyances and their combinations for the perpetuation of high profits. Mr. Colquhoun thought that "when the public had reaped the advantages of an outlay of eighty million pounds, and of two thousand miles of the cheapest and quickest communication in Europe, it was intolerable that the first interference of government should be with such a description of property." Mr. Gladstone answered :

"Foreign railways—those in Belgium, for example—were cheaper than ours. He did not say they were so good, but they were certainly cheaper—perhaps not much more than one-third of the price. It might be said that this was a richer country; but that seemed no reason why the public should pay for their railway communication more than was necessary. But the experiment of cheapening railway communication could never be made under the present system."

Sir Robert Peel observed that it was extremely difficult to achieve any measure for controlling so strong a monopoly as the railway interest; "the proprietors were going too far; he would advise them to husband their strength." Mr. Gladstone, in his main speech, noted that, in the House, he was addressing a majority of railway proprietors, whose parliamentary strength was evinced in the nature and manner of the resistance to the bill. He proceeded in this strain :

"The argument used by these companies for

conciliating the public on railway matters was this : 'Trust to competition; matters have gone on very well; there are many fine railways; you can travel a deal faster than you used to do; trust to competition to secure the interests of the public.' Now, for his part, he would rather give his confidence to a Gracchus, when speaking on the subject of sedition, than give his confidence to a railway director when speaking to the public of the effect of competition. [Laughter.] But there was a deeper power in the opposition, [hear, hear,] and, he might as well use plain language, [hear, hear,] that power was that of parliament agents and solicitors. [Cheers.] They were the great opponents of the bill. He need not tell the House the enormous expense which attended the passing of railway bills by means of parliamentary agents; thousands of pounds were paid, benefitting nobody but these persons, who were extremely well in their own way, but had no claim on the public. The lobbies were filled with persons interested in the passing of railway bills, soliciting members for votes. The proposition to cheapen and shorten proceedings in parliament upon railway bills had been one main cause of the opposition which had been got up by parties who well knew how to array and marshal everything that could render a measure objectionable and unpopular."

In refutation of the idea that new railway projects might suffer by the bill, Mr. Gladstone stated that since the 23d of April fifteen new companies had started, involving an expenditure of about twenty million pounds, and the shares of all the companies, new and old, had risen since it was known that the government would persevere in the bill: the power of interference could not be exercised unless the visible profits of railroads should reach ten per centum. Mr. Labouchere, one of the late whig cabinet, seconded the president of the Board of Trade, and explained why "he differed from those with whom he generally acted." He acknowledged that the directors of the railroads, who were for the most part the most intelligent mercantile men of the country, had conducted their business in an admirable manner, and rendered the greatest obligations to the public; yet the existing companies enjoyed a complete monopoly, not of the land alone on which the roads ran, but of the traffic; the legislature and the government were therefore bound to watch with jealousy the interests of the public: it would require a very strong case to warrant the government in purchasing a railway, and undertaking the management of it; still the power of so doing might be necessary as an alternative; the law proposed would be used, primarily, in the way of revising fares and restraining profits; it must operate to prevent exorbitance and combination. Sir Robert Peel was obliged to consent to an adjournment of the debate. The whig oracles, the Chronicle and the Globe, lost no time in waging the fiercest war on the bill.

The debate on the railways bill was resumed on the 11th with increased animation. Mr. Bright, the anti-corn law league orator, reprobated it as a concession of dangerous power to the government;

he was sure that the incomes of the railroad proprietors did not average more than five per cent. ; none of the government departments or establishments were as well managed as the railways. He said :—

“The London and Birmingham Railway alone employed from fifteen hundred to two thousand persons, with salaries varying from £70 to £1,000, and they spent more than £200,000 for wages, stores, tools, and a variety of other expenditure. The Great Western Railway must pay more than this ; and if all this influence fell into the hands of the executive government, would it not affect the freedom of the constituencies of those places through which the railroads passed ?”

Mr. Bernal followed with the remark that the poor were the most benefited by the new conveyance, and that the government scheme for power would arrest private enterprise. Competition would suffice for the reduction of fares. Railways in Great Britain, though they cost thirty-two thousand pounds sterling per mile, were much cheaper to travel by than those of France, Belgium, or America—a gross mistake, by the way. Mr. Charles Buller delivered the most energetic or vehement and plausible speech in opposition. He dealt in grand hyperboles about the ominousness of the bill as a precedent of executive interference or usurpation. “Before long, the English people would be declared incapable of doing any act for themselves, and commissioners appointed to cut their meat for them. The whole present system of railways would be altered by the introduction of the atmospheric principle, now sanctioned by the highest authorities in practical science.” Sir Robert Peel advocated the bill. He mentioned that in one case of a railway the expense before a committee amounted to no less a sum than one hundred and sixty-six thousand pounds sterling ! In regard to the faculty of purchasing, he continued :—

“It was not the intention of the government to exercise an indiscriminate power of purchase, but it was considered necessary to reserve that power as a check on possible extortion. He contended that the power granted to parliament by this bill was a power which it ought to have. Then, as regarded the transmission of letters by railways, it was the duty of parliament to see that that was completely under the control of government. As regarded the carrying of the humbler classes, he thought it was the duty of parliament to see that these persons should be conveyed to the place of destination safely and comfortably, and at the lowest possible price. Upon this part of the subject he begged to refer to the report of the French Chambers, and this report recommended that there should be third-class covered carriages for the advantage of the humbler classes.”

The bill passed to a second reading by a vote of one hundred and eighty-six to ninety-eight. Our Paris journals quote the debate, *pro* and *con*.

From the *Athenæum*.

# MISCELLANY.

LETTERS have been received by Captain Grover from Dr. Wolff, written in the desert, only three or four days' journey from Bokhara. The doctor has received great kindness from the Kaleefa Abd Arrahman, who is described as the spiritual guide of the king of Bokhara, and is dignified by the title of Majesty. “He has given me,” writes the doctor, “letters to the king of Bokhara, and tells me positively that Stoddard is alive, Conolly not quite certain. No public execution had taken place of either of them ! I am his guest ; he has just now entered my room, (this was at Mero,) and showed me a letter he had written to the king of Bokhara, stating that it is of the highest importance that Stoddard and Conolly should be given up to me, and reparation made to England for the insult, and not to keep me longer than three days. This letter is to be dispatched by an express Turcomaun, and will reach Bokhara before me. His Majesty also sends with me one of his own relations, to introduce me properly to the king of Bokhara.” But in an address to Missionary Societies, received by the same packet, the doctor writes less hopefully. He therein observes :—“Since I left Teheran, the prospects of my finding, well and alive and free, my friends Stoddard and Conolly, become, with the progress of my journey towards Bokhara, dimmer and dimmer, and daily more cloudy. I find everywhere, it is true, people who tell me that both are alive, and it is also a fact that no public execution has been witnessed at Bokhara ; and it is also true that the Kaleefa, the holy dervish of the Mowr, whose hospitable tent I left yesterday, escorted by one of his relations, and other Turcomauns, towards Bokhara, tells me that Stoddard certainly was alive ; but it is also certain that if they are alive, they must sigh in the miserable prison called Harum Seray. \* \* In case that you should not learn, after my arrival at Bokhara, that both Conolly and Stoddard are dead, and even my own head has fallen by the hand of the ruler of Bokhara, I beseech you, then, to exert all your powers for some higher purpose, for some more noble purpose than avenging the death of those excellent and gallant officers and other Europeans—I mean, exert your powers, then, for the purpose of ransoming two hundred thousand Persian slaves, and several Italians, as Giovanni, the watchmaker, &c. And I also beseech you to learn, should you hear of my own execution, that there was a Jew who has been enabled, by God's grace, to expose his life for the purpose of saving the lives of Gentiles. And you, noble relations of my beloved Georgiana, should you hear that my head has fallen at Bokhara, be kind to my wife, and to my dear son.”

The papers make mention of a piece of good fortune lately befallen Mr. Leigh Hunt, with which, we are sure, our readers will heartily sympathize ; not merely for the ease of mind which it ensures to an old literary friend, in the autumn of his life, but for the lustre which is thereby reflected on other and honored names. The facts we believe to be these :—Only two or three days before his untimely death, Percy Bysshe Shelley mentioned to his wife his intention of making some provision for Mr. Hunt, should he ever succeed to the family property. On the death of Sir Timothy, almost the first act of the grandson, the present Sir F. Percy Shelley, was to fulfil the intentions of his father, and settle an annuity of £130 a-year on Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, and the survivor.

On the strength, we presume and hope, of former success, Mr. Kemble has commenced a new course of Shakspearian readings. In the present state of the stage, these readings are nearly all that remain to give an idea of the old acted drama ; and they are, on that account, of especial value to young people.

While every girl is expected to sit down to the piano and sing for the entertainment of friends, not one in fifty, no, nor one in five hundred, is capable of reading a song with anything like dramatic effect; how, then, is it possible they can sing it? for singing is but another and more emphatic form of reading. The difficulties, we admit, are greater than might be at first supposed; the difficulty, indeed, of reading one of Shakspeare's plays greater, perhaps, than stage personation; for the actor has but to preserve the self-consistency of a particular character, whereas the reader must mark distinctly the character of each and all the dramatis personæ, and contrast them even in the most subordinate parts. But the admitted difficulty only makes the preliminary study all the more necessary.

A MINIATURE of Milton has recently come to light, and become the property of the Duke of Buccleugh, who purchased it for one hundred guineas.—“It was sold a few weeks since,” says our informant, “among some rubbishy paintings, by Mr. Foster, which had been imported from France, and had belonged to a Mr. Villiers, a deceased English resident at Tours. The miniature was bought at Mr. Foster's sale for 2l. 10s. in an apparently dirty and dilapidated state, which veiled, but did not absolutely hide its delicate execution. It was called a portrait of ‘Milton,’ but considered of doubtful authenticity. Upon examining it, when taken from its old frame, the monogram of S. C., (Samuel Cooper,) one of the earliest and best of our miniature painters, was found in slight lines at the right hand of the portrait. Some old French paper and gold-beaters' skin were carefully peeled from the back of it, and the following inscription was discovered—‘Milton—painted by Samuel Cooper.’ The miniature bears a general likeness to the portraits of the great poet, taken after his blindness—but has a finer, more youthful, and more elevated expression. The ordinary portraits of Milton represent him more like the preacher of a conventicle, than an inspired poet: not so this miniature, which I judge to have been taken about the period of his holding office as Latin Secretary, and therefore before his loss of sight. The poet wears a black suit with a lace collar: no hands are shown. This is the second miniature known to exist, the other being at Rokeby. Like the miniatures of the time, it is painted chiefly in body colors, with that great freedom and flowing touch for which Cooper's miniatures are distinguished. The hair at the temple is slightly damaged, but in other respects it is in very fair condition. It may now be seen at Messrs. Dominic Colnaghi's, where it remains for a short time before it goes to the engravers.”

MANY questions have been asked of us as to the pecuniary circumstances of the late Thomas Campbell, and a general impression appears to prevail that, latterly, he labored under pecuniary difficulties. We sincerely believe that there is no just ground for any such fears. Words dropped by Mr. Campbell have, indeed, been urged as proof to the contrary; but the poet, like all of “his tribe,” had his peculiarities, and amongst them were a strange forethinking in respect to money matters. Without the slightest disposition to ostentation or idle expense, he had such a horror of dependence, with the accompanying poverty, that he was ever anxious about the future. But for a widower with only one child, Mr. Campbell's certain income was sufficient for his very moderate requirements; he had a pension of £200 a-year from government. The interest of £5000 in the funds for his life, the profits from the sale of his Poems, two or three editions of which, have been sold within the last few years, and whatever he could realize from his editorial and literary labors. Now judging of his position by the fortunes of literary men generally, it is impos-

sible to believe that Mr. Campbell was in difficulties. His removal to France was merely to enable a niece who had just come to reside with him, to acquire a knowledge of the French language, and other educational advantages.

We hear that Mr. Prout, the veteran water-color artist, has left his retirement at Hastings in renovated health, and is about to resume his profession in the metropolis.—Recent accounts from Cairo make mention of Mr. John Lewis having become so completely Turkish in his habits that there appears no prospect of his return to his native country; but he has not discontinued the use of his pencil, having accumulated a store of sketches of the oriental subjects with which he is surrounded.

UPWARDS of £1000 of the sum wanting to complete the Edinburgh Monument to the Memory of Sir Walter Scott, has been produced by a “Waverley Ball,” held, in London, at Willis' Rooms, and attended by 1,438 persons, including many of the most distinguished names in society. A procession of the characters in the Waverley Novels made a portion of the evening's entertainments.

THE Prussian king is about to add the “Eumenides,” of Æschylus, to the number of revivals of the ancient Greek drama, which have taken place, by his direction, at the palace-theatre of Potsdam. The German translation, for the purpose, will be made by the Hellenist, Herr Donner; and Meyerbeer has undertaken the composition of the music.

FROM Paris, we learn, that M. Prisse, who has resided for some years in Egypt, has sent home a monument of great value, obtained from the ruins of Karnac—the bas-reliefs from the hall of the ancestors of Mœris. These bas-reliefs contain in two compartments, about 60 portraits of the ancient Pharaohs,—ranged in the order of their dynastic succession.

MR. ROWLAND HILL.—The merits of the post-office reformer richly deserve the public acknowledgment which they are now receiving. Late disclosures will serve to suggest some possible reasons why his task was more than usually difficult, and why he so constantly met with departmental obstructions, and was anxiously sent adrift at the earliest opportunity. Post-office arrangements are more complicated than the public suspected. Popular odium, however, has been roused, the discipline of popular ridicule administered—activity is alive—*Punch* publishes his Anti-Graham envelopes, other speculators propose padlock wafers, and every stationer's shop teems with the letter motto, “Not to be Grahamed.” The national opinion has in every way been strongly and unequivocally expressed. Such reflections as these give a strong interest to the cast of a medallion of Mr. Rowland Hill, which we have just received. It is not only a good likeness, but has an artistic expression of meditateness, that adds to its value as the portrait of a public benefactor. The artist is Mr. Bernard Smith.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—A society under the above title, for the study, restoration, and preservation of English antiquities, and particularly of ecclesiastical architecture, has been established in the course of the present year, and now consists of upwards of 600 members, including the names of six bishops, and several other high dignitaries of the church. It is intended to hold a general annual meeting on the plan of the British Association, the first of which will be held during the present month at Canterbury.

## CHAPTER VI.—CATECHISM JACK.

My father was the parish doctor; and when he entered the surgery, Mr. Postle was making up a parish prescription. A poor, shabbily-dressed woman was waiting for the medicine, and a tall, foolish-looking lad was waiting for the poor woman. She was a widow, as it is called, without incumbrance, and had a cottage and some small means of her own, which she eked out, with the stipend allowed her by the overseers for taking charge of some infirm or imbecile pauper. The half-witted boy was her present ward.

"It's for Jacobs," said the woman, as my father glanced over the shoulder of his assistant at the prescription. "He gets wus and wus."

"Of course he does," said my father; "and will, whilst he takes those opium pills."

"So I tell him," said the woman,—"with his ague, and in a flat, marshy country like this, with water enough about to give any one the hydraulics."

"Hydroptics."

"Well, droptics. You want stimulusses, says I, and not nar—narcis—"

"Narcotics."

"Well, cotics. But the poor people all take it. If it's their last penny, it goes for a pennorth of opie, as they call it, at Doctor Shackle's."

"I wonder he sells it," said my father.

"And asking your pardon, doctor," said the woman, "I wonder you don't. They say he makes a mint of money by it."

"Never!" said my father, with unusual emphasis—"never, if I want a shilling!"

"Talking of money," said the woman, "there's a report about goolden guineas, chucked last night by nobody knows who—for it was done in the dark—into the Hobbes' cottage. They have just lost their only child, you know."

The assistant suddenly checked the pestle with which he was pounding, and looked inquisitively at his principal, who fixed his eyes on the idiot boy.

"Well, my lad, and who are you?" inquired my father. "What's your name?"

"M. or N.," answered the boy, slowly dragging the wet forefinger, which he had withdrawn from his mouth, with a long snail-like trail along the counter.

"Fiddlesticks," exclaimed the woman, giving her charge a good shaking by the shoulder.

"You've got another name besides that."

"Yes," drawled the boy, "some call me the Catechism Jack."

"Ah!—that's an odd name!" said my father. "Who gave it you?"

"My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism," said Jack.

"No such thing, sir," said the woman; "it was the idle boys of the village, because he was always repeating on it; and, indeed, poor fellow, he can repeat nothing else."

"Then how did he get that?"

"Why you see, sir," said the woman, "between ourselves it was all along of his godmother."

"Ah!—indeed!" exclaimed my father, pricking up his ears at such an appendix to the recent discussion in the bedroom. "His godmother, eh?"

"Yes, Mrs. Tozer as was, for she's dead now, as well as his own mother; and that's how he came into my care. His mother went first, while he was in petticoats, and so Mrs. Tozer took charge of him, and sent him to the infant day-school."

She was a very strict woman in her religious principles, and so was the schoolmistress; and both made it a great pint for the children to be taught accordingly, which they was. Well, one day there they were, all in the school-room up one pair, and little Jack amongst the rest, the last of the row, a-setting on the very end of a long form close to the open door. Well, by-and-by the children were all called up to say Catechism; so up they all got at once, except Jack, who had been playing instead of getting his task by rote, which made him backward to rise than the rest,—when, lo! and behold! up tilts the form, like a rearing horse, and pitches Jack, heels over head, through the door and down the whole stone flight, where he was picked up at the bottom perfectly unsensible."

"Ah!—with a concussion of the brain," said my father.

"A contusion of the occiput," added Mr. Postle: "the spinal vertebræ excoriated, of course, and bruises on both patellæ."

"I don't know about that," said the woman, "but he had a lump on the back of his head as big as an egg; the nubbles of his back were rubbed raw, and his two kneepans were as black as a coal. It was thought, too, that his intellex were shook up into a muddle."

"No doubt of it," said my father.

"Well, to go on with Jack. At long and at last he came to, sore enough and smarting, as you may suppose, for he had been carried home to his godmother, and she had rubbed his wounds with sperrits and salt, which had got into the cuts. And now, Jack, says she, mark my words, and let them be a warning. It's a judgment of God upon you, says she, for not knowing your catechism; for if so be you had got it by heart, you would have riz with the rest, and then all this would never have happened. But it's a judgment upon you, says she, and the schoolmistress said the same thing; till between both the poor thing was so scared, he set to work, he did, at his catechism, and never rested, day or night, till he had got it by heart, as he has now, so thoroughly, you may dodge him, any how, backward or forward, and he won't miss a syllable. And that's how he come by it, sir, as well as the nickname: for, except catechism, which his head is too full of, I suppose, to hold anything else, he don't know a thing in the world."

"Poor fellow!" said my father, opening one of the surgery drawers. "Here, Jack, will you have a lozenge?"

"Yes, verily, and by God's help, so I will. And I heartily thank—"

"There, there, hush! go along with you," said the woman, giving her protégé a push towards the outer door, and then, taking up the medicine, with a nod of acknowledgment to Mr. Postle, and a curtesy to my father, she departed, her forlorn charge clinging to her garments, and muttering scraps of that formula which had procured for him the *sobriquet* of Catechism Jack.

## CHAPTER VII.—A PATIENT.

"Poor creature!" muttered my father, carefully fishing a drowning fly out of the inkstand with the feather-end of a pen, and then laying the dragged insect to dry itself on the blotting-paper; "poor harmless, helpless creature!"

The assistant stopped his pounding, and looked inquisitively, first at the speaker, and then at the supposed object of his sympathy.

"I wonder," continued my father, still talking to himself, "if he would like to carry out the medicine!"

Mr. Postle hastily resumed his mortar practice, with an interjectional "Oh!"

"Job is gone, I suppose."

Mr. Postle pounded like mad.

"Job is gone, isn't he?" repeated my father.

"Yes, with the best livery."

"In that case," said my father, heedless of the best blue and drab, "we shall want another boy. And I am thinking, Postle, that yonder half-witted fellow might, perhaps, carry the basket as well as another."

"What, the catechism chap? Why, he's an idiot!"

"Or nearly so," said my father; "and, as such, shut out from the majority of the occupations by which lads of his rank in life obtain a livelihood. The greater the obligation, therefore, to prefer him to one of the few employments adapted to his twilight intelligence."

"What, to carry out the physic?"

"And why not?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Postle, but plying the pestle as if he would have pounded the mortar itself into a powder, "nothing at all. Only when an idiot carries out the physic, it's time to have a lunatic to make it up."

"Phoo! phoo!" said my father, "the boy has arms and legs, and quite head-piece enough for such simple work. At a verbal message, no doubt, he would blunder."

"Yes, wouldn't he?" said Mr. Postle. "Take of compliments and catechism, each a dram,—mix—shake well up—and administer."

"Like enough," said my father, "if one intrusted any verbal directions to his memory. But he goes on parish errands, and knows every house in the place; and might surely deliver a written label at the right door, as well as a printed notice."

"I wish," said Mr. Postle, gloomily, "there may be any to deliver. Our drugs are drugs! We hardly do a powder a day. The business is in a rapid decline, and in another month won't be worth a pinch of magnesia. There's the Great House gone already—and next we shall lose the parish."

"How!—the Great House!" exclaimed my father, with more anxiety and alarm than he had betrayed before about his simious patient. "Is the monkey dead, then?"

"Yes—of bronchitis."

"Poor child!" ejaculated my father.

"I should like to open him," said Mr. Postle.

"I hoped she was provided for," said my father, with a sigh.

"If you mean little Betty," said the assistant, "it is no loss to her,—at least to judge by Mother Hopkins' language."

"Why, what does she say?" asked my father, with a tone and look of unmitigated surprise.

"Only all that is bitter and acid. The ungrateful old hag! I should like to stop her mouth with a pitch-plaster!"

"Hush, hush!" whispered my father; and Postle did hush, for, confirming an old proverb, Mother Hopkins herself hobbled into the surgery, with foul weather on her face. Her lips were compressed—there was a red angry spot in the middle of each sallow cheek, and anger glimmered in her dark black eye, like a spark in a tinder-box. She spoke harshly and abruptly.

"I'm come to return the bottles."

"Very good!" said my father, receiving phial after phial from the cankered woman, with as much courtesy and humility as if he had been honored and obliged by her custom. "I hope the medicine has done you good. How is your lameness?"

"As bad as ever."

"I am sorry to hear it," said my father; "but your complaint is chronic, and requires time for its treatment. By-and-by we shall see an amendment."

"We shall see no such thing," said the shrew.

"I am't going to take any more physic."

"No!"

"No. It's good for nothing, or you would n't give it away gratis."

My father's face flushed slightly—as whose would not!—with so much physic thrown into it, though but metaphorically—all the draughts and embrocations he had supplied her with for the last six months! But the angry hue passed away long ere one could have washed off a splash of rose-water. It was hard for him to be long angry with any one,—impossible, with a decrepit woman, so poor, so sickly, and so ragged. One glance at her cooled the transient heat in an instant. As to speaking harshly to so much wretchedness, he would as soon have poured vitriol on her tatters. His words were still kind, his voice cordial, his smile genial.

"Well! and how is little Betty?"

"Little Betty's at home," replied the woman, with a short sharp twang in her tone that showed the very chord most out of tune had been struck upon. "She might have been at the Great House;—but, thank God, she isn't. She's not an animal!"

"You mean a beast!" suggested my father.

"I say she's not an animal,—nor shan't sleep with one. And a monkey, too—a nasty, filthy, basilicon monkey."

"Brazilian," muttered my father—"Brazilian."

"Well, Brazilian—an ugly, foreign, outlandish varmint!"

"Ah," exclaimed my father, "there's the prejudice! If the creature had been a little dog, now, or a kitten, or a squirrel, you would never have objected to it."

"Squirrels and kittens be hanged!" cried the old woman, waxing in wrath. "It an't the sort of creature—it an't the species; but the detriment to the juvenile constitution. A doctor might know better the valley of the natural warmth of the human body than to have it extracted by a brute beast."

My father was dumbfounded. The charge was so plausible, and couched in such set phrase, that he did not know what to think of it; but appealed, by a perplexed look, to his assistant.

"Prompted—put up to it," muttered Mr. Postle, in a characteristic *aside*. He had turned his back to the counter, and was apparently reading along the label on one of the drawers. The woman, in the mean time, thrust the last phial into the Doctor's hand as hastily as if it burnt her fingers.

"That's all the bottles," she said; "and there," throwing a paper bag on the counter—"there's the corks."

O Ingratitude!—marble-hearted fiend!—how hadst thou possessed that thankless woman with a demon, fit only, like those of old, to inhabit a swine. Weekly, daily, recalling the better times she had

...and she had bewailed her inability to see a physician, or pay an apothecary; daily, almost hourly, she lamented the delicate constitution of her little Betty, and the impossibility of furnishing her with a better bed, more generous diet, and warmer garments.—wants for which, by will and deed, her benefactor had endeavored to provide; and to throw, in his very teeth, all his charitable attentions, lotions, composing draughts, and tonic mixtures, bottles and corks included, and then, in return, to pour on his benevolent head the full phials of her wrath, bitter as the waters of Marah, and corrosive as aqua fortis! It might have moved a saint! But there was in my father's nature so much of the milk of human kindness, and in that milk such a sweet butterish principle, that stirring his temper the wrong way seemed merely to oil it. Thus, when he responded again to the querulous ingrate, it was as the music of an Æolian harp in the parlor-window to a hurdy-gurdy at the area rails.

"Well, Well,—we need not quarrel, Mrs. Hopkins. The monkey is dead, and so there is no harm done. I meant all for the best, and hoped to do you a service. Little Betty would have been comfortably lodged, and well fed, and was to be warmly clothed from head to foot."

"Thank ye for nothing!" retorted the snappish

one. "I can clothe little Betty myself: and when she famishes for victuals and drink, and not afore, she shall sleep with apes, baboons, and orange outangs."

"Orang," said my father, *sotto voce*—"o-rang."

"Well—horang. I should like to see your own twins, I should, with a great wild man of the woods in their cradle!"

My father's lips moved to reply; but before he could utter a syllable he was forestalled by a noise like the groan of execration which is sometimes heard at a public meeting. All eyes turned in the direction of the sound; and lo! there stood Kezia, her mouth still open and round as that of a cannon, her eyes staring, her cheeks both of a crimson, her arms uplifted, and her hands clenched, with utter indignation. One of her many errands to the surgery had brought her just in time to overhear the atrocious wish that converted her, *pro tempore*, into a she-dragon. In another moment she confronted the cantankerous Mrs. Hopkins, who assumed an attitude of defiance, and plainly showed that if the flesh was weak the spirit was willing enough for the encounter. My father would fain have interfered, but was intreated, by signs and in a whisper, by Postle, not to "check the effervescence."

But the combatants shall have a chapter to themselves.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

#### LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND,

ON HEARING OF THE RE-PUBLICATION OF THE WRITER'S FIRST LITERARY ESSAY IN AMERICA.

Oh, speak no more of future fame.

This throbbing heart to ease;

What woman, worthy of her name,

Could cling to such as these?

And tell me not my page is read

In that far distant land

Where erst the pilgrim fathers led

Their faint yet faithful band.

For, oh, my friend, my bleeding feet

Will never reach the goal;

And were it won, it *could* not meet

The wishes of my soul.

To man the laurel we allow—

His temples it adorns;

But placed on woman's lowlier brow

It proves a crown of thorns.

The lowly head that bends to bear,

Its burden could not grace:

The *only* woman fit to wear

Would deem it her disgrace!

Her home, her hope, her heart is found

Where she is loved and known;

There meekly, as on holy ground,

Her own bright wreath is won.

The gems that in her bosom shine,

She deemeth all too few

To hallow that domestic shrine

Her wishes hallow too!

Her heart must break before it burst

The bondage God imposed.

Fame comes when fate hath done its worst,

And heart and hope are closed!

The hot sirocco drinks the dews

That linger mid the flowers,

Before their bright-eyed petals lose

The light of morning hours!

The furnace-blast of sorrow dries

The springs of woman's hope,

Before her altered spirit tries

With loftier minds to cope.

One yearning look she casts behind,

Then rushes wildly on:

Who heedeth now the tears that blind

The bright yet blighted one?

Oh, lead her gently back again

To that *one* spot on earth,

Where fond affection weaves her chain,

And holier thoughts have birth!

It may not be!—her heart is changed—

Its earlier life is o'er:

The bounding pulses once deranged,

Beat healthfully no more!

The listening crowd her strains admire:

To them 't is never known,

That ere a woman wake the lyre

Her woman's heart is gone!

**THE PROPOSED PRUSSIAN COLONY IN TEXAS.**—The Galveston Civilian gives the following account of the nature, objects and operations of the German Association for planting a colony in Texas:—

The management of the affairs of the association has been entrusted to Count de Castel, a distinguished military officer, holding a commission in the service of Austria, and at present at Mayence, the seat of the confederation. The object is to introduce into this country from six to ten thousand agriculturists from the surplus population of Germany. This measure has been determined upon from information furnished by Count L——, from which it was decided by the distinguished and philanthropic personages engaged in the enterprise, that Texas presented the best field for the prosecution of their designs for the improvement of the condition of their people, by removing the excess of population to a new country, presenting an extended field for labor and enterprise, and thus benefitting both those who go and those who remain. The object is to provide those who emigrate with all the means necessary to sustain them until their industry has been made available for their own support in this new field, and also properly to direct that industry. Liberal overtures were made to the company, both in Brazil and Guatemala, for colonization in those countries; but Texas was preferred, both on account of its soil and climate, but more particularly from its institutions and the hardy and enterprising character of its inhabitants, and its promising prospects. Count de Castel has succeeded in obtaining the support of the King of Prussia to this enterprise, and, at the last accounts, was about to secure the coöperation of the Emperor of Austria. It is worthy of mention that Col. Dangerfield, the agent of this government in Germany, has contributed materially to the success of this enterprise, as well as in promoting an interest in the affairs of this country generally, in the States of the Germanic Confederation.

**THE GREAT WEST.**—It is but a little while since the West began. Many men yet living can remember when this great valley was a wilderness, and the Mississippi a desolation, navigated by canoes and fishes only; when Detroit, Louisville, St. Louis, Cincinnati, were not, and when New Orleans was but a small settlement. Within the last few years the West has burst out with an amazing quantity of products, which have overwhelmed the places and means of transportation and the markets of sale, and yet it is quite evident that all this is but the preparation for the beginning. This nineteenth century is the only century which seems to have done the world any good in the way of arts and commerce.—It is but fifty-three years since the first cotton was shipped from this country, packed in a few old sugar hogheads, and now it leads the commerce of the world. The lead which comes down the Mississippi has already closed the mines of the old world, from whence our supplies formerly came; and in oils, the western hog is running hard competition with the whale and the olive tree. Hemp and wool will very soon, it is evident, be articles of large exportation, so that in these two great articles also we shall change our attitude from that of buyers to that of sellers.

In the transit of produce down and merchandise

up the Mississippi, there has hitherto been great confusion, damage and loss, from the want of system and suitable accommodations. The ship and the steamer were often far apart, making heavy expenses of drayage; the mud of the levee and the rains damaged the packages, and often the goods. The trouble of sending grain was very great; and when brought in the form of flour and meal, it was half of it sour. A remedy for all this has been commenced, we are glad to know, in the erection of vast warehouses on the opposite side of the river from New Orleans, where cargoes may be discharged and taken in under cover, with dispatch and at small expense.

One warehouse has already been erected 667 feet in length and 120 in depth, with sufficient wharf-room for two or three ships and as many steamboats. Here is room to put grain in bags, to sort and arrange cargoes, and in general to reduce a broad chaos into efficient order. The wheat of the Valley, with such accommodations, may be brought safely to New York and Boston, where mills of unsurpassed excellence are and will be erected, and the cities and neighborhood supplied in bags, with an important saving of expense and trouble. This new state of things, we have reason to know, has attracted the attention of the ever-watchful Bostonians. Of course, a business so vast as that of the Mississippi must and will organize for itself all the accommodations which are necessary to its success.

The following table shows how great the increase of receipts at New Orleans has been in ten years:

	Whole of 1833-4.	10 mos. of 1843-4.
Cotton, bales,	462,252	820,488
Pork, bbls.,	91,985	411,252
Tobacco, hhds.,	24,931	68,197
Hemp, bundles,	32	35,015
Lead, pigs,	203,100	502,047
Beef, bbls.,	5,455	49,143
Feathers, bags,	361	4,263
Lard, kegs,	199,254	358,534
Do., bbls.,	2,359	118,715
Flour, bbls.,	320,660	466,388
Cheese, casks,	117	11,124
Pork in bulk, lbs.,	2,503,860	7,792,000

*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

**A DEAD FOREST.**—In one of Mr. Field's felicitous sketches of "Prairie and Mountain Life," occurs the following striking passage, descriptive of a scene among what are called the Wind River Mountains:—

A scene here opened upon us, such as we had never before conceived, and perhaps quite impossible to convey in description. A "petrified forest" formed the subject of our last sketch. Here was found something not so strange in reality, but full as startling and singular to the eye. Thick forests covered the mountain, half the trees standing, half of them prostrate, and every one *dead*. Not a particle of bark remained among all these ghost-like remnants of a gigantic, but now blasted and extinct vegetation. The huge rocks were swept bare of earth by the violent winds from which this chain derives its name. Nothing met the eye in any direction but naked granite and blasted trees. A feeling of intense awe chilled through our veins and crept into our hearts as we gazed round upon a scene that forced



into the mind a new and vast conception of desolation in sublimity! Big rain drops were still beating against us with the force of hailstones, as they were driven almost horizontally across the bleak mountain top by the screaming wind. The tall pines, leafless, barkless, and branchless, stood in gaping clefts and fissures, pointing their spires into the sky, like ghostly fingers upbraiding their destroyer! Many were pulpy with rottenness, though still standing, upheld by the firm twining of their roots among the rocks. Those that had fallen seemed as though they had crumbled to their descent without a crash, so silent was everything except the fierce wind, to which the white spectres appeared listening, in desolate grandeur, as it flew over the mountains, screaming the requiem of giants gone! We had never before seen, and only once read, of a spectacle so singularly wild and strange as this. It was darkness in day! It was midnight without moon, stars, or obscurity! It was the hush of death over Nature, and the sun yet rolling! It seemed all that should be vague, and nothing that could be real! It was something resembling an actual presentment of Byron's appalling conception of the death of motion:

"Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,  
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd,  
They slept on the abyss without a surge!"

Just so these rotten pines seemed to have fallen,  
"piecemeal," and without a sound.

#### TOO LATE.

Too late—too late! how heavily that phrase  
Comes, like a knell, upon the shuddering ear,  
Telling of slighted duties, wasted days;  
Of privileges lost, of hopes once dear,  
Now quenched in gloom and darkness. Words like  
these

The worldling's callous heart must penetrate—  
All that he might have been in thought he sees,  
And sorrows o'er his wreck too late.

Too late—too late! the prodigal who strays  
Through the dim groves and winding bowers of sin;  
The cold and false deceiver who betrays  
The trusting heart he fondly hoped to win;  
The spendthrift, scattering his golden store,  
And left in age despised and desolate,—  
All may their faults confess, forsake, deplore,  
Yet struggle to retrieve the past too late.

Too late—too late! O dark and fatal ban,  
Is there a spell thy terrors to assuage!  
There is—there is! but seek it not from man;  
Seek for the healing balm in God's own page;  
Read of thy Saviour's love, to him repair—  
He looks with pity on thy guilty state;  
Kneel at his throne in deep but fervent prayer—  
Kneel and repent, ere yet it is too late.

Too late—too late! that direful sound portends  
Sorrow on earth, but not immortal pain;  
Thou may'st have lost the confidence of friends,  
The love of kindred thou may'st ne'er regain:  
But there is One above who marks thy tears,  
And opens for thee salvation's golden gate:  
Come, then, poor mourner, cast away thy fears,  
Believe and enter—it is not too late!

Mrs. Abby.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

#### CAMPBELL'S FUNERAL.\*—BY HORACE SMITH.

'T is well to see these accidental Great,  
Noble by birth, or Fortune's favor blind,  
Gracing themselves in adding grace and state  
To the more noble eminence of mind,  
And doing homage to a bard,  
Whose breast by Nature's gems was starr'd,  
Whose patent by the hand of God himself was  
sign'd.

While monarchs sleep, forgotten, unrevered,  
Time trims the lamp of intellectual fame.  
The builders of the pyramids, who rear'd  
Mountains of stone, left none to tell their name.  
Though Homer's tomb was never known,  
A mausoleum of his own,  
Long as the world endures his greatness shall  
proclaim.

What lauding sepulchre does Campbell want?  
'T is his to give, and not derive renown.  
What monumental bronze or adamant,  
Like his own deathless lays can hand him down?  
Poets outlast their tombs: the bust  
And statue soon revert to dust;  
The dust they represent still wears the laurel  
crown.

The solid abbey walls that seem time-proof,  
Form'd to await the final day of doom;  
The cluster'd shafts, and arch-supported roof,  
That now enshrine and guard our Campbell's tomb,  
Become a ruin'd, shatter'd fane,  
May fall and bury him again,  
Yet still the bard shall live, his fame-wreath still  
shall bloom.

Methought the monumental effigies  
Of elder poets that were group'd around,  
Lean'd from their pedestals with eager eyes,  
To peer into the excavated ground,  
Where lay the gifted, good, and brave,  
While earth from Kosciusko's grave,  
Fell on his coffin-plate with Freedom-shrieking  
sound.†

And over him the kindred dust was strew'd  
Of Poets' Corner. O misnomer strange!  
The poet's confine is the amplitude  
Of the whole earth's illimitable range,  
O'er which his spirit wings its flight,  
Shedding an intellectual light,  
A sun that never sets, a moon that knows no  
change.

Around his grave in radiant brotherhood,  
As if to form a halo o'er his head,  
Not few of England's master spirits stood,  
Bards, artists, sages, reverently led  
To wave each separating plea  
Of sect, clime, party, and degree,  
All honoring him on whom Nature all honors shed.

To me, the humblest of the mourning band,  
Who knew the bard thro' many a changeful year,  
It was a proud, sad privilege to stand  
Beside his grave and shed a parting tear.  
Seven lustres had he been my friend.  
Be that my plea when I suspend  
This all-unworthy wreath on such a poet's bier.

\* He was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey,  
his pall being supported by six noblemen.

† "And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell."—Campbell.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

An Index for the first Volume will accompany that for the second, and be sent to subscribers in No. 24.

The arrangements necessary for a permanent change of residence, added to the business connected with a new publication, have caused a temporary cessation of this weekly correspondence.

Messrs. T. H. Carter & Co. having undertaken the publishing department, Mr. Littell will be able uninterruptedly to give his attention to the compilation. He has felt that his whole time was necessary to this object. Now that the experiment has proved successful, and the Living Age may be expected to go on for many years, with a continual increase in the number of its readers, the Editor hopes that he may become a useful servant of the public. He especially fixes his ambition upon the probability of influencing a part of the rising generation by spreading before them matter of such variety as may quicken the intellect, and of such a nature as will be favorable to good taste and sound principles. If he can accomplish this object, he will have secured for future years the favorable opinions and assistance of those who *will* then be influential in society, and will best have shown his gratitude to the distinguished names which recommended the work in advance.

The late arrivals from Europe have brought many speculations as to the probable effect of the quarrel between France and Morocco. The Spanish feud with that Barbary power had fallen into comparative obscurity, although it appears that Spain, acting under the guidance of France, was collecting an army to punish the Moors for executing a Spanish consul. The Mediterranean is about to become the theatre of great events: Russia will soon break into that sea; becoming mistress of Constantinople. England will be the ruler of Egypt; thus connecting herself with her Indian, or, as we must now say, her Asiatic empire. And probably France may take, as her portion, the whole of Barbary.

When Africa shall be penetrated in all directions, the Slave Trade may perhaps be cut up at the root—and it begins to be felt in England that all attempts at abolishing it by treaty stipulations are ineffectual, while the endeavor to extend and enforce these treaties keeps up a general irritation, and makes the danger of war perpetual. Earnestly sympathizing in the labors of the Friends of the Human Race, we have looked for the attainment of their object, more by the extension of Christianity, and the operation of enlightened self-interest, than by direct force or violent contention.

It seems uncertain what will be the result of the proceedings of the French at Tahiti, whence they have expelled Mr. Pritchard, who had been the English consul. The inflammable state of French politics, and especially the soreness which exists with reference to England, has made it no light difficulty for the invaluable King of the French to keep the peace so long.

The Spectator says:—

"If France and England were at the mercy of their respective servants in Polynesia, they would incontinently go to war. Lord Palmerston or M. Thiers would assuredly have contrived an 'armed peace' out of the new occasion: but Mr. Guizot and Sir Robert Peel, falling in with the temper of the times, are the least likely of all statesmen to stoop to that folly. The French officers in Tahiti, intoxicated by their adventurous conquest of the island, have burlesqued the absolute powers for disposing of all things attributed in melodramas to victors; they have deposed Queen Pomaré, seized Mr. Pritchard, the British missionary-merchant-consul, and sent him off, and have placed part of the island under martial law! Luckily, France disavowed the absurdities of Admiral Dupetit-Thouars and his punctilios about flags and cocoa-nut leaves; and to disavow the puerilities of M. D'Aubigny and M. Bruat, follows as matter of course. The demand for satisfaction, therefore, made formally but not hostilely by the British government, can scarcely be met in any but a decorous spirit. Could not the two countries, however, manage to send out men of sense and discretion to represent them in Polynesia!—In Tahiti, just now, such a

step might be very useful. Perhaps the new commander sent out by France may prove to be of a better sort; and at least we should look to our own servants."

To ourselves, these late occurrences are full of admonition. North America is certainly not too distant for the ambitious views which can extend themselves, at the hazard of a European war, so far into the Pacific Ocean. Order, unity, and rigid honor, are necessary to *prevent* that interference with our concerns which must inevitably lead to war. Steam has bridged the Atlantic.

Mr. Warner's invisible shell has been tried with perfect success in the destruction of a ship off Brighton. But the manner in which the experiment has been made, was not such as to determine the value of the invention, nor even the good faith of the experiment. We shall probably find in some of the next scientific journals a fuller account of it than has yet been given. From the debates in parliament it is evident that Sir Robert Peel has no confidence in the invention, or the inventor. Mr. Warner has asserted that during the war he destroyed two French privateers—and not only kept secret the *means* of doing it, but concealed the fact itself altogether. The Spectator says:—

"Mr. Warner's destructive engines, his 'invisible shell' and 'long range,' have been verbosely discussed in the House of Commons, but not with a perfectly satisfactory account either from his friends or his opponents. Warner's evasion or disregard of the conditions proposed by government for his experiments might show him to be either an impostor or an impracticable pig-headed man. His 'long range,' for instance, is guessed to be the more valuable of his inventions, if his own accounts may be credited, for he boasts of being able to destroy forts and ships at miles' distance: he is called upon to try that engine first; but he obstinately and uniformly persists in experimenting on his 'invisible shell,' which is less obviously original and valuable; his boasts about the 'long range' are miraculous, but not a living soul has ever seen anything of it. On the other hand, government does not stand clear of suspicion that it appointed persons to investigate Mr. Warner's pretensions who were hostile to him; and Sir Howard Douglass was more indiscreet than even he usually is, in uttering sneers scarcely becoming his official character. The upshot is, that Mr. Warner has failed to use his opportunities of making himself believed; while government has failed to detect the hinted imposture."

In connexion with this subject in the House of Lords, Lord Brougham presented a petition from Vice-Admiral the Earl of Dundonald, stating that years ago, the earl had invented a plan for destroying hostile fleets and batteries, doing more destruction in a few weeks than one hundred millions of pounds expended in war had ever done; that a commission had reported his plan to be efficient; but that, at the request of the Prince Regent, and hoping that forbearance from war would continue, he had refrained from making known his invention.

Dr. Wolff's journey to Bokhara has been successful in ascertaining the fate of Col. Stoddard and Capt. Conolly. They were executed in 1842. We shall probably have a detailed and interesting account of the whole matter, after the return of the adventurous missionary.

The English government has been disgraced before the world, for violating the post-office. Not only have letters been opened, but the seals have been forged to prevent discovery. It seems that when the Austrian government opens letters, it acknowledges the deed by affixing the imperial seal. The practice in England appears to have been habitual, and it is asserted that information has been given to continental governments, of the contents of letters so examined. A committee of the House of Commons to examine this matter has been agreed to by government; but it has been so constituted that the public will have no confidence in its report.

We are under obligations to several publishers, for *New Books*, which we have not been able to acknowledge. Hereafter we shall try to pay more attention to our friends. Mr. Dobson has completed the first volume of his American edition of the celebrated collection of Scottish Music, published by Thomson, with words by Burns to many of the airs. Mr. Sparks has sent to us a volume of "Sermons on Duties of Daily Life, by Francis E. Paget, M. A., Rector of Elford." These sermons are in good large type, and are intended for domestic reading, in which way we have intended to become acquainted with them; but the "cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches," have thus far prevented us. (Speaking of sermons, we beg leave to recommend, for an American edition, "The Church of God, a series of sermons by the Rev. R. W. Evans, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge," which we have read *several times* with pleasure and profit. Our copy was published twelve years ago, in London.) Mr. Watson has sent us a copy of his new edition of "Annals of Philadelphia." This is in two handsome volumes. We read the first edition with much interest. It contains the *materials* for much reflection. We have received "A Discourse on True Magnanimity," "A Sermon in behalf of the Foreign Evangelical Society," and "An Address before the Society of the Phi Beta Kappa, in Yale College"—all by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany. Mr. Brainard has reprinted, in a dear little volume, "Silent Love," of which a notice has appeared in the Living Age. And lastly, Messrs. T. H. Carter & Co. have sent us a copy of "Girlhood and Womanhood: or Sketches of my School-mates, by Mrs. A. J. Graves, author of Woman in America." We regret that we have not been able to make ourselves acquainted with any of these volumes.

From the United Service Magazine.

# THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

BY ONE WHO FOUGHT IN IT.

On the 19th day of April, 1836, a courier crossed over from Virginia Ferry to Galveston Island, (then without sign of town, and only having the sick, infirm, and women and children upon it, in addition to the members of the government, fled here for protection against the invading forces of Santa Anna,) and informed us that General Samuel Houston, Commander-in-chief of the Forces of the Republic of Texas, with a force much short of eight hundred men, was in full retreat before the three invading divisions of the Mexican Republic. From San Antonio de Bexar, the President, after deeds of blood,\* which must forever taint and disgrace his name, sent a requisition to Houston to surrender. The reply of the general was laconic, but firm and expressive. "True, sir, you have succeeded in killing some of our brave men, but the Texans are not yet whipped." On receiving this answer, Santa Anna marched out of Bexar towards the Brazos, where he divided his troops into three divisions, giving the command of the left wing to General Vicente Filisola, who marched on to Washington to disperse the convention, while General Cos commanded the right, and Santa Anna the centre, with which he had crossed the Brazos, in pursuit of Houston, retreating, with the twofold object of separating the Mexican forces, and giving a chance of his being himself reinforced.

The courier brought further intelligence, that General Sam. Houston was determined to fight Santa Anna at any odds—the force on each side was now 800 to 4000—but would contrive to put off the final contest in order that some slight reinforcement might have a chance of arriving, as well as ammunition, of which the Texan army was most particularly in need.

On the island were nine men capable of bearing arms, including myself, and of these I received the command from President Burnet, with orders to join the main body with all possible despatch. Never were orders more cheerfully obeyed. Accordingly, providing ourselves with arms, ammunition, and one day's provisions, we manned an

eight-oar cutter; and in two hours after the arrival of the courier, were on the Bay of Galveston, my eight companions bending stoutly to the aspen breeze, and I in the stern sheets steering. We were all full of anxiety and hope, anxious not to be too late, full of the hope of victory,—a hope that was the more flattering and important, when the fearful state of the country at that present moment was considered. Texas for some time past had been but one battle-field, hundreds of our best colonists and volunteers had fallen, not in fair fight, but in cold blood; Fannin, Crockett—poor old David Crockett, Colonel Bowie, and hundreds of slaughtered victims, cried vengeance from their tombs: as much from this, as from any other feeling, were we anxious to meet Santa Anna in the field. Every family was packing up with the intention of leaving forever; the western settlers were to a man driven into Eastern Texas; from the Rio Grande del Norte to the Rio del Trinidad, all was in the hands of the enemy, whose veteran hordes threatened destruction and annihilation to our raw, undisciplined volunteers. In a word, Texas appeared on its last legs. A decisive battle was alone wanting to renew hope, or shut it out forever.

Travelling all that night across Galveston Bay, the next morning at dawn we reached the spot where the San Jacinto and Buffalo Bayou are joined previous to their being lost in the bay. Here, to our inexpressible joy, we found the main force under General Sam. Houston, encamped in some timber half a mile from Lynch's Ferry, engaged in slaughtering beeves, having been several days without proper refreshment. Houston, after a forced march of fifty miles, which was effected in two days and a half—in the prairie, in April, this was tremendous labor—had reached opposite Harrisburg the west bank of Buffalo Bayou on the 18th, when a Mexican courier, captured by Erastus Smith, (from being affected in his hearing, called Deaf Smith,) a Texan scout, who, by his courage, acuteness, and activity, has rendered important services to his fellow-citizens, put Houston in possession of despatches from Filisola, showing the enemy's position, plans, and movements. It was also learned, through the same source, but subsequently, that General Santa Anna, with one division of his choice troops, had marched in the direction of Lynch's Ferry on the San Jacinto, burning the miserable little town of Harrisburg, on the west bank of Buffalo Bayou, as he passed down. On the receipt of this intelligence, Houston ordered the army to be in readiness to march early the next morning. The main body crossed over Buffalo Bayou, below Harrisburg,\* on the morning of

\* I will not here mention more than one, an historical fact. "About four hundred Texan prisoners, including those of Ward's detachment, were at the fort of Goliad, when General Santa Anna ordered their execution. On the morning of the 27th March, these prisoners, (*en donde habian capitulado*, says Urrea, in his despatch,) with the exception of two or three medical men, who were retained to aid the Mexican wounded, and some privates employed as laborers, were marched out of the fort, ostensibly for the purpose of driving in beeves. They were divided into sections, and each section was under the escort of a strong Mexican guard. After proceeding about three hundred yards, they were ordered to halt and throw off their blankets and knapsacks. Before they had time to obey the order, a fire of musketry was opened upon them, and what the bullets left unfinished, the sabres of the cavalry completed. A very few, who were uninjured by the first fire, leaped a fence of brushwood, concealed themselves in a thicket, and succeeded in rejoining their countrymen beyond the Colorado."

## \* LETTER OF HOUSTON.

Camp, Harrisburg, April 19, 1836.

This morning we are in preparation to meet Santa Anna. It is the only chance of saving Texas. From time to time I have looked for reinforcements in vain. The convention adjourning to Harrisburg, struck panic throughout the country. Texas could have started at least 4000

the 19th, having left the baggage, the sick, and a sufficient camp-guard in the rear, in order that nothing might hamper them, and prevent an engagement with the enemy on their attempting to cross Lynch's Ferry. Of course a passage across the swollen stream was not effected without considerable difficulty; but once over, the march was continued through day and night, one very brief halt being made towards the morning of the 20th, in the prairie, without any refreshment. At daylight, the onward course was resumed; and after a short progress, the scouts of the enemy were encountered by the Texan scouts, and information gained to the effect, that General Santa Anna was at New Washington, and would that day take up the line of march for Anahuac, crossing Lynch's Ferry. This the Texans wished above all to prevent, as then Eastern Texas would be at his mercy.

Meanwhile Santa Anna, as it appears from his own subsequent despatches, equally eager to bring the contest to a decisive issue, sent out on the morning of the 19th, Capt Barragan, with some dragoons, to a point on the Lynchburg road, three leagues distant from New Washington, to ascertain the exact position of Houston.

On the morning of the 20th, Santa Anna received intelligence that the enemy had just reached Lynchburg, thus rendering a defeat of the Texans necessary, to enable him to gain Anahuac. A march was therefore ordered, and the news, according to the Mexican general, "heard with the greatest joy by all the individuals of my corps." Such was the state of things when we arrived; and though so few in numbers, nine rifles were no mean acquisition, and six kegs of powder, which we brought, very serviceable to the artillery company. Immediately on my landing, I repaired to the general's tent, and, delivering my despatches, looked around me to observe our position. A scene singularly wild and picturesque presented itself to my view. Around some twenty or thirty camp-fires stood as many groups of men, English, Irish, Scotch, French, Germans, Italians, Poles, Yankees, Mexicans, &c., all unwashed, unshaven for months, their long hair, beard and mustachoes, ragged and matted, their clothes in tatters, and plastered with mud; in a word, a more savage band could scarcely have been assembled; and yet many—most indeed, were gentlemen, owners of large estates, distinguished some for oratory, some for science, and some for medical talent, many would have, and had, graced the drawing-room.

men, we only have about 700 to march with beside the camp-guard. We go to conquer. It is wisdom growing out of necessity to meet and fight the enemy now. Every consideration enforces it. No previous occasion would justify it. The troops are in fine spirits, and now is the time for action. We shall use our best efforts to fight the enemy to such advantage as will insure victory, though the odds are greatly against us. I leave the result in the hands of a wise God, and rely upon his providence. My country will do justice to those who serve here. The rights for which we fight will be secured, and Texas free.

SAM. HOUSTON, Commander-in-Chief.

But here, oppressed and trampled on, their homes made desolate, their wives and children driven from the fair habitations which were rising in the wilderness, all had turned out, determined, even desperate, to defend their country, and avenge the Alamo, Tampico, and other horrible atrocities. Their guns of every size and shape, rifles without bayonets, no two perhaps of the same calibre, a few muskets, some with, some also without, bayonets, were piled at hand, and each man was striving to warm a piece of meat for his morning meal. The position occupied by Houston was excellent, when the value of trees to bush-fighters is considered, having in our rear a long belt of timber, which skirted the Bayou, before us the prairie dotted with islands of wood, with here and there a gentle eminence.

Just as my eye had taken in all the details of the scene, and many local advantages had been examined, the advanced guard of the Mexican army came in sight, having marched from Clopper's point, their last encampment. In an instant all flew to arms, and preparations were made to receive them with all due honor. Each of our companies formed rapidly under cover of the wood, and stood still awaiting orders. Santa Anna, meanwhile, took up a position with his infantry and artillery in the centre, occupying an island of timber, his cavalry covering the left flank. The artillery consisting of "one double fortified medium brass twelve-pounder"\* then opened on our encampment. A column of infantry also advanced in gallant style, looking exceedingly grand in the picturesque costume of Mexican soldiers, with the intention of charging our lines, but were repulsed by a discharge of grape and canister from our artillery, consisting of two six-pounders, the only cannon we had, and for which we were indebted to the liberality of the citizens of Cincinnati, in Ohio. The artillery were ably seconded by a charge of our cavalry, supported by four-and-twenty picked riflemen, before whose deadly fire the Mexican column retreated precipitately, carrying off their dead and wounded. To this superiority, vast and incomparable, in rifle practice, has always been owing the apparently incredible disproportion of casualties during this war. The enemy, meantime, had thrown in a detachment into a piece of timber within rifle-shot of the left wing of our army, where I was posted with my company, and here a warm discharge of small arms took place, without, however, any very serious effect. I waited impatiently for the signal for close engagement, but it was not given. Santa Anna evidently wished to draw us into the open prairie, where the tried discipline of his old soldiers, veterans who had served in every revolutionary contest, would avail him much; but such were not the views of "old Sam," as our general was familiarly called. Discovering that we were

\* So says General Houston's report; my impression is, that it was a nine-pounder.

not to be drawn into a pitched battle-field, and that he must attack us, if at all, firmly entrenched on the skirt of the wood, Santa Anna drew off about one thousand yards' distance, took up a position on the bank of the San Jacinto, and commenced fortifications on an eminence, with abundance of water in his view, a thick wood on his right, and a plain on his left. While he was executing this movement, our artillery kept up a constant fire, doing much damage, and, in particular, wounding, as is learnt from Santa Anna's very egotistical despatch to his own government, one Captain Fernando Urriaza.

A brief cessation now ensued, when our cavalry, in number eighty-five, under the special command of Colonel Sherman, marched out for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy, and attacked the escort of the military President of Mexico, which was posted on the left, causing it to fall back and wounding a dragoon. While advancing, our gallant little corps received a volley from the enemy's infantry, and after a sharp *rencontre* with the cavalry, and two companies of cazadores, in which our men acted extremely well against a great disparity of numbers, and performed several daring acts of chivalry, they retired in good order, having had two men severely wounded, and several horses killed under them. One incident, which I remarked, while leading on my own little company to support the cavalry in case of need, was much talked of afterwards. Mirabeau B. Lamar, then a private volunteer—afterwards President of the republic—was left, during a furious charge and subsequent retreat, in the rear of his companions, between whom and himself were a detachment of Mexican cavalry. Dropping his carbine to his side, and drawing his heavy dragoon sword, Lamar determined not to be made a prisoner, waved it over his head, and alone dashed headlong into the midst of the startled Mexicans, cutting to the right and left, and in the end, despite every effort to kill or capture him, regaining his companions. Meanwhile, Lieutenant-Colonel Millard had led on one party of infantry, and Colonel Burleson another with the artillery, to cover the retreat of the cavalry, under strict injunctions not to be led into a general engagement, a very wise precaution considering the fatigue and starvation so recently undergone. The Mexicans drawing off, we fell back in good order to our encampment about sunset, and the army took rest and food, for several days having been most scantily supplied with either; engaged in forced marches, exposed to excessively heavy rains in the swampy prairie, and the additional inconvenience of extremely bad roads, badly supplied with rations and clothing, beef without bread or salt forming their sole support for a long period; many barefooted, and none with a change of clothing. What wonder, then, that General Houston was desirous of giving as much rest and repose as possible before the final engagement? It was an unfortunate necessity,

however, giving Santa Anna time to gain reinforcements. The enemy, meantime, extended the right flank of their infantry, composed of three companies, so as to occupy the extreme point of a skirt of timber on the bank of the San Jacinto; and secured the left by a parapet or fortification about five feet high, constructed of packs and baggage, protected by the cavalry and a column of select companies (*de preferencia*) under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Santiago Luelmo, which composed the Mexican reserve. In the centre of the breastwork was an opening, where was placed their artillery, and in the centre of the line the permanent battalion of Matamoros formed their *corps de bataille*. An army double our numbers fortifying against us!

About eight the next morning, being the 21st of April, I commanded a small body of observation, on our extreme right, when I saw advancing from the direction of Harrisburg, a dense column of men. I immediately summoned the general, who was soon at my side, and we had the satisfaction of witnessing the entrance into the enemy's camp of 500 choice troops under the command of General Cos, increasing the effective force of Santa Anna to upwards of 1900 men, whilst our aggregate force for the field numbered 783! I expressed my regret that the enemy should thus be reinforced, and my fears that Siesma and Filisola would arrive and make up 4000 men. Houston's reply was, "My men have suffered three weeks of the most frightful fatigue and starvation. Twenty-four hours' rest will better enable them to fight 4000 than they would have fought 400 last night or this morning." This was quite true, and yet it seemed a pity, in a military point of view, to see 500 picked men added to an already largely overwhelming force. I am aware that Santa Anna, in his report to his own government, gives another version, but the result explains and excuses the prevarication and the motive. While emphatically denying the truth of his statement from positive knowledge, and the assertion of General Cos, that these were the picked men of the army, we yet give the Mexican President's account, as published by that chivalric defender of the various atrocities of the Napoleon of the West, "Doran Maillard. Esq., Barrister of Law of Texas." "On the 21st, at 9 o'clock in the morning, General Cos arrived with 400 men belonging to the battalions of Aldama, Guerrero, Toluca, and Guadalajara, having left 100 men under the orders of Colonel Mariano Garcia, with their loads in a swampy place, near Harrisburg; and these never joined me. I then saw that my orders had been contravened, for I had asked 500 select infantry, and they sent me raw recruits who had joined the army at St. Louis, Potosi and Saltillo. I was highly displeased with this act of disobedience, and looked upon the reinforcement as trifling, whereas I had, before its arrival, entertained well-founded hopes of gaining some decided advantage with the new succor

which was to have given me the superiority of numbers. I disposed myself, however, to take advantage of the favorable disposition which I perceived in our soldiers on the arrival of General Cos; but the latter represented to me, that having made a forced march in order to reach my camp early, his troops had neither eaten nor slept during twenty-four hours, (six hours was the truth,) and that whilst the loads were coming in, it was indispensable to grant some refreshment to the soldiers. I consented to it, but in order to keep a watch over the enemy, and to protect the loads which were on the road, I posted my escort in a favorable place, reinforcing it with thirty-two infantry, mounted on officers' horses. Hardly one hour had elapsed since that operation, when General Cos begged me, in the name of Don Miguel Aguirre, the commander of the escort, that I would permit his soldiers to water their horses, which had not drank for twenty-four hours, and let the men take some refreshment. Being moved by the *pitiable tone* in which this request was made, I consented, commanding at the time, that Aguirre and his men should return to occupy their position as soon as they should have satisfied their necessities; and his disobedience to this order concurred in favor of the enemy. Feeling myself exceedingly fatigued from having spent the whole morning on horseback, and the preceding night without sleep, I lay down under the shade of some trees, while the soldiers were preparing their meal. Calling General Castrillon, who acted as major-general, I recommended him to be watchful, and to give me notice of the least movement of the enemy, and also to inform me when the repast of the soldiers would be over, because it was urgent to act in a decisive manner."

The blame is here unsparingly lavished, but with little credit, in my opinion, to Santa Anna. However, to continue my story. About half past three o'clock in the afternoon, General Houston gave orders for the officers of the Texan army to parade their respective commands, having in the mean time despatched a little party to destroy a bridge, the only one communicating with the Brazos, and thus cut off all possibility of escape should the enemy be vanquished. And yet Santa Anna says this bridge was destroyed by the Texans to retard his pursuit, when he crossed it on the previous day entire! The gallant little army paraded with alacrity and spirit, all impatient for the contest. Rest and food had done wonders; each man felt able for two or three Mexicans, and loudly declared this feeling. Their great inferiority in numbers, —less than one half,—appeared only to increase their enthusiasm and confidence, and render them the more anxious to begin. "Remember Crockett," said some bosom-friend of the murdered hunter. "Recollect Fannin," whispered some *ancien ami*. "Aye, and Bowie and the Alamo," chimed in others; and teeth were set, and looks of vengeance passed along the impatient ranks. Our

position afforded the general every facility and opportunity for making all necessary arrangements preparatory to an advance, without our designs being exposed to the enemy. To the first regiment, commanded by Colonel Burleson, was assigned the centre. The second regiment, under the command of Colonel Sherman, formed the left wing of the army. The artillery, under the especial command of Colonel George W. Hockley, inspector-general, was placed on the right of the first regiment, and four companies of infantry, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Henry Millard, sustained the artillery upon the right. Our cavalry, sixty-one only in number, so many horses having been killed and wounded on the previous day, were commanded by Colonel Mirabeau B. Lamar,—to this position he had attained in consequence of his daring gallantry of the previous day, his comrades insisting on being led by him to the charge. I had exchanged my company for a command under Lamar.

To begin the action, we were despatched to the enemy's left, in front of which we rode, as if to tempt them out, but in vain; all was still and quiet, though the sentinels were carefully observing us. This should be remarked, as many call the battle a surprise,—none, however, but the paid servants of Mexico. Meantime an extensive island of timber enabled Houston to concentrate his forces, and to deploy them thence in gallant style, agreeably to his design. Everything succeeded admirably, the troops showing an unexpected regularity and discipline. Every evolution was performed with precision and alacrity, and then, at the word of command, advancing to meet the trained bands of the hero of so many victories. The whole hurried forward in regular line, through an open prairie in the face of the enemy, unsheltered from their fire, trailing their arms to within sixty or seventy yards. The musicians meantime played a welcome to Santa Anna,—

"Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?"

The artillery meanwhile galloped forward, and took station within two hundred yards of the enemy's breastwork, and poured on them a volley of grape and canister, which caused great confusion, the Mexicans never once venturing from behind their breastwork. Colonel Sherman, with his division, was the first to engage, commencing the action on the left wing, the whole body advancing in double quick time, shouting, "Remember the Alamo, Goliad, and Tampico." The enemy, in the interval, had given us volley after volley, we, however, coming within point blank shot before we raised a gun. Then each man took cool and steady aim, and seven hundred rifles and muskets rent the welkin. It was our first and last volley; charging without a halt, we were in another moment in possession of the woodland and the enemy's breastwork, the remaining veterans of Santa Anna, mostly in disorder, endeavoring by flight to

save their lives. The right wing of Burleson's had taken possession of the breastwork, the artillery had charged up within seventy yards of the enemy's cannon, when it was taken possession of by Millard's company. The whole contest lasted about fourteen minutes, from the time of action until we were in complete possession of the Mexican camp, taking one piece of cannon loaded, all their colors, camp-equipage, stores, and baggage. Never was victory more complete and decisive, more truly creditable to the conquerors, and more overwhelming to the defeated. We (the cavalry) had charged and routed that of the enemy upon the right wing, and we now gave pursuit to the fugitives, which chase did not cease until our arrival at the bridge before mentioned, when the greater part surrendered, and returned with us, Santa Anna, however, escaping for the time, in what manner will be seen below.

The struggle on the breastwork had lasted but a few minutes, our deadly fire having paralyzed the Mexicans. Many, however, engaged hand to hand, and we, having no bayonets, used the butt-ends of our muskets and rifles, like the war-clubs of the Indians, many paying for it by having their shooting-irons break off at the breech. The rout commenced at half-past four o'clock, and the pursuit continued until dark.

Now let us hear Santa Anna's version, in which he would make out a case of surprise by 783 men against 1900, the former advancing some hundreds of yards through the open prairie, under the fire of the Mexicans.

"I was in a deep sleep," says Santa Anna, "when I was awakened by the firing and noise. I immediately perceived we were attacked, and had fallen into frightful disorder. The enemy had surprised our advanced posts; one of their wings had driven away the three companies (*de preferencia*) posted in the wood on our right, and from the trees were now doing much execution with their rifles. The rest of the enemy's infantry attacked us in front with two pieces of cannon, and their cavalry did the same on our left. Although the mischief was already done, I thought I could repair it, and with that view sent the battalion of Aldama to reinforce the line of battle formed by that of Matamoros, and organized a column of attack under the orders of Don Manuel Cespedes, composed of the *permanent battalion* of Guerrero, and the piquets of Toluca and Guadalupe, which moved to the front with the company of Lieut.-Colonel Luelmo, in order to check the advance of the enemy; but my efforts were in vain. The line was abandoned by the two battalions who were covering it; and notwithstanding the firing of our cannon, the two columns were thrown into disorder, Colonel Cespedes being wounded, and Colonel Luelmo killed. General Castrillon, who ran to and fro to reestablish order in our ranks, fell mortally wounded; and the new recruits threw everything into confusion, breaking their ranks, and preventing the veterans from making use of their arms, whilst the enemy were rapidly advancing with loud hurrahs, and in a few moments obtained a victory, which they could not some hours before even have dreamed of."

Instead of this there was not, I believe, one man in our whole camp who did not feel certain of the very defeat which Santa Anna takes so much pains, to explain away. A guard being left to take care of the enemy's camp, our army returned to quarters with their killed and wounded, of whom a particular mention cannot but be made in this place:—

Major-General Samuel Houston, wounded severely.

1st Regiment Texan Volunteers.

Company A.—Geo. Waters, private, slightly wounded.

B.—J. Cunly; W. S. Walker, privates, badly wounded.

C.—Capt. Jesse Bellingsly, slightly wounded.

Lemuel Blackely, private, killed.

Logan Vandever, private, badly wounded.

Washington Anderson, private, slightly wounded.

Calvin Page, private, slightly wounded.

Martin Walker, private, slightly wounded.

D.—Capt. Mosely Baker, slightly wounded.

C. D. Anderson, private, slightly wounded.

Allen Ingram, private, slightly wounded.

F.—Levy Wilkinson, private, slightly wounded.

James Nelson, private, slightly wounded.

Mitchell Putnam, private, slightly wounded.

H.—A. R. Stephens, private, slightly wounded.

J. Tom, private, badly wounded.

J.—Cooper, killed.

K. B. Brigham, killed.

Total killed, 3; wounded, 15.

2nd Regiment Texan Volunteers.

Company D.—Second Lieutenant Lamb, killed.

G. W. Robinson and W. Winters, wounded severely.

First Serjeant Albert Gallatin, wounded slightly.

E.—Wash. Lewis and E. Gector, wounded slightly.

F.—Alphonso Steel, wounded slightly.

K.—First Lieutenant J. C. Hale, killed.

J.—Capt. Smith, slightly wounded.

First Serjeant T. P. Fowl, killed.

W. F. James and — Trask, severely wounded.

Killed, 3; wounded, 8.

Dr. W. Mosely, wounded severely; died since.

A. R. Stevens, wounded severely; died since.

Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Neil, artillery, wounded severely.

W. A. Park, artillery, wounded slightly.

Devereaux J. Woodruff, cavalry, wounded severely.

On the side of the Mexican: killed, 630, among whom were 1 general officer, 4 colonels, 2 lieut.-colonels, 7 captains, and 1 cadet. Prisoners, 730—President Santa Anna, General Cos, 4 colonels (aids.) About 600 muskets, 300 sabres, and 200 pistols were collected, several hundred mules and horses, and nearly 12,000 in specie. Generals Santa Anna and Cos were captured on the day succeeding the battle of San Jacinto. A party despatched from our camp discovered the former, alone, unarmed, and disguised in poor clothing, on Buffalo Bayou, and were ignorant of his name and rank until they brought him to General Houston, to whom he announced himself as President of the Mexican Republic, and Commander-in-Chief of the army. But let him relate his escape and capture



himself; no one can do so better. "All hopes being lost, and every one flying as fast as he could, I found myself in the greatest danger, when a servant of my aide-de-camp, Colonel Don Juan Bringas, offered me his horse, and with the tenderest and most urging expressions, insisted upon my riding off the field. I looked for my escort, and two dragoons, who were hurriedly saddling their horses, told me that their officers and fellow-soldiers had all made their escape. I remembered that General Filisola was only seventeen leagues off, and I took my direction towards him, darting through the enemy's ranks. They pursued me, and after a ride of one league and a half, overtook me on the banks of a large creek, the bridge over which was burned by the enemy to *retard our pursuit* [to prevent their flight.] I alighted from my horse, and with much difficulty succeeded in concealing myself in a thicket of dwarf pines. Night coming on, I escaped them, and the hope of reaching the army gained me strength. I crossed the creek, with the water up to my breast, and continued my route on foot. I found in a house which had been abandoned some articles of clothing, which enabled me to change my apparel. At 11 o'clock, A. M., while I was crossing a large plain, my pursuers overtook me again. Such is the history of my capture."

General Samuel Houston, whose conduct and courage in the field were above praise, had been severely wounded in the ankle, and was slumbering on a blanket at the foot of a spreading oak on the morning in question. I, Lamar, and Karnes stood near in conversation, when a man, meanly dressed, and bespattered with mud, was ushered before us. Guessing the rank and character of Houston, he approached him, squeezed his hand, at which Houston awoke, and General Santa Anna then announced himself, in a state of great nervous agitation.

"Sir," said the Texan commander, pointing to a medicine-chest close to his head, "be seated. Such accommodation as we have is at your service."

Santa Anna did as he was requested, and then demanded some opium, which having been furnished him, he appeared somewhat more composed, and said to Houston, "You were born to no ordinary destiny—you have conquered the Napoleon of the West!"

We could not forbear smiling, though regarding the vaunt with such vast hatred; for though ready to sympathize with any brave but vanquished warrior, the massacres of the Alamo, Goliad, and Tampico had filled our bosoms with sentiments so bitter towards this man, that pity had no abiding place. Houston turned the conversation to these subjects, when Santa Anna defended them, on the ground of expediency and having received strict orders from his government! This was quite as absurd as if Cæsar, or Cromwell, or Napoleon had spoken of orders; every one knowing that he was,

and still is, military despot and dictator in Mexico, ruling people and parliament by the sword. Houston then resigned his tent to him, placing a guard of officers around to prevent the vengeance of the soldiers, who, furious at the cold-blooded slaughter of their companions, cried aloud for him to be put to death. While all felt he deserved any fate which might befall him, yet were all well aware that, as a prisoner of war, he was entitled to our protection, and that his having violated every divine and human maxim would be no excuse for our doing the same.

Next day a convention was signed between Houston and Santa Anna, who ordered Generals Filisola and Saona to retire to San Antonio de Bexar, and Urrea to Victoria. A final treaty was on the 1st of May entered into between "His Excellency the General-in-Chief of the army of operations, President of the Mexican Republic, Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, for one party; and His Excellency the President of the Republic of Texas, Mr. David G. Burnet, for the other party;" by which the former bound himself "not to take up arms, nor to influence their being taken up, against the people of Texas;" and thus ended the first war of independence.

Generals Filisola and Urrea then commenced a retreat; a retreat disastrous in the extreme, and attended by every dismal circumstance which could add to its natural *désagréments*. The Mexican generals, in the first place, monopolized the wagons to carry their own private plunder, the baggage of the troops being left behind. Rains pouring down upon the rich alluvial soil between the Brazos and the Colorado, had changed the green prairies into seas of mud, in which an Indian canoe might have floated. At one place, called Atasquito, says one writer, "they suffered the most. Here they were overtaken by dreadful cold rains, in the middle of a swamp, through which with the utmost difficulty the progress of a day was about three miles." By dint, however, of great exertion and courage, they succeeded in dragging the artillery and wagons through these dismal swamps. General Filisola, in a despatch (of this retreat I rely wholly on Mexican authority, having been despatched to Galveston directly after the capture of Santa Anna) to his own government, speaking of the 30th of April says, "*La noche fué horrorosa*. Artillery, cavalry, sick, baggage, mules, everything that accompanied the army, was a chaotic mass, buried in mud." There was no wood to cook, no provisions to be cooked, except a few beans and a little salt; ammunition wet, muskets rusty, men sick and dying, no doctors nor medicine. "Had the enemy," says Filisola, "met us under these cruel circumstances, on the only road that was left, no alternative remained but to die or surrender at discretion."

Such was the battle of San Jacinto and its results. The fate of Santa Anna is well known. Liberated by the Texan government, he returned

to Mexico, under a pledge to obtain the recognition of our independence. His first act was to fit out expeditions against Texas, again to be defeated, and finally destroyed. The war continued without intermission until May, 1843, when an armistice was entered into between the two republics, which, it is expected, will end, thanks to the mediation of Great Britain, in the recognition of Texan independence. Whether in the mean time Texas will commit the suicidal act of merging into the North American Union, remains to be seen.\*

From the Asiatic Journal.

#### PUNISHMENT OF APOSTATES FROM ISLAMISM.

A RECENT occurrence, which has established a precedent for interference by Christian governments, in matters of religion, with Mahomedan states, is too curious in itself, and too important in relation to its probable consequences, to be allowed by us to pass without a short notice. The relaxation of that severe system of anti-Christian policy which for so many centuries kept Turkey in a constant state of active or slumbering hostility with Christendom, and the adoption by the Turkish government and people of many of our habits and modes of thinking, seem to have invited this encroachment (for such we deem it) upon their peculiar laws, and in a matter which, a few years ago, would have thrown the whole Ottoman empire into combustion.

The short and simple facts of the case are as follows. By the Mahomedan law, as administered in Turkey, persons who, having embraced Islamism, afterwards abandon that faith, are liable to suffer death. This is no doubt a barbarous and cruel law, but it is not peculiar to Mahomedanism—witness the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford! There have been probably more persons put to death in cold blood, and according to the forms of law, for exchanging one mode of Christianity for another, than in Turkey for renouncing the established faith altogether.

In the Turkish empire, there have been individuals who, educated in Christianity, have apostatized to Islamism,—men of lax or abandoned principles, who hoped by such change to improve their worldly circumstances, or, perhaps, in a few cases, to gratify their appetite for pleasures in which the Mussulman creed permits its votaries to indulge without let or censure. It is barely or scarcely possible that one or two individuals in a century have conscientiously repudiated the Bible, in the belief of which they have been bred, and sincerely embraced the *Koran*. When the Barbary States were in their vigor, many Christians, captured by their rovers, became Mahomedans, either through compulsion, or in the hope of escaping

the horrors of slavery; but that infamous system has passed away.

Recently, some individuals, who had apostatized from Christianity to Islamism, and become again converts (as it is termed) to their original faith, have been executed in Turkey. What might have been the motives of these men in thus dallying with a question of such vital importance to themselves, it is impossible to know; if the first change was a sordid or licentious one, the second may be as little sincere. But the motives of the converts are no part of the question.

The ambassadors of England and France at Constantinople have been authorized and instructed by their governments to demand of the Sultan that this practice, of putting to death converts from Islamism to Christianity, be formally and forever abandoned throughout the Ottoman empire. When this proposition was made to the minister of the Porte, he told the ambassadors that this was a religious question, in which the government could not act; at the same time, in order to evince his desire to fulfil the wishes of his Christian allies, the Sultan, although he could not abrogate a religious law, undertook that it should not in future be enforced.

This was a very considerable step in toleration, to be taken by a bigoted government, at the instance of those whose motives it must suspect and whose faith it detests. The law was still to remain unrepealed, but inert, like our law against witches, up to a very late period. And this would probably have sufficed, if it had not been intended to establish a direct and unquestionable precedent for interfering peremptorily in such matters hereafter. The two ambassadors would listen to no stipulation short of a formal abrogation of the law. It was in vain they were reminded that this was no question involving the toleration of Christianity, which is secured by treaty; the ambassadors demanded interviews with the Sultan, and threatened that, if their proposition was not agreed to, they would cease communication with the Porte, and withdraw from Constantinople.

Whether the military and naval preparations, which were ordered contemporaneously with this demand, indicated an intention primarily to resist it, is matter of conjecture: the Turkish government is too feeble to engage in a war with any European power, even when the contest is for the defence of their faith. It has submitted.

In this event we foresee the ultimate overthrow of Mahomedanism as a principle of government. Similar occasions for interference will often happen, and they will never be neglected. The two creeds will thus be brought into a species of conflict, and Mahomedanism will sink from a dominant principle into the distinction of a sect.

The result may be beneficial; but we wish it could be brought about by different means. Neither England nor France has any greater right to require the Turkish government to forbear executing apostates who relapse, than to call upon that of Portugal to abstain from an *auto da fe*.

\* Those who seek a detailed account of the whole Texan war, will find it in two books—one furiously anti-Texan, "Maillard's History," full, to my certain knowledge, of errors and mis-statements; the other, a glowing panegyric on Texas, equally erroneous on the other side, "Kennedy's Texas." A careful examination of the two may give some slight idea of the real state of the question.

From Hood's Magazine.

### THE UNKNOWN SINGER: A MYSTIFICATION.

I WAS rambling through the Rhine country. A pleasant country it is to wander in during the summer months, when the vines are green, the corn as yet uncut, the trees in the orchards laden with fruit, the woods and hedgerows perfumed with flowers; when the sun shines every day, and all day, and the sky, if not of so deep a blue as that of Naples or Cadiz, is yet as clear and cloudless. With a compact knapsack on my back and a stout stick in my hand, possessed likewise of what somebody has called the two requisites for getting through the world, a light heart and a thin pair of—unnameables, I strolled along over hill and dale, visiting old castles and exploring ruins of every kind, enjoying the fresh breath of nature, and *me faisant du bon sang*, as the French say, for twelve months' consumption.

Although occasionally compelled to repair to some town to which my portmanteau had been forwarded, I did this as little as possible; but, on the contrary, avoided all places where I might expect to find a crowd. I had long been of opinion that the greatest objection to the country about the Rhine was the uninteresting and unintellectual character of its inhabitants, people who pass their time in feeding, smoking, and taking off their hats to one another. Boors for boors, I prefer those who inhabit a hamlet to those who dwell in a city; the former, at least, are in their place; and I accordingly so arranged my route as to pass the night usually in some small village. My custom was to start at daybreak, walk and explore till ten or eleven o'clock, rest during the heat of the day in a village inn or roadside tavern, and towards evening resume my march for four or five hours. My ramble might have been rendered more agreeable by the society of one or two pleasant companions, but I had not happened to meet with such. As may be supposed, therefore, my opportunities of conversation during my excursion had been few, limited to an occasional chat with a village priest or schoolmaster, or some peasant more intelligent than his fellows, from whom I obtained details and legends concerning the ruins and antiquities plentifully scattered over the Rhine provinces.

On a piping hot morning towards the commencement of July, I was walking along a country road in Rhenish Bavaria. It was the warmest day we had had that summer; the dust on the road seemed to burn one's feet; the heat might be seen in the air, dancing and flickering over the fields; the sun was glaring out with tremendous power, and the walnut and apple trees planted along the side of the lane I was following afforded but a very imperfect shelter from its rays. It was considerably past eleven, the hour at which I usually came to a pause, but I had been misinformed as to distances, or else had taken a wrong

turn, and the village at which I intended to make my mid-day halt had not appeared. It was with no small satisfaction, therefore, that I at last came in sight of a house by the roadside, which, from its being larger than the generality of the peasants' cottages and farmhouses, I supposed to be an inn. I was not mistaken. On reaching the house I beheld a gray board swinging above the door, on which some village Landseer had depicted a creature with four legs and a tail, which might have been intended for anything, from a rabbit to a rhinoceros. The painter, however, had been so considerate as to add an inscription, by which the passer-by was instructed of the intention of his hieroglyphic. The Red Lion was the quadruped under whose special protection had been placed the hostelry which I now entered.

The inn was not a remarkably good or large one, nor did its customers seem numerous, the only living creature I encountered, besides dogs, chickens, and children, being a buxom peasant-woman, apparently the hostess, who, on my inquiring if I could have some refreshment, replied in the affirmative, and asked me where I would choose to be served, in the *stube* or in the garden. The *stube*, of which she opened the door, was a dingy little room, smelling of stale tobacco-smoke, and by no means of an inviting appearance. I begged, therefore, to be shown the garden. This was a plot of ground of about half an acre, in the corner of which, nearest the house, stood a sort of bower, formed of two rows of poles supporting a lattice-work, and overgrown with vines and honeysuckles so as to be impervious to the sun. The garden itself teemed with roses and other flowers, over which hundreds of butterflies were fluttering, and the inhabitants of half a dozen bee-hives humming and buzzing. The appearance of the place was so pleasant, so different from the smoky, narrow interior of the house, that I immediately established myself at the table in the arbor, and requested mine hostess to bring thither whatever she might be able to provide for the refreshment of my inward man.

Some *wurst* or sausage, bread, cheese, and fruit, and for potables some very tolerable wine, were soon placed before me. My breakfast had been slight and my walk a long one, and I did ample justice to the provender. I finished eating, poured out the last glass from my moderate-sized bottle, and leaned back against the side of the arbor. The heat was really stifling; there was not a breath of air, and although I had disencumbered myself of my blouse and neckcloth, I still found it impossible to keep cool. I was ruminating as to the probability of being able to proceed with my journey before nightfall without risking a fever, when I heard a step approaching the arbor. A stranger entered, made me a low bow, and seated himself upon a bench, nearly opposite to me, but yet at a sufficient distance not to appear intrusive.

The new comer was a man of thirty-five or

forty years of age, who, at the first glance, struck me as being an excellent type of his countrymen. He was about the middle height, square built, with features massive but not coarse; the dark gray eye—a sort of blackish gray—of central Germany; and light brown hair, which, when he took off his hat on entering, I saw was very scanty on the top of his head. He was what would be called dull-looking; but yet, on examining him more narrowly, there was a certain degree of observation and of slow keenness (if those two words will bear connecting) in the expression of his eye and the lines round the corners of his mouth. He was evidently not one of those men with whom, as a French writer observes, the blade wears out the scabbard, the activity of the mind fatigues and preys upon the body. Placid contentment sat upon his broad, smooth forehead and plump, unwrinkled cheeks, while his comfortable degree of *wholesome embonpoint* indicated a regular appetite, and, probably, a good digestion. His dress was plain, unnoticeable either for cut or materials; in his hand he carried a pipe, on the large china bowl of which was painted a portrait of Schiller, and from which he puffed forth enormous volumes of smoke. As to what the man was, it was hard to decide. He might be a brewer or a baron, a count or a cow-keeper, a tailor or a professor of law or physic. It is astonishing how little difference there is in many parts of Germany in the appearance and manners of those various classes.

I had been particularly solitary during the preceding three days, and had scarcely exchanged a word with anybody. I had had no *rencontres*; not so much as a travelling student, or an Englishman with one of Murray's crimson-covered guide-books in his hand, (the invariable sign, by the by, of the English tourist,) had crossed my path. I was not sorry to exercise my ears and tongue a little, and accordingly entered into conversation with the stranger. He replied civilly to an inquiry I made of him concerning some ruins which I had passed on the road, but either from indolence or inability did not seem disposed to do much in the way of conversation, beyond answering my questions. Little by little, however, I succeeded in drawing him out, and the conversation became sustained and interesting. It turned upon the innumerable legends and supernatural histories connected with the Rhine country, with its ancient castles and convents, its rivers and its mountains.

"The recital of these strange old traditions," I remarked, "has become almost a trade in these provinces, especially since the Rhine has been so great a resort of tourists. Unfortunately for one's belief in their authenticity, I have frequently found a great diversity in the legends told of one and the same place. The stories vary continually, and every new cicerone has a new tale to tell. I suspect there is a regular manufactory of Rhine legends, the same as of antiquities in Rome and Naples, or musket balls and grape-shot at Water-

loo. I am sorry to entertain that belief, for I could have wished to think that the immense absurdity of some of those legends was to a certain degree rendered respectable by their antiquity."

"You are partly right," replied the stranger. "If the traditions you allude to are not entirely of modern manufacture, they have yet been so altered in passing through the hands, or rather lips, of numerous narrators, that they frequently retain little of the original story. This is the natural course of things, and was scarcely avoidable. Germany, however, is unquestionably the land of superstition, and her stores of that kind are so rich and varied, that it is unnecessary to have recourse to invention to augment them. Even in the present day things happen in this country which occur nowhere else, and that hardly admit of explanation. An adventure happened to myself some few years back, the circumstances of which I have never been able to account for without admitting agencies that have long been treated as fabulous. You seem curious in such matters, and if you choose to listen I will tell you the story, premising that I relate the circumstances as they occurred, and without pretending to explain them. You will draw your own inferences."

My attention was roused by the stranger's words. In the nineteenth century, what could be the adventure or incident that was inexplicable by other than the supernatural agency to which he plainly referred? I had little doubt that I should find some more commonplace way of accounting for whatever wonders my new acquaintance might relate. My curiosity was nevertheless strongly excited, and I begged to be favored with the narrative alluded to. He refilled his pipe, and then, without farther prelude, at once commenced.

Not many years have elapsed, he began, since I had occasion to make a journey in Franconia. I stopped one afternoon in the town of G—, and after my dinner the waiter brought me the playbill for that evening. It announced the performance of Meyerbeer's celebrated opera, *Robert the Devil*, for the first time in G—. I immediately hurried to the theatre, before which an immense crowd was already assembled, awaiting the opening of the doors that at last took place. With great difficulty I succeeded in obtaining a seat next to a young Parisian, a traveller like myself.

The curtain rose. Every neck was outstretched, every eye fixed on the stage, every ear on the alert, in order not to lose a note of so beautiful an opera. Bertram made his entrance—he opened his mouth to sing; but not a sound came forth. Robert asked him in a low tone if he had forgotten his part. Bertram shook his head, made another attempt to begin, but in vain. He threw himself into a chair, and made a sign that he was unable to sing.

"He can't sing!" shouted some fifty farmers and other persons from the surrounding country,

who had been waiting the whole afternoon at the theatre door, and now occupied the front rows in the pit. "He can't sing! What's the meaning of that? We've come half a score miles to hear Robert the Devil, and hear it we must!"

Thus urged, Bertram made another effort. He rose from his chair; the orchestra, which had hitherto been silent, struck up. Bertram again strove to sing. Not a note. The conductor of the orchestra turned round to the audience.

"A sudden extinction of voice," said he.

"An excuse! He must sing!" vociferated a number of young men in the pit, flourishing their canes in a threatening manner.

A gentleman in one of the boxes stood up, and advised that a doctor should be sent for.

"Is there a doctor present?" demanded several voices.

Nobody answered.

"Send for Doctor Stern!" cried some one, and a messenger was immediately dispatched.

Doctor Stern was sitting with some friends over his wine, but on hearing how urgent the case was, he tossed off a glass of Johannisberg, and hurried to the theatre. He felt Bertram's pulse, examined his throat, and at last said very gravely,

"The emotion attendant on an appearance in a new part has affected the nervous system. The man wants repose and a sea-bath. And with these words he left the stage.

"What!" shouted the pit, furious at its disappointment. "Repose! A sea-bath! There is no sea here! And if there were, we should not hear Robert the Devil a bit the more! We must have Robert the Devil!"

A thousand voices echoed the words. "Robert the Devil!" shouted the entire audience, whistling, yelling, stamping, and thumping their sticks on the ground. "Robert the Devil!" And at last, for shortness' sake, they abbreviated it, and there was a universal cry for "The Devil!"

The manager came forward, and bowed thrice. Silence was obtained: the audience were all attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "a singer who happens to be passing through G——, and to be present to-night in the theatre, has kindly offered, in order that you should not be disappointed, to take the part of Bertram. I am most delighted that ——"

He was interrupted by thunders of applause, and retired.

The new Bertram was received with a round of cheering.

"Ha, ha!" cried my neighbor, the Parisian, who was one of those persons who know everybody and everything. "I have seen him before. He sang once at the Feudeau in Zampa. He is nothing remarkable, but he has come *apropos* to help us out of our difficulties."

In the first act the new Bertram was tolerably successful, although it was probably as much his

complaisance as his talent that the audience applauded. At every pause in the music the Frenchman had something to say.

"Ah!" That is not Levasseur! Very different from Levasseur! Did you ever hear Levasseur's Bertram? This Florival, or whatever his name is, has nothing of the demon about him. And then only look at his dress! You should see Levasseur, how ——"

An old gentleman sitting behind us interrupted him sharply.

"My good sir, do leave us at peace with your Levasseur! We come here to listen to the opera, and not to your chatter!"

The second act began. After the dust, when Bertram sings "Prince of fallen angels," a feeling of terror seemed to seize the audience. There was something wonderfully energetic and startling in the voice of the singer. The chorus behind the scene was also unusually powerful, and seemed to roar and heave like a subterranean hurricane.

An invisible orchestra appeared to accompany the visible one, and to blow with a giant's breath into the horns and trombones. From time to time the conductor looked round him, pale and confused, as if he would fain have asked whence came this horrible din; but it was everywhere, and he could discover no point from which it more particularly proceeded. Clear and distinct above everything rose Bertram's voice, now in soft and flattering tones as he strove to win Alice to his purpose; then again in accents of the most cutting scorn, but ever tuneful and harmonious. Like a peal of thunder he gave out the words "Now art thou mine!" and the burst was followed by a hissing, rushing noise, like the flight of a shell through the air. Alice lay under Bertram's outstretched right hand, like the dove beneath the claw of the vulture. The actress, a gay coquettish creature, felt as she never before felt, seized with a nameless sensation of horror and alarm. She forgot that it was mere acting—the breath and voice of Bertram seemed to have fascinated her. She uttered a piercing scream, not such a one as actresses study for stage effect, but horror-stricken and agonized as that of a mother who sees her infant crushed beneath wagon-wheels. She sank fainting on the steps of the cross. All the women amongst the audience rose from their seats, pale and trembling, and clung to the arms of their male companions as though for protection against some imminent peril. Many wept, others tried to smile, some fell into hysterics. "Down with the curtain!" was the cry; and the curtain fell.

"Very strange!" said the young Frenchman to me; "the ladies must be extremely nervous and susceptible to be thus affected by a bit of stage trick. If this man produces such an effect, what would it be if Levasseur ——?"

This time he interrupted himself. Most men have a sort of dislike to talk amongst a crowd of silent persons; and the silence around us was as

great as if the theatre had been a churchyard. For some time nobody seemed inclined to speak of what had just passed; and when the Parisian was silent, the stillness was unbroken even by a whisper. The panic was of some duration; but at last, as if the audience were awakening from a trance, there were movements in the pit and boxes, and conversation was resumed. Every one agreed that the opera had lost nothing by the substitution of the stranger for the usual performer. Even the nervous ladies who had become hysterical at the scene between Bertram and Alice forgot their alarm, and were loud in admiration of the singer, whose voice and acting were both praised to the skies.

The curtain rose for the next act; the scene was the burial-place of the nuns. What now took place was truly of a nature to make the blood run cold. If I were to live a hundred years, that evening would be present in my memory to the last day of my existence. Bertram entered. It may have been fancy, but I could have sworn that he had increased in stature, and was full the head taller than in the preceding act. The stage was darkened, and the body of the house being, as is not unusual in our German theatres, only lighted by a solitary chandelier, which was now also shaded, the whole theatre remained plunged in a gloomy, mysterious sort of twilight. Through the darkness Bertram's eyes were visible, gleaming with a greenish light like two stars through the gloom of a December night. The same extraordinary power as in the preceding act was again observable in the orchestra; a thundering, crashing, deafening clang of instruments, amidst which the conductor remained with his wand suspended in the air, as though stupefied with astonishment. A multitude of notes were heard, not set down in the opera, but, which, notwithstanding, chimed in, in some extraordinary manner, with the music. Equally astonished with their conductor, the musicians ceased playing; but, nevertheless, Bertram sang the invocation, accompanied, as it seemed, by unseen instruments. The sounds which issued from his throat shook the nerves of his hearers as a thousand gongs and cymbals might have done, and vibrated through the house like the echoes of a mighty bell that has just been struck by the hammer. When the nuns appeared and ranged themselves around Bertram, they looked pale under their rouge; and their teeth chattered as in deadly fear. The strongest impression seemed to be made upon the abbess, who appeared unable to approach the singer; and when she attempted to do so, sank fainting to the ground, wounding herself severely in her fall against the cross that was suspended from her neck. She was laid bleeding and senseless upon the grave in which she had recently reposed in counterfeited death.

Her terror seemed to communicate itself like an infection to the other nuns. They endeavored to fly, but were unable. The same sort of anxious

uneasiness which one experiences during a horrid dream, when we feel ourselves in imminent peril, but are unable to move or cry out, now spread itself over the whole audience. The darkness, Bertram's terrific voice, the gleaming of his eyeballs, the group of trembling nuns, the double row of graves, and finally, a sort of choking mist that seemed to fill the house, formed a combination which terrified the auditory, even to the boldest amongst them. At last a few persons left the theatre, and this was the signal for a general rush to the doors. The panic-stricken women hurried out of their boxes; some were carried out fainting; children cried and screamed after their lost parents. During the tumult the curtain fell, but with a noise that resembled the crash of a mighty oak struck down by a thunderbolt, and the whole house shook to its foundations as with the shock of an earthquake. The crush in the lobbies and at the doors was frightful; one would have thought that the house was on fire in twenty places, and that every one was striving to escape from suffocation or the flames. In an incredibly few minutes the theatre was empty.

The young Parisian was still at my side as we followed the stream of fugitives; he appeared unwilling to quit the performance. Under the portico of the theatre he paused, and said to me, whilst arranging his coat and cravat, which had been crushed in the crowd,

"What is the matter with them! They all run away as if possessed, and there are still two acts to see. Ha! I have thought of something. I will invite Signor Bertram to drink a bowl of punch with us. I know him personally; his name is—*Sacré!* have I forgotten it already!—Florival or Florival. He cannot hold a candle to Levasseur in this part, but still he is much improved since I last saw him. Come, I will introduce you to him; he is a very pleasant companion."

I felt rather curious to see something more of the singer, and I followed the Parisian behind the scenes. There all was silence and solitude. The young Frenchman called out, "Florival, Florival! where are you? Here are friends and amateurs who wish to ask you to supper." Just then the old stage carpenter passed near us, with a lantern in his hand. "He is no doubt undressing in his room," said the Parisian, and calling to the carpenter, he asked him where Signor Florival's dressing-room was.

"Do you mean the gentleman who sang the part of Bertram?" said the man.

"The same."

"Then it's no use seeking him here; he disappeared immediately after the third act."

"Disappeared!"

"As I tell you sir. We looked for him everywhere, and the more so as we are in the habit of receiving a present from new actors. There was not a sign of him to be seen. As he came, so he went. I am not to say easily frightened, but if

that man played here often, I must give up my place. God save us! and good night to ye, gentlemen."

And the old man walked away, shaking his head and muttering to himself. We followed the light of his lantern in order to find our way out, and as we passed through the corridors we saw drops of moisture hanging on the walls, like the sweat beads on a human forehead. The atmosphere of the theatre seemed heavy and oppressive, and I drew a deep breath of relief when I at last found myself in the open air. The Parisian took things much more lightly, and laughed at the proneness of the German to indulge in the fantastical and romantic.

"These Germans," said he, taking my arm familiarly, and entirely forgetting that he was speaking to one of that nation; "these Germans are extraordinarily greedy of the marvellous, and trace out the supernatural in the commonest occurrences of life. It would by no means astonish me if they were to discover a Mephistopheles in the performer of Bertram. They are not accustomed to see good characteristic acting. If this Florival makes such an impression on the worthy burgesses and country gentlemen of Franconia, what would it be if they heard Levasseur? Florival performs the devil very decently, but of Levasseur one may say that he is the devil himself! It is not the Germans, however, but their poets and writers who have to answer for these tendencies to the supernatural. We in France are now well acquainted with German literature, and are able to form as correct a judgment of it as of our own, and we consider that Schiller and Goethe have much to answer for in this respect. Werter has been the origin of a deal of false sentimentality, and Faust the cause that the Germans imagine a Mephistopheles behind every post and pillar, and a demon in every poodle-dog. Kant, Kotzebue, Hoffmann, Fichte, and a host of others, have written exaggerated stuff which the Germans read with awe and trembling, but which we Frenchmen laugh at. We do not deny their talent for philosophy—it is the fashion now to quote the Germans in that respect; and through the tours which several of our clever writers have made and published, we have learnt much concerning Germany and its inhabitants which has inspired us with a certain degree of respect."

After this fashion did my new friend go on chattering nearly all supper-time. There was so much amiability and *bonhomie* about him that I listened with pleasure to his perorations, far better amused than if I had endeavored to correct the numerous errors into which he had fallen respecting my country and countrymen. I had promised to pass the following day with my friend, Baron von Furstheim, whose country residence was within a short distance of the town. I told my Parisian of this engagement, and offered, if he chose, to take him with me. He willingly accepted my proposal.

"It's close by," said he, half to himself, when I had told him where the place was; "hardly a pipe and a half off, as a German would say. I shall have great pleasure in accompanying you."

On the following morning we arrived without misadventure at the seat of the Baron von Furstheim, an old castle that had been restored in its former style, as has been done in many instances on and near the Rhine. Its appearance, and that of the park that surrounded it, almost put one in mind of the feudal times: turrets, battlements, and embrasures on the one hand; gloomy pine groves, broad meadows where cattle only were wanting, small lakes garnished with dead leaves, cobwebbed hermitages, ponds without fish, and fountains without water, on the other. Altogether it was a melancholy-looking domain. In-doors, however, things were far more cheerful, and we were received with true German hospitality. I introduced the young Parisian, who was made heartily welcome.

The baron had an only daughter, a beautiful girl named Margaret, seventeen years of age, blue-eyed and fair-haired, possessed of a countenance that indicated unmistakably a sweet temper and a pure mind. A young officer, a cousin of hers, by name Louis von Spandau, who was staying in the house, seemed particularly susceptible of the charms of his lovely relative; and I observed that there existed a sort of tender understanding between them which was evidently approved by the parents. My Frenchman soon detected this likewise, and I thought it seemed by no means especially agreeable to him, for from his very first entrance he had shown an inclination to establish a flirtation with the young lady. This inclination, however, was chilled and blighted in the bud by the killing indifference and unconsciousness with which Margaret met the attentions and received the well-turned compliments he addressed to her.

The day passed away, somewhat dully, I must confess. An hour or two before supper-time the Parisian asked me to go and take a stroll with him in the forest. I went, and for some short time we walked side by side without speaking. At last my lively companion broke the silence.

"It is horridly *ennuyeux* in these German country houses," said he; "they are only one degree better than so many Trappist convents. That little blonde is rather pretty; but, on the whole, I do not admire fair women."

"Particularly when they show themselves indifferent to your attentions," I observed, with a smile.

"They are all so dreadfully cold and reserved," said the Parisian; "only fit for the heroines of sentimental novels."

"Cold and reserved with men whom they are not in love with," said I, significantly.

"You must not take my remarks ill," continued my companion. "You were so kind as to bring me here, and it may appear rude on my part to say that I *ennuyer* myself."

I begged him to speak his mind freely, and assured him that it was precisely his habit of saying whatever came into his head that had made me take a liking to him. He seemed overjoyed at being unfettered in his discourse, and did not long delay making use of the permission he had received.

"I am so accustomed to the liveliness and gaiety of our drawing-rooms," said he, "that the tone of German society appears to me very insipid. The ladies are all as chilly and frozen as if they were recent importations from the steppes of Moscow. There is no *laissez aller* about them; they always seem to be weighing their words before uttering them, and that is the death and destruction of agreeable conversation. When women talk, what they say should be unpremeditated. Ah! I shall be glad when I get back to France. Only look now, how deserted and gloomy the country around us seems. Not a living creature in sight; nobody, who could possibly avoid it, would pass along so dull and uninteresting a road."

Just as the Frenchman was thus bewailing the solitude in which we found ourselves, I perceived and pointed out to him two horsemen galloping along the highway.

"Really!" said he; "well, I am surprised at it! A couple of bagmen, I suppose, who have lost their way. They are riding desperately fast, evidently in a hurry to get out of the country. Let us go nearer to the road; it does me good to see human faces."

We approached the road, and were soon able to distinguish that the horsemen were a gentleman and his servant. Both were mounted on powerful black steeds.

The traveller arrived within a few paces of us without lessening his horse's speed; then, however, he stopped so suddenly, that it appeared miraculous the fiery animal he was riding was not thrown upon its haunches. There was something extraordinary in this sudden halt; it put me in mind of a crow flying across a field, and that, in mid-flight, lets itself fall into a furrow. The horseman turned his face towards us.

"What an extraordinary piece of good luck!" exclaimed the Parisian; "it is he, Bertram Florival. How are you, my dear Florival, we were looking for you everywhere, yesterday evening. Allow me to introduce you to my friend here. You have just come at the right moment. You must give up your ride for to-day, and come with us to the castle. Baron Furstheim is the most amiable of hosts, and will be delighted to make your acquaintance. He does not get such a visit every day."

The horseman gave an odd smile. I naturally confirmed my companion's invitation.

"I shall be delighted to accompany you," answered Florival, with much polish of manner, "if you think my visit will not be inconvenient or unwelcome."

"Unwelcome!" repeated the Parisian. "On

the contrary, it will give the greatest pleasure. We are boring ourselves to death here, but with such an addition to our society, time will fly. We will sing, play, talk about last night's opera—by the by, Signor Florival, I congratulate you on your success. Your performance of Bertram was capital, and I flatter myself that my opinion is of some value. You must know that I have seen Levasseur in—" &c. &c.

While the Frenchman was riding his hobby and extolling Levasseur, I had time to observe the appearance of the singer. He was a man of about thirty years of age, possessed of one of those countenances which seem continually to change their expression. One moment he struck me as being extraordinarily ugly, the next I altered my opinion, and felt almost attracted by the singular but scornful smile that played round his mouth. His hair was black and glossy, his eyes of the dark and lowering gray that one sometimes notices in a thunder-cloud; his figure was flexible and graceful. A cloak hung from his shoulders, and under that, he was attired in a blue coat, adorned with buttons that seemed almost to emit sparks, so brightly polished was the metal of which they were composed. The remainder of his dress was black.

We arrived at the castle as the family were sitting down to their evening meal. The Frenchman, although he himself had only been that day introduced, presented the actor to the baron and his family, with the well-bred ease and audacity for which he was remarkable.

"We thought we were preparing an agreeable surprise for the lady baroness," said he, "by inducing this distinguished *artiste* to return with us to the castle. Signor Florival will also be able to give us a full explanation of what occurred yesterday evening at the theatre, occurrences of which you have already heard such various and exaggerated accounts."

"Explanation!" cried Florival, in a voice of which the extraordinary pitch and tone seemed to ring through the heads of the listeners, and make the baroness and her daughter turn pale. "Really I am unable to explain what there was in my acting that could cause so much astonishment. It is a part that I venture to think I play with a certain degree of truth and spirit. But ladies' nerves are so weak now-a-days; they are like the delicate strings of an instrument, and my voice, it would appear, jars them at times too strongly. That is how I account for it. It is no particular talent of mine that produced so strange an effect."

"You are modest," said the Parisian, "like all true sons of art. But allow me to ask you one question—Why did you leave the theatre immediately the curtain fell?"

"I was vexed to see the nuns so badly costumed," replied the singer. "When I call them out of their graves they must not come with crosses round their necks."



"Pardon me," said the Parisian, hastily, "they have always crosses on when Levasseur plays Bertram. You have seen Levasseur's Bertram, of course?"

The singer smiled.

"Levasseur is only my copy," said he.

The Frenchman's eyes opened to a ludicrous width, and I thought he would have fallen backwards with astonishment at this bold assertion. This time he did not tax the singer with over modesty. Before he had quite recovered from his consternation a servant announced that supper was ready, and we passed into another apartment.

The supper was laid in a large, handsome room, of which the walls were covered with a dark-colored paper and the cornices gilt. An old-fashioned chandelier was suspended from the ceiling, and four portraits of the baron's ancestors, of the size of life, decorated the walls of the apartment. Between the lofty windows stood an enormous harpsichord, which looked as if it had not been opened for a quarter of a century.

Upon taking our places at the supper table I observed my friend the Parisian manœuvring a little to get by the side of Margaret, but in this he was defeated by the young lady's leaving the room a moment for some household arrangement. We seated ourselves, a chair remaining vacant for Margaret next to the officer. Florival was nearly opposite to the empty chair. I was next to the baron. In a minute or two Margaret reappeared, and sat down by her cousin, while the Frenchman busied himself with the tie of his cravat by way of hiding his vexation.

We had scarcely begun our meal when I observed the singer fix his eyes upon the young lady in a marked, almost a rude manner. Margaret returned his stare by an innocent gaze of her great blue childish eyes, which did not seem to please Florival, for he immediately looked another way and seemed to be observing the portrait which hung nearly behind her. My glance followed the direction of his. Whether it was imagination or some particular effect of light, I cannot say, but it seemed to me as if the colors of the picture were changed. I had previously examined it closely, and had been struck by the healthy freshness of the complexion, the beautiful coloring of the ruddy lips and of the high white forehead. Now the blood seemed to have left the cheeks, the lips had assumed a violet hue, the brow was wrinkled and flushed as though with terror or rage. Florival continued gazing at the painting with, as it appeared to me, a strong expression of scorn upon his features.

"The picture you are observing so attentively," said the baron to him, "is a portrait of my great-grandfather."

The singer gave one of his strange smiles.

"I know it is," replied he, "I recognized him immediately."

"Nay, hardly," returned the baron, laughing;

"he died in the year 1743. The country people about here gave him a strange surname, the origin of which I was never able to learn."

"What was that?" I enquired.

"Rudolph the Accursed."

"Dearest father," cried Margaret, "do not talk of that, I beseech you. You know that it is the subject of all others which I cannot bear to hear spoken of."

The baron was silent. Margaret was evidently uneasy and nervous; her eyes had lost their calm tranquil expression, and now cast hurried and feverish glances. I observed that the singer again fixed her, with something peculiarly piercing and commanding in his look. There was silence at the table; all were eating except Margaret and Florival. The young girl's head was bent forward, her bosom heaved, her eyes were fixed upon the singer. She seemed fascinated by his strange and enthralling gaze. Presently she raised a glass of water to her lips, but set it down again as though unable to taste it. Her rosy finger-nails played with a slight convulsive motion against the edge of the glass, producing a small ringing sound. I was almost alarmed at the momentarily increasing paleness of her countenance; and with a view to break the spell that seemed to bind her, I asked her some trifling question. She appeared vexed at my so doing, and seemed to be struggling to answer, but without success. She was evidently under some mysterious influence which prevented her speaking. Her lips moved, but a deep sigh was all that escaped them. Suddenly her eyes were distended, her lips convulsed, her complexion became of a bluish-white like that of a corpse, and, uttering the words "Rudolph the Accursed!" in a shrill and thrilling tone, she fell back senseless in her chair.

All was now commotion. Everybody hurried to the young girl's assistance, except the singer, who did not lose his composure for a moment, but drank off his wine with, as I thought, a joyful look. The baroness supported her daughter's head, and bathed her temples with scented water. The young officer was the most alarmed. The Parisian whispered to me that the absurd style of reading in which the German ladies indulged was the cause of all this nervousness; that they filled their heads with ghost stories, till a word or a shadow was sufficient to throw them into hysterics. Luckily there was no danger to be apprehended from these attacks. As if to confirm his last words, Margaret just then opened her eyes, gazed enquiringly around her, and expressed her regret at having caused such a disturbance.

"It is so dreadfully warm here," she said. "If I could only have a little fresh air——"

"Open the windows," cried the baron.

There happened to be no servant in the room at the moment, and I hurried to fulfil Margaret's wish. As I looked out of the window, it struck me that there was an unusual and unaccountable

light in the park without. It was neither moon-light nor sunlight; it was too red for the former, too dim for the latter. It could only be the reflection of a fire; and, strange to say, the château in which we were seemed to be the point whence the illumination proceeded. They must have made some huge fire in the kitchen or offices, thought I. But yet the shadows fell as if the source of the light was where I stood, or in my immediate neighborhood. The air without was still and heavy, as before a storm. From the adjacent pine-wood some night-birds were screaming forth their discordant song, and, by some unexplainable process, my imagination converted the cry into a species of tune, to which was set, in endless repetition, the words "Rudolph the Accursed!" terminating, by way of chorus, with a wild dismal laugh. Fearful lest these ill-omened sounds and appearances should reach Margaret's ear, and occasion perhaps a return of her swoon, I partly closed the window, and returned to the table.

The young girl was now entirely recovered, and all resumed their places. Scarcely had they done so, however, when a shrill neighing was heard in the court-yard of the castle.

"My horses seem to be getting up a concert of their own," said Florival, with a laugh. "They are not fond of the stable; exertion has become second nature to them. Hurrl will have trouble to keep them quiet."

"Hurrl!" cried the Parisian; "who is Hurrl?"

"My servant," replied the singer.

"That is a strange name," said the Parisian. "Pray how do you write it?"

"I never write," answered Florival, drily.

The Frenchman shook his head. He thought it very odd that a singer should not write. He knew that Levasseur often wrote.

The neighing became louder and louder. There was something unusual in the sound; one knew that it was the neighing of horses, and yet at times it sounded more like the roaring of lions. The ladies became uneasy.

"I will step down to the stable," said the Parisian. "I understand horses, and will soon quiet these. The strange horses are doubtless quarrelling with those of the baron."

He got up and pushed his chair back.

"Stop, sir!" cried Florival, in a commanding tone. "Nobody but myself understands my horses. I will go and quiet them."

The actor's voice seemed to work like a charm upon the officious Parisian. He said nothing, but remained motionless, and as if petrified, while Florival left the room and hastened along the corridor, apparently as well acquainted with the geography of the house as if he had been born in it. The baron was much struck at this, but the Frenchman accounted for it by a strong development of the organ of locality, which he said Florival undoubtedly possessed. I proposed that we should go and see how the singer managed to quiet

the horses, and my idea being approved we hurried to a gallery, the windows of which looked out upon the court. The stable-door was open and there was a light inside that came and went like that of a fire when blown up by the bellows. We could not see the stranger's horses, but two others which belonged to the baron, and stood in stalls opposite the door, were visible. Their manes were bristling upon their necks, and they crouched in the corner of their stalls as though under the influence of overpowering terror. Florival was doubtless already in the stable, for the neighing had ceased. The two black steeds had recognized and obeyed their master's voice. We waited to see him come out, but in vain, and after a few moments we returned to the supper-room. There we found him seated, chatting quietly with the baroness. On our expressing surprise at his speedy return, he explained it by a peculiar art which he possessed of instantly reducing his horses to obedience.

"I need to use neither voice nor hand," said he; "one glance from me is sufficient; the brutes know directly what I mean. When I am riding and wish my horse to stop, I have merely to close my eyes, and he halts immediately. If I wish to turn to the right, I wink with the right eye, if to the left, with the left eye. I should like to show you how I make my horse come to me by a glance. I merely look at him thus."

As he spoke, he opened his dark eyes wide, and gazed full in my face. I felt as one feels when blinded by a sudden flash of lightning breaking through the darkest night. I was compelled to look down, and when I did so, flames seemed to dance before my eyes.

The Parisian was ready with an explanation of the power possessed by Florival over his horses. He had heard that Rustan, Napoleon's Mameluke, possessed a similar faculty of governing his charger by the power of the eye, and he offered to wager that in three months' time he would learn to do the same.

"It is done," said he, "by animal magnetism. Although our Academy refuses to admit the existence of such a science, there are a vast number of persons who believe in it, and assert that a magnetizer is able to make people come to him by looking at them. It is certain that a man has much greater power of will and moral resistance than a horse, and therefore any one possessing the magnetic faculty must find more facility in exercising it upon the brute than the human animal. Florival possesses that faculty, there can be no doubt of it."

The truth of the singer's strange assertions was, however, to me by no means satisfactorily demonstrated by the Frenchman's fantastical explanation. The baron, also, evidently did not believe a word of this marvellous manner of governing horses, but he was much too polite to contradict his guest, and contented himself with

expressing a wish to see Signor Florival on horse-back. "If you favor us with your society for a few days," said he, "I shall probably have the opportunity."

Florival smiled.

"Who knows where I shall be in a few days?" said he. "I cannot exceed my leave, and by one o'clock this night I must depart."

"That is a thousand pities," cried the Parisian. "Are you compelled to such great punctuality? Actors are not always so conscientious. A month's leave is easily stretched to six weeks. Levasseur —."

Florival interrupted him.

"Every one has not so important an engagement as mine," said he.

"As I said before, it is a thousand pities," cried the music-loving Frenchman. "We hoped to have been favored with a specimen of your delightful talent. You will surely sing us something before you go?"

We all joined our entreaties to those of the Parisian.

"I am not in very good voice," said Florival; "nevertheless I will try."

He threw back his head, raised his wine-glass, and sang a verse of the celebrated gambling song, in the first act of Robert the Devil. The window-frames rattled, and the glasses on the table jingled, as his powerful tones echoed through the room. The Parisian now pressed him strongly to sing the trio between Bertram, Robert and Alice, offering to take the tenor part, which he assured him he was perfectly competent to do, having more than once had the honor of singing with Levasseur at private parties. I made the remark that for a trio three persons were necessary, and that they would hardly accomplish the one in question unless they could find an Alice. The Frenchman laughed at his oversight, and turning to Margaret begged her to take the part of Alice. Margaret protested she did not sing, and the Parisian finding all hopes of assistance from her at an end, proposed, after a moment's reflection, that we should send for Mademoiselle V——, who, upon the preceding evening, had performed Alice to Florival's Bertram. The baron made many objections to this, probably from a dislike to having an actress introduced into his house; but the Parisian, who seemed to guess the motives of his repugnance, undertook to prove that such a proceeding was perfectly in accordance with good taste and propriety; that in Paris the Doruses, Damoreaus and Grisis were members of the most elegant circles, and that in London their presence was sought at the most fashionable parties. The baron at last said that he would agree to whatever his guests wished, but that he thought it probable the lady might decline so sudden an invitation at so late an hour.

"Decline it?" cried Florival laughing; "she will come directly if I send for her." Then look-

ing at his watch, he said, "It is half-past eleven: no time could be better. Hurri shall fetch her."

The singer seemed really to wish to give us a specimen of his talent, and to regret no trouble that might enable him to accomplish the projected trio. He got up, and left the room to give his orders to Hurri. He was scarcely an instant absent; and the very next minute, a horse's hoofs were heard clattering out of the court. We were all struck with astonishment, and could not understand how it was possible for him to find his servant so quickly, to say nothing of the time requisite for saddling the horse. Nobody questioned him, however, and he quietly resumed his seat. "They will be here by twelve o'clock," said he.

"Capital!" exclaimed the Parisian; "we shall have a delightful little impromptu concert. But who will accompany us?"

"Hurri," replied Florival.

"Your servant!" cried the Parisian. "Is the man musical?"

"Exceedingly so," replied the singer; "it is he who taught Paganini."

"Maestro Hurri," repeated the Frenchman musingly. "I never heard of such a name, and certainly Paganini never mentioned his having had such an instructor."

"That is very possible," returned the singer. "Hurri first made acquaintance with him when he sat cursing and blaspheming in an Italian dungeon. It is natural enough that in more prosperous days Paganini should be unwilling to recur to so unpleasant a period of his life."

The Parisian took all this as a joke; shook his head laughingly, but made no answer. The baron now expressed his regret that the old harpsichord was in such a bad state. It was an heir-loom, and had not been played upon for years.

"I will try it," said the singer, "and, if necessary, tune it a little."

The instrument was opened. Florival's long fingers flew like lightning over the keys. Margaret was regretting they had no tuning hammer, but Florival said it was unnecessary; detected the false notes with extreme fineness of ear; and, without any assistance but his hands, twisted the pegs and put the instrument in tune. We were exceedingly surprised at such extraordinary strength of finger. Presently he got up from the harpsichord.

"There," said he, "all is ready. Mademoiselle V—— will be here directly."

I walked to the window to watch for the actress' arrival. The same strange fallow light that I had before noticed was still spread over the landscape, and by it I saw with unutterable astonishment Hurri mounted upon his coal-black steed, galloping towards the castle, with a female figure seated behind him, her arms clasped tightly round his waist. This manner of conveying a lady to an evening party was certainly unprecedented, and I took care not to say a word of what I saw to the baron or his family. I left the window, and

waited the appearance of the actress, who presently entered, attended by Hurrl. She was a young and pretty woman, whose coquettish costume and graceful salutation contrasted strangely with the hollowness of her eyes and pallor of her cheeks. She was evidently either very ill or dreadfully fatigued; her movements were more like those of an automaton worked by some admirable machinery than of a human being.

Hurrl took his place at the piano. The Parisian gallantly offered his hand to the lady to lead her to the instrument, and expressed his fear that she had suffered from cold in coming through the night air. Her fingers, he said, were like ice. Florival stepped forward, and made a sign to begin.

They sang. Surely those tones issued from no human throats! Even the Parisian seemed temporarily endowed with a voice at which he himself was startled. It was a trio between Hell, Earth, and Heaven;—Earth with its doubts and anxieties, its struggles for truth and consolation; Heaven, with its love, its angelic hymns, and its joy without end; Hell, with its hate and despair, its fiendish triumph and wild satanic exultation. The harpsichord did not accompany, it only seemed to do so: the same invisible orchestra which had struck terror upon the preceding evening united itself with the voices. The sounds were sublime and in perfect unison, but yet terrific; one wondered and admired; but, at the same time, one's pulses almost stopped from terror. The music made the walls of the castle shake again.

With a greedy attention did the listeners drink in every note of this strange performance. When within a few bars of the end of the trio, we felt ourselves seized with a singular kind of drowsiness, which I can only compare to that occasioned by opium. The inclination to sleep was irresistible. The old clock which stood upon a pedestal at the end of the room struck one, and roused us from the sort of dreamy slumber into which we had fallen. On opening my eyes, which appeared to me to have been closed but for a second, I saw the Parisian lying upon an ottoman, completely exhausted by his unwonted exertions. Florival, the actress, and Hurrl had disappeared.

I asked the Frenchman if he had accompanied the strangers to the door; but he said that he had scarcely finished his part in the trio, when he felt himself so fatigued that he was compelled to lie down for a minute or two. He closed his eyes but an instant, and on re-opening them the guests were no longer there. They must have left the room during his momentary state of oblivion. The baron declared the whole affair to be most extraordinary, and unlike anything he had ever seen or heard of; everybody else was of the same opinion. All thought it rather uncourteous of Florival to have thus departed without taking leave.

"You must not be surprised or vexed at that," said the Parisian; "most singers and artists have

their eccentricities. Levasseur himself is not entirely without them. Ah! you should hear Levasseur in that trio!"

"Signor Florival told us," said the baroness, "that he must leave us without fail at one o'clock. Doubtless the time arrived before he was aware of it, and he had no leisure for leave-takings."

"I should very much like to know," said the young officer, "if this singer's true name is Florival, or who he really is."

Scarcely had the words been spoken, when from the open and deserted harpsichord there proceeded a sound like the very faintest tones of an Eolian harp, and the melody out of the last act of Robert the Devil, of which the words are "He was a devil! he was a devil!" vibrated like fairy music through the apartment. The ladies and myself distinctly recognized the air; the others had not done so, but attributed the vibration of the strings to a current of wind from the open casements passing through the instrument. I did not insist on what I had heard, for I knew that if I did the Frenchman would have laughed and lectured for an hour on the superstitious fancies of the Germans.

It was now very late. I took my leave of the Baron and his family, and in company with the Parisian returned to G—. There I found letters that had arrived during my absence, and which compelled me to start for Vienna at an early hour on the following day.

About a year after this remarkable evening I met Margaret and her cousin, then become her husband, at the baths of Carlsbad, and we began talking about the singular circumstances attending my visit to the Schloss-Furstheim. Margaret told me that they had since heard that the same actress who so readily took the part of Alice, upon our invitation, died suddenly at twelve o'clock upon the very night she sang before us. I remembered her strange ride upon Hurrl's black horse, and Burger's Leonora recurred to my memory. "Could it really have been a supernatural appearance?" said I, half ashamed of starting the hypothesis.

Margaret looked grave, but her husband laughed and maintained that the whole affair was a sort of fantastical joke; that we must remember we had to do with actors, who no doubt thought the opportunity favorable for amusing themselves at our expense, and giving additional effect to the wild music which they had sung for our entertainment.

"My little wife is terribly superstitious," added he, laughing; "she left us no peace till the portrait of Rudolph the Accursed was put out of sight in an unoccupied room of the castle. She could not bear to look at it."

"The whole of that evening is like a dream to me," said his wife, "and I have begged Louis never to talk of it to any one. Nobody would believe but that he greatly exaggerated, or perhaps

entirely invented, the strange circumstances that nevertheless really happened."

The stranger paused. His tale was at an end.

"A singular history, indeed," said I. "And do you mean to confirm the lady's words, and say that those circumstances really occurred?"

"Certainly," was the reply; "they really occurred."

"Exactly as you have related them?"

"Exactly as I have related them," said the stranger, with a smile and a bow, taking up his pipe which had gone out during the latter part of his story, and walking towards the house, to re-light it, as I supposed. I sat with my head leaning on my hand, musing on the extraordinary tale I had just heard, and awaiting his return to question him concerning it. Ten minutes elapsing without his re-appearance, I became impatient, and followed him into the house. "Where is the gentleman gone to?" said I to the hostess, whom I met in the passage.

"What gentleman?" asked the woman, with a stare.

"The gentleman who was sitting with me in the arbor," replied I, impatient at her stupidity.

"I have seen no gentleman," said she. "What was he like?"

"Pshaw! A stout gentleman, rather bald, who smokes a pipe with a head of Schiller painted on it."

The woman stared again, as if she had never heard of Schiller or the stout gentleman. Then suddenly bursting into a laugh—

"*Der gnadige Herr hat wahrscheinlich geschlafen,*" said she. "You have, perhaps, been sleeping, sir. The day is very warm," she added, with a comical look.

I pushed past her, angry at her trifling or stupidity, whichever it was. On reaching the door of the inn, I cast a hasty glance up and down the road, and towards the river, which flowed half a mile off, at the foot of some sloping meadows. Not a creature was to be seen, but I thought I perceived a puff of smoke rising from behind a hedge some distance off. "It is his pipe!" cried I, and hurried towards the spot, hatless as I was, and in momentary expectation of a *coup-de-soleil*. Neither pipe nor stranger was there, but a heap of weeds to which the peasants had set fire, and from which the smoke had proceeded. All my endeavors to find the stranger were in vain; the obstinate hostess persisted in knowing nothing about such a person, and from that day to this I have never seen him. My readers must, therefore, judge for themselves whether the story of the Unknown Singer be a true tale, or a Mystification.

#### THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye winged winds,  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some spot  
Where mortals weep no more;  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some valley in the west,  
Where, free from toil and pain,  
The weary soul may rest?  
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,  
And sighed for pity, as it answered "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,  
Whose billows round me play,  
Know'st thou some favored spot,  
Some island far away,

Where weary man may find  
The bliss for which he sighs,  
Where sorrow never lives,  
And friendship never dies?  
The loud waves, roaring in perpetual flow,  
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, "No."

And thou, serenest moon,  
That, with such holy face,  
Dost look upon the world  
Asleep to night's embrace;  
Tell me, in all thy round,  
Hast thou not seen some spot  
Where miserable man  
Might find a happier lot?  
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe;  
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, "No."

Tell me, my sacred soul,  
O, tell me, hope and faith,  
Is there no resting place  
From sorrow, sin, and death?  
Is there no happy spot  
Where mortals may be blessed,  
Where grief may find a balm,  
And weariness a rest?  
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,  
Wav'd their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes, in heaven!"

*Banner of the Cross.*

From the Southern Churchman.

#### CHRIST WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET.

ST. JOHN, viii. 1—15.

O BLESSED Jesus, when I see thee bending,  
Girt as a servant, at thy servant's feet;  
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all blending,  
To wash their dust away, and make them meet  
To share thy feast—I know not t' adore,  
Whether thy humbleness or glory more.

Conscious thou art of that dread hour impending,  
When thou must hang in anguish on the tree;  
Yet, as in the beginning, to the ending  
Of thy sad life, thine own are dear to thee—  
And thou wilt prove to them ere thou dost part  
The untold love which fills thy faithful heart.

The day too is at hand, when far ascending,  
Thy human brow the crown of God shall wear.  
Ten thousand saints and radiant ones attending,  
To do thy will and bow in homage there;  
But thou dost pledge to guard thy Church from ill,  
Or bless with good, thyself a servant still.

Meek Jesus! to my soul thy spirit lending,  
Teach me to live, like thee, in lowly love;  
With humblest service all thy saints befriending,  
Until I serve before thy throne above—  
Yes, serving e'en my foes, for thou didst seek  
The feet of Judas in thy service meek.

Daily, my pilgrimage, as homeward wending  
My weary way, and sadly stained with sin,  
Daily do thou, thy precious grace expending,  
Wash me all clean without, and clean within,  
And make me fit to have a part with thee  
And thine, at last in heaven's festivity.

O blessed name of *servant*! comprehending  
Man's highest honor in his humblest name,  
For thou, God's Christ, that office recommending,  
The throne of mighty power didst truly claim;  
He who would rise like thee, like thee must owe  
His glory only to his stooping low.

*Philadelphia.*

G. W. B.

From the United Service Magazine.

# FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

It is now some thirteen or fourteen years since Marshal Bourmont, with an admirably appointed army of 42,000 men, escorted by a well-manned fleet of 11 sail of the line, 24 frigates, 15 corvettes, and 37 other vessels of war, under Admiral Duperré, besides 8 large steamers and a numerous fleet of transports, made a successful descent upon Algiers, overturned its regency, sacked the treasures of the Kasibba, and established a permanent settlement on the coast of Africa. To be sure there was, as we suspected and predicted, no little of the Gallic practice of looking one way and pulling another, and the said occupation was in the face of repeated official professions, that the expedition was not undertaken with any view whatever to territorial aggrandizement, and all that. After great coquetting upon this subject with our government, they affected to take it very hard that their promises as to their ultimate views should not be literally received, and they even hinted that we seemed to desire them to desist from redressing their own wrongs. To this our minister pointedly replied—"The French government appear to mistake the motives which have induced us to ask for explanations more precise and explicit than those which we have hitherto received respecting the expedition to Algiers. They appear, also, to have formed an erroneous estimate of the real situation of this country, and to have regarded as evidence of ill-will, of suspicion, and distrust, a conduct which has been dictated by a plain sense of duty. His Majesty's government are so far from entertaining these hostile feelings, that they have always been desirous of seeing the most ample reparation exacted from the state of Algiers."

But, as any properly-garnished head could have foreseen, all the French protestations evaporated with the fall of Algiers, and moorings for a full-due were laid down. This rich guerdon, however, was willingly awarded them by those well-meaning people who look rather to the end than the means, because there was a romantic hope, that the presence of highly-civilized conquerors must inevitably advance the claims of humanity throughout those benighted regions; hence Marshal Clauzel so confidently said—"L'Europe entière s'intéresse au succès de notre établissement sur cette côte si long-tems inhospitalière!" But these expectations have been grievously disappointed; except newly naming the streets and other localities of Algiers, furbishing up a square, the introduction of *tables d'hôte* and opera-dancers, and the publication of the *Moniteur Algérien*, little has yet been done. To be sure they advertised the *Ferme modèle* at Haouash, as *le noyau d'une vaste colonisation*, but that was found too unhealthy, and was soon, says Sir G. Temple, a "ruined square in the midst of a desert." Indeed, the retention of the regency being at an expense of twenty times its revenue is

a heavy burden on the French finances, and its abandonment soon came to be canvassed by the sober-minded in the Chambers; but the clamors of the republican and conquest-making party prevailed. It was asserted as a *sine qua non*, that Algiers could not be abandoned without France seeming to throw away a wreath of her laurels; but assuredly there was not much glory to be gathered where a great military people, with vast means, had beaten down a horde of barbarians. Paris, however, was divided into two very unequal classes; the few who were worth listening to strongly advised the relinquishment of so onerous a prize, while the many-headed took a contrary view.

Meantime the occupation continued to be a source of cost and embarrassment, without any corresponding advantage. The intractable natives of the new possession, it was found, were not reducible to method; and European colonists could not be induced to settle among them. At least the French, who understand the sword better than the olive-branch, and parade more than utility, could make nothing of it. Nominally masters of the regency of Algiers, they actually only possessed those portions occupied by their garrisons, nor are they much better off at the present moment. The neighboring Moors and Arabs gave them full occupation, making frequent attacks on the French posts, while the French sacked and burnt their towns and villages in retaliation. One of the most active and powerful chiefs arrayed against them is the celebrated Abd-al-Kadir, Emir of Mascara, a province lying along the foot of the lesser Atlas range of mountains. Instead of the obvious necessity of dealing with these people upon principles of conciliation, and nursing the infant colony with money, goods, credit, markets, and colonists, the conquerors assumed a policy similar to that which would do for the temporary occupation of a petty European state. In this spirit, irritated at the goadings which Abd-al-Kadir inflicted on them, the French boasted that they would destroy his army, and send him to Paris in a cage. They have not, however, yet caught him; and they continue to find the inhabitants of Barbary, as the voluminous John Ogilby said, sufficiently barbarous.

In 1834, both sides appearing to desire repose, a treaty was concluded with Abd-al-Kadir, by which his authority over certain tribes, intervening between his territories and the French settlement, was recognized and confirmed. But the French commander shortly afterwards, upon grounds of which there is only a one-sided coloring, forbade him to interfere with these tribes, and called upon him to make himself tributary to France. The African prince, complaining loudly of this breach of faith, rejected the terms with disdain, and imprisoned a chief who had sought protection under the invaders. The French troops under General Trezel, at Oran, forthwith marched towards Mas-

cara, and, on the 26th of June, 1835, forced the defile of Muley Ismael; but it was so obstinately defended, the loss was so considerable, and the general appearances so threatening, that, after a delay of a couple of days in inactivity, it was resolved to return. On the 28th, the retreat, or retrograde movement as it was officially designated, commenced, and Abd-al-Kadir advanced. The desultory but spirited attacks of the Arabs threw the French into the utmost disorder, and Trezel was compelled to precipitate his retreat, with the loss of his wagons, train and baggage, and an acknowledged sacrifice of 570 officers and men killed and wounded. The discomfited troops reentered Oran on the 4th of July, and the Arabs advanced into the neighborhood of Algiers, harassing the enemy by repeated skirmishes, but carefully avoiding a general engagement.

When tidings of this most unpalatable disaster reached Paris, the rage against the emir was vehement, and nothing but his destruction was to satisfy the wounded honor of the nation. There were already upwards of 30,000 troops at Algiers; but a new expedition of 10,000 men was immediately ordered to reinforce Marshal Clauzel, and the Duke of Orleans himself, the heir-apparent of the crown, accompanied it, to retrieve the military renown of the French name. By the end of November the marshal, accompanied by the prince royal, marched against Mascara at the head of 15,000 choice troops, and 26 pieces of artillery. The Emir, too weak and too wary to meet so formidable a force in the field, took up a strong position on the banks of the river Sigg. Here the French attacked him, and a severe contest ensued; but the Arabs were unable to resist the well-served and murderous artillery of their skilful opponents, and were forced to abandon their camp. Abd-al-Kadir awaited another attack between the Sigg and his capital, and being again discomfited, retired into the fastnesses of the Atlas, expecting a turn of the tide. Meantime the triumphant French army entered Mascara, without resistance, on the 6th of December, razed the city to the ground, to chastise the emir, and immediately returned to the coast. Hardly had they started, however, ere it was found that the destruction of a Moorish town does not drain the resources of a persevering Nomade chief, for Abd-al-Kadir hung upon their flanks during the whole march, and took possession of the important town of Tlemezzen on their reentering Oran. As this act was liable to jeopardize the western stations of the French, Marshal Clauzel was obliged to break from his winter cantonments, and take the field to dislodge the Arabs; but the emir, with his usual prudence, evacuated the town, and withdrawing a few leagues into the interior, from thence watched the further movements of his opponents. Several skirmishes took place, in which the impetuosity of the emir's cavalry could only be deprived of advantage by the

excellence of the French artillery. But no decisive blow could be aimed at the barbarians, nor was it Abd-al-Kadir's intention to allow it to be aimed. Clauzel therefore returned to Oran, where he arrived on the 12th of February, 1836, having been closely followed and sorely galled during the first four days' march, by a large body of Arabs, whose impetuous attacks were only to be checked by the dreaded *bouches à feu*.

In a very short time, the indefatigable Abd-al-Kadir placed himself between Oran and Tlemezzen, by which the communication between those posts was interrupted. A new expedition was therefore absolutely necessary in order to drive him back. Several severe conflicts took place, and, according to the French, always to their own advantage; but as the emir published no bulletins, the statements are all unilateral. A clear inference, however, may be drawn, that the victories were not very advantageous, since they neither secured the territory, nor placed the emir in the promised cage. Towards the close of this year, the French resolved to reduce the eastern province of Algeria to order by attacking their other dreaded enemy, Achmet Bey, in his strong-hold of Constantine. The consequent expedition, and disastrous retreat, are not within the province of this sketch, as our object is rather to show the *quid pro quo* on the Morocco frontier; but we may remark, *en passant*, that the calamities of the return, as detailed to us by Captain George Mansel, of the Royal Navy, who accompanied the French in the arduous character of *soldat volontaire*, were mournfully severe. Having at last waded through a horrid country, his army, reduced by slaughter and starvation to a skeleton, and most of his artillery, ammunition, and baggage lost, the gallant Marshal commenced his dispatch. "The expedition against Constantine has not had COMPLETE SUCCESS." Leaving that fated city to the calamitous outrages it experienced in the following campaign, we must return to the western provinces.

In the summer of 1837, General Bugeaud had a personal conference with Abd-al-Kadir at the outposts of the Arab army; and, in consequence, the treaty of Tafna was negotiated, and officially promulgated on the 18th of July. By its principal provisions, the emir recognized the sovereignty of the French over the stipulated portions of the space since called Algeria, while the emir was to retain the sovereignty of those portions of Oran, Tittery, and the regency of Algiers, not included within the French territory. One of the chief points of this treaty of peace, was the establishment of commercial intercourse between the colonists and original inhabitants of the French conquest, and the Moors and Arabs of the vicinity. The practical operation of this soon gave several "very pretty occasions," as Sir Lucius would have said, to quarrel, in the various infringements upon each other's lines. The French accused the

emir of tyranny, treachery, perfidy, and all uncharitableness; while Abd-al-Kadir had a good deal to say in recrimination.

On the 18th of November, 1839, the latter announced to Marshal Vallée, who then commanded the French army in Africa, that the Moslems had determined to wage war against the infidels, and that no alternative was left him, but to obey the law of his religion, and assume the command. Two days afterwards, he crossed the line of demarcation, and devastated the great plain of Mutijah. Clouds of Bedoweens surrounded the French outposts, and half a battalion was cut off and destroyed. The farms and villages of the few colonists who were tempted to Algeria were set on fire, and the suddenness of the attack struck the French with dismay. Henceforward a series of actions and skirmishes took place between the troops of Marshal Vallée and the emir's Arabs, in which various brilliant exploits were performed on both sides, but nothing decisive. France, however, was again and again called upon for money and reinforcements.

During these events, it has been seen that the emir, like another Antæus, rises with fresh vigor after each throw which he receives; and when the French would persuade all the world that he is at the last gasp, there he is at his post again in full vigor, and well fitted for another struggle. Sometimes they think they have fast hold of him; but, like an eel, he slips through their fingers, glides along almost unscotched, and rears his head in another direction. It was also perceived that, after reverses, he was wont to seek refuge within the dominions of Morocco, whence he always returned with fresh means of annoyance to the theatre of the baffled attempts of France at colonization. These measures have lately been screwed up to a crisis. Besides the late attack made on the division of General Lamoricière, there have been two or three severe skirmishes on the Moroquin frontier, in which, though the Moors generally sustained repulse and defeat, they were always the assailants.

All this was sufficiently annoying to the French, who find their present conquest so expensive a bauble; yet they consider it sternly necessary to show front to the storm. It is uncertain how far these hostile acts have been authorized or countenanced by the Emperor of Morocco, or how much is due to the turbulence of the fanatical chiefs by whom he is surrounded; who naturally have a fellow-feeling for those unconquered tribes who regard the presence of the French as an insult to their religion, and an infraction of their rights. Indeed, though ungraduated in civil law, they all consider the infidels as occupants *de facto* and not *de jure*.

Under these embarrassing circumstances, since France will not swallow the pill, and abandon Algeria, perhaps her best policy would be to increase her garrisons, and establish warlike colonists along

the frontiers which have been acknowledged to be hers. Such a step would enable them to be efficiently on the defensive, and as to Moroquin incursion, why, they should in a measure "grin and bear it" for a while, until repeated repulses damp the ardor of the confederates. A war with Morocco may prove *glorious*; but it will inevitably be ruinously expensive in its nature, and may, perchance, end in catching a Tartar. The French have now, wear and tear included, to maintain one hundred thousand men in Algeria, and cannot compass the making of war upon such a state as Morocco, without a certain prospect of requiring at least as many more. Instead of regular campaigns and splendid battle-fields, their disciplined troops must move in heavy harness against wild and bigoted hordes of determined enemies, who will inflict upon them that desultory warfare so inimical to European tactics, so expensive to life and treasure, and so fruitless to the invader even in victory. Above all, be it remembered, that even if the French succeed in ravaging Morocco, their active enemy has the interminable wastes of the Great Desert to retreat upon, where to follow him would be madness and destruction.

Still the die appears to be cast, and preparations are actually made for a Moroquin war. Our government has received assurances of the moderate and even pacific intentions of Louis Philippe; but while these assurances are being retailed to our House of Commons, Prince de Joinville—a pitchforked admiral—has been appointed to the command of a squadron of three sail of the line, some frigates, and half a dozen large class steamers, for a visit to the shores of Morocco. Now, even if our experience of French protestations—monarchical, republican, imperial, or kingly—were less than it is, we should here have certain misgivings as to the ultimate objects of the Gallic cabinet. The strange circumstances of their occupation of Algiers, under pledges and affirmations that their only intention was a belligerent attack, gives us some inquietude for the balance of maritime power in the Mediterranean, as well as for the ultimate integrity of Italy and distracted Spain. As the chosen *Admiral's* arrogance was displayed in an unpunished outrage on one of our West India packets, and his yearnings for war in a notorious pamphlet of which he is one of the authors, there is but little indication of the peace being kept by him. The admiralty, therefore, must keep their weather-eye open, and beware of leaving vanity and presumption without a check-mate. This precaution we think the more necessary, since the Barbary fleets having been crippled and "done up" by ourselves, it is evident that there is no suitable maritime opponent in North Africa to encounter such a force; and from the disposition hitherto evinced by this youthful seaman and pamphleteer, there is reason to apprehend he will twist his instructions to their fullest latitude.

The paramount importance of the shores of Mo-



rocco, and the dependence of Gibraltar on supplies from thence, as well as the nautical balance of power above alluded to, render it impossible for us to remain passive or indifferent spectators on such an occasion. Relying on the duration of peace, our naval reductions have been made accordingly; yet this unexpected armament is an incident of that grave nature, that we presume the Mediterranean squadron will be forthwith reinforced. But let us see what kind of quarry France wishes to pounce upon.

The empire of Morocco, vernacularly designated *Mogh'-rib-al-akzà*, the farthest west, is a remnant of the great African monarchies formed by the Saracens in Mauritania; and it was under the dynasty of the Edrisites, whose capital was Fez. It was dubbed empire from being formed by the union of several small kingdoms, or rather large provinces, perpetually at variance among themselves, till at length they were subdued and united under one sovereign by the Scherifs. At first, it was recognized to consist of the kingdoms of Fez, Morocco, Suez, Taflet, Tarudant, Mesquinez, Sugulmessa, and Tremezen; but they have all latterly merged into those of Morocco and Fez. Anarchy and intestine discords have reduced their boundaries; but the empire is still possessed of a surface at least equal to that of Spain; and the present ruler is of a family which has, despite of numerous revolutions, maintained itself in the mudnud for about three hundred years.

The empire of Morocco is on the extreme west of North Africa, bounded on that side by the Atlantic Ocean; on the east by the river Mubria, which parts it from Algiers; on the north by the Mediterranean Sea; and on the south by the river Sus, beyond which is the Sahara, or Great Desert. This extensive space is finely diversified with hills and valleys, a great part of which has never yet been visited by Europeans; and there are various rivers flowing from the great Atlas range of mountains, which traverses the empire in its greatest length, at some distance from its southern and eastern boundary, and attains the height of nearly twelve thousand feet. These rivers disembogue into the Mediterranean Sea and Atlantic Ocean, the large ones forming bar harbors, which, though now so neglected as to admit of small vessels only entering them, might readily be converted to good stations for steamers. A ramification of the great mountain range turns to the north, and is there known as the Lesser Atlas, of which Mount Abyla, or Ape's Hill, opposite Gibraltar, may be deemed the northern scarp. The country generally rises from the sea-shore, which in many places is rocky and inaccessible, and extends in wide plains ascending like terraces one above the other, the eastern being always some hundred feet higher than that immediately west of it, until at the range of the Lesser Atlas they probably attain an elevation of four thousand feet.

Morocco is necessarily warm, but not so much

so as might be expected from its geographical situation; the interior is cooled by the mountain winds, and the margin experiences the alternations of land and sea breezes, while the climate is at once mild and salubrious. The seasons are divided into the dry and the wet, the latter generally being from November till March. The soil, where cultivated, is in the highest degree fertile; but there are everywhere large tracts entirely uncultivated. Corn, dhurra, fruits, rice, maize, and pulse are extensively reared in most of the plain districts; and there are raised and collected oil, cotton, tobacco, indigo, sesamum, gum, honey, wax, salt, saltpetre, hemp, saffron, and madder roots; they have also manufactories of linen, scull-caps, morocco leather, barracans, shawls, carpets, soap, and hides. The declivities of the mountains are sprinkled with forests, in which the cedar, cork, ilex, carubba, walnut, acacia, and olive trees are prominent; and though iron, copper, lead, and antimony, as well as gold and silver, have been produced to a certain extent, the mineral wealth of these mountains may be said to be as yet unknown. It is truly a luxuriant yet indigent country, favored by nature, but neglected by man.

With soil and climate so excellent, if cultivated with tolerable skill and industry, Morocco would yield in quantities the products of most other parts of the globe: but this cannot be hoped for in a country groaning under the galling yoke of oppression. Still their agriculture, it seems, is equal to the wants of the people, those wants being most blindly curbed down to mere animal desires. The great dogma of the politico-economical school, that "cheap corn is a blessing," meets its full refutation in this country; where the cheaper the corn, the more are the people proportionably poor and wretched. Domestic animals are numerous, among the foremost of which must be named their horses, since they have ever been famed for rearing those animals, which, though inferior in size, have for ages excelled in elegance of symmetry, fleetness, hardihood, and peculiar docility. The sheep, which are considered as indigenous, produce a wool of eminent staple and softness; and the oxen, cows, asses, mules, camels, and goats, are esteemed in their several kinds. Poultry, pigeons, partridges, and indeed game of all kinds, are everywhere plentiful; and the coasts have many varieties of fish. The woody and uncultivated tracts abound with deer, antelopes, and wild boars; and the southern district with bears, panthers, hyenas, lions, wolves, monkeys, snakes, storks, cranes, and ostriches. As might be expected in such a climate, they are abundantly provided with mosquitoes, and all "the light militia of the lower sky." But the most dreaded of all animated evils is a visit from the locusts, which takes place ever and anon to the waste of whole provinces. These creatures are considered to come from the Great Desert, where their myriads are marshalled, and start on their northern incur-

sions in a dense body, devastating as they go, for, after devouring all other vegetation, they even attack the trees, and strip off their leaves and bark. In retaliation, they are brought to the markets pickled, and eaten by the Moors.

Such are the physical features of the nest in which France wishes to deposit an egg. Let us now turn to the moral state of the picture.

There are many difficulties, and some almost insuperable, in the way of the inquirer into Morocquin statistics. From all we could gather a few years ago, the population of the whole empire might amount to about seven millions—plus or minus—it having undergone a serious diminution in the course of the preceding century. Here is a contradiction to that axiom of political economists, which declares that man, like all other animals, multiplies in proportion to the means of subsistence which are placed within his reach. Morocco possesses every requisite for producing the necessities and conveniences of life in abundance, so that before referring to the occasional plagues and locusts' visits to which the decrease has been attributed, we must recollect the state of ignorance and indolence of the people: a scanty population and a deficiency of industry are circumstances so intimately connected, that it is not easy to determine which is the cause, or which the effect. Of the number above stated, about half consists of Moors and Arabs; one quarter consists of the Berbers, or aboriginal inhabitants, with nearly half a million of Jews, and the remainder will be found Negroes, with a very few Christians, and still fewer renegades, which last are deemed "pariahs" by all, only intermarrying among each other.

The Moors and Arabs are here tacked together, on account of the many cognate points between them; but it must not be concealed that they have a hearty hatred to each other. The Moors are the principal inhabitants of the towns, where they fill the higher offices of government, and form the military class: hereditary distinctions, however, are unknown among them; by birth they are all equal; and they admit no difference of rank except such as is derived from official employments, on the resignation of which the occupant mixes again with the common citizens. They are the only nation of Morocco with which the Europeans have had an immediate intercourse; and many of them are descended from those who were so impolitically and cruelly expelled from Spain; an act which commenced the downward march of that country. Their language is the Moghreb, a dialect of the Arabic, intermixed with many Amazirk (the original tongue) and Spanish words. They are tall, handsome, and of every shade of complexion, white, tawny, yellow, and even black, a result of the greatly encouraged marriages with the women of Súdán. In the absence of almost every public amusement, the habits of a Moor of condition are very simple; and his rigid adherence to established usages, makes one day the picture of every other.

He rises with the sun, and as he sleeps in part of his dress, his toilet costs him little trouble. He offers up his prayer as the loud voice of the Muezzin reminds him of monotheism and the prophet's mission, and then breakfasts on a cup of coffee, some sweetmeats, and perhaps the luxury of his pipe of el keefe, or hemlock flowers, tobacco being rarely used. He then orders his horse, and rides for two or three hours, after which, about noon—the hour when nature rings her dinner-bell—he dines on pillau, zummit, and other dishes highly seasoned; but the boast of the *tabella cibaria* is the excellent and savory *cuscusou*. In the afternoon, he frequents the coffee-house, or, practising the very ancient rite of discalcation,\* enters the mosque. In the evening he returns home to sup, or rather to take a second dinner, and then turns in. The *Tripudium Mauritanicum*, or morrisdance, no longer suits the gravity of the Moors, if ever it did; but they are brimful of superstition, and though magic and augury are denounced by Mahomet—who coolly says that astrologers are liars—they have great faith in them. They believe in the malignancy of the evil eye, dread demons and spirits, and have a remarkable regard for amulets; yet, as they recommend the use of the latter to Christians, their supposed efficacy must be independent of religious views. They are bigoted and fanatic; and albeit they may startle at the notion of their prophet having put half the moon into his sleeve, they fully believe that the fatal angel of the third heaven has a space of 70,000 days' journey between his eyes. From puerilities of this tenor, springs their respect for the marabuts, or dirty saints who infest the towns and prowl among the sepulchres,—like the demoniacs of the gospel. These bearings, together with a disposition at once vengeful, mean, sensual, and cruel,—an utter disregard for truth—and the invincible duplicity styled in Italian *furberia*, fully entitle them to the poet's stigma—

"Omne nefas proni patare, pudoris inanes,  
Crudeles, violenti, importunique tyranni  
Mendaces, falsi, perversi, perfidiosi,  
Fœdifragi, falsis verbis infunda loquentes."

So much for the Moors! The Arabs are the next important branch of the Morocquin population, although evidently not an indigenous portion. Their language is a tolerably pure Arabic, and they are supposed to be the descendants of those who fled from Yemen when the Mahometan tenets were first promulgated; following the chiefs whose names they have preserved in Beni Zarnol, Beni Razin, Beni Yedir, Beni Talid, Beni Bezil, Beni Waleed, and the like. They are widely dispersed over the plain, where they still adhere to their nomade wanderings and pastoral avocations, and

\* Both slippers and boots are worn very large and loose, consequently there are no corns on the Moor's foot. It was by seeing these marks of European stamp upon the toes of Ali Bey, otherwise Badia the Spaniard, in a bath, that suspicion first fell upon him.

are at once hardy, active and intelligent, but with no little share of the *furberia* so cultivated by their Moorish brethren. They live in dusky encampments called *douars*, each consisting of numerous tents, and having large flocks and herds, from which, with a slight attention to agriculture, they entirely subsist themselves with food, home-made raiment, and surplus for markets; but they are expected to pay the *garahm*, or property tribute, and are obliged to provide passing troops with corn, butter, honey and meat. These rural tents are shifted from time to time, in order to give rest to the land, and obtain fresh pasturage; and the removal of the people, tents, traps and stock, recalls the patriarchal ages. Each *douar* has a *scheik*, or chief, who is invested with pretty full authority; and we have often experienced the hospitality of those simple and primitive communities, where the birth of a child and the fall of a foal are equally subjects of gratulation. There is usually a spare tent for the wayfarer, and some of the more numerous *douars* have a mosque-tent, in which the *talib*, or school-master, instructs the juveniles in passages from the Koran.

The Berbers, Berebbers, or Brebes, are known as the Amazirghis, who, if not the aboriginals, are the most ancient inhabitants of North Africa. As their language is a dialect of the wide-spread Amazirk, which is spoken by the Tibboos, Tuariks, and other African people, from the shores of the Atlantic to the banks of the Nile, they are probably descended from the original and Punic races; but there are antiquaries who declare them to have been the Philistines who were driven out of Syria by David, while others contend that they are the posterity of certain Sabæans who fled from Arabia Felix. Be that as it may, being all but independent, they exercise a very influential share in the destinies of Morocco, and have many an Abd-al-Kadir among them. They are divided into two great families,—the Ereefins, or dwellers on the Ereefe mountain-range, and the Schellúhs, who occupy the branches of the Greater Atlas; the first being herdsman and hunters, the latter working principally in agriculture and handicraft; while both classes are temperate, agile, warlike and hardy. Armed with a long gun, sword and dagger, in the use of which they are very expert, the Ereefin is an object of alarm to the enemy. The Berbers only intermarry with each other, and are somewhat irregular Mahometans, as they eat wild-boar's flesh, and drink wine of their own making.

The Jews are a mystery, both here and throughout Barbary, being very numerous and intermixed among all the people whom we have spoken of. Their condition is best among the Ereefins, but among the Schellúhs and Moors they are exposed to the most ignominious treatment. Some are mechanics, such as goldsmiths, gunsmiths, tinmen, masons and tailors; while others are employed in fixing and receiving the customs, collecting the taxes, coining the money, and in all negotiations

and intercourse with Europeans. These bankers of the realm are very numerous in the sea-ports and commercial towns, but they possess neither lands, houses, nor gardens, nor can they enjoy their property in tranquillity. They must wear only black habiliments, and are compelled, when they pass near mosques, or through streets in which there are sanctuaries, to walk barefoot. Cut off from all participation of civil rights, they are born to no inheritance but slavery, and their hard-earned bread is eaten in sorrow and trembling; nor dare they repel the intrusive Moor from their dwelling, or return a blow which shall be given them. Their quiescence under the goading insults they receive, is an evidence of the prostration of spirit and debasement of mind induced by the degrading punishments which tyranny mercilessly inflicts upon them. Yet, under all their oppression, the Jews contrive to have substantial advantages over the Moors: better understanding the nature of trade, especially that carried on by the incompetent medium of exchange of commodities, they are the active agents and brokers in all large bargains, when they never fail to profit by their own cunning knavishness and the dense ignorance of the Moors. Besides money, they possess another advantage in the excellent qualities and beauty of their women.

We cannot dismiss the Jews without a concluding remark. Our intercourse with Morocco has been greatly impeded by the very imperfect degree in which our consuls and agents possessed the language. What expectations can be entertained of success in a negotiation conducted through the medium of an illiterate and despised Jew? Such abject and devoted subjects of the emperor are most unfit depositaries for national secrets, and dare not, on pain of death, take the freedom of using to their master many expressions which are essential to the conclusion of a treaty. Indeed, so little do some of our envoys understand these matters, that, while we were about there, one of the tapist squad waited on the Bashaw of Tangier in good Downing street attire,—coat, waistcoat and tights black, and all black; but considered there, owing to the color and the close fitting, an odious dress. Then again, he would submit to no extortions, as he termed the acknowledged practice of the country; but a man on his country's duty should have known that the custom of making presents by a consul, and on the ratification of treaties, is rather a part of the local manners than an exaction.

The Negroes are the least in number of the people of Morocco, yet constitute an important branch of its population. They are usually imported as slaves, though on good behavior frequently obtain their liberty; and the kind liberality with which they are generally treated, ensures the propriety of their conduct. From among them is formed the body-guard of the emperor, a force once very formidable, but at present not above 5000 or 6000 strong. In the golden days of the

sanguinary but wary Muley Ishmael, who brought intermarrying with them into fashion, the guards are said to have amounted to 100,000 men. They are the merciless myrmidons of despotism when called into action; but at other times the Negro is easy and familiar, though affecting a little of the imperturbable gravity of the Moors, who have taught him,

“To eat and drink, and feel it eating, drinking:  
To smoke and feel it smoke, and think he’s thinking.”

Such being the people, it remains to state, that their government is absolutely more arbitrary than the Turkish; and that their emperor, or rather sultan, is the most despotic of all despots, uniting in his own hands the various ramifications of power, without the shackles of council, divan, or laws. His authority extends not only over the lives and property of his subjects, but their consciences too, of which, as the representative of Mahomet, he is the spiritual guide. He is the framer, judge, interpreter, and, when he pleases, sole executor of his own decrees; and the duties, coins, weights, and measures, are consequently as variable as his opinions. The capricious tyranny of the monarch is as inconceivable as the abject passiveness of the subject, who, with arms in his hand and means at command, thinks of nothing but unconditional submission. Thus a bad government and a worse religion have corrupted the sentiments and enslaved the understandings as well as the persons and consciences of the people. But the Moors have no notion of sovereignty without despotism: and to the inherent quality of this tyranny in repressing improvement, the low state of Morocquin knowledge may be ascribed. Education, therefore, is in a dreadful lethargy, for, as Monsieur St. Olon remarked—“The Moors of Morocco are not much addicted to reading.” Yet it is scarcely five centuries ago since the intellectual light of those regions beamed into Spain!

With such motley and contradictory elements, it is difficult to predict the consequence of an invasion of Morocco on a competent scale, or what would be the nature and amount of its army on a crisis. In the general cases when the emperor wants troops, they are levied by contribution in the provinces for a limited service, but they receive very little pay or gratuity, and therefore support themselves and families by plundering in every way they can. In this manner he might raise from 150,000 to 200,000 men of sorts, with barely any distinction of uniform, and variously armed, but all capable of enduring hunger, thirst, and fatigue with the utmost patience. Indeed, men imbued with the principle that though it is necessary to do their duty, yet it is not necessary to live, are not readily put down; and opium and predestination, as Prince Eugene observed, will make any man brave. Averse to the sea, though dreaded as rovers, they never were good sailors,

but on land seem ever ready for action; and with them a stranger and an enemy are synonymous terms. Their general plan of attack is that of riding up till within a couple of hundred yards of the enemy, when they level muskets, fire, wheel round their horses, and gallop away at full speed; after which, when beyond shot-range, they re-load and return to the charge with loud yells. If the enemy gives way or exhibits signs of fear, they venture to push forwards; but, if attacked, man to man, with the sabre, we may safely consider their resistance as likely to be very short, since they are obliged to hold both bridle and gun in one hand, if they use the sword with the other. The latter they avoid to the last moment, preferring to rely on the swiftness of the attack and retreat, and on a dexterous use of the musket. We are here speaking of the Moors: but the Berber tactics are, after the first fire, to rush in pell-mell among the enemy, with bayonets fixed to their long guns, which they manage with impetuosity and bravery, placing their dependence rather on steel than powder.

But should a powerful enemy succeed in occupying the plains of the country, with their towns and cities, it is still very far from completing the conquest of Morocco; and even to maintain such occupation, it would require that the conquerors should be absolute in the maritime supremacy of the Mediterranean; a point which France can have no hope of ever attaining. Under this military cantonment, the fastnesses and elevated tablelands of the extensive Atlas range must remain independent *sine die*; for they teem with an unsubdued race, in command of difficult passes untraversed as yet but by themselves, and where even the footsteps of the stranger would be instantly traced by their keenness and sagacity. Full of fire, strength, and courage, they are suspicious, cruel, and implacable; and not at all remarkable for sparing those who fall into their clutches. They already view in Abd-al-Kadir—who is descended from one of the most ancient of the Arabian families—the gallant Defender of their Faith, and the heroic Chief of the Holy War; in which light the present contest with the French is universally regarded. A cry against them has broken forth throughout North Africa, and given birth to a feeling which will interfere with colonization. Fanatically attached to the rights of their soil, their religion, and their race, the Amazirghis—whose very name signifies noble and free—live in a state of almost independence, under the administration of their Omsargh, Amzgar, and Amaeran, elders and lords who are hereditary, and ever ready to lead. Their scheiks are also active and intelligent in warlike affairs, as indeed they are expected to be. “The want of courage in a chief,” saith one of their proverbs, “is the standard of revolt.” They are at once very inclined and well calculated for hostilities, as the rulers of Morocco have frequently found; for the mutual jealousies of the mountain chiefs, seem to be the only causes which preserve to those rulers the shadow of authority over the tribes.

Such is the country, and such are the hordes of Morocco. Her destinies appear to be advancing; but the plot has not yet sufficiently ripened. Marshal Bugeaud has broken ground, and finds that the Morocquin chief has “received no permission from his emperor to make war;” so that all seems smooth enough at present. To the question as to the ultimate intentions of France, it may be replied, *Nous verrons*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE STOLEN CHILD.

It was towards the commencement of the month of December, 1825, that I was going down the Mississippi in the steam-boat *Feliciana*. We had arrived in the neighborhood of Hopefield, Hampstead county, when one of our paddles struck against a sawyer,\* and was broken to pieces. We were obliged in consequence to cast anchor before the town.

Hopefield is a small town on the west bank of the river, about six hundred miles above New Orleans, and five hundred below the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi. It consisted, at the time of which I speak, of about fifteen houses, two of which were taverns and shops of the usual kind found in such places—their stock in trade consisting of a cask or two of whisky, a couple of dozen knives and forks, a few colored handkerchiefs, some earthenware, lead, powder, and the like. Our party was composed of ten ladies, the same number of young men, and several elderly gentlemen. Nothing appears so desirable, during a long voyage in a river steam-boat, as a stroll upon shore; and, as there was nothing to be done at Hopefield, the proposal of one of our number to take a ramble in the forest, was met with unqualified approbation by all the young men. We equipped ourselves each with a rifle, and a bottle of wine or brandy, to keep the vapors of the swamps out of our throats; the son of one of the tavern-keepers, who offered himself as a guide, was loaded with a mighty ham and a bag of biscuits, which we procured from the steam-boat; and, thus provided, we sallied forth on our expedition, attended by the good wishes of the ladies, who accompanied us a few hundred yards into the wood, and then left us to pursue our march.

I have often had occasion to notice, that the first entrance into one of our vast American forests is apt to reduce the greatest talker to silence. In the present instance, I found the truth of this remark fully confirmed. Whether it was the subdued half-light of the luxuriant wilderness through which we were passing, the solemn stillness, only broken by the rustling of the dead leaves under our feet, or the colossal dimensions of the mighty trees, that rose like so many giants around us, that wrought upon the imagination, I cannot say; but it is certain that my companions, who were mostly from the northern states, and had never before been beyond Albany or the Saratoga springs, became at once silent, and almost sad. The leaves of the cotton-tree, that giant of the south-western forests, had already assumed the tawny hues of latter autumn; only here and there a streak of sunbeam, breaking through the canopy of branches

that spread over our heads, brought out the last tints of green now fast fading away, and threw a strange sparkling ray, a bar of light, across our path. Here was a magnolia with its snow-white blossoms, or a catalpa with its long cucumber-shaped fruit, amongst which the bright-hued red birds and paroquets glanced and fluttered.

We walked for some time through the forest, amused more than once by the proceedings of two young clerks from Boston, who saw a wild animal in every thicket, and repeatedly levelled their guns at some bear or panther, which turned out to be neither more nor less than a bush or tree-stump. They pestered our guide with all sorts of simple questions, which he, with a true backwoodsman's indifference, left for the most part unanswered. After about an hour, we found ourselves on the borders of a long and tolerably wide swamp, formed by the overflowings of the river, and which stretched for some five miles from north to south, with a broad patch of clear bright-green water in the centre. The western bank was covered with a thick growth of palmettos, the favorite cover of deer, bears, and even panthers; and this cover we resolved to beat. We divided ourselves into two parties, the first of which, consisting of the New Englanders, and accompanied by the guide, was to go round the northern extremity of the swamp, while we were to take a southerly direction, and both to meet behind the marsh, on a certain path which led through a thicket of wild plum-trees and acacias. Our guide's instructions were not the clearest, and the landmarks he gave us were only intelligible to a thorough backwoodsman; but as too many questions would probably have puzzled him, without making matters clearer to us, we set off, trusting to our eyes and ears, and to the pocket-compasses with which several of us were provided.

After another hour's walk, during which we had seen nothing but wild pigeons and squirrels, and a few mocassin snakes warming themselves in the sunbeams, which latter, on our approach, drew hastily back under the heaps of dry leaves, we arrived at the southern extremity of the swamp. Proceeding a short distance westward, we then took a northerly direction, along the edge of the palmetto field, with the marsh upon our right hand. It was a sort of cane-brake we were passing through, firm footing, and with grass up to our knees; the shore of the swamp or lake was overgrown with lofty cedars, shooting out of water four or five feet deep, which reflected their circular crowns. The broad streak of water looked like a huge band of satin, and the slightest motion of the leaves was immediately perceptible in the mirror beneath them. From time to time, the least possible breeze rustled through the trees, and curled the water with a tiny ripple. The water itself was of the brightest emerald-green; and the forest of palmetto stems that grew along the edge, was reflected in it like myriads of swords

\*The local name for large tree-trunks which get partially buried in the mud, one end sticking up just below the surface of the water. They cause frequent accidents to the steam-boats on the Mississippi.

and lances. In the small creeks and inlets, flocks of swans, pelicans, and wild geese, were sunning themselves, and pluming their feathers for their winter flight. They allowed us to come within a score of paces of them, and then flew away with a rushing, whirring noise.

We had been for some time plodding patiently along, when our attention was suddenly attracted by a slow but continued rustling amongst the palmettos. Something was evidently cautiously approaching us, but whether panther, stag, or bear, we could not tell—probably the last. We gave a glance at our rifles, cocked them, and pressed a few paces forward amongst the canes; when suddenly a bound and a cracking noise, which grew rapidly more distant, warned us that the animal had taken the alarm. One of our companions, who had as yet never seen a bear-hunt, ran forward as fast as the palmettos would allow him, and was soon out of sight. Unfortunately we had no dogs, and after half an hour's fruitless beating about, during which we started another animal, within sight or shot of which we were unable to get, we became convinced that we should have to meet our friends empty-handed. It was now time to proceed to the place of rendezvous, on the further side of the palmetto field, which was about half a mile wide. The man who had gone after the bear, had rejoined us, and from him we learned that the brake was bordered on the western side by a dense thicket of wild-plum, apple, and acacia trees, through which there was not the least sign of a path. On arriving there, we saw that his account was a correct one; and, to add to our difficulties, the nature of the ground in our front now changed, and the cane-brake sank down into a sort of swampy bottom, extending to the northern extremity of the lake. Our situation was an embarrassing one. Before us, an impassable swamp; to our right, water; to our left, an impenetrable thicket; and four hours out of the eight that had been allotted to us already elapsed. There seemed nothing to be done but to retrace our steps; but, before doing so, we resolved to make a last effort to find a path. To this end we separated, taking different directions, and for nearly half an hour we wandered through the thicket, amongst bushes and brambles, tearing and scratching ourselves to no purpose. At last, when I for one was about to abandon the search in despair, a loud hurrah gave notice that the path was found. We were soon all grouped around the lucky discoverer; but to our considerable disappointment, instead of finding him at the entrance of the wished-for road, we beheld him gravely contemplating a cow, which was cropping the grass quite undisturbed by our approach. Nevertheless, this was no bad find, if we could only ascertain whether it was a stray cow that had wandered far from its home, or a beast of regular habits that passed each night in its master's cow-house. An Ohioman solved the question, by

pointing out that the animal had evidently been milked that morning; and as we were debating how we should induce Brindle to proceed in the direction of its domicile, he settled that difficulty also, by firing off his rifle so close to the beast's tail, that the bullet carried off a patch of hair, and grazed the skin. The cow gave a tremendous spring, and rushed through a thicket, as if a score of wolves had been at its heels. We followed, and the brute led us to a tolerably good path through the wilderness, which we had thought impenetrable. It was doubtless the path that was to take us to the appointed place of meeting; and we now slackened our pace, and followed the cow's trail more leisurely. We had proceeded about a mile, when a strong light in the distance made us aware that we were coming to a clearing; and on arriving at the place, we found several maize fields enclosed by hedges, and a log-house, the smoking chimney of which bespoke the presence of inhabitants.

The dwelling was pleasantly situated on a gentle slope, roofed with clapboards, and having stables and other out-houses in its rear, such as one usually finds in backwood settlements of the more comfortable kind. Peach-trees were trailed against the house, in front of which stood some groups of papaws. The whole place had a rural and agreeable aspect.

We were scarcely within the hedge that surrounded the domain, when a brace of bull-dogs rushed upon us with open jaws. We were keeping off the furious brutes with some difficulty, when a man came out of the barn, and, upon seeing us, again entered it. After a few moments, he appeared for a second time, in company with two negroes, who were leading by the horns the very same cow which we had so unceremoniously compelled to become our guide. We greeted the man with a "good-morning;" but he made no answer, merely gazing hard at us with a cold sullen look. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, powerful man, with an expressive, but extraordinarily sad, gloomy, and almost repulsive countenance. There was a restless excitement of manner about him, which struck us at the very first glance.

"A fine morning," said I, approaching the stranger.

No answer. The man was holding the cow by one horn, and staring at the tail, from which a drop or two of blood was falling.

"How far is it from here to Hopefield?" asked I.

"Far enough for you never to get there, if it's you who've been drivin' my cow," was the threatening reply.

"And if we had driven your cow," said I, "you would surely not take it amiss! It was a mere accident."

"Such accidents don't often happen. People don't shoot cows, if they have n't a mind to eat other folk's beef."

"You do not suppose," said the Ohioan, "that we should wish to hurt your cow—we, who have no other intention but to shoot a few turkeys for the voyage. We are passengers by the Felician—a one of our paddles is broken; and that is the reason that our boat is at anchor in front of Hopefield, and that we are here."

This circumstantial explanation seemed to produce little effect on the backwoodsman. He made no reply. We walked towards the house, and, on stepping in, found a woman there, who scarcely looked at us, or seemed aware of our entrance. There was the same appearance of fixed grief upon her countenance that we had remarked in the man; only with the difference, that the expression was less morose and fierce, but on the other hand more mournful.

"Can we have something to eat?" said I to the woman.

"We don't keep a tavern," was the answer.

"The other party cannot be far off," said one of my companions. "We will give them a sign of our whereabouts." And so saying, he passed out at the door and walked a few paces in the direction of a cotton field.

"Stop!" cried the backwoodsman, suddenly, placing himself before him. "Not a step further shall you go, till you satisfy me who you are, and where from."

"Who and where from?" replied our comrade, a young doctor of medicine from Tennessee. "That is what neither you nor any other man shall know who asks after such a fashion. If I'm not mistaken we are in a free country." And as he spoke he fired off his rifle.

The report of the piece was echoed so magnificently from the deep forests which surrounded the plantation, that my other companions raised their guns to their shoulders, with the intention of firing also. I made them a sign in time to prevent it. Although there could hardly be any real danger to be apprehended, it appeared to me advisable to hold ourselves prepared for whatever might happen. The next moment a shot was heard—the answer to our signal.

"Keep yourself quiet," said I to the backwoodsman, "our companions and their guide will soon be here. As to your cow, you can hardly have so little common sense as to suppose that five travelers would shoot a beast that must be perfectly useless to them."

As I left off speaking, there emerged from the forest our other detachment and the guide, the latter carrying two fat turkeys. He greeted the backwoodsman as an old acquaintance, but with a degree of sympathy and compassion in the tone of his salutation which contrasted strangely with his usual rough, dry manner.

"Well, Mr. Clarke," said he, "heard nothing yet? I am sorry for it—very sorry."

The backwoodsman made no reply, but his rigid sturdy mien softened, and his eyes, as I thought, glistened with moisture.

"Mistress Clarke," said our guide to the woman, who was standing at the house-door, "these gentlemen here wish for a snack. They've plenty of everything, if you'll be so good as to cook it."

The woman stood without making any reply: the man was equally silent. There was a sort of stubborn, surly manner about them, which I had never before witnessed in backwoods-people.

"Well," said the doctor, "we need expect nothing here. We are only losing time. Let us sit down on a tree-trunk, and eat our ham and biscuits."

The guide made us a significant sign, and then stepping up to the woman, spoke to her in a low and urgent tone. She did not, however, utter a word.

"Mistress," said the doctor, "something must have happened to you or your family, to put you so out of sorts. We are strangers, but we are not without feelings. Tell us what is wrong. There may be means of helping you."

The man looked up; the woman shook her head.

"What is it that troubles you?" said I, approaching her. "Speak out. Help often comes when least expected."

The woman made me no answer, but stepped up to our guide, took a turkey and the ham from him, and went into the house. We followed, sat down at the table, and produced our bottles. The backwoodsman placed glasses before us. We pressed him to join us, but he obstinately declined our invitation, and we at last became weary of wasting good words on him. Our party consisted, as before mentioned, of ten persons: two bottles were soon emptied; and we were beginning to get somewhat merry whilst talking over our morning's ramble, when our host suddenly got up from his seat in the chimney corner, and approached the table.

"Gemmen," said he, "you mus'n't think me uncivil if I tell you plainly, that I can have no noise made in my house. It an't a house to larf in—that it an't, by G—!" And having so spoken he resumed his seat, leant his head upon both hands, and relapsed into his previous state of gloomy reverie.

"We ask pardon," said we; "but really we had no idea that our cheerfulness could annoy you."

The man made no reply, and half an hour passed away in whisperings and conjectures. At the end of that time, a negro girl came in to spread the table for our meal.

After much entreaty, our host and hostess were prevailed on to sit down with us. The former took a glass of brandy, and emptied it at a draught. We filled it again; he drank it off, and it was again replenished. After the third glass, a deep sigh escaped him. The cordial had evidently revived him.

"Gemmen," said he, "you will have thought

me rough and stubborn enough, when I met you as you had been huntin' my cow; but I see now who I have to do with. But may I be shot myself, if, whenever I find him, I don't send a bullet through his body; and I'll be warrant it shall hinder his stealin' any more children."

"Steal children!" repeated I. "Has one of your negroes been stolen?"

"One of my niggers, man! My son, my only son! Her child!" continued he, pointing to his wife. "Our boy, the only one remaining to us out of five, whom the fever carried off before our eyes. As bold and smart a boy as any in the back woods! Here we set ourselves down in the wilderness, worked day and night, went through toil and danger, hunger and thirst, heat and cold. And for what! Here we are alone, deserted, childless; with nothin' left for us but to pray and cry, to curse and groan. No help; all in vain. I shall go out of my mind, I expect. If he were dead—if he were lyin' under the hillock yonder beside his brothers, I would say nothin'. He gave, and He has a right to take away! But, Almighty God!"—And the man uttered a cry so frightful, so heart-rending, that the knives and forks fell from our hands, and a number of negro women and children came rushing in to see what was the matter. We gazed at him in silence.

"God only knows," continued he, and his head sank upon his breast; then suddenly starting up, he drank off glass after glass of brandy, as fast as he could pour it out.

"And how and when did this horrible theft occur?" asked we.

"The woman can tell you about it," was the answer.

The woman had left the table, and now sat sobbing and weeping upon the bed. It was really a heartbreaking scene. The doctor got up, and led her to the table. We waited till she became more composed, anxiously expecting her account of this horrible calamity.

"It was four weeks yesterday," she began; "Mister Clarke was in the forest; I was in the fields, looking after the people, who were gathering in the maize. I had been there some time, and by the sun it was already pretty near eleven; but it was as fine a morning as ever was seen on the Mississippi, and the niggers don't work well if there's not somebody to look after them—so I remained. At last it was time to get the people's dinner ready, and I left the field. I don't know what it was, but I had scarcely turned towards the house, when it seemed as if somebody called to me to run as fast as I could; a sort of fear and uneasiness came over me, and I ran all the way to the house. When I got there I saw little Cesy, our black boy, sitting on the threshold, and playing all alone. I thought nothing of this, but went into the kitchen, without suspecting anything wrong. As I was turning about amongst the pots and kettles, I thought suddenly of my Dougal. I threw

down what I had in my hand, and ran to the door. Cesy came to meet me: "Missi," said he, "Dougal is gone!"

"Dougal is gone!" cried I. "Where is he gone to, Cesy?"

"Don't know," said Cesy; "gone away with a man on horseback."

"With a man on horseback?" said I. "In God's name, where can he be gone to? What does all this mean, Cesy?"

"Don't know," said Cesy.

"And who was the man? Did he go willingly?"

"No! he didn't go willingly!" said Cesy: "but the man got off his horse, put Dougal upon it, and then jumped up behind him, and rode away."

"And you don't know the man?"

"No, missi!"

"Think again, Cesy," cried I; "for God's sake, remember. Don't you know the man?"

"No," said the child, "I don't know him."

"Did n't you see what he looked like? Was he black or white?"

"I don't know," said Cesy, crying; "he had a red flannel shirt over his face!"

"Was it neighbor Syme, or Banks, or Medling, or Barnes?"

"No!" whined Cesy.

"Gracious God!" cried I. "What is this? What is become of my poor child?" I ran backwards and forwards into the forest, through the fields. I called out. I looked everywhere. At last I ran to where the people were at work, and fetched Cesy's mother. I thought she would be able to make him tell something more about my child. She ran to the house with me, promised him cakes, new clothes, everything in the world; but he could tell nothing more than he had already told me. At last Mister Clarke came."

Here the woman paused, and looked at her husband.

"When I came home," continued the latter, "the woman was nearly distracted; and I saw directly that some great misfortune had happened. But I should never have guessed what it really was. When she told me, I said, to comfort her, that one of the neighbors must have taken the child away, though I did n't think it myself; for none of the neighbors would have allowed themselves such a freedom with my only child. I should n't have thanked 'em for it, I can tell you. I called Cesy, and asked him again what the man was like; if he had a blue or a black coat? He said it was blue. 'What sort of a horse?' 'A brown one.' 'What road he had taken?' 'That road!' answered the boy, pointing to the swamp. I sent all my niggers, men, women, and children, round to the neighbors, to seek for the child, and tell them what had happened. I myself followed the path that the robber had taken, and found hoof-prints upon it. I tracked them to the creek, but



there I lost the trail. The man must have got into a boat, with his horse and the child, had perhaps crossed the Mississippi, or perhaps gone down the stream. Who could tell where he would land? It might be ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred miles lower down. I was terribly frightened, and I rode on to Hopefield. There nothing had been seen or heard of my child; but all the men got on their horses to help me to find him. The neighbors came also, and we sought about for a whole day and night. No trace or track was to be found. Nobody had seen either the child or the man who had carried him off. We beat the woods for thirty miles round my house, crossed the Mississippi, went up as far as Memphis, and down to Helena and the Yazoo river; nothing was to be seen or heard. We came back as we went out, empty-handed and discouraged. When I got home, I found the whole county assembled at my house. Again we set out; again we searched the forest through; every hollow tree, every bush and thicket, was looked into. Of bears, stags, and panthers there were plenty, but no signs of my boy. On the sixth day I came home again; but my home was become hateful to me—everything vexed and disgusted me. My clothes and skin were torn off by the thorns and briars, my very bones ached; but I did not feel it. It was nothing to what I suffered in my mind.

"On the second day after my return, I was lying heart and body sick in bed, when one of the neighbors came in, and told me that he had just seen, at Hopefield, a man from Muller county, who told him that a stranger had been seen on the road to New Madrid, whose description answered to that which Cesy had given of the child-stealer. It was a man with a blue coat and a brown horse, and a child upon his saddle. I forgot my sickness and my sore bones, bought a new horse—for I had ridden mine nearly to death—and set out directly, rode day and night, three hundred miles, to New Madrid, and when I arrived there, sure enough I found the man who had been described to me, and a child with him. But it was not my child! The man belonged to New Madrid, and had been on a journey with his son into Muller county.

"I don't know how I got home again. Some people found me near Hopefield, and brought me to my house. I had fever, and was raving for ten days; and during that time the neighbors advertised the thing in all the papers in Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana. We had ridden altogether thousands of miles, but it was no use. No!" continued he, with a deep groan; "if my child had died of a fever, if he had fallen in with a bear or panther, and been killed, it would be bitter, bitter sorrow—he was my last child. But, merciful God—stolen! My son, my poor child, stolen!"

And the man cried aloud, sprang from his seat, and wrung his hands and wept like an infant. Even his wife had not shown such utter agony of grief.

"When I go to work," continued he, after a pause, "my little Dougal seems to stand before me, and my hands fall to my sides, as stiff and heavy as though they were lead. I look round, but no Dougal is there. When I go to bed, I put his bed beside mine, and call him, but no one answers. Sleeping or waking, my poor boy is always before me. Would to God I were dead! I have cursed and sworn, prayed and supplicated, wept and groaned, but all—all in vain!"

I have seen many persons suffering from distress of mind, but never did I meet with one whose sorrow was so violent and overpowering as that of this backwoodsman. We did our utmost to console him, and to inspire him with new hope, but he was inconsolable; his eyes were fixed, he had fallen into a sort of apathy, and I doubt if he even heard what was said to him. We ourselves were so affected that our words seemed almost to choke us. Time pressed, however; it was impossible for us to remain any longer, nor could we have done any good by so doing. We shook the unfortunate couple by the hand, promised to do all in our power to learn something of their child's fate, and took our departure.

It was six weeks after the time above referred to, that I found myself compelled by business to make a journey to Natchez. I had often thought of poor Clarke's misfortune, and, in conjunction with my friends, had done all in my power to discover the villain who had robbed him of his child. Hitherto all our endeavors had been fruitless. The facts were circulated in every newspaper, were matter of conversation at every tea-table in the country; rewards were offered, researches made, but not the smallest trace of the boy or his stealer was to be found.

It was a bright January afternoon when I landed at Natchez. In company with some acquaintances, I was ascending the little hill between the lower and upper town, when we heard an unusual noise and bustle; and on reaching the summit, we saw a crowd assembled before the door of Justice Bonner's house. Upon going to see what was the matter, we found that the mob consisted of the better class of people in Natchez, both women and men, but especially the former. Every face wore an expression of interest and anxiety; and upon making inquiry, we learned that the child-stealer had been at length discovered—or rather, that a man had been taken up on strong suspicion of his having stolen Mr. Clarke's son, of Hampstead county. I was heartily rejoiced at the news, and endeavored to press forward through the throng, in hopes of hearing some particulars; but the crowd was so dense that it was impossible to get through. I stood there for nearly two hours, the concourse all the while increasing, none stirring from the places they occupied, while every adjacent window was filled with eager, anxious faces.

At last the door opened, and the prisoner, guarded by two constables, and followed by the

sheriff, came out of the house, and took the direction of the town prison. "That is he!" whispered the women to one another, with pale faces and trembling voices, clasping their children tighter, as though fearful they would be snatched from them. The countenance of the culprit was the most repulsive I had ever seen—a mixture of brutal obstinacy and low cunning, with a sort of sneering, grinning expression. His small green-gray eyes were fixed upon the ground; but as he passed through the lane opened by the crowd, he from time to time partially raised them, and threw side-long and malicious glances at the bystanders. He was rather above the middle height, his complexion of a dirty grayish color, his cheeks hollow, his lips remarkably thick and coarse, his whole appearance in the highest degree wild and disgusting. His dress consisted of an old worn-out blue frock, trousers of the same color, a high-crowned shabby hat, and tattered shoes. The impression which his appearance made might be read in the pale faces of the spectators. They gazed after him with a sort of hopeless look as he walked away. "If that is the man who stole the child," murmured several, "there is no hope. The boy is lost!" I extricated myself from the throng, and hastened to Justice Bonner, with whom I was acquainted, and who gave me the following particulars.

About four weeks after our excursion in the neighborhood of Hopefield, Clarke had received a letter, signed Thomas Tully, and stamped with the Natchez postmark. The contents were to the effect that his child was still living; that the writer of the letter knew where he was, and that, if Mr. Clarke would enclose a fifty-dollar bank-note in his answer, he should receive further information. On receipt of the said sum, the writer said he would indicate a place to which Mrs. Clarke might repair, unaccompanied, and there, upon payment of two hundred dollars more, the child should be delivered up.

Upon receiving this letter, the unfortunate father consulted with his friends and neighbors; and, by their advice, he wrote immediately to the postmaster at Natchez, informing him of the circumstances, and requesting that the person who applied for his answer might be detained. Four days afterwards, a man came to the window of the post-office, and inquired if there was any letter to the address of Thomas Tully. The postmaster pretended to be searching for the letter amongst a pile of others, and meanwhile a constable, who was in attendance, went round and captured the applicant. Upon the examination of the latter, it appeared that he was an Irishman, who had some time previously been hanging about Natchez, and had endeavored to establish a school there. As he, however, had been unable to give any satisfactory account of himself, of where he came from, or what he had been doing up to that time, and as his manner and appearance were moreover in the

highest degree suspicious and repulsive, he had not succeeded in his plan, and the few parents who sent their children to him had speedily withdrawn them. He was known at Natchez by the name of Thomas Tully, nor did he now deny that that was his name, or that he had sent the letter, which was written in a practised schoolmasterlike hand. It was further elicited that he was perfectly acquainted with the paths and roads between Natchez and Hopefield, and in the neighborhood of those two places, as well as with the swamps, creeks, and rivers there adjacent. He was fully committed, till such time as the father of the stolen child should be made acquainted with the result of the examination.

In five days Clarke arrived with the negro boy *Cæsar*. The whole town showed the greatest sympathy with the poor man's misfortune; the lawyers offered him their services free of charge, and a second examination of the prisoner took place. Everything possible was done to induce the latter to confess what had become of the child; but to all questions he opposed an obstinate silence. The negro boy did not recognize him. At last he declared that he knew nothing of the stolen child, and that he had only written the letter in the hope of extorting money from the father. Hardly, however, had this been written down, when he turned to Clarke, with an infernal grin upon his countenance, and said, "You have persecuted and hunted me like a wild beast, but I will make you yet more wretched than you are able to make me." He then proceeded to inform him of a certain place where he would find his child's clothes.

Clarke immediately set out with a constable to the indicated spot, found the clothes, as he had been told he would do, and returned to Natchez. The accused was again put at the bar, and said, after frequently contradicting himself, that the child was still alive, but that, if they kept him longer in prison, it would inevitably die of hunger. Nothing could persuade him to say where the boy was, or to give one syllable of further explanation.

Meantime the quarter-sessions commenced, and the prisoner was brought up for trial. An immense concourse of persons had assembled to witness the proceedings in this remarkable case. Everything was done to induce the accused to confess, but all in vain. Promises of free pardon, and even of reward, were made to him, if he told where the child was; but the man maintained an obstinate silence. He at last again changed his story, retracted his previous declaration as to his knowledge of where the boy was, said he had found the clothes, which he had recognized by the descriptions that had been everywhere advertised, and that it was that which had put it into his head to write to the father, in hopes of making his profit by so doing. In the absence of witnesses, although there was strong suspicion, there could be no proof

of his having committed the crime in question. In America, circumstantial evidence is always received with extreme caution and reluctance; and even the fact of the child's clothes having been found in the place the prisoner had pointed out, was insufficient to induce the jury to find the latter guilty of the capital charge brought against him. Many of the lawyers, indeed, were of opinion, that the man's last story was true, that he had found the clothes, and, being a desperate character and in needy circumstances, had written the letter for purposes of extortion. Of this offence only was he found guilty, and condemned, as a vagrant and impostor, to a few months' imprisonment. By the American laws no severer punishment could be awarded. This one, however, was far from satisfying the public. There was something so infernal in the malignant sneer of the culprit, in the joy with which he contemplated the sufferings of the bereaved father, and the anxiety of the numerous friends of the latter, that a shudder of horror and disgust had frequently run through the court during the trial. Even the coolest and most practised lawyers had not been free from this emotion, and they declared that they had never witnessed such obduracy.

The inhabitants of Natchez, especially of the upper town, are, generally speaking, a highly intelligent and respectable class of people; but upon this occasion they lost all patience and self-control, and proceeded to an extreme measure, which only the peculiar circumstances of the case could in any degree justify. Without previous notice, they assembled in large numbers upon the night of the 31st of January, with a firm determination to correct for once the mildness of the laws, and to take the punishment of the criminal into their own hands. They opened the prison, brought out the culprit, and after tying him up, a number of stout negroes proceeded to flog him severely with whips of bullock's hide.

For a long time the man bore his punishment with extraordinary fortitude, and remained obstinately silent when questions were put to him concerning the stolen child. At last, however, he could bear the pain no longer, and promised a full confession. He named a house on the banks of the Mississippi, some fifty miles from Natchez, the owner of which, he said, knew where the child was to be found.

The sheriff had, of course, not been present at these Lynch-law proceedings, of which he was not aware till they were over, but of which he probably in secret did not entirely disapprove. No sooner, however, was he told of the confession that had been extorted from the prisoner, than he set off at once in the middle of the night, accompanied by Clarke, for the house that had been pointed out. They arrived there at noon on the following day, and found it inhabited by a respectable family, who had heard of the child having been stolen, but beyond that, knew nothing of the matter. The mere suspicion of participation in

such a crime, seemed in the highest degree painful and offensive to them. It was soon made evident that the prisoner had invented the story, in order to procure a cessation of his punishment of the previous night.

The fatigues and constant disappointments that poor Clarke had endured, had worn him out, and at last again stretched him on a bed of sickness. His life was for a long time despaired of, but he finally recovered, and shortly afterwards the term of imprisonment to which the child-stealer (for the public persisted in considering Tully) had been condemned, expired. There was no pretext for detaining him, and he was set at liberty. Clarke was advised to endeavor to obtain from him, by money and good treatment, some information concerning the child. Both father and mother threw themselves at the man's feet, implored him to name his own reward, but to tell them what had become of their son.

"You have flogged and imprisoned me," replied the man, with one of his malicious grins; "you would have hung me if you could; you have done all in your power to make me miserable. It is now my turn."

And he obstinately refused to say a word on the subject of the lost child. He left the town, accompanied by Clarke, who clung to him like his shadow, in the constant hope that he would at last make a revelation. They crossed the Mississippi together, and on arriving behind Concordia, the bereaved father once more besought Tully to tell him what had become of his son, swearing that, if he did not do so, he would dog him day and night, but that he should never escape alive out of his hands. The man asked how long he would give him. "Six-and-thirty hours" was the reply. Tully walked on for some time beside Clarke and his wife, apparently deep in thought. On a sudden he sprang upon the backwoodsman, snatched a pistol from his belt, and fired it at his head. The weapon missed fire. Tully saw that his murderous attempt had failed, and apprehensive doubtless of the punishment that it would entail, he leaped, without an instant's hesitation, into the deepest part of a creek by which they were walking. He sank immediately, the water closed over his head, and he did not once reappear. His body was found a couple of hours afterwards, but no trace was ever discovered of the Stolen Child.\*

POPULAR HEALTH.—The mean term of life diminishes northwards in Great Britain. The highest is in the south-western counties, in the following order: Sussex 55, Hants 53, Dorset 55, Devon 56, Cornwall 55; the decrement in the last case is caused by the shorter lives of the miners. The county of Lancaster has a mean of 36, the lowest county; in which Liverpool rates at 26. Human life in Devon is on the average; therefore 20 years longer than in Lancaster and 30 longer than in Liverpool.

\* Various particulars of the above incident may be found in the Mississippi newspapers of the years 1825-6.

From the North British Review.

*Report by the Commissioners for the British Fisheries of their Proceedings, 1842.* Printed in pursuance of the Acts 48th Geo. III., c. 110, s. 7, and 55th Geo. III., c. 94, s. 4.

THERE are scarcely any two nations in Europe that differ more widely in character, than one not inconsiderable portion of the population of Scotland differs from all its other portions. Our common people seem in no degree less like those of Muscovy or of Spain, than they are unlike the men and women of the same race with themselves, who inhabit the fishing villages of our coasts;—surely a curious fact; and certainly one of prominence enough, to have made such an impression on the popular imagination, that we find it embodied almost everywhere in the neighborhood of our fishing communities, in vague traditions, that assign to the fishermen a different origin from the other people of the district. In some localities, as on the coast of Buchan, the fishers are regarded as derived from an ancient colony of Flemings, and as still retaining not only national peculiarities of character, but also distinctive traits of form and feature, especially noticeable, it is said, among the women. In the vicinity of one fishing village of Fife, we are told that the inhabitants are the descendants of a crew of shipwrecked foreigners, of uncertain lineage, who were thrown on the coast rather more than two centuries ago; in the vicinity of another, that the inhabitants settled in the country from Holland, during the period of insecurity and violence at home, in which the United Provinces were struggling with Spain. Farther to the north, there are fishing communities that are represented as of Norwegian, and some that are said to be of *Irish* origin. We find them regarded almost everywhere—except where, as in Sutherland, and the western coasts of Ross, they have been precipitated on their vocation from the interior, by comparatively recent changes—as a race apart from those inhabitants of the country who draw their living from the mechanical arts, or the soil;—an effect of the peculiarities of character which grow out of the fisherman's profession, and the circumstances which inevitably attend it. So strongly marked is the *professional* character in this class, that it is found to neutralize in them the *national* character, and to take its place *as national* in reference to some other country, in the floating traditions of the people.

Few common things impress the imagination more than an excursion through an agricultural district, with its one or two country towns, to some long-established fishing village. Let us instance, just for the recollections it may awaken, a walk taken through the rich agricultural district, in the neighborhood of Arbroath, to the fishing village of Achmithie—the supposed scene of the walk so graphically described in the “Antiquary.” The fields through which we pass, the farm-steadings,

the policies of the proprietary, the cottages, the towns, all bear, not only the stamp of their country, but of their country at the present time. The hand of improvement, like that of a horologe, indicates the hour. The agriculture is Scottish agriculture as its present date—agriculture based on the experiments of a century. The carefully husbanded soil, occupied to the extreme edge of the narrow, well-kept hedges, the long drawn rectilinear furrows, the rich braird rising in well-defined lines, the absence of choking weeds, the skilfully-arranged steadings, with here and there the tall chimney of a steam-engine rising from their low roofs; the form of the implements employed in tillage, the heaps of draining-tiles, just prepared for laying down, the superior breed of the animals grazing in the fields, all unite in testifying that the growing necessities of the country—the demand made for larger supplies of food by its ever-increasing population, on the one hand, and for a larger return in the form of rent by a luxurious proprietary, on the other—have called out all the energies of the farmer, and compelled him to press into the service of his profession, whatever in science or art could be rendered available for making two blades grow where only one grew before. Even the farm-servant, though deteriorated, not improved, in character, by the change, bears in his very appearance the impress of the country and of the time. We see that he has become one of the agricultural machines of the new system, and emphatically a hard working one. In the various towns and villages through which we pass, mechanic labor is busy—we hear from cottage after cottage, in long lines of a quarter of a mile, the ceaseless strokes of the loom, and the monotonous rattle of the shuttle—the cartwright is busy in his shop, and the blacksmith at his forge. Some pale-faced weaver—pale, though he lives in the country—may be seen at his window snatching a hasty glance of his favorite newspaper or magazine, acquainting himself with what Parliament is doing, or what is perhaps more likely—for the chance is that he is a Radical, if not a Chartist—with what Parliament *ought* to be doing, but what it does not. There are comparatively few children in the lanes; but we may hear, as we pass by, the murmur of the village school. The great machine of society is everywhere at work, for the age is peculiarly one in which it cannot afford to stand still; but while the physical powers of the community are thus employed, the mental faculties, save in a few hapless instances, do not stand still; there is more reading, though perhaps not of the most ennobling kind, than at any former period, and much more political discussion; newspapers and magazines are multiplied far beyond precedent, and single literary journals possess more readers than composed the whole reading portion of Britain and Ireland, when estimated by Burke little more than eighty years ago. The face of the country, and the appearance and occupation of the inhabitants

—the jealously fenced policy of the proprietor, with its lettered board denunciatory of pains and penalties against the intruder—not less than the ceaseless clatter of treddles from the low-walled tenements that line the wayside—are characteristic of the Scottish race in their present stage of development, and of the relations which the various classes among them bear to each other. The wayfarers we meet are all Scottish;—the gentleman farmer on his sleek riding horse, or with his family in his drosky;—the secession minister returning on foot from a catechising;—the unemployed journeyman, seeking work with his kit of tools slung over his shoulders;—the cottager's wife, in her Sunday gown, bearing her basket of eggs to the market.

But we descend towards the cliffs, and enter the straggling fisher village, with its ranges of dingy cottages, and its corresponding ranges of fishy dunghills heaped high with shells, and sprinkled over with broken tufts of arboraceous zoophytes and fragments of mutilated star-fish. What first strikes the eye, if indeed the ear be not first saluted, is the vast number of ragged children, far beyond the proportion of other villages—dressed up, the boys in their fathers' cast-off jackets, the girls in their mothers' petticoats—and all uproarious, acute, quizzical, and mischievous. They gather around the stranger, full of practical joke and fun; if he chances to be mounted on horse-back, there are laudable attempts made to scare the animal by shaking under its nose a breadth of superfluous jacket, or by some bold blow, dealt at a sudden sally by some urchin armed with a dried tangle from the beach. There is nothing particularly malicious intended by the young savages, whose amazing number, in proportion to that of the grown inhabitants of the place, seems, so far as it is real, to be a result, as in Ireland, of the early marriages common to the class, and in the degree in which it is merely apparent, to the want of a school to shut up from the sight at least the teachable portion of them. They are all before us in one noisy, frolicsome mob—not at all devoid, apparently, of that proud sense of superiority so natural to the wild man everywhere, which employs, as its proper language in such circumstances, the rough practical joke, the jeering laugh, the prompt nickname. But how striking the contrast between these embryo fishermen of the village and their grave sires. The imperturbably demure tabby never beguiled into a single frolic, does not less resemble the vivacious kitten, all activity and play. There is a staid, slow-moving noiselessness about the grown men, that belongs to no other class in Britain. Despite of the short blue jacket and glazed hat, it is impossible to mistake them for sailors. The sailor, instinct with a spirit of enjoyment—for his days spent on shore are holidays—and trained of necessity to maintain a strict watch, that takes cognizance of everything, is quick in his motions, and proverbially observant; whereas the whole air of the fisherman speaks of a sluggish,

inert, incurious gravity, that seems apathetically indifferent to every object around him. Even when employed in repairing his nets, or baiting his lines, his motions appear rather automatical than the efforts of volition. But in order rightly to transfer his peculiarities of mien and aspect, one would require rather the calotype than the pen. We know no instances in which they have been rendered with half such truthfulness of effect, as in Mr. Hill's exquisite calotypes of our Frith of Forth fishermen; and it is a fact curiously illustrative of the supposed *foreign* character of the class, that these pictures, pencilled by the agency of light, without exaggeration or error, always remind the connoisseur, not of the productions of the British but of the Dutch school. The figures seem invariably those of Dutch fishermen, as drawn by Ostade or Teniers. The women of the village we have come to visit, are found, like its adult male inhabitants and its children, to have a character of their own. The sex occupy among the fisher population a much more prominent place than the humbler women of the country generally. We find them busied at the out-door employments of the fisherman, preparing the solution of tan with which he imparts durability to his net yarns, or weaving or preparing the nets themselves, or bringing from the shore the shell-fish with which he baits his lines, or engaged in transferring the naked mollusca to the hook, or setting out to market with a load of fish on their back. Their employments are slavish, but not so their position in the community. They form the agents through which all its sales are effected—its *men* of business, who occupy the important place between the class who produce, and the classes who consume, and through whose hands all the money of the village must pass. And hence, apparently, the well-marked energy in their physiognomy and action, that contrasts so strongly with the staid and silent gravity of their husbands and brothers. Scott drew from nature in making Maggie Mucklebackit, the fisherman's wife, talkative, forward, and bustling, and Saunders, the husband, taciturn and reserved. The women, like the men of the village, bear a peculiar air, the blended result of the character of their vestments, and of their robust and active frames, strongly developed by their masculine labors. The petticoat, shortened to adapt it to their laborious employments, especially to the gathering of shell-fish, and the digging up the sand-worm for bait amid the wet sands of the ebb, falls, as in many of the nations of the continent, only a little below the knee, and imparts to them a foreign look. Their love, too, of flaring colors—stripes of the broadest and brightest, flaunting calicoes, and gay napkins, adds further peculiarity to their costume. Among the many thousands who crowded from all parts of the country to Edinburgh two years ago to see the queen, her majesty, singled out, as strikingly different in appearance from any of the others,

the fisherwomen of Musselburgh and Newhaven. There is a picturesqueness in the accompaniments of the picture—in the backgrounds which relieve the various groups of figures, that greatly deepens the general impression;—the rude and not over-clean huts, little touched by the improvements of centuries—the various rude implements of the profession scattered in front—the nets hanging in brown wreaths from the horizontal pole—the large oblong baskets with their coiled lines in the centre, and bearing their adroitly baited hooks ranged in triple tiers on the edge—the pile of spare oars—the spread sail—the huge pot of boiling tan, sending up its seething steam in the sunshine from some quiet recess; and away in the distance, under the shadow of the overhanging cliffs, the boats of the community drawn up high on the beach.

What mainly strikes in such a survey, after we have first marked the external peculiarities, is the stationary character of the fishermen, compared with that of all the other working men of the country. There have been scarce any improvements in the profession of the white-fisher for centuries. His circle of art is the identical circle of his great grandfather, who plied his lines and nets, when, according to Goldsmith, the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street—he is acquainted with exactly the same fishing banks, and exactly the same phenomena of tides and winds; he sails in a boat of the same rude construction, and employs implements that have undergone no change. His modes of thinking, too, have remained as stationary as his profession. In these times of general reading, there are not many fishing communities in Scotland that receive their magazine or newspaper. The news of the day reaches them at but second-hand, or reaches them not at all; but, as if in some sort to make amends, we may find among them more of the worn-out prejudices and opinions of the past—in some instances more of its obsolete language even, than anywhere else. The superstitions of a district die last among its fishermen. If one wishes to acquaint oneself better than by books with the modes of thinking, and the degree of culture which characterized our common people ere the Reformation had given the country its parish and grammar schools, or theologic truth agitated and exercised the popular mind, the fisher communities of our coasts, may be found the best possible spheres of observation. They are isolated fragments of the past carried down to the present on the current of time, like sheets of ice, river-borne to the sea from some inland lake, that continue to bear, amid the brine in their frozen folds, the reeds, and heaths, and mosses, that had congregated around them in the far distant scene, in which they first acquired form and consistence. Whatever illustrates the formation of character by exhibiting the influence of the agencies, physical and moral, whose long-continued operation produce such

striking diversities among the races of men, cannot be devoid of interest; and it will be found that the country exhibits no diversity of the kind at once so strongly marked, and so easily traceable to its producing causes, as that furnished by our fishermen. Peculiarities as decided as those which mark national character, and which, as a class of our vaguer traditions testify, are popularly regarded rather as distinctive of a race than of a profession, are found closely associated in this primitive class with the circumstances which have produced them.

One of the first circumstances we would remark as peculiar, is that the profession of the fisherman furnishes employment, though not without long intervals of leisure, to the whole population of the fishing village, young and old. There is much time spent in procuring and preparing bait, and the consequent labor is of a kind in which the young people from seven years upwards can take a share;—neither much strength nor skill are required in gathering shell-fish on the banks, left dry by the ebb, or in digging for the sand-eel or the log-worm;—the art, too, of transferring to the hook the bait thus procured, though a tedious one, is soon mastered, and lies full within the capabilities of the urchin of eight or ten summers. Even younger children, boys and girls of five, find employment in tending the children still younger than themselves, left not unfrequently to their charge in the absence of their mothers and elder sisters, engaged in disposing, in the country or the neighboring town, of the proceeds of last night's fishing. There is occupation for all; and one curious effect of this employment of the very young, is a corresponding precocity of development among the children of a fishing village. They may be found in charge of the infant of the family at an age when other children are scarce intrusted with the care of themselves; or perhaps running an errand to the grocer's, or gathering up their little bundles of sticks for fuel in some neighboring copse, ere it is deemed safe to permit their juvenile cotemporaries of the trading town or the farm-house to escape from under the eye of the parent or the nurse. A similar precocity, induced it is probable by resembling causes, has been remarked in the children of savage or semi-savage tribes in various parts of the world. "It will be seen," says Dr. Madden in his Parliamentary Report, "by all the answers the missionaries in our different settlements have given to my queries respecting the mental capacity of negro children, that they are considered in that respect equal to European children, and by some, quicker in their perceptions, and more lively in their powers of apprehension." But the same set of causes which lead to a precocious development of faculty in the children of the fisherman, serve eventually to set their minds asleep. In the general employments of the community, they are of too much use to be spared to the school. They have all their several tasks allotted them—tasks

relieved by occasional intervals of unrestrained uproarious play ; but without sacrifice on the part of the parents there can be no regularly-recurring leisure intervals for educational purposes. The fixed period of school attendance may be some one of the ever-varying periods in which the sands are laid dry, and in which bait can alone be procured ;—it may be the time when the hooks are to be baited for the evening tide ;—or the time of market when the mother is absent, and the infant child must be tended. And hence the extreme reluctance so often evinced by the parents to permit their children to attend school, even in the cases in which its benefits are gratuitously extended to them. The proffered education takes the form not of a favor conferred, but of useful services filched away. And thus pass by in fisher communities those years of early youth in which alone the foundations of education can be laid among a people. In his sixteenth or seventeenth year, the growing lad accompanies his father to the sea ; in a year or two after, he is a qualified fisherman, entitled to a full share of the boats' fishing ; but who, without a wife to sell his fish, and to assist him in baiting his lines, cannot maintain his footing of equality with the rest of the crew. And so a wife he must have ; not a girl selected arbitrarily out of the family of some neighboring cottar or mechanic, but some fisher-girl, who can bait lines and repair nets, and who has accompanied her mother to the market, and learned to sell fish. Thus he marries, ere he is turned of twenty, a girl of his own class, of eighteen ; there is no connexion formed with the classes outside his community—no chance of receiving in this way any infusion of new idea ; he becomes the father of a numerous family, of which every individual passes through exactly the same course as their parents ;—and thus from generation to generation, the opinions and habits of the race remain stereotyped, while all around them exists in a state of incessant change. They stand still, unconscious that the mass of society is in motion.

It is a further disadvantage to the fisherman, that there is nothing in his profession at all suited to impress him with the value of education. The sailor is a vast admirer of arithmetic and the mathematics. They take their places with him among things indispensable ; for he not unfrequently feels safety, and even life itself, depending on the niceness of his sailing-master's observation, or the correctness of his calculations ;—and hence the sailor's profound respect, so well described by Captain Basil Hall, for superior attainment in this province of learning, and his frequent exertions, if his own education has been neglected in youth, to improve himself in after years. If among the boy pupils of a parish school one sees a grown man, the chance is full ten to one that that grown man is a sailor. But the profession of the fisherman makes no such demands on any of the sciences. He notes the bearings of his land-

marks and the rise and fall of the tides, and he knows the depth of water at all hours on his various fishing banks ; but his peculiar skill would be as little improved by education as that of Zadig in the tale. It lies quite as little in the course of the educationist, as the skill displayed by the North American Indian in tracking through the loose leaves of a forest the foot-prints of an enemy, or as that which he exhibits in entrapping his game. Nor has he, like the common laborer or mechanic, to keep a register of his working-hours, or an account of the work he has performed, and thus acquire, through the necessity, a value for the arts of writing and figuring. He has to deal with but the proceeds of a single fishing at a time, and the labor of calculation, in the case of even the single fishing, his wife takes off his hands. Nor in the demands of his profession, is there anything to stir up his faculties, by endangering his interests. He stands in no fear of competition. When fish are abundant on the coast, he sells them at a lower, and when scarce at a higher rate ; but he is in no danger of being undersold by some enterprising fishing firm starting a new machinery, suited, like the power-loom in weaving, or the jenny in spinning, to lessen the cost of production. His art, fixed for many centuries, bids fair to remain without change for many centuries more. It is a yet further disadvantage, especially incident to the white fishing, that his time should be broken up into short intervals of a few hours, in which his preparations for the sea monotonously alternate with his proper labors upon it. His cares, and the objects of them, if we may so speak, lie too near each other. He prepares his tackle during the day, that he may procure fish at night ; and there is no such space afforded for the wholesome excitement of expectation, as that furnished by the circumstances of the agriculturist, who has to watch for months the progress of the tender braid shooting up into the full ear, or of the seaman whose voyages, prolonged for weeks and prosecuted with various degrees of promise, lay him open to the rousing influences of hope and fear. The instincts of some of the inferior animals have scarce a narrower range than that furnished by the avocations of the fisherman. It is greatly to his disadvantage, too, that he has to prosecute his severer labors by night. A portion of his day, after his return from sea in the morning, has to be spent a-bed ; and the heavy influence of his night-watching hangs on him all day long. Hence the staid, inanimate peculiarity of mien, much the effect of a lassitude become habitual, which so characterizes him, and which speaks unequivocally, in so many instances, of a sleeping mind.

The physical effects produced by these circumstances on fisher communities are, in not a few instances, very striking. There can be little doubt, that the great bulk of the fishers of Scotland—in some localities Celtic, in some Lowland—

have a common origin with its other inhabitants. On the coast of Buchan, there seems, in accordance with the tradition, to be a mixture among them of Flemish blood; but to the north and south, we find them decidedly Celtic where the other inhabitants of the district are so, and Lowland in every case in which these are Lowland. One half the eastern coast of Ross is inhabited, for instance, by the one race, and one half by the other; the one—the Lowland half—has its two fishing communities; the other—the Celtic half—has its some five or six. In the one, the forms, the language, the surnames of the fishermen are Lowland; in the other they are Celtic; the names most common in the two Lowland villages are, Mains, Jacks, Hoggs, Skinners, and Fiddlers; those most common in the others, Rosses, M'Lennans, M'Leods, and M'Kenzies. Of evidently the same race with the other inhabitants of the district, they should furnish on the average the same physical development; and yet it is a curious fact that, with bodies robust and strong as those of their countrymen in general, their heads are greatly smaller. We have been informed by an intelligent draper, one of the magistrates of Cromarty, that in supplying with the several articles of his trade the fishermen of the three Celtic villages that lie on the low range of coast between the precipitous hill of Nigg and the promontory of Tarbetness, he had almost invariably to order for them boys' hats. The brain, deprived of its proper exercise for ages, has shrunk far below the average standard in Scotchmen. Among fishermen, however, as among all other classes, we discover the usual diversities of ability, though with reference to a peculiar scale. It is not uncommon to find fishers who are never permitted to take the helm, especially the helm of their small fishing-yawls, that carry on a light and narrow shell a large breadth of canvass; there are men among them, too, who never become expert enough to cast over the gunwale, without entanglement, a fishing-line, or to fasten together, in a manner sufficiently secure, the nets of a drift. Those inherent inequalities, which produce in human society such important effects, and mock the wild dreams of the leveller, reach even the low platform of the fisherman.

On this low platform—and, intellectually at least, there is none other equally low in civilized Scotland—there may be found curious indications of that spiritual nature in man which, when unfurnished with a religion, is sure always to make one. The profession of the fisherman naturally inclines him to superstition. It is always uncertain, and at times accompanied with danger; and uncertain and dangerous professions, such as that of the soldier and sailor, dispose to superstition even strong and well-furnished minds. In the storm and the battle it is felt, by the most intrepid and skilful, that the issue of events lies beyond their control. There is no shield to the brave from the whizzing

death that flies unseen in the fray—no sure protection to the most practised from the rage of the elements in the tempest. Man feels, in such circumstances, that there is something stronger than himself—that he is at the mercy of powers whose operations he can neither foresee nor resist; and it is not in accordance with his nature that he should learn to regard himself as the sport of mere accident, or as inferior to the material agencies that threaten him. The feeling springs up indigenous in his bosom, that there is a controlling destiny by which these are wielded and directed. It is not ounces of lead, or volumes of sea water impelled by the wind, that are his superiors; he recognizes them as merely the blind servants of a seeing master—the creatures of an all-potent and all-disposing destiny that gives to “every bullet its billet,” and whose behests the winds and waves unerringly obey. He sees death overtaking one man when little danger is apprehended, and another escaping unhurt from situations in which destruction seems inevitable; and, losing sight of the producing accidents as comparatively unimportant in themselves, he recognizes their results—the unexpected death or the as unexpected escape from death—not as mere consequents, but as primary determinations, fixed by immutable necessity to their destined moment. With this feeling—so strong in all the great warriors of modern history, from the times of William III. and Charles XII. down to those of Napoleon, and which we find taking the form of an invincible dogma among so many warlike nations—it seems natural to associate the belief, that the death which is thus predetermined may be foreshown. And hence a wide province for imaginations, impressed by a sense of the supernatural, to expatiate in;—hence the narrations without number, of soldiers, doomed to perish in the battle of the morrow, being impressed either with a melancholy presentiment of their coming fate, or maddened by an unnatural exhilaration of spirits, regarded as not less a sign of impending death and disaster;—hence, too, the ominous dream—the warning vision—the symbol of ill augury—the wandering death-light—the threatening spectre. The profession of the fisherman, like that of the soldier and sailor, is attended with considerable waste of life. There have been more cases than one, during the present century, in which the whole fishermen of a village have perished in a single storm; and the drafts of occasional accident fall always more heavy on this class than on any other in the community. The boats quit the shore with the close of evening; a sudden hurricane bursts out during the night, and all ever afterwards heard of them is, that some wreck with upturned keel has been seen drifting in the open sea by a homeward-bound vessel, or that some mutilated corpse has been cast on the shore of some distant district, and has received from charity a coffin and a grave. It is of not unfrequent occurrence, too, that a crew perishes in compara-



tively pleasant weather—in some day of variable winds and sudden though not violent gusts, when the unexpected breeze strikes the tant sail hoisted mast high, and, far out of reach of assistance, lays the hapless skiff on her beams. More of the detached and occasional accidents, to which the class are liable, happen in such circumstances than in any other. The whole boats of the village cast up except one, and she never casts up; and all that is known regarding her is, that some one crew saw her stretching along the frith in a long tack, in circumstances of apparent safety, and that when she disappeared in the distance, it was merely held that she had lowered her sail. The superstition, natural to the precariousness and peril of the fisherman's employment, finds in his ignorance, a soil peculiarly congenial. He is a close observer of omens, and a believer in visions and wraiths. There is a sound of wailing heard by night among the boats drawn high on the beach; or some fisherman, who has risen before cock-crow to ascertain in what quarter the wind sits, sees in the imperfect light one hapless boat, manned by a dim and silent crew of spectres; or there is a light seen wandering over the sea, tossing a while like a vessel in a storm, and then suddenly disappearing where the wave breaks under some dangerous precipice; or, far amid the calm, some returning skiff hears a cry as of perishing men, or marks some undefinable shape of terror, crossing for a moment the wake of the moon, and then lost in the darkness. And the closely following disaster interprets the sign. All who live in the neighborhood of fishing villages, and maintain any degree of intercourse with the inhabitants, must be familiar with stories of this character; they rise from time to time, to mingle with narratives of common events, as if they too were altogether in the natural course of things. Almost every disaster of the community, attended with loss of life, is set, as it were, in a frame of the supernatural—it becomes the incident of a homely epic, surrounded by a spiritual machinery. We remember that, some three or four years ago, the details of a fatal shipwreck on the north-eastern coast of Scotland were mingled in the neighboring fisher village with the particulars of an apparition of death-lights that had been seen twinkling, several evenings previously, from the uninhabited building to which the bodies of the drowned seamen were carried from the beach; and that immediately before the country was visited by cholera, in 1833, the fishermen of the same village saw, when rowing homewards in the grey light of a foggy morning, a gigantic spectre, taller than any man, or, as Cowley would have perhaps described it, than the shadow of any man in the evening, winding slowly along the shore, under a range of inaccessible cliffs.

It is not uninteresting to mark how such beliefs arise in the mind through the ill-directed instincts, if one may so speak, of the spiritual nature, and to see laid bare those foundations in the phenomena of the material world on which they rest. They lay open to us, in an exceedingly simple form, those first beginnings of natural religion, which the mere metaphysician finds it so difficult a matter to realize. The fisherman, plying his precarious profession at all hours of the night, amid the scenes of former accidents—uninformed and credulous, and with the recollection of the dead vividly impressed on his memory—is in exactly the circumstances in which most may be made of those rarer phenomena of sky and sea which, seen

through the same exaggerating medium of superstition, have been made to occupy so picturesque a place in the pages of the black-letter chroniclers. The dim light, fixed on the stern, or perched high on the yard, no very unusual appearance before tempests—the wandering *ignis fatuus*, blown aslant from the marsh over the surface of some land-locked bay—the shooting meteor, half hidden in fog—the spectral-looking mist wreath, rising in the moonlight from out the dark recesses of some precipitous dell—the awakened seal, rearing high its black round head and sloping shoulders, from some dangerous skerry, and then disappearing, unheard, amid the surrounding sea-weed—the sullen plunge of the porpoise—the wailing scream of the numerous tribes of water-fowl that feed and fly by night—the distant blowing of the whale;—a thousand such sights and sounds, indistinctly heard or seen in the solitary yawl, far out of sight of its fellows, and by men strongly impressed by a dread of the supernatural, form the basis of many a wild story of warning voices and apparitions of ill omen. We have had some curious experience of these stories reduced to their first elements. A fisherman of the north, when returning home by night from an inland journey, in which he had been procuring horse hair for his fishing-tackle, had to pass along a dreary moor, the scene, in some very remote age, of a battle, and which still bears among its many lesser tumuli, a huge cairn. The pile forms a rude flat cone, some five and twenty or thirty feet in height, by about a hundred in length and breadth; and rich in the associations of two thousand years—for the stone battle-axe and flint arrow head have been dug up beside it—it forms no uninteresting object amid the brown monotony of the sterile moor. As the fisherman approached he could hear, amid the silence, a low murmuring sound, like that of the sea, when the winds sweep lightly over its surface, and the swell is low; and coming up to the cairn he saw—instead of the brown heath, with here and there a few fir seedlings springing out of it—a wide tempestuous sea stretching before him, and the huge pile of stones frowning over it like some rocky island. The rude pile seemed half enveloped in cloud and spray, and two large vessels, with all their sheets spread to the wind, were sailing round it. There could scarce be a more extravagant fancy; and yet it had a sort of fairy-like beauty about it, not unmixed with an appropriateness of which the fisherman was by much too uninformed to be aware. It was one of the surmises of the antiquary, that the cairn and the tumuli of the moor were memorials of the same period of warfare as the antiquities of a neighboring hill, which overlooks a noble arm of the sea, and on whose elevated ridge the remains of old Danish encampments lie more thickly than on any other track of equal extent in Scotland. According to tradition in the district, the body of an invading monarch, slain in battle, lay beneath the cairn; and it seemed an imagination worthy of a poet, that round the sepulchral heap of some old warlike sea-king, dead for twenty centuries, there should thus stretch out at midnight a spectral sea bearing its phantom ships, in shadowy restoration of the time when the fleet of the Vigners hovered on our coasts. But the apparition owed nothing to a poetic fancy. Not a great many years after the vision of the fisherman, we were passing along the moor in the direction of the fishing village in a clear frosty night of December. There was no moon, but the

whole sky towards the north was glowing with the *aurora borealis*, which—stretching from the horizon to the central heavens, in flames tinged with all the hues of the rainbow—threw so strong a light, that we could have counted every seedling that springs up beside the path, or every nearer tumulus of the old battle-field. There is a dark oblong morass which occupies a hollow of the moor for nearly a mile; it was covered this evening by a dense fleece of vapor raised by the frost, and which, without ascending, was rolling over the moor before a current of air, so light that it could scarce be felt on the cheek; and the vapor, dense and silvery, and sharp-lined above as a sheet of gently flowing water, had reached the cairn, and the broken line of seedlings which springs up at its base. The seedlings, rising out of the wreath, appeared like a miniature fleet of ships with their sails drooping against their masts, on a sea where there were neither tides nor winds; the cairn, gray with the moss and lichens of forgotten ages, towered over it—an island of that sea. As we moved past, the vessels seemed to glide along the nearer coast of the island; all that seemed wanting to complete the fisherman's vision, was just more of terror on the part of the spectator—a hastier pace onwards, and a less scrutinizing survey.

There are cases in which the superstitions of the fisherman take a curiously mythologic form: he addresses himself to the blind powers of nature, as if they were instinct with intelligence, and possessed of a self-governing will. The prayer to the wind in its own language—the shrill low whistle that invokes the breeze when the sails are drooping against the mast, and the boat lagging in her course—must be an instance familiar to all. One rarely sails in calm weather with our eastern-coast fishermen, without seeing them thus employed; their faces anxiously turned in the direction whence they expect the breeze—now pausing, for a light, uncertain air has begun to ruffle the water, and now resuming the call more solicitously than before, for it has died away. We have seen a young lad, who had thoughtlessly begun to whistle, when the skiff in which he sailed was staggering under a closely reefed foresail, instantly silenced by an alarmed, “Whisht, whisht,” from one of the crew, “we have more than wind enough already.” There existed another such practice among our northern fishermen of the last age, though it is now becoming obsolete. It was termed, soothing the waves. When beating up in stormy weather along a lee-shore, it was customary for one of the men to take his place on the weather gunwale, and there continue waiving his hand in a direction opposite to the sweep of the sea, using the while a low moaning chant, *Woo, woo, woo*, in the belief that the threatening surges might be induced to roll past without breaking over. We may recognize in both these singular practices the first beginnings of mythologic belief—of that religion indigenous to the mind, which can address itself in its state of fuller development to every power of nature as to a perceptive being, capable of being propitiated by submissive deference and solicitation, and able, as it inclined, either to aid or injure. We have found, too, some of the more complex phenomena of human nature transferred from their proper field, by the superstition of the fisherman, to some mythologic province. The reader must be familiar with the old Norse belief, so poetically introduced in the *Pirate*, that whoever saves a drowning man must reckon on him ever after as an enemy. It is

a belief still held by some of our northern fishing communities. We have oftener than once heard it remarked by fishermen, as a strangely mysterious fact, that persons who have been rescued from drowning, regard their deliverers ever after with a dislike bordering on enmity. We have heard it affirmed, too, that when the crew of some boat or vessel have perished, with but the exception of one individual, the relatives of the deceased invariably regard that one with a deep, irrepressible hatred. And in both cases, the elicited feelings of hostility and dislike, are said to originate, not simply in grief, embittered envy, or uneasy ingratitude, but in some occult and supernatural cause. There occurs to us a little anecdote, strikingly illustrative of this kind of apotheosis, shall we call it, of the envious principle. Some sixty years ago, there was a Cromarty boat wrecked on the rough shores of Tathie. All the crew perished, with the exception of one fisherman; and the poor man was so persecuted by the relatives of the drowned, who even threatened his life, that he was compelled, much against his inclination, to remove to Nairn. There, however, only a few years after, he was wrecked a second time, and, as in the first instance, proved the sole survivor of the crew. And so he was again subjected to a persecution similar to the one he had already endured, and compelled to quit Nairn, as he had before quitted Cromarty. But were we merely to sum up those various observances of the fisherman, which bear reference to some early-derived, inexplicable belief, they would form a list long enough to fill chapters. Fishermen are great observers, on setting out on an expedition, of “first-feet;” they have an ominous dislike of being asked, on such occasions, where they are going; they entertain a special dread of being counted; and the appearance of a hare in their lanes or on the shore, would fill with consternation a whole village.

There are several points specially worthy of observation in the domestic life of the fisherman. The necessity imposed on him by his circumstances of marrying early, while it lends its influence, more than aught else, to stereotype his condition, has at least the beneficial effect of rendering him, in one department of morals, a pattern to the other people of Scotland. There is no other portion of our Scottish population so eminently chaste as the inhabitants of our fishing villages. The two extremes of our people in this respect, are extremes that, in some other matters, greatly resemble one another: they are our farm-servants, deteriorated by the miserable bothy system, and the obstacles so generally thrown in the way of their marriage by their employers, and the men and women of our fishing communities. There are parishes in Scotland in which, though farm-servants form but the one-fifth part of the entire population, they are the occasion of two-thirds of the illegitimate births; and fishing villages, of from eighty to a hundred and fifty inhabitants, in which, in the memory of man, not a single illegitimate birth has occurred. As in their general morals and intelligence, the two classes, both of them unfortunately on a low level, approach nearer than most others, the causes which lead to results so strikingly different, are of course all the more worthy of study. They are of three distinct kinds; all of them arising rather out of circumstances than morals. The young fisherman lives in his father's family under the influence of the natural decencies of wedded life;—the young farm-servant lives in a bothy, or bar-

rack, with companions such as himself, and under no check of decency in conversation and behavior. The young fisherman has no sooner shot up to manhood, than it becomes his interest, as well as his desire, to take a wife, for the business of his life cannot get on without one;—the young farm-servant, if his master works his farm on the bothy system, cannot marry without throwing up his place, and trusting to the precarious support which the common laborer derives from occasional employment. Above all, the females, by whom the young fishermen are surrounded, are as well and as profitably employed as the men of the village—they occupy an important place in the community, and are under no temptation of selling themselves for bread. But, alas for the women with whom the young farm-servant has to associate—the members of those numerous gangs of female workers, for whom the farmer, his master, finds occasional employment in his fields, at the rate of sixpence or eightpence a-day. They live precariously, occupying a low place in society, scarcely compatible with self-respect. Their gains are miserably small, compared with those of even the common laborer, and are much more uncertain and interrupted than his;—they are idle often for lack of work, with but small provision for their necessities; and lie peculiarly open to the danger of tempting and of being tempted. The miserably inadequate rate of remuneration, joined to the uncertain employment of the females of Britain, is productive of much greater mischief than the distresses and privations which the females themselves endure. Of that vast amount of prostitution which constitutes the enormous evil of all our larger towns, and of the numerous illegitimate births and consequent degradation of the country, it proves one of not the least fruitful causes. The economy of the parsimoniously moral, has made prostitution one of the *trades* of the country.

Some of the other peculiarities of the fisherman we must be content rather to indicate than describe. “The bounty of Lord and Lady Geraldin flowed copiously on the Mucklebackits,” says Sir Walter, in the *Antiquary*; “but it was invariably wasted.” And, in the great majority of cases, the picture is true to the habits of the class which it represents as if by specimen. In the neighborhood of towns, considerable enough to have their butcher’s and grocer’s shop, the fisherman is very generally improvident in his habits, and huddles his luxuries together in a style suited to make the more scientific epicure stare. He returns cold and hungry from the sea, and begins his *refreshments* with a dram, or reserves the spirits to lace his capacious bowl of tea. In one village, *beefsteaks* and *shortbread* are in especial request—another exhibits a *penchant* for legs of lamb, boiled whole, and despatched hot. In some cases, the butcher-meat is brought in by night at a window, that it may be safely alleged by the consumers, that neither beef nor mutton has crossed their threshold for a twelvemonth. The staple of the fisherman’s trade is much more largely used by most of his neighbors, than by himself—he is not much of a fish-eater; on the other hand, in districts in the north, where wheat bread and butcher-meat are exceedingly little used by the common people, he is regarded as one of the butcher’s and baker’s best customers. Much, however, is found to depend on his neighborhood to their shops, and to that of the grocer. Much, too, on his proximity to the public house. In not a few of the small

scattered villages far from towns, which may be found on our north-eastern and south-western coasts, the inhabitants fare hardly on potatoes, oat-meal and fish, and save money. They all agree, however, in engaging with great zest in merry-makings and holidays. Albeit, little trained to graceful motion, they are great dancers. A boat’s crew of four, with their wives, have been known, after a night’s fishing more than usually successful, to hire a fiddler for themselves, and to keep the floor, with scarce any intermission, for hours. Their Old-New-Year’s-Days and Old Christmasses, are seasons of rare merriment; and huge jollity attends their marriages and christenings. They are exceedingly clannish too; and on all occasions stand by their order. On the death of an adult fisherman or his wife, the boats of the village are hauled up on the beach; and there is no farther work done so long as the corpse remains unburied. When news of the acquittal of the fisherman, tried before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, for his supposed share in the late Rose-shire riots, reached his village, every boat on the shore was dressed out in flags and gay-colored napkins; and the triumph gladdened every cottage. To employ the obsolete figure of an exploded philosophy, as our fisher people’s outer circle of self-love embraces no wider area than that which contains their own small communities, the attaching influences within are all the more intense, from their being so little diffused. Not but that they have their quarrels—restricted like their marriages, very much to themselves:—no class in Scotland quarrel half so often as its fishers, or make so tremendous a hubbub, when they do. They seem rather Irish, in this respect, than Scotch. Once every month or so, the whole village gets into commotion;—there is scolding, and fighting, and tearing of caps, and a vast deal of noise and clamor; but when the storm blows over there remains scarce a trace of its ravages—scarce a swollen nose, or a black eye even. No class of people quarrel at less expense than our fisher people. They fight as in those days of the *Polemio Middinia* of Drummond, when the frays of clansmen and burghers used to be very serious affairs indeed—and the result now, as then, is a joke. We remember once hearing it adduced, in proof of the utter unfitness for his office of an imbecile procurator-fiscal—promoted through the influence of political friends—that he had actually set himself to take pre-cognitions in fisher quarrels.

The comparative paucity of surnames in fisher communities—a consequence of their having derived their origin, in many cases, from single crews, and their after restriction of their marriages to their own village—leads to a large use of by-names, or tee-names as they are usually termed. “There are twenty-five George Cowies in Buckie,” says a writer in *Blackwood’s Magazine* for March, 1832, in a singularly graphic and well-written article on “The Fishers of the Scotch East Coast.” We have seen three Robert Hoggs in a crew of four fishermen. Hence the necessity of having other names to distinguish them by than the right ones; and these in many instances, are very curious names indeed. A fisher petition, to which only the tee-names were attached, would greatly resemble a petition from Tahiti, or the Sandwich Islands. We have reckoned among our acquaintance in one fishing village Toochoe, and Tackie, and Poso, and Aldie, and Baggie, and Fratri, and Bobace, and Bappie, and Sleekie, and Doggie,

and Laudo, and Glaffock. The better authenticated anecdotes of our fishers, that find their way into our modern collections of jest and bon-mot, bear, like the fishers themselves, a well-marked character. They are not extravagances, caught by standing on tiptoe, like the jokes of the American—nor droll blunders struck out of incongruous ideas, that jostle, in their haste, like the bulls of the Irishmen—nor pieces of quiet pawkieness, in which shrewd consequences, shrewdly discerned, take to themselves an atmosphere of humor, as in the retorts of the Scot—nor yet terse thoughts, ludicrously paired, as in the repartees of the Englishman;—they are simply the unconscious mistakes of a monstrous ignorance, that, unacquainted with things the most familiar to civilized man, confounds with them things of an entirely different character. "What was the cause of Adam's fall?" asked the late Dr. Johnston of Leith, during a catechetical visit to one of his fisher parishioners—a woman whose husband, named Adam, like our common ancestor, had been unlucky in his cups a few evenings before. "The cause of Adam's fall," replied the woman, shaking her head, "deed, sir, it was naething but the drap drink." The story forms no unmeet specimen of the more genuine contributions to our jest-books furnished by our fishermen.

How, it may be asked, are this class of people, possessed, as even their superstitions testify, of souls, whose nature it is to anticipate a hereafter, and live forever, to be elevated to a place in the scale moral and intellectual, worthy of their destiny? The problem has been felt to be one of great difficulty by men much in the habit of considering such questions. Our fishermen do not lie within range of those missiles which the common educationist directs against popular ignorance. Penny and Saturday Magazines fly over their heads; they never hear of societies for the propagation of useful knowledge. Even the gossip of the newspaper, if it reaches them at all, reaches them but at second hand, and through a conversational medium. The task of moving and directing bodies so insulated and detached, and on which scarce any of the ordinary motives to intellectual exertion can be brought to bear, has been deemed scarce practicable by some of the class best skilled in popularizing knowledge. The only hope entertained regarding them, seems to be, that they may, perhaps, be moved indirectly—that as the general mass of society rises to higher levels, they may rise also, through the movement of the other classes, though they may continue to maintain their old distance beneath them. The level occupied by the inmates of the workshop and the factory now, may be, perhaps, occupied by our fishermen a century hence. We find this idea brought out into prominent relief in an article on "Fishing Communities," which appeared in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* for August, 1841. "It may be a somewhat curious question to answer," says the writer, "whether fishermen will continue as they are, or advance along with society, although a good way behind. It appears to us highly improbable, that they will ever overtake society; they have too few dependent interests, and their occupation is unfit for calling out energetic efforts. Nevertheless, we are disposed to believe they will follow society, although far in the rear. The small dependence and communication they have with general society, ensures this. If they do not feel it their interest to do so, they may, by-

and-by, feel it a pleasure and pride to imitate. For instance, the great efforts which are now making to get every youth educated, tend to create a desire on the part of the fisherman to have a little education for his family also; this, of itself, if it were becoming general, would introduce the elements of change amongst them, and assist materially their future improvement." There is certainly not much of glowing expectation here; but, for our own part, we are afraid we could scarce be equally sanguine on such a basis. We are intimately acquainted with at least one fishing village, containing from two to three hundred inhabitants, in which the education of the young was much more attended to by their seniors thirty years ago than it is at the present time. There are many more readers in the surrounding district now, than there were then. There are more magazines, more reviews, more newspapers in circulation; but there are much fewer fisher boys at school, and a greater proportion of the young in the village cannot read. Society has been rapidly advancing, but the corresponding progress of the fisher community, anticipated by the journalist, has been reversed.

Great, however, as is the *vis inertiae* of this portion of our population, there exist levers powerful enough to move them. We have seen their half-dormant faculties awakened, and their limited desires excited and expanded; and the forces, possessed of energy sufficient to operate on them with marked effect, whether for good or evil, are forces worthy of being at least carefully estimated with regard both to their modes of working and their ultimate results. One of the most powerful stimulants that has been yet brought to bear on the condition and character of the fisherman, has been furnished by a branch of his own profession, that was scarce at all pursued in some communities until comparatively of late years, and which, in by much the greater number of cases, has not been regularly plied on the east coast of Scotland, if we except Caithness, beyond the commencement of the present century. We mean the Herring Fishery. In describing both its mode of operation and its effects, as a very curious, though undesignated, experiment on character, we shall do so with reference mainly to one fishing community, in which, as this fishery has been prosecuted for about thirty years, it has had full scope to develop its various influences, whether beneficial or disastrous.

In several very important respects, the herring-fishery differs from all the other branches of the fisherman's profession. It can be plied, especially on the east coast, for but a few weeks in the year, and requires great previous preparation, and considerable outlay. It is a harvest which, like that of the farmer, must be all reaped in a month, or six weeks at farthest; but many a previous week must be spent in preparing the drift of from sixteen to twenty-four large nets, with which every crew must be supplied—in arming their upper baulks with corks, and the lower with sinkers—in furnishing with the proper mounting the new net, or in re-barking or repairing the old. Much, too, has to be done with the large boats in which the herring-fishery is prosecuted. The white-fishing is plied mostly in light yawls of from eight to ten crans' burden, but the large herring boat must carry from sixty to eighty; for, when the shoals lie thick on the coast, it is no very uncommon matter for from fifty to a hundred barrels to be

caught in a single haul, and unless the boat were large, both fish and nets would have in such cases to be left behind. The herring-boat is commonly a distinct concern from the white-fishing-boat. The one may have undergone no change in its style of equipment for ages; it may have been stereotyped like its crew; but when a community ventures into the herring-fishery, they have to grope their way in quest of a standard better suited to the exigencies of their new speculation; and there is nothing more common than to see among them, in such circumstances, a keen competition in improving the size, build, and rigging of their boats. We have seen the boat of forty crans burden succeeded by the boat of fifty; another crew venturing on one of sixty; another, still more daring, getting one of eighty; and on in this way the competition goes, till so great a size is reached that there have been instances of open boats bearing from the fishing-ground a hundred crans of herrings. Corresponding changes take place in the mould of the shell, and in the mode of rigging. When two lug-sails have been used for centuries, as in the Moray Frith, the one of small size on a short foremast, the other large and unwieldy, on a mainmast nearly thrice as tall, the foresail is seen gradually to become larger, the mainsail smaller, until in about ten or fifteen years the two masts and sails come to be of nearly equal size, and there is a third sail added on a sort of outrigger astern. Similar improvements take place in the fishing-tackle—the nets are deepened and lengthened, and a new method devised of arranging the buoys. The fisherman, so listless in his ordinary avocations—a mere machine wound up and set agoing—has become active as a thinking being, who employs himself in a walk of ingenious invention, in adapting his means to his proposed ends. He has been awakened out of his apathy, to think and contrive. It is a further advantage to him that his cares, and the objects of them, are separated by very considerable periods of time. The preparations for the herring-fishery occupy him at intervals for at least two thirds of the year. He is stimulated by hope—he reasons—he calculates—he ventures very considerable property in the speculation: a complete drift of nets and a well-furnished herring-boat are valued at about from £150 to £200. When employed in cutting his slabs of cork into the necessary squares, or in pitching or inflating his buoys, his mind is at work in anticipating the coming fishery, in which, if successful, he may double his capital at a stroke; his imagination is actively engaged in the walks of his profession, and he pursues them with consequent eagerness and avidity. It is a yet farther advantage to him as a stimulant, that his season of exertion in the fishery is short, and that if it passes unimproved, no after exertion can be of avail. He must gather in his harvest during the harvest time;—he must be vigorous, energetic, all-awake.

The peculiar demands of the herring-fishery, when the season has once fairly begun, draw largely on the fisherman's ingenuity. In the white-fishing, one boat takes, on the average, about as much fish as another boat; if belonging to the same village, they go to sea, as is their practice, in the same fleet, and sweep over the same fishing-banks. We may, as we have shown, find differences between individuals which the demands of even the white-fishing are sufficient to render evident, but scarce any difference between crews.

For the number of the crew, though it rarely exceeds four, is sufficient to secure—one man taken with another—the low average of ability which the white-fishery requires; and so one crew proves just as successful as another. But in the herring-fishery the case is widely different. There are crews, the average of whose fishings, taken for a series of years, nearly double the average of others; and we know no other way of accounting for the fact than that native shrewdness and superior knowledge, finding exercise in this branch of industry, assert their proper superiority; and that the usual number in a crew is not at all a number sufficient to ensure the amount of skill required. And so it proves in some sort a fortunate accident that a boat should possess a fisherman fully equal to the demands of the herring-fishery. As the spawning season comes on, the herrings, scattered over a large extent of deep sea, muster into bodies, which increase in size as they approach their breeding haunts in the neighborhood of the shore. But they journey in no determinate track;—the localities in which many hundred barrels are taken in the early part of one season, may be vainly tried for them in the ensuing one. Much, too, depends on the weather:—if calms or light winds from the shore prevail, the schools continue to advance, and spawn, in some cases, scarce a quarter of a mile from the beach; but a severe storm from the sea breaks up their array, and sends them off in a single night to disburden themselves in deep water. There are, however, certain spawning banks, of limited extent, and of intermediate distance from the coast—like the bank of Guillian in the Moray Frith—which are oftener visited by the fish than either the deep sea or the littoral banks: and it is all-important to the fishermen to be intimately acquainted with these. On the bank of Guillian, though not much more than a mile and a half in length by about half a mile in breadth, a thousand barrels of herrings have been caught in one day, and several thousand barrels in the course of a week; and yet so closely do the immense shoals squat upon the bank—a hard-bottomed ridge covered with sea-weed, and flanked on the one side by a depressed sandy plain, and on the other by a deep muddy hollow—that only a hundred yards beyond its outer edge not a single herring may be caught. Hence the great importance of being acquainted with the exact bearings of such banks, and of the various currents, as they change at all hours of the tide, that sweep over them. The skilful fisherman must be acquainted with the many external signs that indicate the place of the fish during the earlier part of the fishing season, while their track is yet indeterminate and capricious, and able, at a later stage, nicely to determine the true position of their more fixed haunts. A perfect knowledge of a large track of frith or open sea is required—its different soundings, currents, landmarks, varieties of bottom. He must have attained, too, an ability of calculation, independent of figures, for determining the exact point whence his boat will drift over a certain extent of bank, at certain hours of the tide, whether neap or stream: above all, he must possess readiness of resource and presence of mind. There are few professions less mechanical than that of our herring-fishers; and its ceaseless, ever-varying demands on their ingenuity cannot be other than favorable in developing the intellect of a class, whose mental faculties, when engaged in the round of their ordinary labors, rust for want of exercise. But the nar-

rative of a single night's fishing on the bank of Guiliam may bring out with more force and distinctness the demands of the profession on the mind of the fisherman than any general detail.

The fishing was evidently drawing to its close, for the fish, though numerous as ever, were getting lank and spent, and the water on the fishing banks was darkened with spawn, when we set out one evening, many years ago, in a large herring-boat, from the northern side of the Moray Frith, to ply for herrings on the bank of Guiliam. A low breeze from the west scarcely ruffled the surface of the water, which, streaked and mottled in every direction by unequal strips and patches of a dead calmness, caught the light so variously, that it seemed an immense plain of irregular chequer-work. All along the northern shore, where the fishing villages lie thick, there were sails starting up and shooting out from under the shadow of the high precipitous land, into the deep red light which the sun, fast hastening to his setting, threw athwart the frith. From the mouth of the bay of Cromarty—a gigantic portal hollowed in a vast wall of rock—they might be seen emerging in continuous groups, like crowds issuing from a building—group following and mixing with group in the slant rule of light that fell through the opening; but from whatever port in a long line of coast they took their departure, they were all evidently bound for one point that, dimly seen in the distance, seemed a low nebulous cloud of brown resting on the water. Their courses described radii that merged in a common centre—the bank of Guiliam; on which at this time, for the whole past week, the fishing had been prosecuted at the rate of nearly eight hundred barrels per day. As we advanced seawards, the brown cloud grew larger and darker, and at length resolved itself into a continuous forest of naked masts and dingy hulks, that, as the twilight darkened, resembled in the aggregate a flat marshy island in winter, covered with leafless wood.

The tide, before we left the shore, had risen high on the beach, and was now beginning to recede—we could see it eddying down the frith around the oars with which we were assisting the half-filled sail; and so directing our course a full half mile to the south and west, whence the course of the current bade fair to drift us directly over the bank, we cleared the space be-aft the mainmast, and began to cast out our drift of nets, slowly propelling our boat meanwhile across the tide by the action of two oars. Our oldest and worst nets as those farthest from the boat are always in most danger, were first cast out. Sinkers of stone were attached to the loops of the ground-baulk or hem;—and as each net was tied fast to the net that preceded it, and thrown over, a buoy of inflated skin, fixed to a length of cord, was fastened at the joinings between them. The nets, kept in a vertical position by the line of corks above, and the line of stones below, sunk immediately as thrown over; but the buoys, from their length of attaching line, reached and barely reached the surface, thus serving with the corks to keep the drift erect. They soon stretched astern in a long irregular line of from six to eight hundred yards. The last net in the series we fastened to a small halser attached to the stem; and our boat swinging round by the bows, rode to the drift as if at anchor. Boat after boat as it reached the ground, struck sail, each one to the south and west of the boat previously arrived, and in accordance with the estimate form-

ed by the crew from the soundings, or from the fast-disappearing land-marks, of the exact position of the bank, here a few hundred yards astern, there a few hundred yards ahead. The fleet closed round us as we drifted on;—the eddying and unequal currents rendered our long line of buoys more and more irregular—here sweeping it forward in sudden curves, there bending it backwards. As the buoys of the neighboring boats took similar forms in obedience to similar impulses, the fishermen were all anxiety, lest, as not unfrequently happens, the nets should become massed in one inextricable coil. But we escaped the danger; and our boat drifted slowly on, accompanied by her fellows.

The night gradually darkened, the sky assumed a dead and leaden hue, as if surcharged with vapor—a dull gray mist roughened the outline of the distant hills, or in wide and frequent gaps blotting them from the landscape. The sea, roughened by the rising breeze, reflected the deeper hues of the sky with an intensity approaching to black;—it seemed a dark uneven pavement, that absorbed every ray of the remaining light. A calm silvery patch, some fifteen or twenty yards in extent, and that resembled, from the light it caught, a bright opening in a dark sky, came moving slowly through the black. It seemed merely a patch of water coated with oil; but, obedient to some other moving power than that of either the tide or the wind, it sailed astern our line of buoys a stone cast from our bows—lengthened itself along the line to thrice its former extent—paused as if for a moment—and then three of the buoys after momentarily erecting themselves with a sudden jerk on their narrower base, slowly sank. "One, two, three buoys," exclaimed one of the fishermen, reckoning them as they disappeared, "*there* are ten barrels for us secure." A few minutes were suffered to elapse, and then unfixing the halser from the stem, and bringing it aft to the stern, we commenced hauling. The nets approached the gunwale. The first three appeared, from the phosphoric light of the water, as if bursting into flames of a pale green color. Here and there a herring glittered bright in the meshes, or went darting away through the pitchy darkness, visible for a moment by its own light. The fourth net was brighter than any of the others, and glittered through the waves while it was yet several fathoms away;—the pale green seemed as if mingled with broken sheets of snow, that flickering amid the mass of light, appeared, with every tug given by the fishermen to shift, dissipate, and again form; and there streamed from it into the surrounding gloom myriads of green rays, an instant seen and then lost—the retreating fish that had avoided the meshes, but had lingered, until disturbed, beside their entangled companions. It contained a considerable body of herrings. As we raised them over the gunwale they felt warm to the hand, for in the middle of a large shoal even the temperature of the water is raised—a fact well known to every herring fisherman; and in shaking them out of the meshes, the ear became sensible of a shrill chirping sound, like that of the mouse, but much fainter—a ceaseless cheep, cheep, cheep, occasioned apparently—for no true fish is furnished with organs of sound—by a sudden escape from the air-bladder. The shoal, a small one, had spread over only three of the nets—the three whose buoys had so suddenly disappeared; and most of the others, had but their mere sprinkling of fish, some dozen or two in

a net; but so thickly had they lain in the fortunate three, that the entire haul consisted of rather more than twelve barrels.

Creeping out laterally from amid the crowd of boats, we reached, after many windings, the edge of the bank, and rowing against the tide, arrived as nearly as we could guess in the darkness, at the spot where we had at first flung out our nets. The various land-marks, and even the Guiliam fleet were no longer visible, and so we had to grope out our position by taking the depth of the water. In the deep muddy ravine on one side the bank, we would have found thirty fathoms, and over the depressed sandy plain on the other, from twelve to fifteen; but on the bank itself the depth rarely exceeds ten. We sounded once and again, and pulling across the still ebbing tide, shot our nets as before. We then folded down the mainsail, which had been rolled up in clearing the space for shaking loose our herrings from the meshes, and ensconcing ourselves in its folds—for the sail forms the fisherman's hammock—composed ourselves to sleep. There was no appearance of fish, or no neighboring boats to endanger our drift by shooting their nets athwart our line. But the sleep of the herring fisherman must much resemble that of the watch-dog. We started up about midnight, and saw an open sea as before; but the scene had considerably changed since we had lain down. The breeze had died into a calm; the heavens, no longer dark and gray, were glowing with stars, and the sea, from the smoothness of the surface, appeared a second sky, as bright and starry as the other, with this difference, however, that all its stars appeared comets: the slightly tremulous motion of the surface elongated the reflected images, and gave to each its tail. There seemed no line of division at the horizon. Where the hills rose high along the coast, and appeared as if doubled by their undulating strip of shadow, what might be deemed a dense bank of cloud, lay sleeping in the heavens, just where the upper and nether firmaments met; but its presence rendered the illusion none the less complete;—the outline of the boat lay dark around us, like the fragment of some broken planet suspended in middle space, far from the earth and every star; and all around we saw extended the complete sphere—unhidden above from Orion to the pole, and visible beneath from the pole to Orion. Certainly sublime scenery possesses in itself no virtue potent enough to develop the faculties; or the mind of the fisherman would not have so long lain asleep. There is no profession whose recollections should rise into purer poetry than his; but if the mirror bear not its previous amalgam of taste and genius, what does it matter that the scene which sheds upon it its many-colored light should be rich in grandeur and beauty—there is no corresponding image produced;—the susceptibility of reflecting the landscape is never imparted by the landscape itself, whether to the mind or the glass. There is no class of recollections more illusory than those which associate—as if they existed in the relation of cause and effect—some piece of striking scenery with some sudden development of the intellect or the imagination. The eyes open, and there is an external beauty seen; but it is not the external beauty that has opened the eyes. An incident of no unfrequent occurrence on the fishing banks, convinced us, that though the sky of stars rose above, and the sky of comets spread below, we had not yet left the

world. A crew of south country fishermen had shot their nets in the darkness right across those of another boat, and in disentangling them, a quarrel ensued. The kind of clamor, so characteristic of a fisherman's squabble, rose high in the calm;—a hundred tongues seemed busy at once;—now one boat took up the controversy, now another;—there were threats, loud or low in proportion to the distance—denunciations on all sides by the relatives of the aggrieved crew against the southland men, with now and then an intermingling shout from the strangers, half in defiance, half in triumph, as net after net swung free. At length the whole were disentangled, and the roar of altercation gradually sunk into a silence as dead as that which had preceded it.

We awoke about an hour before sunrise. A low bank of fog lay thick on the water bounding the view on every side, while the central firmament remained clear and blue over head. The nearer boats seemed through the mist huge misshapen galliots manned by giants. We again commenced hauling our nets, but the meshes were all brown and open, as when we had cast them out; we raised to the surface vast numbers of that curious zoophyte, the sea-pen—our recent type of one of the most ancient of Scottish fossils, the graptolite—with several hundred dark-colored, slim star-fish, that in bending their thin brittle rays when brought out of the water, just as if they were trying to cast a knot upon them, snapped them across; but our entire draught of fish consisted of but a young rock-cod and a half-starved whiting. We had miscalculated, in the darkness, our proper place on the bank, and instead of sweeping over Guiliam, had swept over the muddy hollow beside it; and so not a single herring had we caught, though the herrings lay by millions scarce half a mile away. It was now an hour of flood; and the tides that had been so long bearing us down the frith, had begun to well around our stern in minute eddies, and to float us up. It had become necessary, therefore, to take our place to the north and east of the fishing bank, as we had previously done to the south and west of it. The fog hid the various land-marks as thoroughly as the darkness had hid them before; and we had again to determine our position from the depth of the water. The boats around us were busy in hauling their nets; and as each boat drew in its drift, the oars were manned and the sounding lead plied, and she took up her place on what the crew deemed the north-eastern edge of the bank. But the various positions chosen as the right ones, showed us that the matter left much room for diversity of opinion—the fleet dimly seen in the fog were widely scattered. "Yonder goes Aldie," said our steersman, pointing to the boat of a veteran fisher of great skill, whose crew had been more successful in their fishings for a series of years than any other in their village, "let us see where he shoots." Aldie went leisurely sounding across the bank, and then returning half way on his course, began to cast out his drift. We took up our position a little beyond him in the line of the tide, and shot in the same parallel; and in a few minutes more, a full score of boats were similarly employed beside us, all evidently taking mark by Aldie. As the sun rose, the mist began to dissipate, and we caught a glimpse of the northern land, and of two of our best known land-marks. A blue conical hillock in the interior, that seems projected on the southern side of the base of Ben-



weavis, rose directly behind a conspicuous building that occupies a rising ground on the coast, and a three-topped eminence in Easter Ross, seemed standing out of the centre of a narrow ravine that opens to the sea near the village of Shandwick. In taking old Aldie for our guide, we were drifting as exactly over the fishing bank as if we had chosen our position, after consulting all the various land-marks through which its place is usually determined.

It was still a dead calm—calm to blackness,—when, in about an hour after sunrise, what seemed light, fitful airs began to play on the surface, imparting to it, in irregular patches, a tint of gray. First one patch would form, then a second beside it, then a third, and then, for miles around, the surface, else so silvery, would seem frosted over with gray; the apparent breeze appeared as if propagating itself from one central point. In a few seconds after, all would be calm as at first, and then, from some other centre, the patches of gray would again form and widen, till the whole frith seemed covered by them. A peculiar popping noise, as if a thunder-shower was beating the surface with its multitudinous drops, rose around our boat; the water seemed sprinkled with an infinity of points of silver, that for an instant glittered to the sun, and then resigned their places to other quick glancing points, that in turn were succeeded by others. The herrings by millions and thousands of millions were at play around us—leaping a few inches into the air, and then falling and disappearing to rise and leap again. Shoal rose beyond shoal, till the whole bank of Guillian seemed beaten into foam, and the low popping sounds were multiplied into a roar, like that of the wind through some tall wood, that might be heard in the calm for miles. And again, the shoals extending around us seemed to cover for hundreds of square miles the vast Moray Frith. But, though they played round our buoys by millions, not a herring swam so low as the upper bank of our drift. One of the fishermen took up a stone, and flinging it right over our second buoy into the middle of the shoal, the fish disappeared from the surface for several fathoms around. "Ah, there they go," he exclaimed, "if they go but low enough. Four years ago I startled thirty barrels of light fish into my drift just by throwing a stone among them." We know not what effect the stone might have had on this occasion, but in hauling our nets for the third and last time, we found we had captured about eight barrels of fish; and then hoisting sail, for a light breeze from the east had sprung up, we made for the shore with a cargo of twenty barrels. The entire take of the fleet next evening did not amount to half that number—the singularly imposing scene of the morning had indicated too surely that the shoals had spawned, for the fish, when sick and weighty, never play on the surface—and before night they had swam far down the frith on their return to their deep water haunts, leaving behind them but a few lean stragglers.

It is one effect of many of the herring-fishery on the fisherman, that it gives him more a tendency than his other labors to conversation. It furnishes him with incident of a kind interesting enough to bear being told. The mechanic finds nothing in the ordinary round of his labors of which afterwards to speak; the fisherman finds nearly as little in the ordinary round of his; but the herring-fishery is full of adventure, and furnishes its nu-

merous stories of loss and gain, of happy expedients, unexpected successes, and unlooked-for disasters. It has, besides, an exciting effect on the mind of the fisherman, and dissipates the apathetic taciturnity, which imparts in so many cases a marked character to the profession. There is no season of the year in which the fisherman deals half so much in narrative as during the season of the herring-fishery. One of the boatmen's stories, as we sailed homewards this morning with our cargo, may exhibit the peculiar demands of his profession in a somewhat new phase, and show the kind of stories he has to tell. About the middle of the fishery of this year, the shoal which had remained stationary for several days opposite the Frith of Dornoch, suddenly disappeared. The fishermen were uncertain whether it had turned down or gone up the Moray Frith, and the boats from all the various villages of the coast, which had formerly fished together in one huge fleet, were scattered in quest of it in every direction—above and below—here on the southern shore, there on the north. The boat in which we sailed had shot her nets in the middle of the frith, near the bank which the herrings had so lately quitted; no fish were caught, and in the morning the crew proposed that they should sail for Burghead, to ascertain whether any of the other boats had been more successful, and to learn the opinion entertained by the more sagacious fishermen regarding the state and prospects of the fishing generally. But their progress was so impeded by adverse currents and a dead calm, that the evening was beginning to darken ere they arrived abreast of their port; and they agreed that, instead of landing, they should turn up the frith, and shoot their drift a little below Guillian. The day had been dull and hazy. When the night set in, there came on a thick, unpleasant drizzle, accompanied by a low breeze from the west, and before they arrived at their proposed ground, the rain had become very weighty, and the breeze had increased into a gale. They shot their drift, however, and spread their sail over the beams; but so saturated was the canvass with water, that it afforded them scarce any shelter. The rain ceased soon after midnight, but the gale had risen into a hurricane, and the sea around them presented to the view the appearance of a field of snow agitated by a whirlwind. On a sudden the waves began to roll by in silence, and without breaking. One of the crew starting up, exclaimed, "We are in the middle of the largest shoal I ever saw in the Moray Frith, and shall lose our whole drift;" and the others, shaking themselves from the sail, rose but in time to see, in the dim light of a stormy August morning, their buoys sinking one after one as the fish struck the nets and dragged them to the bottom. They immediately commenced hauling, but the terrific heave of the sea compelled them to desist, and they sat in the stern shuddering with cold, for their clothes were soaked through, waiting till the gale would "take off." It continued in unabated strength until late in the morning, when it began to lower and the fishermen to haul; but the appearance of their first net showed them that they could scarce expect to bear to the shore in such weather the one-fourth of their draught. Signals were made to a stranger boat in the distance to come and load; the stranger, however, was in no circumstances to benefit by the invitation—she had carried away her mast at the commencement of the gale, and the crew, nearly exhausted by the



fatigues of the preceding night, were tugging at the oar. And so the fishermen found that in order to save their nets they would require to give up the greater part of the valuable charge which they contained, again to the sea. After hauling and shaking the first few, they again attached the drift to the stem, and threw overboard several barrels of fish. Another net was then hauled, and more of the fish thrown out; and in this manner taking in and throwing out alternately, they continued to labor until two o'clock in the afternoon, when the whole drift was hauled. They then made sail for port, carrying with them twenty-five barrels of fish—all they could venture on bearing through so rough and broken a sea, but little more than the fourth part of their original draught:—the rough and perilous gale had made them fain to accept, in lieu of the fifty pound prize which they had drawn in this lottery, a composition of little more than twelve.

Such are some of the effects of the herring-fishery on the mind and character of the fisherman. But were we to stop here, our representation would be partial and inadequate. Like all merely secular means of awakening the minds, and arousing the energies of a people, it has its counterbalance of disadvantage; nor is it, perhaps, particularly easy to determine regarding it on which side the scale preponderates. Its tendency to stir up the dormant faculties of the fisherman is direct and palpable; but it has no tendency whatever to improve his morals.

One grand class of evils arises out of the extreme uncertainty of the fishery as a business speculation. The herring is strangely eccentric in its habits. Those laws which regulate its ordinary movement are simple. Unlike the salmon, it bears no peculiar love for the haunts in which it has been bred; but it seems one of the conditions of its nature, that its spawn should be deposited at no very profound depth, and yet in still water, on rather a hard than a soft bottom, and either attached to sea-weed, or to stones and rocks. We have seen fronds of the deep sea tangle brought to the surface by the fishermen's hooks on Guillian, a few weeks after the shoals had disappeared, that were studded as thickly with herring spawn, expanded to nearly the size of dew drops, as we have ever seen a patch of verdure studded with dew. The fish affects the localities in which it finds weed, and rock, and still water; but the water must be still; and hence the great dependence of the fishery on the weather. When the winds continue to blow gently from off the shore, the shoals persist in advancing to the very rock edge on our iron-bound coasts, and to the innermost recesses of our friths and bays. But a storm from the sea arrests them mid-way in their course—the water is disturbed, and they return to disburden themselves in the quieter depths. Hence the remark, so general among our fishers, that herrings swim against the wind. The same tempest from the east that serves to propel towards our eastern shores shoals of haddock, cod, and whittings proves sufficient to clear away the herrings of a season in a single night, and thus dash the hopes of the fishermen. But independently of this source of uncertainty in the speculation—an uncertainty coequal with the proverbial fickleness of the weather—there exists a cause still more baffling, because less understood, in the eccentric habits of the herring. There are some seasons in which the shoals that visit the coast are immensely large,

and others in which they are comparatively small. Occasionally some four or five meagre seasons follow in unbroken succession, during which the fishings sink below average. Nor are there instances wanting in the history of the fishery, in which the shoals wholly desert their accustomed haunts for years together. In the oft-resumed and oft-relinquished fishery of the Moray Frith, there have occurred, at least, three such instances of total desertion since the "Herring Drove" of the reign of Queen Anne. And all these causes tend to impart a greater degree of risk and uncertainty to the ventures of the herring fisherman, than attaches to almost any other branch of what we may term industrial speculation. A run of successful seasons puts him in the possession of several hundred pounds; a run of disastrous ones reduces him to poverty; while the disappearance of the fish for but a few years altogether ruins him. He is exposed to vicissitudes suited to operate on character with trying effect; and his peculiar character, from his previous habits, is not the best adapted to withstand their deteriorating influence.

We have known cases in which a single crew have caught, in a single season, considerably more than five hundred barrels of fish, at an average price of about ten shillings per barrel. The haul of one night—of one hour even—may bring in from thirty to fifty guineas. But in some other season, for which equal preparation has been made, and in which equal hardship has been encountered, the return may fall considerably below eighty barrels; and when, as sometimes happens, the shoals fail to form, it may fall below even twenty. Even when the fishing is favorably prosecuted, and all promises an abundant return, the progress of the fisherman may be at once arrested by a calamity of no unfrequent occurrence—the loss of his nets. The body of fish entangled may be so great, that the meshes rend away from the upper baulks, and both nets and fish sink to the bottom; it has been estimated that four hundred barrels of herring have been at once "masted" in a single drift—even from the broken fragments weighed up and recovered, an hundred and fifty barrels have been secured. The chief losses of this kind, however, are occasioned by foulness of bottom in those rarer haunts to which the fish resort late in the better fishing seasons—the drift folds round some sunken rock, or deep-sea boulder, and tears into shreds in the hands of the fishermen, in the vain attempt to raise it. A sudden gale, too, has been known to wrap into one inextricable fold the drifts of a whole fleet. So many are the casualties, in short, that not unfrequently boats that have borne to sea in the evening, well equipped drifts of from thirty to fifty pounds value, return in the morning with but a few ragged fragments—disqualified, of course, for pursuing the fishing for the rest of the season, however profitable it may continue to be plied by others. The perils—the uncertainties—the heavy losses—the great and sudden gains incident to the trade, impart to it rather the character of a sort of exciting gambling, than of a branch of sober industry, and operate, with peculiar effect, on the moral feelings of the class engaged in it. If a crew is so eminently successful that they have realized from thirty to fifty guineas in a night, or from two to three hundred pounds in a month, the lucky windfall is too often regarded as a sort of lottery prize, or as an old buccaneer used to regard a rich capture. Merry-makings and drinking-bouts ensue, and in the end, their success

proves of no real advantage to them. If, on the contrary, they have proved very unsuccessful—if they have caught scarce any fish, and lost their nets to boot, they feel themselves in the circumstances not merely of men who have been unlucky in some business speculation, but of men who have been overtaken by some signal calamity. They feel as the shipwrecked seaman feels, to whom the humiliation of begging his way to the nearest shipping port, is simply an evil necessarily included in his disaster; or as the farmer, ruined by a fire, feels, when, to repair his losses, he has recourse to a subscription paper, and the compassion of the country. Their mishaps are so severe, and, in a group of bad fishing seasons, so frequent, that they prostrate among them that spirit of independence and self-respect, which it is utter degradation for a people to lose. The fisherman casts on the shoulders of his calamity the burden and responsibility of his conduct, and, without reluctance or shame, applies for gratuitous assistance to the Fishery Board, or to his landward neighbors. In his dealings with the carpenter or shopkeeper, too, he slides into the perilous, though natural enough *feeling*—for it is more a feeling than an opinion—that his venture, rather than himself, is responsible for the debts which it has been the cause of his incurring. He has not yet paid the flax-merchant for the hemp of which his nets were manufactured, or the cordage with which they were bound; and why should he! they have gained him great loss and trouble, and nothing more, and lie rotting at the bottom of the sea. Why should it be all gain with the merchant, and all loss with him! If, however, the venture of next year be a very successful one, he may perhaps try and clear off the old score; though, of course, rather as a matter of grace, than of right.

The fisherman's character takes color in the course of years, from peculiarities of circumstance and feeling such as these. In a comparatively populous fishing community of the Moray Frith, the herring-fishery has been plied during three distinct groups of seasons. The first group was highly favorable, the next much the reverse, the third favorable again. During the first group, there were few fishermen in the place who did not save money; and no class of persons in the country could be more safely intrusted by the shopkeeper or merchant with his goods. The group of disastrous seasons dissipated their savings, and lowered their credit; and the second successful group did little to restore either. It was found that the fisherman's old punctuality in discharging his liabilities, did not return with his ability to discharge them; it was found, too, that his saving propensity had left him. During his second season of success, there was much money gained, but scarce any laid by. In summing up the deteriorating influences of the herring fishery on the fisherman, we would require to include as eminently injurious the practice of whisky drinking at sea. Four Scotch pints of whisky forms the usual weekly allowance for a crew of four men and a haave-boy. We have seen six glasses drunk in a cold boisterous night, in half as many hours, by a single fisherman, without producing the slightest degree of intoxication; but the practice—almost universal among herring-fishers—however harmless, or useful even, amid the severer labors of their profession, has served to form, very extensively among them, a ruinous habit of dram-drinking.

We have been thus minute in describing the ef-

fects of the herring-fishery on the character of the fishermen, in the belief that it furnishes an apt example of those means of improvement, of mixed influence, to which sanguine philanthropists have such frequent recourse, and which so often lead to disappointment; because levelled against some one class of evils which they perhaps remove, they serve to introduce other evils different in kind, but not less in degree. By dwelling on but one half the effects of the fishery, it would be easy making out a strong case either for or against it: and such is the mode in which so many vital questions, that affect the welfare of thousands, have been dealt with by our political economists, practical and theoretic. Hence clearings in the Highlands; hence the philanthropic introduction of manufactories into rural districts; hence societies for the spread of merely secular knowledge among the people; and hence, too, such longings in a reaction party, sick of the new evils thus introduced, for a return to the indolence, the ignorance, the superstition, the brute violence, of the dark ages. There is no kind of special pleading so deceptive as the kind which men address to themselves, when, taking into account but one set of the consequences attendant on some such experiment on character and condition as that furnished by the herring-fishery, they form their estimate, and determine on their line of conduct on the strength of that one. We know not whether we may not be judged to have fallen into an error of this kind, in holding that the character of the fishermen has been made the subject in some few localities, and at wide intervals, of an experiment not less rousing in its effects on his intellect than the herring-fishery itself, and which has been accompanied by no balance of disadvantage. But in some sort to obviate the suspicion, should any such exist, we shall restrict ourselves, instead of entering into any elaborate discussion of the matter, to a brief statement of fact.

About eighty years ago, a northern Scottish parish, under the ministrations of a thoroughly excellent and judicious clergyman—a Presbyterian of the old school—became the subject of a deep religious revival. Many of the people were awakened to a serious consideration of their destiny as immortal creatures. There sprang up among them prayer and fellowship meetings. They became conversant with theological doctrines, not as mere propositions on which to exercise the intellect, but as great and solemn truths that bore on their state for eternity. And yet from the intense, all-engrossing interest with which these doctrines were regarded, they furnished the mind with an immensely more bracing employment than if they had been propounded with no higher aim than just to set it a working. The parish had its fishing community; and of the fisher people, not a few were impressed like the others. The same truths which had so thoroughly excited the interest of their neighbors, served thoroughly to excite theirs; nor in the ability of appreciating their real scope and bearing, were they found to be in any degree inferior to the mechanics or farmers of the district. There was a movement among society in the place which extended to its fishermen, not in the secondary and imitative character, in which the mere educationist can hope to influence them, but as directly and at first hand as to the other classes. In this important movement they did not "*follow* society," nor were they "*far in the rear*." They were, on the contrary, fully abreast of it. Of the

venerable and excellent men subsequently chosen for elders in the parish, the fisher community furnished its full share. Nor were there more judicious or more intelligent elders in its *lectern-pew* than the two fisher ones; or men whose expositions of Divine truth were listened to with more thorough respect, or whose emphatic and deeply-toned prayers more solemnly impressed. But the movement was productive of more than purely religious consequences in the fisher community. Its influences were of course intellectual among *them* as among their neighbors, and in the same way; but it gave them also what their neighbors had before, and what they had not—motives to educate their children. It became a felt duty to the fisherman, impressed with the importance of religion, that every member of his family should be at least able to read the Bible. His profession made no demands on the school, but his religion made a very direct demand on it; he could be a skilful fisherman without book, but not an intelligent Christian. And so he educated his children. It is an instructive and interesting fact, that in the fishing community to which we refer there is scarce a fisherman at the present time turned of forty who cannot both read and write;—wherever the dew of the religious revival had fallen, a swathe of humble scholarship sprang up. But the mere educational movement, when separated in an after period from the impulse in which it had originated, did not perpetuate itself. The deeply religious generation passed away; the fisher elders disappeared from the lectern-pew; only a very small proportion of the fisher children—a proportion which grew every year smaller—were to be found at the parish school; for the high motive which had originally sent them there had ceased to operate, when the devout men whom these motives influenced had disappeared; and the imitative principle was found altogether insufficient to supply their place. Society was in progress all around the fishing community, but the fishermen themselves relapsed into their original apathy and ignorance. When the moving power ceased to propel them towards that higher level, to which it is its very nature to elevate whatever it acts upon, the *vis inertiae* of their profession came into effect, and dragged them downwards to grovel on the old one.

On no level is the elevating character of Christianity better shown than on the humblest. Its operations there are more easily traceable to their effects than on any other, because less mixed with the workings of merely secular agencies. We escape the complexity of compound causes—the difficulty of assigning to each of many, its due share in the production of some general result;—circumstances work for us in our process of examining and determining, with analytical effect, by placing single causes in palpable relation to the effects which they produce; and we are enabled, in consequence, to arrive at our conclusions at a glance. The level of the fisherman is the lowest, intellectually, in Scotland; there is no other profession, however humble, that has not produced its superior men—its writers of at least tolerable verse or respectable prose, who take the field as authors of volumes, that occupy, perhaps an humble, but not uninteresting niche in the literature of our country. The ploughman, the laborer, the shepherd, the sailor, mechanics of every grade and condition, have all their representatives in the intellectual field—men whose writings are not quite

valueless, even when devoid of genius, as they, at least, serve to show in what degree the circumstances in which they were produced are compatible with the development of faculties, not naturally of the greatest vigor. But, in this intellectual field, the fisherman has no representative. No fisherman, confined to the walks of his profession, ever rose even to mediocrity as a writer. No fisherman ever attained aught of vigor as a thinker, except through the direct influence of Christianity. And hence the interest which attaches, as subjects of study, to a class to which we have incidentally referred, the fisher elders—the men elevated by religion, not merely above the level of their fellows, but to a high moral station, in parishes inhabited by a mixed population. We have known individuals of this class very intimately, and have seen in their lives how beautiful a thing Christianity is—how it awakens and invigorates the intellect, polishes the manners, and purifies the heart. We remember the two fisher elders of the northern community in which religion wrought, for at least one generation, so great a change; the deep respect with which they were regarded by all; the frequent wonder expressed at the extent of their acquaintance with Divine truth; the fresh originality of their views; and the soundness of their judgment;—above all, their frequent visits, in their intervals of leisure, to the beds of the dying, and to humble families saddened by bereavement. In their case, however, our recollection has to stretch itself across a period of at least thirty years, and may, perhaps, lie open to the suspicion that its truth has been affected by the exaggerating influence of distance, and by, perhaps, the immaturity of the perceptive faculty, at the time, in the observer. We shall draw our example, therefore, from a much later period. The following notice appeared in the obituary of an Edinburgh paper in the autumn of last year, and was subsequently copied into a periodical of Calcutta, “The Free Churchman,” edited by Dr. Duff. It records the death, and portrays the character of a north country fisherman. “The following,” says Dr. Duff, in a preliminary note, “exhibits a specimen of some of those holy men, who, in humble life, do maintain the glory of Christ in the government of His own Church. We have seen, known, loved, revered such men, in earlier days! The remembrance is still sweet to us, and therefore we cannot help inserting this obituary fragment—the memorial of a man well-known before the Throne of God, as one that clave unto Christ, and lived in his cause.”

“Lately, in the village of Hill-town of Cadboll, Easter Ross, in the 66th year of his age, Alexander Ross or Machomash, a remarkable character, well known to many of the more eminent ministers and private Christians in the three counties of Ross, Inverness, and Nairn, for the last forty years, as a bold, faithful, uncompromising witness for the truth as it is in Jesus—to the saving knowledge of which he was called in early life, and the doctrines of which he adorned in a very edifying manner. His love to the Saviour and to his fellow-men was evidenced in the whole tenor of his life; by the most determined stand for the purity of God’s revealed word and worship; by zeal to promote and extend the Redeemer’s kingdom everywhere; by the tenderness and faithfulness with which he dealt with individuals under deep soul-concern, to many of whom he was indeed a tender nursing father; by his unwearied atten-

dance at the sick-bed and the dying couch; and by his faithful warnings to young and old to prepare for eternity. He was eminently a man of prayer. Placed, in the providence of God, in the very humble, laborious, and often precarious calling of a fisherman, he managed, by the blessing of God on his great industry, prudence, and integrity, to rear up a large family in thorough independence and comfort, without ever allowing his worldly affairs to interfere with the most regular attendance on the means of grace, public and private, to many of which his boat afforded him ready access at great distances. It was on sacramental occasions, when called on to speak to a question 'in the great congregation,' that the depth of his understanding in the mysteries of the kingdom of God, and the fervid eloquence of his tongue, proceeding from a sanctified heart, were felt and appreciated by kindred spirits. There was, at the same time, a gentleness and social cheerfulness about him, that made him a favorite even with some that knew not the true spring whence they flowed. His education extended only to the reading of his Bible, and some plain authors; but he was mighty in the Scriptures; and in wielding the Sword of the Spirit with intelligent application, he had few equals in his day. . . . . The writer of this notice was privileged to know the deceased intimately for the last nine years, and he can truly say that a more complete development of the Christian character, in all the fruits of the Spirit, he has not yet met with."

Like the writer of this notice, we were intimately acquainted with Saunders Machomash, and can corroborate in every point, the truth of his estimate. Saunders, a noble specimen of the poor fisherman, elevated by Christianity, was a man of pleasing and venerable aspect—tall, and for his years, erect and active—neat, and even picturesque in his homely fisher-dress and high-crowned hat—with features alike expressive of intelligence and benevolence—and cherishing a profusion of dark hair, slightly touched by gray, that descended in curls on his shoulders. Some fashions have a curious genealogy. The class emphatically termed the "*men of Ross-shire*,"—perhaps the truest representatives which Scotland possesses in the present age of her old covenanted, have worn, during at least the last hundred years, long flowing hair arranged on the shoulders, in a style that much more closely resembles the love-tresses of the Cavaliers than the close-cropped locks of the Roundheads. We have seldom seen a true specimen of this venerable class—now fast wearing out—without marvelling how the fashion should have come so thoroughly to change sides, that the flowing curls of Claverhouse and Montrose should be found imparting an antique peculiarity of aspect to men who would have been the first to take their stand against them on the hill-side. Saunders was a skilful fisherman, and in general matters—trained to think by his religion—a very intelligent man; but his superiority over his fellows consisted mainly in the beauty of his life as a probationary course for eternity, spent in faith in the eye of the great Taskmaster. Humble as was his place in society, his light was not hidden, but shone conspicuous from its little sphere. In the August of 1832, the Cholera was introduced from Wick into the fishing villages of Easter Ross, and raged among them with frightful intensity. In the fishing village of Portmahomack, one fifth of the inhabitants were swept away; in the fishing village of Inver, one

half. The infection spread with frightful rapidity; the people of the neighboring districts were struck with overpowering alarm. At Inver, though the population did not much exceed a hundred persons, eleven bodies were committed to the earth without shroud or coffin, in one day, and in two days after they had buried nineteen more. Many of the survivors fled from the village, and took shelter, some in the woods which abound in the district, some among the hollows of an extensive track of sand hills; but the pest followed them to their hiding-places, and they expired in the open air. Whole families were found lying dead on their cottage floors;—in one sad case, an infant, the only survivor, lay grovelling on the lifeless body of its mother—the sole mourner in a charnel-house of the pestilence. The infection reached Hill-town, the village in which Saunders Machomash resided; and the inhabitants of the surrounding country placed it in a state of strict quarantine. Most of the fishermen of the village were miserably poor; the disease had broken out early in the season of the herring-fishery, at a time when the greater part of their means had been expended in preparation, and they had received scarce any return; there were cases in which, so abject was their poverty, that there was not a candle in a whole group of cottages; and when the disease seized on the inmates in the night time, they had to grapple in darkness with its fierce pains and mortal terrors, and their friends, in the vain attempt to assist them, had to grope round their beds. The intense dread experienced in the surrounding districts, was perhaps not quite unaccompanied by the too common mixture of selfish hard-heartedness which mingles in such extreme cases, with the instinct of self-preservation; and in the infected villages, shut up as in a state of siege, there prevailed a scarce less natural, though not less lamentable feeling of fierce exasperation, blended with a savage desire of seeing their calamity extended to their neighbors. Human nature, exposed to circumstances so trying, proves often a fearful thing. It has been even said, that infected rags were carried by the fisher people into the fields with the apparent intention of spreading the contagion; and it is all too certain, there were cases in which the members of fisher families, attacked by the disease, were deserted by their relatives, and left to perish alone. But the extreme severity of the trial served but to exhibit all the more strongly the sterling worth of Saunders Machomash. Shut up with the others—with no other prospect than that of being consigned, mayhap ere the lapse of a single day, to a hastily scooped grave in some sandy hillock—his whole time was spent in going from one infected dwelling to another, doing all he could for the bodies of the sufferers, and all he could for their souls. Even when, inside some hapless cottage, the stench of disease and death rose so rank that he could no longer enter the door, Saunders might be seen seated outside some low window, with his Bible in his hand, urging on the dying, so long as they could frame a wish or breathe a prayer, the one only salvation. To this high pitch of heroism did Christianity elevate a poor fisherman. But it was not then that its power on the class to which he belonged was first exhibited. It breathed its invigorating influences on a few fishermen of old, originally, we doubt not, as simple and uninformed as Saunders, and leaving their nets beside the sea of Galilee, they went forth in the power of the Gospel to christianize the world.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

### LA MAISON MATERNELLE.

AMONG the many institutions in Paris which owe their existence to the motives of economy which seem to govern the habits of material life in France, and to the necessity which all Frenchmen feel, of living in association, as well as to that constitutional dread of silence and solitude, which the Parisian race have ever experienced beyond all others, may be reckoned amongst the most curious and interesting to foreigners those establishments known by the name of *Maisons Maternelles*. These houses exist in every cheap and thickly populated part of Paris; they form the refuge and the home of the young workman, who, arriving in the capital without friends and without resources, would else be thrown into the dens of infamy, which are yawning on all sides to receive him. Here he is protected from evil company, and from the ills arising from solitude and the want of employment in a large city. His little fortune, be it ever so small—the hoardings of his aged mother, or the fruits of his own savings ever since childhood—(and among the mountain races, even of France, thriftiness and economy seem to be inherent)—is eked out with kindness and with care by “the Mother,” until he is fortunate enough to procure work. Of this he has likewise a better chance in these establishments, than if living alone in his own hired room; for the great *entrepreneurs* and *fabricans* of all denominations almost always prefer seeking their workmen at the *House of the Mother*, to hiring them even from any other master. He knows that they are formed to habits of order and respect; the discipline of the “House” being at once well regulated and firm; and such is the force of example that, as with boys in large schools, even the most hot-headed and rebellious soon learn to submit without a murmur to the “general law,” which neither favors the one nor wounds the other, but is in full vigor for all and each alike.

Of course, there are certain houses of this sort, which from connexion, or from the original country of the “Mother,” are frequented by one description of workmen more than another; and some, where from but a limited number being received, those of but one single craft can obtain admittance; others again, where every trade and calling, from the stone-mason of Limousin to the tailor of Alsace, may find a representative. It was to one of this latter description that I was fortunate enough to obtain admission, a short time ago, by the aid of the wit and good-nature of my friend Rapineau, who, although a very indifferent artist, is an invaluable companion, and, moreover, knows Paris better than any man living.

Some little artifice was necessary, for we had been told that the workmen liked not the visits of strangers, most particularly on the part of idle gentlemen, and generally withdrew if broken in

upon by any individuals of this class; so, attiring myself in the very oldest suit I possessed, and borrowing, by Rapineau’s advice, the shoes and gaiters of my servant, we set forth on our expedition. Rapineau, poor fellow, had little or no change to make in his attire, for with his queer hat, his unbrushed coat, and his comical fulled and plaited trousers, with Russian boots, turned downwards at the top, it always was a moot point with people who beheld him for the first time, whether he was a rakish blackguard, or a mad gentleman. A few minutes’ conversation generally, however, set the question at rest, by proving him to be, what the French artist usually is, a profound scholar, a man of taste and learning, and a wit into the bargain.

The house to which we had been directed for the satisfaction of our curiosity was situated in one of the most populous streets of the crowded *cité*, close to the river’s edge. The entrance-gate was in a narrow and dirty lane, giving most offensive anticipations of the interior of the house, which the staircase up which we had to travel, confirmed by sight as well as smell in no mean degree.

The whole of the upper part of the building was rented by the “Mother.” The first floor was occupied by the kitchen, dining-room, and chauffoir, and above, every floor, even to the very roof, was divided into sleeping chambers. These of course were paid for in an inverse proportion to the number of stairs to be mounted. The higher the story the lower the rent. A low door, rather dingy, stood opposite the head of the stair. Rapineau pulled the hare’s foot which hung at the side, and instead of the usual sounding response of the bell within, the door flew open on the instant, and we walked in without hindrance—taking care, however, to obey the injunction written in large characters upon the panel—“*Fermez la porte, s’il vous plait.*”

The room into which we thus found ourselves so unceremoniously introduced, was large and low, and rather dark, for there were but two windows (of which the lower panes had been boarded) to give light to its whole extent. It was easy to perceive at once that this was the dining-room, by the number of long narrow tables which stood around the walls. Wooden benches were fixed on each side of these, and, like all such unfortunate pieces of furniture, whether in college-hall, or prison mess-room, had been scored and notched most woefully during the intervals of delay in the service.

We traversed this room, and, finding no one to answer our summons, passed through a door which stood open at the further end. The apartment into which it led was larger and much better lighted than the one we had just quitted. Rapineau told me that it was called the *chauffoir*, and that it was here that the workmen assembled before their meals, and that here they might

remain unmolested until a certain hour, when the lamp which hung from the ceiling was extinguished. This took place at nine in summer and at eight in winter, at which time the door was closed, and, saving those lodgers who had obtained permission from the "Mother," none could obtain entrance.

The room had an air of habitation and cheerfulness about it which somewhat surprised me, when I remembered the dirty street in which the house stood, and the dark narrow lane through which we had passed to reach the doorway. The windows looked out upon the *quai*, and the view from them was gay and enlivening. Some tasteful hand had filled the window-sills with flowers, and trained the bright green leaves and gaudy blossoms of the nasturtion up the wall outside, so that the graceful tendrils and brilliant yellow flowers threw an air of homely thrift and care about the room, which in such a place was touching. An immense *poêle* occupied the middle of the room. It was surrounded by wooden benches of a semicircular form, disposed amphitheatre fashion, so that those guests seated farthest from the fire might yet enjoy their full share of its cheerfulness and heat.

But few guests were gathered there at the moment of our entrance, for it was not as yet the usual dinner hour, and the workmen in full employment had not yet left their occupations. Those few assembled at that early hour, were evidently individuals either out of employment for the moment, or else young men but just arrived from the country, and not yet provided with situations. We paused, not, however, just then to examine more minutely our new companions, for Rapineau, whose fine instinct always taught him what was right, traversed the room with hurried step towards a small closet, situated at its extremity, and divided from the apartment by a glazed partition—a something between the French *comptoir* and the English bar, where sat in dignity and state the mistress of the establishment, known to her lodgers by the touching and endearing name of "Mother!" She was a fine, fresh, comely woman, of little more than forty, realizing all one's preconceived ideas of the person best fitted to fill the situation in which she was placed. There was an expression of great sweetness and benevolence in her countenance, and her voice was very musical, the most rare of all female charms in France. She was attired in the round-eared cap, which denoted her peasant origin, and suited most admirably her style of beauty. Her hair, which had once been coal-black, but was now streaked with lines of silver, was laid in smooth shining bands over her forehead, giving additional softness to her features. It was easy to perceive that the world smiled most graciously upon her, for her earrings were of solid gold, and reached down to her very shoulders, the two bright glittering balls peculiar to Auvergne, perhaps the only token which she wore,

that could remind her of the mountains of her youthful days, and of the merry *ronde* and *bourrée* of her native village. Her dress was homely, yet neat and precise. A plain gown, of dark blue stuff, with an orange-colored kerchief crossed over her bosom, displaying the snow-white frilling of an inner *guimpe* of fine linen, an apron of the same dazzling whiteness, with large pockets, from one of which peeped unbidden the Madras handkerchief and the *papier maché* snuff-box—a thick gold chain from which hung suspended her watch, and a bunch of keys at her side; her whole costume bespeaking tidiness and thrift, and admirably suited to her style and station.

The "Mother" was busily employed at her needle, and the little closet in which she sat was filled with the linen of the house, all of which was repaired and kept in order by her own hands. In truth she was no sluggard, and the piles of sheeting by which she was surrounded, bore ample testimony to her industry. The walls of this little retreat were occupied from the ceiling to the ground by shelves, divided into compartments and numbered—the figures corresponding with the number of the chamber tenanted by each individual who lodged in her establishment, and whose linen was kept in this place. Above each compartment hung the key of the chamber which, by the rule of the house, the occupant was compelled to deliver into her hands ere he went forth in the morning, and which he could not claim until he retired to rest for the night. By this means, she was acquainted with the absence of any one of the little community. Unless a satisfactory reason were given for this absence, the culprit was visited with a sharp and seasonable reprimand from the "Mother," and, on the offence being repeated dismissal from the "House," without pardon and without appeal, was the sentence. I was told, however, that this but seldom happened. The careless lad, on first arriving in Paris, *might* be led astray by evil companionship, by curiosity, by idleness *once*, but it was rare, after the maternal rebuke, and the exhortations of his companions, the peaceful sharers of the "House," that he again swerved from the right path; if this did occur, it was generally discovered that the youth had been some village *roué*, some rustic *mauvais sujet*, who had left his native place for some *escapade*.

The "Mother" was not the only occupant of the *petit réduit*, as she called the place where we found her. By her side was seated at a desk (for a desk, with tall account books, too, had been with true French contrivance squeezed with mathematical skill into the closet) a fair young girl, of slim and delicate proportions, forming a striking contrast to the ruddy, blooming, and comely matron, whose rich *embonpoint* almost screened from sight the slender figure of her companion. The little maiden was most simply and modestly attired, after the charming fashion of the Parisian *pension-*

*naire*. Her hair was confined by a little close-fitting cap, worn far backwards upon the head, and of such clear transparent material that the whole of the rich and shining masses of auburn hair, fastened in a thick classical knot, low in her neck behind, were as visible as though she wore no covering at all. Her dress was of dark woollen stuff, and she wore an apron of black cambric, which gave a childlike appearance to her figure, with which her occupation at the desk, that of casting up endless accounts, and keeping eternal registers, seemed singularly at variance. Her features had an expression of great meekness, and there was altogether so much delicacy, such a *gentle air*, in fact, about the girl, that one was almost startled at meeting her in such a situation. Her face was so very pale, and her clear blue eyes were so very bright, that she absolutely seemed to light up the dark corner in which she was seated.

Almost before I had had time to take this hasty survey of the little group, and to build, as is my wont, sundry conjectures thereon, Rapineau had engaged in conversation with the "Mother." I knew not how it had begun, for I had not heard the first words, being absorbed in contemplation of the pale girl, but I doubt not that his *début* was by a phrase of compliment, for such is Rapineau's custom with the softer sex, and by the time my mind had become present to the scene, I found that he had introduced himself as a journeyman house-painter waiting work, and myself as a jobbing *tailor*! just arrived in Paris. This was too bad, and I was angry with the "Mother" for not having, by mere instinct, immediately known the falsehood of this *last* assertion. However, it saved us in the dilemma, for Rapineau, asking if some imaginary friend of his, "who could put him in the way of work," lodged with the "Mother," she of course replied in the negative, but said that if we would wait a short time, perhaps a "patron," as he is called in France, of the painters, or tailors, might come in, *à la recherche de quelques bras*, and might engage us.

Of course, to so obliging an offer we instantly assented, as it saved us from a world of embarrassment. Rapineau won the "Mother's" heart by his compliments on the *tenue* of her establishment, and I touched her heart by my admiration of the young girl at her side, who all this while was going on busily with her calculations and additions, seeming to give no ear to what was passing, and to be unconscious of our presence.

"She is a treasure to me," said the good woman in a whisper. "I, who can neither read nor write, would be at the mercy of the world, without her aid. And her work, too, is not done in a careless and slovenly manner,—only see," (and she took down one of the heavy, sombre-looking ledgers from the rack above her head, and opened it for our inspection,) "it is fair and clear as print—here is not a blot or scratch from one end to the other."

I examined the writing; it was indeed clear and fair as stereotype; not a blot nor erasure sullied the pages. A round, neat hand, too, so regular and even, that it might have served as models for a writing-master to place before his pupils. The little maiden blushed slightly as I praised with genuine warmth the execution of the work, but continued steadily and without pause to guide her pen with rapid motion along the folio page before her; and, for a moment, the slight creaking noise it made was the only sound that broke the stillness. The "Mother" was gazing at the girl, and lost in thought, while a tear glistened in her eye, and she shut the book hastily, and replaced it in the rack, evidently rousing her mind from some painful emotion.

"I have sometimes a feeling of remorse," said she in a whisper, and sighing, as she looked sideways at the girl, "to see yonder poor child wasting all the bright spring hours of her youth, shut up in this little box with an old woman like me, and sometimes think that 't would be better if she could see more of the gaieties of the busy world around her."

She paused, and then added hurriedly, "But no, no; 't is better as it is, after all. She is but a child, and the sight of pleasure and dissipation might turn her young head as it has done others before her. In this little nook she is *safe*, at least, and may be calm and happy."

The "Mother" turned suddenly to the girl, and said abruptly, nay, almost sharply,

"Run, Louison—quick, child—can you not smell that the *roux* is burning? That old Madeline has no longer sight nor smell,—nay, be quick, girl; wilt thou never have done getting off that high stool?"

The rebuke was somewhat unjust, for poor little Louison had obeyed the very first summons; but certainly the three-legged leather stool *was* high, the maiden's stature rather short, and the little closet filled with the buxom, portly person of the "Mother," and her huge piles of sheeting, so that poor Louison had indeed some little difficulty in extricating herself from her situation. But in spite of the violent hurry with which the "Mother" had disturbed her, and the smell of the burnt *roux* which was growing stronger each minute, the good woman drew the girl towards her as she passed, and imprinted a kiss upon her pale forehead—a kiss which went to the very heart—so much did it tell of love and of protection.

"Your daughter, I presume," said I, as Louison disappeared quickly through the door leading into the kitchen, from whence issued divers savory smells of ragouts and *pot-au-feu*, while floating over all came, vapor-like, at intervals, the scent of the burnt butter, which the practised nose of the matron had at once discovered.

"Alas! no," returned the "Mother," mournfully; "would that she were! She is the only comfort I have left to replace all those I have lost."

She is not my own child, but my adopted one. She shall live with me until she marries, and I am determined she shall marry well. It is for her alone that I now toil and work from morn till night, for I, myself, could now live in ease and competence, and rest in peace the remainder of my days; but Louison must have a *dot*, and it shall be a right jolly one, too, or my name is not Marguerite Duval, because she is as much to me as my own flesh and blood—she is the sister of our poor Matteo!”

The concluding words were spoken almost in a whisper, as if to herself; if I had not been so near, I should not have heard them; and yet with a strange versatility she called aloud, while her voice was still trembling with emotion, that it was time to lay the *couvert*, for the clock of Notre Dame was striking the half-hour after four, and the workmen she knew would rush in famished and impatient, the very moment they left their work at five.

The call was instantly obeyed by a stout, bouncing lass, in the long, flat cap and short waist of Bretagne, her stout linsey-woolsey cocking up behind, being supported by a large brass-hook and standing away from her person, yet moving in unison, as if walking a pace or two behind, greatly to the benefit of every one who might feel any curiosity respecting the dimension of her ankles, or even of that part of her leg which ran a little higher, even to the visible proof that her garters were bright scarlet, and tied below the knee in a knot, with short ends at the side. Her arms were red and enormous, the white shift-sleeves turned up over the boddice, making their vermilion hues appear yet brighter; but she evidently was aware that nature had intended them for use, not for ornament; for with one hand she had gathered up her apron, which contained an immense pile of coarse napkins, each rolled up neatly, and passed through a ring bearing a different number; one arm was filled with a pile of the coarse brown plates used in the common French kitchens, which she held tight to her bosom in such an affectionate embrace it made me tremble; under the other was clasped half-a-dozen of the yard long loaves, which she managed to grasp firmly, notwithstanding the necessity of maintaining her hold of the apron.

I watched her cross the *chauffoir* with the same interest that one does a curiosity in natural history. Before she had gained the dining-hall, she was met by an individual bearing a letter for one of the inmates. “Now she will be puzzled,” thought I. “How will she take that letter?” Psha! I was an idiot. Why, she took it in her teeth, to be sure.

While I had been watching this little bye scene, the “Mother” had disappeared, and we could hear her voice issuing in tones of reproach and anger from the kitchen. The pale girl had returned to her station at the desk in the dark corner of the closet, and, all unconscious of us, or our presence, was again plying her task of pen-

manship with redoubled ardor. So Rapineau and myself strode back into the *chauffoir*, and seated ourselves near the stove, anxious to watch who went, and who came, and to turn to our profit all that might occur.

The few occupants of the place were so intent upon their occupations and amusements, that our entrance caused no sensation. Two jolly Auvergnats, evidently fresh from their native village, wearing still the costume of the mountains, were sitting astride one of the benches playing at draughts, the favorite game of the *crocheteurs* and *porteurs d'eau* of the French metropolis. They were both of them fine, handsome-looking lads, of the age of twenty, or thereabouts, and their fresh, healthy complexions, and new attire (the velveteen jacket and trousers, with myriads of silver buttons—the scarlet handkerchief and round flat hat) formed a striking contrast to their companions, many of whom had now dropped in and taken their station by the fire, while we had been engaged with the “Mother.” They consisted principally of workmen of different callings, either out of work and waiting the arrival of the “patrons” who, it appears, generally came in after the dinner hour, to engage the new hands required in their business, or of idle *mauvais sujets*, the *Bohemians* of various crafts, who stroll about large cities, ostensibly seeking for work, yet heartily praying all the while that they may never find it.

The last were distinguishable at a glance, from the hard-working portion of the community, by their loud laugh and careless manner, and the absence of that careworn, anxious look, which the steady, patient, industrious artisan is ever observed to wear, while trembling for the dear ones left pining at home, when his own hands are thus unwillingly idle. The do-nothing varlets all, without exception, bore a sleek, contented, unwashed aspect—a contempt of the opinion of the world—a freedom from prejudice, quite refreshing to behold.

I sat and watched with much edification one of these rogues who happened to be seated near me. He had been earnestly gazing for some time at a young Breton carpenter, who was seemingly thinking of nothing, and twirling his thumbs in evident enjoyment of the roaring blaze which issued from the huge brass-bound stove. The face of the countryman certainly did betray a most tempting simplicity, sufficient to inspire evil ambition in the meekest mind, and I was much diverted when I saw the *vaurien*, having edged himself, by degrees, close up to the doomed countryman, with a peculiar smile, indicative of mischief to come, take a yet closer survey of his victim, and then, apparently well pleased with the inspection, he slapped him on the shoulder, and asked if he had been long arrived from the “*pays*.”

The countryman turned with surprise at this sudden attack, but evidently the good-humored countenance which met his frowning gaze, com-



pletely disarmed suspicion, for he answered with *bonhomie*, and lengthily with the nasal twang of Brittany—that he had arrived but that very morning from Quimpère, and that he was very anxious to obtain work before his little stock of money was exhausted; whereupon his new friend slapped him on the shoulder once more, and asked him he would not like to cheer his *ennui* by playing a game at cards; to which the Breton with a cunning look, and laying his finger to his nose, answered, that it *might* do him more good than merely cheering his *ennui*; at which observation, the Parisian bowed with humility, inwardly chuckled, and then drew a filthy pack of cards from his pocket, and having turned his leg over the bench, so as to have the cards before him, began to cut and shuffle them with the keenness and rapidity of one well accustomed to the task.

I could not help gazing with anticipated commiseration upon the simple Breton lad, who was thus yielding himself so ready a victim. He formed as picturesque a figure in that great hall as one could wish to see; even Rapineau declared that by adding a few yellow tints in the background, (he is *so* fond of yellow,) and throwing in here and there a dash of light green, the scene of the two players would have formed a capital picture. The honest countenance of the poor lad peered out from beneath the broad brim of the large felt hat, worn by the peasants of his province, and the long fair hair which fell straight over his shoulders, added greatly to the air of simplicity imprinted on his features. He wore neither coat nor waistcoat, but a loose jacket of a warm, thick, brown cloth, descending almost to the knees, and provided with two enormous pockets, which were evidently stuffed with the good things of Bretagne; placed there, no doubt with tears, by the loving hand of aunt or mother, at the moment of his departure from his home. The jacket had no collar, but was cut low at the throat, displaying a snow-white neckcloth, tied in an enormous rosette in front; it was, moreover, merely confined at the top by two buttons, and being cut away towards the hips, the whole frontage of a coarse, but strictly clean shirt, was visible down to the waist, which was bound by a bright scarlet sash, that hung not loose, but was tucked under the jacket behind. The trousers were wide as those worn by seafaring men, and short, not reaching to the ankle. The feet were encased in enormous *sabots*, hollowed out of the solid beech-wood, an article of manufacture which forms the pride of that part of the country from whence he came.

Far different was the appearance of his adversary, who, instead of the comfortable and carefully tended exterior, bore the swaggering, rakish look, so common to the idle spendthrift frequenter of the *café* and billiard-room. There was a look of dissipation about his person, a cunning twinkle of the eye, and a fixed, self-gratulating smile about the mouth; many hard lines, too, across the forehead

and adown the cheek, planted there not by age or care, for he was young, and laughed in uproarious glee, that all told but too plainly a tale of idleness and little thrift, to which the battered hat, the soiled blouse, and ragged trousers bore ample testimony.

We turned from these worthies, leaving them to fight their battle as best beseemed them, although I augured ill for the Breton when I heard him doffing his hat and loosening the silver buttons at his collar, complain aloud of the heat of the room, and wonder why they made so large a fire, and saw the quiet, roguish leer which now and then his companion directed towards the lookers on.

The *chauffoir* was now filling fast, and the groaning door at the end of the dining-hall through which we ourselves had gained admittance, scarcely ceased an instant its monotonous music, as the *habitués* entered one after another, and came with smiles and friendly greeting to join the group already collected around the blazing stove. The sight of that assembled community began to be a curious one as the various members of it made their appearance. Scarcely a handicraft in Paris of the ancient kind which dates from the first ages of the world, or of those who ply their trade but for a season while a certain fashion endures, and then turn to other means of earning their bread, trusting to the next new caprice of the mode to replace that which is on the wane, but seemed to have sent a deputy to that assembly.

Of this last description may be reckoned, the pearl-bead makers, the metronome makers, the fancy braid and trimming manufacturers, and a host of others whose very livelihood depends upon their quickness and intelligence in watching the endless fluctuations of the mode—neither to be too early in the field before the new invention has become a favorite, nor yet to persist in work which fashion has left behind, and which no longer is a necessary.

It was curious to observe the difference in appearance, in tone and manner of each individual who might be taken as it were as a representative of the calling which he followed. The sturdy mason of Limousin, of short stature and broad shoulders, with flat, round face and curly hair, contrasted strongly with the weaver from Lyons, and the cooper of Bordeaux. These last, and indeed all from the south, were remarkable for their high aquiline features and piercing glance. They spoke with loud voice and impatient gesture, and their language, particularly that of Gascony, was distinguished by the sharp nasal twang which, according to their own boast, renders it unintelligible to the ear, and impracticable to the tongue of a foreigner.

Contrasting with these might be found the steady, prudent Norman, with drawling tone and immovable features driving a hard bargain with some unsophisticated companion who could not choose but yield to the Norman perseverance.

There were two or three of the honest, laborious children of Savoy gathered together in a corner of the room. They were all very young lads, and, as might be perceived by their dress, of different habits and professions, yet here they were all together counting out their day's earnings, and placing it with the little hoard already amassed. I observed that the favorite hiding-place seemed to be the breeches waistband between the lining and the cloth, and I was highly amused at seeing one of them squatting down upon the floor, deliberately take out needle and thread from his pocket, and with as much unconcern as though he had been at home in his own chamber, proceed to lodge the newly arrived franc pieces by the side of the more ancient occupants of the same snug *localité*. It was touching to see him point out with unfeigned glee to his wondering fellow-exiles the small portion of the band which yet remained to be filled. Doubtless the poor fellow was telling, in his detestable jargon, which certainly passes all understanding, of his hopes, of his means, of his dreams of return; and the very accent in which he spoke was enough to bring to the mind's eye the mountain and the torrent, the lone *châlet*, the aged mother, and the little children on the watch for his return. Apparently, it acted with the same irresistible influence on his comrades, for the whole group burst forth into one of those pathetic mountain strains peculiar to Savoy, and sang the monotonous air with so much feeling and enthusiasm that it brought the tears into my eyes, and arrested the attention of all the assembly saving only the honest Breton and his knowing adversary. They were far too busily engaged to pay attention to any thing besides their game.

Just as the strain had concluded, before its echo had died away, or the hum of the conversation which it had interrupted had begun once more, the heavy red-cheeked Breton girl appeared in the doorway between the *chauffoir* and the dining-hall, and in loud sonorous voice pronounced the word "*Servi!*" In an instant, as if the word had been a magic spell, and the pewter ladle which the girl flourished aloft a magic wand, every one of the guests started to his feet, and with a rush as of the whirlwind they all pressed forward to the *refectoire*. Such a hubbub of voices, such a clatter of wooden shoes and wooden sabots were perhaps never heard before.

On entering the dining-room, we found the "Mother" already seated with her fair young ward looking pale and pretty by her side. They occupied the centre places at the longest table, which stood at the head of the room, crosswise. There were two others placed down each side even with the wall. At the head of the one stood the bouncing Breton lass, flourishing in awful majesty her pewter ladle; at the head of the other was seated, upon a high stool, a toothless, mumbling old woman, whom I instantly guessed to be the perblind old cook who had incurred the

"Mother's" bitter indignation for having burnt the *roux*.

About fifty covers were laid at the three tables, but not more than thirty of us sat down to dinner, yet I observed that each took his own place, leaving the space vacant which by right belonged to an absent guest. With that kindly courtesy which is so peculiar to the French, the "Mother" had seated Rapineau and myself as near to the place she occupied as possible, so that we were enabled to view all that was passing in the hall, and it was both a curious and a pleasant sight to behold these rude children of toil, divided perhaps in interest, nay, in some instances, whose very means of winning bread clashed with one another, thus gathered together in harmony and goodwill.

The dinner consisted of the ordinary *pot-au-feu* soup and bouilli; there were, besides, sundry dishes of bacon dressed with lentils, a most succulent preparation, and here and there smoked divers round platters, filled with the common red haricot bean, arranged in the most savory manner with vine and laurel leaves. I tasted of these with great curiosity, and can safely pronounce them excellent. There were, besides, all down the tables, little plates of apples and dried walnuts, and a bottle of *vin ordinaire* was allowed to four persons. There was no cloth upon the table, to be sure: the mugs, or rather *timballes*, as they are called in this country, were of common pewter, and the forks black with age; neither were knives provided, they not being considered a necessity where for the most part the meat is boiled to rags, but I remarked with something of an English thrill of disgust, which made Rapineau laugh heartily, that from many of the coarse napkins displayed by the company, there rolled a buck-handled iron knife, upon which, from long use and little wiping, a thick coat of grease had gathered and mingled with the rust.

The jolly *convives* who possessed these articles of luxury were, however, rather envied by their less fortunate comrades, and many were the demands upon their good-nature when the hard brown bread was produced from the ample pockets of the Limousins, whose frugal habits had taught them that there was great saving in providing themselves with that article of necessity, rather than increasing by two sous the charge for dinner. By the way, the first question addressed to us as strangers was, "Have you your own bread?" and our answer in the negative seemed greatly to increase our importance in the eyes of the Breton lass, who thereupon placing one of the aforementioned long loaves under her arm, sawed from its end two enormous bunches, which she rolled across the table to each of us.

By the time the repast was ended, it was fairly dark, and we were glad to adjourn to the *chauffoir*, where the Breton girl, evidently endowed with the gift of ubiquity, had already lighted the *pinquet*, and filled the *poêle* with a pile of wood which

roared and crackled most cheerfully, although one of the Savoyards, chucking her under the chin, told her that her cunning efforts to disguise the *tourbe* with which she had already filled the stove, were without success, for its smell, for which he thanked her, brought the old hells of his "pays" to mind.

We found, on entering the *chauffoir*, some few comfortable-looking tradesmen, "patrons" of various crafts, who had come in search of hands, and great was the curiosity exhibited as to what would be the trades in demand. I was told that the number of applications on that day was considered unusually small. There was a call for glass-blowers, but none were found disengaged, in consequence of a great increase in their business. A burnisher was called, and engaged at three francs a day. There were many answers to the "call" for carpenters, and the "patron" withdrew into a corner with the group of applicants. I was pleased to see my young Breton return towards us with a face beaming with delight, holding in his open palm a shining piece of silver, the "*denier à Dieu*," as it is called, the gift of God, not being in advance of wages, but to be returned, nevertheless, in case the party contracting the engagement should repent of it before the expiration of four-and-twenty hours, denoting that he was engaged. His tormentor, fearing a "call" no doubt for the particular trade which he exercised, had sneaked off immediately after dinner, or he would doubtless have pocketed this very crown piece also ere the end of the evening.

When some of the patrons had retired, and those who chose to remain had taken their seats round the blazing *poêle*, for in France all is, if not "*liberté*," at least "*égalité*," and all absurd distances between master and mechanic are unknown, we sat down with the rest, and were pleased to behold the manly independence of the intercourse between the motley company of which we formed a part. Each had his tale to tell or his joke to crack, and was listened to with attention and politeness by the rest, and in general I was struck by the vast difference in the tone of the conversation which took place, with that to which we should have had to listen under similar circumstances in England. There was no vulgarity, no ribald jesting, but, save the high-toned voices and untutored gesture with which the lower classes of the French nation always converse, one might have thought oneself in a very decent, well ordered drawing-room. This gentleness of manner was most striking at the moment when the fair Louison, leaning on the arm of the stout Breton lass, passed through the *chauffoir* to go to her chamber: every one arose as she passed, and bowed, some really not ungracefully, and there was a rush to the door to save her the trouble of turning the lock, which might have put to shame many a collection of milk-and-water dandies at a London ball, while the kind and respectful "*Bon soir, mademoiselle Louison*," "*Bonne nuit, madame*," sounded most cheerily and gratefully on the ear. The delicate little maiden would moreover have made the sweetest picture in the world when she turned in the doorway and thanked them for their attention by a graceful bend of the figure, and a smile such as the angels wear, her pearly teeth glistening through her parted lips, as the light of the candle which she held fell upon her countenance, and gave it a life and lustre which it did not possess in the broad light of day.

When she had disappeared and the door was closed again, I observed that two or three of the *convives* were missing, and was told they had remained without to listen to the *cantique*, which the little maiden never failed to breathe forth with richest harmony before retiring to rest, and could be heard from her chamber which was close to the dining-hall. I was sorry not to have been aware of the treat which the initiated were enjoying, until it was too late.

"It is indeed worth hearing," said the *compagnon* who sat next to me, in answer to my regrets upon the subject; "the voice of the child is like the whisperings of the angels, and we sometimes fear that she must be of them and will return from whence she came ere long, and then the poor 'Mother' may have all her griefs to bear once more."

He spoke the words so sadly, and with such expression, that I could not help raising my eyes to his countenance. He was a thin, spare man, of short stature; his dark eyes and olive complexion bespoke his southern origin, and the strong harsh accent told plainly of the rough shores of Corsica.

"She is indeed a sweet and tender blossom," said I, willing to flatter the young man's prejudices in favor of the maiden.

"Ay, and woe betide him who would seek to do her harm!" exclaimed he passionately. "She needs no brother nor kindred; we are all her brothers and her kindred. A hundred hearts are at her command, a hundred arms would be raised in her defence, should any seek to injure her. See, we place her cypher beside that of our 'Mother,' for our love and reverence are alike bound to each."

He raised the sleeve of his jacket, and displayed the cyphers L. and M. burnt in gunpowder upon his arm, amid many other curious and intricate devices, of which, of course, I did not presume to ask the meaning.

"Your affection must be great indeed," said I, "it is a blessing for the maiden, that her lot has thus been cast among those who take such lively interest in her fate, although they be utter strangers, for even the 'Mother' told me not long ago that she was none of her kith, or kin."

"Nor is she," replied the Corsican; "and yet the tie which binds her to the maiden is stronger far than that of blood or of relationship. She is bound to the girl by her love for the dead and gone, by the memory of her own daughter, and of all the grief and trouble she has gone through."

The observation raised my curiosity. I questioned him concerning the "Mother" and Louison, until from one thing to the other he was led on to tell me the history I was desirous of knowing, and which I now give to the reader, begging him to bear in mind that the relater was a Corsican.

It is now about seven years since the "Mother" after her widowhood came to live at this house. At the time she had with her Marguerite, her daughter, as handsome and comely a maiden as it would be possible to behold—a frail and tender blossom with ruddy cheeks and long fair hair, a child of tenderness and melancholy, such a girl as no stranger would have imagined to have belonged to our fresh and free-hearted "Mother." She was beloved by us all, and fostered amongst us with kindly care. We were proud of her too, for in her very weakness lay her strength, and we felt called upon to afford her respect and protection; for her

father had been one of ourselves, a fearless and steady *compagnon*, who spoke up for our rights, and would see none of us aggrieved. Marguerite was left, as it were, in our charge, and we in turn sought to defend from oppression the daughter of poor Pierre, who upon so many occasions had so manfully defended us.

You will readily believe that the fair Marguerite lacked not suitors. They came, indeed, thick as berries on the elder bush, each with his catalogue of merits and his list of failings. Some with a goodly dower, the fruit of their own industry and prudence; others with naught but their youth and sturdy courage in their favor. But whatever might be the pretensions of each, you may be sure that they were carefully investigated by the rest, so that no liar or false craven-hearted deceiver could possibly creep among them. *Compagnonage* has wrought this good; none can appear what he is not, and all are estimated at their just value.

You may, perhaps, fancy that the rivalry which existed among the band of lovers must of necessity have led to much angry feeling and bitterness; but it was not so. Marguerite had a ready smile and kindly word for all, but for a long time favored none; and it was agreed amongst the youths who sought her hand that they would abide by her choice, nor seek to injure or annoy the happy man whom she would fix upon.

This preference, for a long time dubious, became, however, at length visible to all. The maiden's heart was chained at last. Hope remained but to one, and despair to many. And who think you she favored? She who might have selected from the proudest and the bravest of them all: but there is really no accounting for the perverseness which exists in woman's nature. The fair and gentle Marguerite had chosen from amongst the crowd of her admirers a youth, poor, and humble in pretension, not even favored by nature with any of those advantages which will sometimes captivate women, for he was of slight and delicate stature, and of melancholy temperament, a native of the upland districts of our own stern Corsica, who had been driven from his native place by the burning of his home and the destruction of his family by the *vendetta* executed upon his race by its old enemies, the Osbaldis.

They say that the story which Matteo had to tell was so pitiful a one that you could not listen to its relation without tears. He had escaped with the utmost difficulty and danger from amid the slaughter of his kindred, carrying away, however, through peril almost incredible, the infant which was clasped in his dead mother's arms. He bore the child with him through hardship and privation during his long and weary journey hither, and he still persisted in maintaining her, although urged by his companions to place the babe in one of the institutions with which this city abounds. Nothing, however, could shake his resolution of watching and nursing the infant himself, and he performed the task with a patience and devotion touching to behold.

I think it must have been the feeling of pity which Matteo's misfortunes excited which first gave rise to love in Marguerite's bosom; for, as I told you before, he was not endowed with any peculiar personal grace, nor did he even seek her notice by any demonstration of attention. It was indeed rather from herself that the first advances came. Be this as it may, they grew to be acknowledged lovers. Our "Mother" approved of

her daughter's choice, although the match flattered no one feeling of her maternal vanity, inasmuch as the lad was poor, and of no great skill even in the calling which he had chosen, that of worker in metals, for how should he know aught concerning such craft, he who had passed his life upon the hills, tilling and managing his father's farm. But the generous heart of the "Mother" shrank not, but opened at once to the youth, whom all the world seemed to have abandoned, and from the moment that Marguerite had declared to her the love she felt for Matteo, at once, and without any after thought or calculation, did she treat him as her son, and gather to her bosom with a parent's love, the poor forlorn babe of whom he had taken such generous charge. The child was from that day treated as her own, and has never left her since that hour. You can yourself judge of how she had been tended, for that poor desolate orphan is now Mamselle Louison who will inherit all the "Mother's" gains, and will become in time one of the richest *partis* of the whole *quartier*.

Things went on thus smoothly for some time. Matteo, with true Corsican pride, urged not the day of marriage until his earnings had procured him sufficient to furnish his intended bride with the trinkets, which by the antique custom of Corsica, the affianced bridegroom must of necessity present to his bride on the morning of her nuptials. The round flat rings of solid gold for the ears, the cross and reliquaire for the neck, and the long gold-headed pin, to fasten the veil amid the braids of her hair.

It was during this period of delay that I first grew acquainted with Matteo. To speak truth, I never felt desirous of cultivating any very intimate friendship for the lad, nor did his character at first inspire me with much admiration. You will condemn this feeling—but so it was. If you had ever lived in our island you would understand the sentiment of pity and contempt with which we view any individual who flies from the *vendetta*, instead of staying to front his enemies, and endeavor either by open defiance, or by craft and cunning, to widen the chance of its ever being at an end. Victim for victim, blood for blood, is our motto, and one which not all the theories of philanthropists, nor the severity of authorities have been able to change. The number of victims must tally on either side ere the *vendetta* is completed; and it is thought almost puerile cowardice in a man to fly, as Matteo had done, without diminishing the chance of its ever being satisfied.

Now the family of Osbaldi, the hated enemies of the race from which Matteo came, had made their vengeance almost good. There needed but one single victim more on the side of the Lozanis to bring the debt of blood incurred by the latter to a just and fair balance, so that it might afterwards have been closed forever, or have been recommenced on a new account.

The proceeding of Matteo in thus flying to Paris, was certainly unlike the usual manner of acting in our rude country, and sometimes when he talked to me of the past, I could not help telling him what I feared would be the opinion he must have left behind. He would groan with anguish at the thought, and tell me that it was the sight of the child which had caused him to take this step. His mother had placed the babe under his care when she was dying in the cave where she lay concealed from the pursuers of her family, who

had burned the roof from above her head, who had harried and despoiled the land which had yielded sustenance to her children. It was when he had sworn with a solemn oath to be a parent to the child, that the memory of the near completion of the *vendetta* of the Osbaldis crossed his mind. He remembered that it needed but one single victim more on the side of the Lozanis: he thought he could not long escape, and that the child, weak and defenceless, would be left desolate and destitute. He knew that the Osbaldis were still in pursuit of him; he could see at times from his place of refuge, their emissaries rushing hither and thither among the rocks, and so one day, wearied with this state of anxiety and terror, for the infant's sake, he left his retreat and got down to the sea-shore, where he soon found a vessel bound for France, in which he took passage, and arrived at this place, after much danger and privation, but still with his dead mother's child safe from harm or injury, and what is more, as well in health, as blooming and fresh as though she had been tended with the fondest care by whole hosts of gossips and nurses.

Such was the tale which Matteo told me in private; and, although I could not approve his flight, yet when I gazed upon the little child, I could not help feeling that the excuse was good.

Well, the bridal *ecce* was at last complete, and there remained but to fix the day for the wedding. I shall never forget the evening on which poor Matteo displayed to me his little treasures, the fruits of his own industry. They were all of his own workmanship, and he might well be proud of their execution; for it was marvellous how any one so lately arrived from leading such a very different mode of life, could have made such progress in the art. But what will not love accomplish! We were seated here side by side in this very *chauffoir* alone, for the rest of the *compagnons* had retired, and Matteo was waiting the return of the "Mother," who was from home about some little business concerning her daughter's marriage. Matteo had placed the bridal ornaments in Margurite's work-box, which was standing on a table where you saw Mamselle Louison writing when you came in, and returned to his seat beside me, full of a calm and holy joy at thought of the great blessings which had befallen him after the storms and trials amid which his life had hitherto been passed.

I cannot tell you why, even to this very hour, but the sight of his happiness gave me a feeling of mortal sadness which grew almost painful, and I remained silent while he poured forth his feelings of gratitude to Heaven for all its mercies. Perhaps my silence affected him at length, for gradually his conversation took a graver tone, and he spoke of his youth spent in Corsica, amid the hatreds and the heartburnings of enmities; and said (shame upon him for the thought) that the life he lead as an independent workman, toiling for his daily bread, but eating it in peace and quiet, without the fear that the knife with which he had divided it would be red with the blood of an enemy ere he had time to close it, was much more to his taste than the old life in Corsica, so full of the hideous excitement of bloody triumph, or the anguish and terrors of defeat.

I could not help shuddering as he spoke, for I was amazed at his fond security; I, who am a Corsican myself, know well that no man has a right to deem himself safe even though he might fly to the solitudes of America, so long as the *vendetta* is

unsatisfied. To avoid suspicion of what was passing in my mind, I rallied him cheerfully upon his anti-national feelings.

"You are no true Corsican, Matteo," said I; "you have none of the dark spirit of our nation. You should have been born in the cold north, where folks make up their fiercest quarrels over a jug of wine, or rush with angry bawling before a maudlin old justice of the peace, and then return together, hand in hand, satisfied with his decision."

"Say not so," returned Matteo, sadly; "say not so, my friend; nature had indeed given me the same rugged soul which she has bestowed so freely upon the children of our island; but ever since the day of horror, when I held the sinking head of my brother Luigi, and watched his failing spirit, a change has taken place in my mode of thinking. Luigi was a priest, and had sought with Christian zeal to appease the wolfish ferocity which existed in our family against the Osbaldis. But it was in vain. My brother Marco stabbed young Beato Osbaldi upon the hills, and soon after this poor Luigi himself, holy and gentle as he was, was shot from the roadside, while in the very act of administering comfort at the bedside of a poor parishioner. It was while he was dying on my bosom that he stayed my vows of vengeance, by his prayers, for the welfare of our enemies, bidding me, in the name of Him who had forgiven amid the agonies of death, his cruel persecutors, to abstain from revenge."

"It would be well," said I, "if such Christian charity could rule the feelings on both sides; but where will you find such forbearance in Corsica! Even now, doubt it not, the Osbaldis are still living in the hope that you will be found upon the island. Rely upon it, Matteo, while that one bloody vest hangs in the chimney nook, they will not cease from seeking your life."

"I know it well," returned Matteo, gravely; "and for some time I had deemed it possible that they might find me even here. But come, let us think of gayer things—there is some one at the door—'tis the "Mother." She brings the papers from the curé. Dear mother! 'tis more than fortune she is bringing me. 'Tis hope and life—the wish to live—which I once thought I should never feel again."

The door (yonder door to the left of the *poêle*) opened slowly as he spoke. It was *not* the "Mother" who entered, but a young man, a stranger to the house, who advanced with uncertain, hesitating step towards us, and holding out a written paper, asked if he was right in his application for admittance at the "Mother's" establishment, according to the direction on the paper which he held. It was all fair enough; he had been directed rightly, and he seated himself with us to await the "Mother's" return home. He was a handsome youth, tall, and dark, but not fierce-looking; and, when we tried to draw him into conversation, we found him grave and taciturn; but that might be owing to the fatigue of having journeyed far, for his appearance was all travel-worn and dusty, and he wore his large, white woollen cloak, rolled up across his shoulders. I could tell in a moment that he came from the south, by numberless tokens; but I thought Matteo, poor youth, would have expired with delight when the stranger told us that he came from Toulon, and that he had just returned from a visit to Corsica! Questions were of course showered upon him from both of us with regard to the mother island. He came from my

part of it, but he had only *heard* of Matteo's native village, and the feuds of the Osbaldis and Lozanis, for which it was celebrated at the moment. He started, however, so violently when I happened to address Matteo by his name, that I, being seated next to him, was really sorry that the lamp had burned so low, that it had grown too dark to see the workings of his features.

"You are welcome from the dear island," said Matteo; "you have arrived in time to dance at my wedding; 'twill take place next week, and we are to dance the Garaqua with castagnettes, in honor of home. Will you join us—you must have it fresh in your memory!"

The youth smiled, rather a ghastly smile, and muttered forth an embarrassed answer, but promised nothing. It was just at this moment that the "Mother" returned full of joy and goodwill to all the world. She brought back the papers, all *en règle*, and rallied poor Matteo on the shortness of the period of liberty which remained to him, embracing him all the while with such kindness and warm affection, that even dim as was the hall, I could see the tears glisten in his eyes.

The stranger had stood unobserved, silently gazing on the scene, until Matteo, remembering his presence, dragged him forward, and presented him to the "Mother," urging her to find him accommodation for the night, as he was almost a countryman of his own—he *had just returned from Corsica!* The "Mother" was fain to regret, however, that her house being full, it was impossible to oblige the stranger with a bed, in spite of the letter which he brought recommending him to her care. "The approaching marriage of her daughter," she said, "had filled her house to overflowing, for the hope of the dance and fête, *noces et festin*, which would take place, had lured many of the inmates of other establishments to come to her." The young man appeared to be wofully disappointed at this intelligence; so much so, indeed, that poor Matteo came to his assistance.

"Come, mother, dear," said he, coaxing, "do not let us turn the stranger from our gates upon such a joyous night as this; rather than let him depart, I propose that he should share my mattress and my chamber, and to-morrow we might surely find means to grant him better quarters."

The stranger endeavored to stammer his thanks, but methought they did not come cheerfully; and while the "Mother" made some slight objections to the inconvenience this arrangement would cause to both of them, Matteo had lighted his candle, and, seizing the stranger's arm, was hurrying to his room, uttering merry "good nights" all along the corridor, and declaring that small rest would his companion have, for he would make him talk the whole night long of Corsica. It is in such guise as this that we poor mortals are shaken and tossed to and fro by the rude hand of Destiny!

I myself did not retire for some time after this, for the "Mother" had much to tell of all the difficulties she had experienced in obtaining for Matteo the permissions required, notwithstanding the papers had arrived from his birthplace that very day, and that the maire of his commune had spoken highly of his character.

It was nearly midnight when I did at length withdraw from the *chauffoir*. By an instinct, for which I could not account, I turned down the little corridor which led to Matteo's chamber, and paused for a moment to listen at the door. All was silent at first, and I thought they must have

been sleeping for some time, but as I turned away, my footsteps were arrested by the sound of a voice within, pronouncing distinctly the name of Osbaldi! and then such a strange, wild, smothered laugh followed the exclamation, that, echoing as it did upon the stillness of midnight, it made me tremble from head to foot. But a moment's reflection caused me to feel angry with myself for this absurd sensation, and I shuffled off to bed without further delay. "Matteo has kept his word," thought I; "he is keeping that poor, wayworn youth awake all night with his questions concerning home and kindred; but why need he forever torment himself about those accursed Osbaldis!"

Notwithstanding this comforting assurance, I slept but ill that night. My dreams were frightful and excited, and I awoke from them in terror. Once, so vivid was the impression of uneasiness I had felt on going to bed, that I could have sworn that I heard poor Matteo groan, and call for help, reproaching me for my delay, and jumped from my bed only to find that all was dark and silent in my chamber, and that I had been subjected to a violent fit of nightmare. Towards morning, however, I grew more calm, and the return of day made me almost forget the terrors of the night. The sight of the "Mother's" joyous smile completely restored my tranquillity, and Marguerite, too, moving about in her usual quiet manner, would have dissipated the most feverish fancies. The "Mother" told me, with a chuckling laugh, that Marguerite was busied in making a kind of cake, or *galette*, of rye flour, which is peculiar to Corsica, in order to regale Matteo and his new friend at breakfast; that she had succeeded beyond her expectations, and was already enjoying, with great glee, the idea of Matteo's surprise.

Time however passed on, and Matteo came not, as was his wont, among the earliest. One by one the workmen disappeared. Each having swallowed his bowl of *soup aux choux*, sallied forth with his loaf beneath his arm to his various employments, and I began to feel a sort of nervous irritation at the frequent opening of the door while I was watching it for the entrance of Matteo. The sun was getting high in heaven, and still he came not, much to the surprise of the "Mother" and myself, and to the utter discomfiture of poor Marguerite, whose cakes were getting cold. I was just about proceeding to his chamber, when I was arrested in my intention by the entrance of the stranger.

"Where is Matteo?" cried both females at once as soon as he appeared.

"I know not," replied he, calmly. "I have been abroad since sunrise, and left him buried in profound and heavy slumber."

He was very pale, but that might be his nature. I could not tell, for I had only seen him by the dim light of the lamp on the evening previous; but his voice quivered slightly, and reminded me, with startling effect, of the strange laugh I had heard at midnight. I arose with a sudden movement, impelled by I know not what singular emotion. I rushed towards the door—my hand was on the lock, and as I turned, I caught his eye. By Heaven! it faltered, and his upper lip was blanched and bloodless, and quivered like the aspen leaf!

I rushed to the door of the chamber where, according to the stranger's report, Matteo still was sleeping; but so great was my agitation, that I was fain to pause ere I entered. The "Mother"

had followed me, and stood by my side, asking me forsooth what I could mean by such wild haste, and wondering yet the more when she beheld the anguish and the terror depicted in my countenance. The key was in the lock—she entered first and I followed closely. She went straight to the side of the little bed, and peeped through the closed curtains, and turning to me, said, in a broken whisper, “You are a fool, Giorgi; you have frightened me so with your haggard looks, that I tremble like one in a palsy.”

She drew the curtain with a brusque movement, and showed me the form of Matteo Lozani stretched calmly in the bed. His face was turned from the light, and one arm rested outside the coverlet.

“Come, Matteo, *mon garçon!*” cried the “Mother,” in a loud voice, dragging the chair which stood by the bedside across the tiled floor, in order to make as much noise as possible; “come, get up, *mon fils!* ’t is time to rise and see that Marguerite has been thinking of you while you have been so lazily sleeping there.”

But neither the loud tones of her voice nor the creaking of the chair could arouse him from his slumber, so she shook him roughly by the shoulder, and then, in surprise that he still moved not, seized the hand that lay outstretched upon the coverlet.

Great God! what a frightful shriek escaped her lips as she let the hand fall heavily back again, and tore with frantic eagerness the covering from the face and bosom of poor Matteo! She pressed her hand to his forehead, and then placed it for a moment to his heart—then bent low over his face, and placed her lips to his, and without uttering a word—a sound, sank at my feet motionless and insensible!

Her cry had brought to the chamber all the inmates at that moment within doors—all came flocking thither in alarm—all except the stranger. The truth was but too soon evident. Matteo was dead, and must have been dead some hours, for he was already cold and stiff! How or by what means he came by his death remained a mystery to the bystanders, for not a single vestige of violence, not a drop of blood, not the slightest bruise was visible, and his countenance was calm and composed as that of a sleeping child.

Our first thought was of course to secure the stranger, whom we all felt certain must, in some way, be concerned in this awful event. We rushed into the hall where I had left him but a few short moments before, and found him sitting quietly at breakfast; but I observed that he had not touched the *galette*, which Marguerite had made for Matteo, and which, in mortified pique at the latter's idleness, she had, to punish him, bade his companion despatch before he came.

It is needless to say, that he was immediately conveyed under safe escort to prison, but he still maintained the same dogged calmness which had marked his demeanor throughout. When pressed closely to confess all that had taken place during the night, he merely replied, “What have I to confess! The youth slept sound the moment he laid his head upon the pillow; and when I left him in the morning, he still was in a calm and tranquil slumber.”

What added to the gravity and mystery of the case, was the total impossibility which existed in deciding by what means poor Matteo had come by his death. Almost every celebrated surgeon of the metropolis was called in to examine the body,

and all returned the same opinion—that death had been sudden—immediate. This was proved by many tokens which I cannot now remember, but which perfectly served to convince every member of the faculty that he could not have died by violence; and this opinion gaining ground with the public, by the time the trial of the accused came on, he was already absolved in the minds of those interested in the case, and as good as acquitted. From the moment he appeared before the judge, his case was clear. His defence was evident. There was no murder, therefore he could be no murderer.

His tale was plain and straightforward, and well borne out by witnesses and proofs. His name was Lenardi, a stone-cutter by trade, but out of work. He was a native of the south of France, but had lately been in Corsica. He acknowledged his acquaintance with the Osbaldis, and knew of their *rendetta*—had only heard of Matteo Lozani, but knew him not—nor had ever seen him before the evening of his death. He had arrived at Paris in search of work; had retired to rest with Matteo, at the latter's own request, and could only add what he before had said, that Matteo slept at once, nor woke again during the night; and that he must have died while sleeping.

This evidence was all clear as day, and could not be shaken, although the *Procureur du Roi* was hard and sharp upon the accused. I was brought forward to prove the utter ignorance in which Matteo had greeted the stranger on his arrival at the Maison Maternelle, and the arguments he had used to induce the tired stranger to share the little chamber which he occupied. The master for whom he had worked at Toulon was also called to give evidence as to character. He said that Lenardi had been among the best and most steady of his workmen, but that for some time previously to his leaving Toulon he had become somewhat *derangé*, but that all his comrades agreed in attributing the change in his habits to disappointment in some love affair, for when rallied on the subject he had suddenly left the place in disgust, and announced his intention of coming to Paris, since which time he had not beheld him till this hour.

There was nothing more to be said, nothing more could be done. My evidence of the exclamation I had heard, of the laughter which accompanied it, was looked upon as puerile, and indeed almost disbelieved; so Lenardi was acquitted, and stood a free man by the unanimous decision of his judges. There were many amongst us who thought him an ill-used man, and as in this place every sentiment is exaggerated, and people always run into extremes; from having been an object of execration, Lenardi became, in the eyes of the multitude, a kind of victim, and a false, unhealthy interest was got up amongst us about him. *Compagnonage* found itself offended and aggrieved that one of its members should have been so hardly dealt by, and nothing then was too liberal to show the deep sense of the injustice which had been inflicted.

As for the grief of the “Mother” and the despair of poor Marguerite, none can tell them. From the hour of the discovery of Matteo's death the girl had been hovering between the loss of life and of reason. She had not left her bed since that hour, and the “Mother” had devoted her whole time to the tending of her daughter, whose chamber she left not for a single instant.

Now mark how an all-wise Providence had or-



dered that the truth should be brought to light, and justice dealt at last to the guilty one. It is a custom among the *compagnons* of every class to carry a private *feuille de route*, independently of the one which the regulations of the police act obliges him to have. This is signed and countersigned by the owners of the different Maisons Maternelles where he may have lodged upon his journey, and entitles him to lodgings at certain others of these houses in the various towns through which he may pass. Before departing for the south Lenardi had brought his paper to be signed by the "Mother" of this house; such a precaution being considered doubly necessary after the suspicious occurrence which had taken place beneath her roof, and which of course had spread among every branch of *compagnonnage* from one end of France to the other. The "Mother" could not refuse to put her mark to the paper, although she did so with many a deep sob, but nothing could induce her to see Lenardi, and he remained here in the *chauffoir* until the "Mother" sent back his *feuille de route*.

It was a dull and weary hour. There were about a dozen of us assembled here, and Lenardi was seated in the midst. The lamp burnt low and dingily, and I was very sad, for the whole scene, with the sight of Lenardi, reminded me of the night of his arrival. He, however, had lost none of his usual calmness, although I observed that he once fixed a singularly wild and startled gaze upon the wooden settle by the *poêle* which Matteo had occupied on the night in question, as though he still beheld him seated there. They were however a kindly set of fellows—those young *compagnons*, and endeavored to divert Lenardi by making him forget all the sad circumstances which had befallen him in that house, and so kept up as well as possible a sort of running conversation, which was nourished by his answers to their various questions, as to the road he meant to travel, and the towns he would have to visit. Each one gave his advice and opinion. He *must* see this, he *must* see that.

"Talk of seeing strange sights, have you ever visited the Spanish frontier?" said young Pierre, the joiner, who had just returned from the south, his merry black eyes twinkling with mischief, as he asked the question. "That's the country for a lad of mettle. Such strange doings there; such cudgeling, such fighting! It did one good to see men who could stand a stout knock or two without crying quarter, or running to the nearest justice for redress."

"What mean you, Pierre?" cried one of his listeners; "tell us something about these strange sights and this strange fighting."

"Lord, it would take you till to-morrow to hear it all," returned the youth. "They often fight for pleasure in these parts, and each village has its mode of combat. At Arcoz, for example, where I passed the night, I saw a game of single-stick which I shall not soon forget. To see the blood spurt out as their arms wheeled round and round, describing circles in the air so rapidly that you scarcely knew they moved at all, until one or other sank exhausted, seeming to bleed at every pore. Oh, 't was a horrid sight! And then again at Orti 't was different; the weapon there is of another kind. No blood is spilt, no bones are broken, and the victim has been known to fall down dead, and yet display no mark of injury, save one single bruise occasioned by the mortal blow."

Lenardi, who had been apparently buried in

thought, actually bounded on his chair at these words, and, looking angrily at the speaker, moved uneasily from his place, and took another seat behind him.

"Ah! the traveller's tales come at last," said one of the company; "I thought Pierre could not journey far without bringing home wondrous things. And pray how is this miracle brought about?"

"Why, by the simplest means in the world," said the lad, indignant that his veracity should be doubted; "the weapon they fight with is a long narrow bag filled with sand, and I was told that many of them were so dexterous in the use of it that they could kill an adversary by a single blow."

"Tush!" again exclaimed the same doubting listener; "traveller's tales all these, and we poor credulous Parisians—;" he interrupted himself in his speech to ask pardon of Lenardi for having caused him to start so violently when he had suddenly leant across him to reach a log which stood in the corner behind him.

Meanwhile, the persevering Pierre had resumed, while his persecutor was busied stuffing the log into the fire. "But what I *saw* was nothing to what I *heard*; for I was told that the stone-cutters of Maros possessed the art of making a man disappear without any trace whatever."

I fixed my eye upon Lenardi; he was deadly pale, and his breath came quick and hurried through his set teeth, while he stared at the speaker with a vacant, haggard look. No one observed him but myself, for they were all too much interested in the tale of wonder to think of aught beside; and Pierre continued.

"At Maros, I have heard that the weapon is more deadly still. It is the skin of an eel filled with the marble dust from the quarry there. They told me that this instrument, when wielded by an expert hand, can deal a blow so hard and so elastic that death will ensue on the instant. Two such blows between the shoulders, on the spine, will leave no mark, not even the slightest bruise, whereby to judge."

He stopped, for a loud unearthly shriek, a kind of yell which made us all start to our feet, on the instant echoed through the hall. There was a heavy fall too, and a loud groan, and there stood before our eyes, pale and ghastly in the dim light, her hair streaming wildly over her shoulders, and her eye glaring on the prostrate form of Lenardi, the daughter of the house—Marguerite!

"'T was he—'t was he who did the deed!" exclaimed she hoarsely, and grasping with frantic violence the collar of his vest; "bind him fast, secure him quick I say; these are no traveller's tales, but hideous, hateful truths—see you not that he is a stone-cutter by trade, and that he comes from—"

We did not await the conclusion of her sentence. With a loud and simultaneous shout we rushed upon Lenardi, who had fallen from his chair and still lay struggling on the floor. Strong hands were at his throat, strong arms were coiled around his form, and all hope of escape was at an end. Again was he conveyed to prison amid the hootings of the populace, but this time he bore it not with calmness, but gave way to every frantic demonstration of despair. He felt that the hand of Providence had guided his detection, and confessed the whole truth ere his fate was decided by the law.

The story was but short; he had not much to tell. He had been to Corsica, not to seek for work, but lured by his love for the flower of the



island, Gennara OSBALDI! She loved him in return, but had taken a solemn vow before our Lady of the Rock never to marry while Matteo Lozani was roaming through the world, and the bloody vest of her own brother, Paolo, hung against the wall at home. Her letter to Lenardi was found in his bosom, in answer no doubt to his own announcement that the *rendetta* was complete and satisfied. It was sublime—full of passionate and earnest gratitude; she told him that the blood-stained garment was taken down from the nail where it had hung so long like a ghastly spectre, stifling all their joys, and turning each smile to bitterness. She bade him use all despatch in returning to the island to take possession of the home which was henceforward to be his, for her father's pride and gratitude were such that he would give up the farm and property to the brave achiever of the *rendetta*, and longed to embrace him as his son. She concluded by saying that they had fixed the day of the wedding for the opening of poor Paolo's grave, and the placing of the bloody vest upon his coffin in order that the day might be one of entire festival and joy to all; not merely to the living amid their sunshine and their flowers, but also to the forgotten dead in the dark and silent grave!

He had followed, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, every trace of Matteo until he found him at the *Maison Maternelle*. It seemed as if some fiend had guided the chance which had caused the poor lad to request him to stay that night. He had done the deed at midnight, and it was his voice which I had heard calling out in savage glee to Gennara Osbaldi. He had sat by the corpse till dawn, and then had sallied forth to throw the fatal weapon so well described by Pierre, and which he had brought rolled in the mantle across his shoulder, into the Seine, from the parapet of the *quai* before the house, safe in the assurance that the murder never could be discovered.

The rest is known to us all. The strange fatality which had guided Lenardi straight to the chamber of Matteo had caused the sudden and unexpected entrance of Marguerite into the *chauffoir*. It appeared that the *feuille de route* which Lenardi had brought to be signed by the "Mother" was taken into Marguerite's chamber, where the doctor was at the moment visiting his patient. It was a natural consequence of the circumstance that a conversation should ensue concerning Matteo and Lenardi, which, although carried on in a whisper, had reached the ear of Marguerite. She had stolen from her bed, aroused by some dreamy vision of which she could never give a distinct account, and had wandered, with the restlessness of fever, into the *chauffoir*. She had stood for some moments, unperceived by us all, behind the chair in which Lenardi sat, and it was the tale which Pierre was narrating that aroused within her at once, and with mysterious clear-sightedness, the conviction of the hidden truth!

Alas, alas! the poor maiden remained not long amongst us after this event, and when our "Mother" followed her to the grave she vowed that none should ever replace her in her love but Louison, whom she cherishes with maternal care for Matteo's sake.

Lenardi was condemned to death, but his sentence was afterwards commuted to the galleys for life, and he was sent to Brest, where he still remains a hopeless slave. There is one beside him, however, at this hour whose love can make captivity even sweet—one who has left the freedom of the hills, a life of plenty and of ease, and

a loving family, to live amid the pent-up air, the horrid sights and sounds of that hell on earth where Lenardi is henceforth doomed to dwell—one whose ardent love—whose undiminished *gratitude*, have made his punishment REWARD.—That one was once the flower of her native country—Gennara Osbaldi.

The Corsican had scarcely finished his story before he was called away by his *patron*, and finding we were not likely to gather more information that day we took our departure, resolving, however, that this first visit should not be the last to the *Maison Maternelle*. G. C.

THE BIBLE.—We meet with the following interesting facts in very opposite quarters. In a memoir of Archbishop Carroll, in the U. S. Catholic Magazine, the writer says:

"In one of his walks in London, he became possessed, at a store of second-hand books, of an ancient copy of the Bible, which had been the companion of the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh during his long imprisonment, and which contained upon a blank leaf the original copy of verses written by the illustrious captive the night before his execution.\* This precious autograph is now in the rich collection of Robert Gilmore, Esq., of Baltimore."

In a speech by the Rev. Dr. Robbins, at the last anniversary meeting of the American Bible Society, he stated that there has been lately published, at Oxford, a magnificent copy of the first edition of "King James' Bible," (our present noble standard version,) the translation of which was made in 1611. It is printed word for word, page for page, letter for letter, a perfect *fac simile* of the original copy. A copy of this curious and elegant work is in the possession of the American Bible Society. In the same speech, Dr. R. related the following pleasing incident, which, as he well observed, "Americans ought to know and remember:"

"In the time of the revolutionary conflict between the colonies and the mother country, in consequence of the great impediments interposed to conveyance between the two countries, and the suspension of intercourse, there was found to be a great want of Bibles. Robert Aitkin, of Philadelphia, a bookseller, in this exigency, expressed a wish to Congress to issue, under their protection and patronage, a copy of the Scriptures, and for this purpose petitioned that body, then sitting in Philadelphia, in 1781, for permission to do so. A favorable report [which Dr. R. read] was made on this memorial, and a committee was appointed, consisting of the Rev. William White, (afterwards Bishop White,) James Duane, and another, to supervise the publication proposed; they discharged this duty, made a report to Congress, and a resolution of approbation was passed by that body."—*Banner of the Cross*.

\* "Even such is time, which takes in trust"

Our youth, our joys, and all we have,  
And pays us nought but age and dust,  
Which in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days:  
And from which grave, and earth, and dust,  
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust."

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From *Bell's Messenger* of 10 August, before hearing of the bombardment of Tangier.

## ON THE PRESENT CRISIS AS TO WAR OR PEACE BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

As nothing can be more important than this subject, involving as it does the question whether the present peace shall continue, or whether that general war shall be renewed which for twenty years devastated Europe, we shall proceed to examine the point with that gravity which its real magnitude requires, and we trust with that temper and sobriety which become the character of our paper. In the first place we have employed the terms, the renewal of a general war, because in the present state of Europe any interruption of peace must lead to the renewal of war amongst all European nations. The French government, or rather the people, are rendered so sore by past recollections and past humiliations, that war will no sooner be commenced, than the French armies will march into Belgium; Prussia will take the alarm, and the war will hence infallibly extend into the Rhenish provinces now occupied by that power. The certain success of France on the first onset would justly excite the apprehensions of Austria, and thus the war would spread through Europe. Such would be the certain and immediate effect of any war between England and France. It becomes, therefore, a point of the first interest to examine the existing probability of such an interruption of the general peace of Europe, as is at present threatened by the critical affairs of Morocco, and by the recent outrages of the French governor in Otaheite. But that we may not seem to give any undue importance to an affair which we really regard to involve very little peril, we shall summarily observe, before entering upon the inquiry, that the affair of Morocco only is the critical part of the question. As regards Otaheite, the single point is to procure an apology for the arrest of Mr. Pritchard, who, at the

period of the outrage complained of, had divested himself of his official character as English consul, and was simply a private British subject. Now, separating this from the Morocco question, no reasonable doubt can exist but that the French government would give us a like satisfaction, which they so freely gave in the previous case of Dupetit Thouars. The affair of Morocco, therefore, is the main point of inquiry.

This part of the question distributes itself into two heads; first, the right and policy of the British government to make this a question of peace or war; and secondly, assuming that this right and policy exist, whether the present circumstances are such as to render it probable that our government will be called upon to act on them.

Now, the right in question is founded upon the general principle which has been long acted upon in European diplomacy, but which was more distinctly recognized, first, in the general treaty of Vienna in 1815; and secondly, by Lord Palmerston and the Whig government in the more recent settlement of the affairs of Turkey and Syria. The principle is briefly this:—that all independent nations shall be considered to be now and at all times the legitimate possessors of their actual territories, and shall hereafter hold them, not only upon the right of private proprietors, but under the general settlement of the commonwealth of Europe, and under a guarantee that the rights of each shall be protected and supported by the power of all. That wars, indeed, between any two powers, upon partial and incidental disputes, may arise and must be allowed; that the victorious party may in such case take compensation for the injury alleged, and demand due satisfaction for the costs incurred; but still not to such an extent, as either to extinguish an independent nation, or endanger the established balance of power in the general European settlement. We have stated this principle and its limitation so fully, and we trust so

exactly, as to render it needless to explain the basis upon which it rests,—that of maintaining such a balance of power, as may secure every member of the commonwealth of states from any danger of the aggrandizement of any one nation in particular. Its further utility consists in the general recognition of the like legitimacy as to the property of nations and the estates of private proprietors; thus laying down an obvious principle of natural justice, and denouncing in their very origin all wars of ambition and conquest.

As to the particular application of this principle to England and France with respect to Morocco, it is evident that the possession by France of the whole coast of the Mediterranean, and the conquest of the empire of Morocco, would endanger the trade of England in that sea, and would bring France, with a perilous accession of power, into a commanding relation over Egypt. It would entail on us the cost of a perpetual fleet of great force in the Mediterranean, and would eventually bring the Italian provinces into great peril. It is thus obvious that we have a clear interest and policy to prevent this conquest,—we do not say, at the cost of war, but certainly at the cost of every effort which our diplomacy can exercise.

The second point of the question is: What is the actual state of the present circumstances? Are they such as to warrant any serious apprehensions that they will issue in war?

Now, by a careful comparison of the intelligence received up to the present time, it appears that the Emperor of Morocco had suddenly and hastily quitted his capital, Fez, and proceeded to a remote part of his dominions. His Majesty found that nearly the whole body of his people had become resolved upon what they call a "holy war," and that, whatever his own inclination might be, he would find it nearly impossible to resist the general impulse. Having been informed that Mr. Drummond Hay, the British consul at Tangier, was on his road on a purpose of mediation, and with an express commission from the British government, his Majesty commanded that he should follow him. During this journey, and during the progress of Mr. Drummond Hay towards the emperor, viz., on the 23d of July, the Prince de Joinville, the French admiral, arrived in the Bay of Tangier. He was immediately visited by one of the ministers, from the emperor, with a message left for him by his Majesty in person. The prince declared this message to be unsatisfactory, and returned an answer with the French *ultimatum*, accompanied with a peremptory declaration that he should seize Tangier, and that the French marshal and army would march to Fez, unless these terms were accepted by the 2d of August. It appears, also, that the prince himself entertained so little expectation that the emperor would agree to these terms, that he withdrew the French consul, and so great was the consequent panic in Tangier, that all the European inhabitants were betaking themselves to flight in the ships in the harbor.

"The prince," says an account before us, "was compelled to resort to a device to accomplish the escape of the French consul, it being the policy of these barbarous powers to seize the persons of consuls as hostages. He invited the consul, his secretary, and others, on board his ship as guests to a *fête*, and immediately afterwards sent a message to the governor of Tangier, that, in the case of any violence against the Europeans, he should instantly bombard the town. Vessels of all kinds have been since taking over to Gibraltar Christian and Jewish families, who embarked in the utmost consternation, many leaving behind property of considerable value. Our consul general in Morocco, Mr. Hay, has not yet arrived, and it is pretty certain, that, unless his efforts with the emperor are successful in inducing the latter to agree to the proposals of the French government, steps will be taken which must be very embarrassing to our government. Not a Christian now remains in

Tangier, and no Jew who could come away has risked staying behind to be exposed to all the horrors of the Bedouin troops—horrors they apprehend more than the French shells."

It appears, by subsequent accounts, that Mr. Drummond Hay had seen the emperor, and was within two days of Tangier. It was doubtful what message he brought, but as the French *ultimatum* had been sent off to the emperor in his absence, it was feared that he could bring nothing satisfactory.

As regards the affairs of Otaheite, we have already above stated that the only feature in this case is the extraordinary folly of the French governor and his party in that island; and that the single point which regards ourselves is to procure a due apology for the arrest of Mr. Pritchard, which we entertain no doubt will be immediately given. The only difficulty in the matter is that it has now become mixed up with the affairs of Morocco, and that the two points will thus go together. This will, probably, occasion some delay in the satisfactory settlement; but as Otaheite itself is of less value and importance than the Isle of Man, and in no way whatever connected with British interests of any worth, it is most absurd to apprehend that either of the two governments would involve themselves in war for such an object. The whole matter thus comes to this, that the amicable settlement of the Morocco affair will include that of Otaheite; and as we entertain but little fear that the one point will be pacifically arranged, we have little apprehension as respects the other. At the present age of the French king, and with the certain perils and difficulties which his heir will have to encounter upon his accession, it is incredible that a sovereign of such prudence and experience should involve himself in a war for such objects with a powerful government like that of Great Britain.

It is true indeed that there exists a very strong war party both in the Chambers and amongst the people of France. It is true, also, that Count Mole, one of the leaders of the conservative party in France, has unaccountably fallen into this popular spirit. But, happily for the cause of general peace, though unfortunately for the character of this eminent man himself, the Sir Robert Peel of France, this is merely one of those changes of politics, into which men are led by the violence of party, and for party objects and opposition only. In order to displace M. Guizot, Count Mole has long been laboring to form a coalition with all the adverse parties. But this peculiar difficulty of the French king and government has also been foreseen and well considered by Sir R. Peel. In one of his recent speeches upon the affairs of Otaheite, "I very much lament," said Sir Robert, "these untoward events in Otaheite, but upon no other ground do I so much lament them, as upon that of their affording a fresh opportunity for the efforts of the war party which unhappily exists in France. Considering the former conduct of the French government as regarded the affair of Dupetit Thouars in this same island, and considering, also, that the recent excesses of the French officers in Otaheite must have occurred before the receipt of the new instructions sent out from France, I entertain the strongest confidence that all due satisfaction will be given for any unauthorized violence committed on a British subject."

Now, having this assurance from no less authority than Sir R. Peel himself, is it reasonable to entertain any apprehension upon the affair of Otaheite? We repeat, therefore, in conclusion, that everything depends upon the settlement of the affairs of Morocco; and at the time we are writing we think we may also add, that it is the prevalent opinion of all those who are best informed upon the subject, that here also the British government will receive all that reasonable satisfaction which they are entitled to require. It is our own opinion that the two powers, France and Morocco, will be forced into war; but it is also our opinion that the King of France and his government will give such explicit assurances that no conquest is meditated, and that no annexation will be made, as our own government, upon its part, making due allowances for the necessity and exigency of the case, will deem it expedient to accept; and that thus no war between France and England will break out upon this object.

From the Monthly Review.

*Lectures on Electricity*, comprising Galvanism, Magnetism, Electro-Magnetism, Magneto- and Thermo-Electricity. By HENRY NOAD, Author of "Lectures on Chemistry," &c. George Knight and Sons.

"THERE is perhaps no branch of experimental philosophy which is received by persons of all ages with greater pleasure than Electricity. The reasons are obvious. It is the science susceptible of the most familiar demonstration, and its phenomena, from the striking and ocular manner in which they are presented, are calculated to arrest the attention, and become fixed on the mind more powerfully than those of any other science. To this may be added its connection with the most sublime and awful of the agencies of nature; its secret and hidden influence in promoting at one time the decomposition of bodies, and at another time their reformation; at one time, in its current form causing the elements of water to separate, and exhibiting them in the form of gases; and at another time in its condensed form causing these same gases to reunite, and become again identified with water; now in its current form exhibiting the most wonderful, and sometimes terrible effects on the muscles and limbs of dead animals, and now in its condensed form moving with a velocity that is beyond conception through the living body, and communicating a shock through fifty or a thousand persons at the same instant; now exhibiting its mighty powers in the thunder storm, and now working slowly and quietly in the development of beautiful crystals. With such varied subjects for contemplation and admiration, it is no wonder if electricity should be a favorite and fascinating study."

Such is the opening paragraph of Mr. Noad's "new and greatly enlarged edition" of his *Lectures on Electricity*, which are designed to give a popular account of the present state of the sciences on which they treat, and to show their connexion with each other. The progress of this department of science, and the recent applications of it to useful purposes, has been astonishingly great. The number of facts, indeed, which are constantly accumulating within its range, is so vast and valuable, as to render it almost impossible to keep pace with the progress by any series of editions! for even while the present work was going through the press, several important contributions to its study appeared, which the author has been obliged to throw into an Appendix, these having come at too late an hour to occupy their proper places in the work itself. In respect of rapidity of progress, electricity bears a striking resemblance to chemistry, a science in which what is new to-day may be superseded by some discovery to-morrow. We may instance amongst the latest and most important, applications of electricity to telegraphic purposes on our railroads; while, as regards the practicability of employing

electro-magnetism as a moving power, a field is offered for the most interesting speculation and beautiful experiment. Mr. Noad cites the remarks of the editor of the *Engineer's Magazine* on this subject; and we copy out the greater portion of the passage.

Should it (electro-magnetism) ever lead to the results anticipated from it as a prime mover, there are many advantages which it will possess over steam. The clash, din, and concussion occasioned by steam-engine machinery—the dread of explosions—and the smoke, dust, and danger of fire, would all be got rid of. The only noise in an electro-magnetic locomotive, or boat, would be that of the wheels, and the batteries could be charged in such a manner as to avoid all disagreeable smell. But even if the method of exciting them should be such as to produce hydrogen gas, this, instead of being permitted to escape and annoy passengers, could be collected and rendered available as a means of producing light and heat when required. So far, however, as light is concerned, it could be obtained otherwise, at no additional expense; for a piece of charcoal being interposed at a small breach in the wires connected with the batteries, would, by its ignition, afford the most intense and brilliant light imaginable, and furnish the means also of communicating signals to an immense distance. We are inclined, however, to think that the application of this new prime mover to navigation, particularly on the ocean, holds out better hopes of success than its application to locomotives on the land. Iron vessels have now been proved well adapted for duty at sea: and since that metal and salt water constitute two important elements of the voltaic battery, may not some means of introducing a *third* element be suggested, so that a great part, if not the whole of the surface of the ship, may be called into action for the purpose of furthering her progress; thus making the ocean so far her propeller as well as support, while her own body also performed two important offices? Much less weight would also require to be carried by an electro-magnetic boat, than by a steamer, and she could therefore undertake much longer voyages.

Mr. Noad's lectures, which profess merely to be a compilation of a series of topics that embrace those points of electrical science most interesting to the general reader, may be recommended warmly as a judicious selection, and as handled with all the clearness and ease of which the subjects and the occasion are susceptible. Although properly a compilation, it yet presents such a gathering and disposal of facts, and such a pertinency of observation, as no one but a master of the science, so far as it has hitherto been carried, could have produced. A happy combination seems to take place throughout of the amusing and the instructive, of the satisfying and of the stimulating to study. We look upon the volume to be an excellent elementary book. A few paragraphs, and such as do not require any of the wood cuts—nearly three hundred in number—for illustration will be acceptable, at the same time affording both samples of the work, and inducements to become acquainted with the discoveries of philosophers in

this grand and glorious region of scientific inquiry.

It appears that, according to Wheatstone's experiments, electricity travels at the enormous velocity of 576,000 miles in a second. A note about this velocity, and also relating to the motion of light, which is similarly rapid, shall be cited in order to exalt, if possible, the conceptions, and to point attention to the marvels with which the material world teems.

Light is about eight minutes thirteen seconds in passing from the sun to the earth, so that it may be considered as moving at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two miles in a second, performing the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eye-lids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride. \* \* \* \* \* Such is the velocity of light, that a flash of it from the sun would be seen in little more than eight minutes after its emission; whereas the sound evolved at the same time (supposing a medium like air capable of conveying sound between the sun and earth) would not reach us in less than fourteen years and thirty-seven days; and a canon ball proceeding with its greatest speed, in not less than twenty years. The velocity of electricity is so great, that the most rapid motion that can be produced by art, appears to be actual rest when compared with it. A wheel revolving with a rapidity sufficient to render its spokes invisible, when illuminated by a flash of lightning, is seen for an instant with all its spokes distinct, as if it were in a state of absolute repose; because however rapid the rotation may be, the light has come and already ceased before the wheel has had time to turn through a sensible space: the following beautiful experiment was made by Wheatstone:—A circular piece of pasteboard was divided into three sections, one of which was painted blue, another yellow and a third red; on causing the disc to revolve rapidly, it appeared white, because a sunbeam consists of a mixture of these colors, and the rapidity of the motion caused the distinction of colors to be lost to the eye: but the instant the pasteboard was illuminated by the electric spark, it seemed to stand still, and each color was as distinct as if the disc were at rest.

By a beautiful application of this principle, Wheatstone contrived an apparatus by which he has demonstrated that the light of the electric discharges does not last the millionth part of a second of time. His plan was to view the image of a spark reflected from a plane mirror, which, by means of a train of wheels, was kept in rapid rotation on a horizontal axis. The number of revolutions performed by the mirror was ascertained by means of the sound of a siren connected with it, and still more successfully by that of an arm striking against a card, to be 800 in a second. The angular motion of the image being twice as great as that of the mirror, it was easy to compute the interval of time occupied by the light during its appearance in two successive points of its apparent path; when thus viewed, it was ascertained that the image passed over half a degree (an angle, which being equal to about an inch seen at the distance of ten feet, is easily detected by the eye) in 1,152,000th part of a second. The result of these experiments, as regarded the deviation of the spark, was, that it did not occupy

even this minute portion of time: but when the electric discharge of a battery was made to pass through a copper wire of half a mile in length, interrupted both in the middle and also at its two extremities, so as to present three sparks, they each gave a spectrum considerably elongated and indicating the duration of the spark of the 24,000th part of a second. The sparks at both extremities of the circuit were perfectly simultaneous, both in their period of commencement and termination; but that which took place in the middle of the circuit, though of equal duration with the former, occurred later by at least the millionth part of a second, indicating a velocity of transmission from the former point to the latter, of nearly 288,000 miles in a second,—a velocity which exceeds that of light itself.

From what is said of the physiological effects of common electricity we extract the following paragraphs:—

It is stated by Mr. Morgan, that if a strong shock be passed through the diaphragm, the sudden contraction of the muscles of respiration will act so violently on the air of the lungs, as to occasion a loud and involuntary shout; but that a small charge occasions in the gravest persons a violent fit of laughter: persons of great nervous sensibility are affected much more readily than others.

A small charge sent through the spine instantly deprives the person for a moment of all muscular power, and he generally falls to the ground. If the charge be very powerful, instant death is occasioned. Mr. Singer states that a charge passed through the head gave him the sensation of a violent and universal blow, which was followed by a transient loss of memory and indistinctness of vision. A small charge sent through the head of a bird will so far derange the optic nerve as to produce permanent blindness; and a coated surface of thirty square inches of glass will exhaust the whole nervous system to such a degree as to cause immediate death. Animals the most tenacious of life are destroyed by energetic shocks passed through the body. Van Marum found that eels are irrecoverably deprived of life when a shock is sent through their whole body; when only a part of the body is included in the circuit, the destruction is confined to that individual part, while the rest retains the power of motion.

The bodies of animals killed by lightning are found to undergo rapid putrefaction; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that after death the blood does not coagulate.

There can be no doubt that electricity is very materially concerned in the economy both of animal and vegetable life, but we possess no precise information on the subject. It is not improbable that it may have something to do with the rise of sap, from the fact that electricity always increases the velocity of a fluid moving in a capillary tube. On vegetables strong shocks have the same effects as on animals, namely, produce death: a very slight charge is sufficient to kill a balsam. It may further be observed that living vegetables are the most powerful conductors with which we are acquainted. Mr. Weeks found that a coated jar, having forty-six inches of metallic surface, was repeatedly discharged by the activity of a vegetable point, in 4 min. 6 sec.; while the same jar, charged in the same degree, required 11 min. 6

sec. to free it from its electric contents by means of a metallic point: the points in both cases being equi-distant. The same gentleman also found that the gold leaf electroscope is powerfully affected by a jar at the distance of nearly seven feet, when the cap of the instrument is furnished with a branch of the shrub called butcher's broom; though the same instrument, when mounted with pointed metallic wires, is not perceptibly affected until the charged jar approaches to within two feet of the cap.

If a blade of grass and a needle be held pointing towards the prime conductor of a machine, while the person holding them recedes from the instrument, a small luminous point will appear on the apex of the grass long after it has vanished from the apex of the needle.

The paragraphs which we next extract concern the *Gymnotus*, a fish resembling an eel, and possessed of electrical properties. A specimen was for some time in the Gallery of Practical Science in Adelaide street, where it remained in a healthy and vigorous condition from August 1838, till March 1842. "The length of this fish was forty inches. At first it was fed with blood, which was nightly put into the water, which was changed for fresh water in the morning; subsequently it was supplied with small fish, such as gudgeon, carp, and perch, one of which on an average it consumed daily." Numerous experiments were instituted by Dr. Faraday and others with this fine specimen; and the following are a few of the observations and results that were noticed.

The *Gymnotus* can stun and kill fish, which are in very various positions to its own body. Dr. Faraday describes the behavior of the eel on one occasion when he saw it eat, as follows:—a live fish about five inches in length, caught not half a minute before, was dropped into the tub. The *Gymnotus* instantly turned round in such a manner as to form a coil inclosing the fish, the latter representing a diameter across it: a shock passed, and there in an instant was the fish struck motionless, as if by lightning, in the midst of the water, its side floating to the light. The *Gymnotus* made a turn or two to look for its prey, which having found, he bolted, and then went searching about for more. Living as this animal does in the midst of such a good conductor as water, it seems at first surprising that it can sensibly electrify anything; but in fact it is the very conducting power of the water which favors and increases the shock, by moistening the skin of the animal through which the *Gymnotus* discharges its battery. This is illustrated by the fate of a *Gymnotus* which had been caught and confined for the purpose of transmission to this country. Notwithstanding its wonderful powers, it was destroyed by a water rat; and when we consider the perfect manner in which the body of the rat is insulated, and that even when he dives beneath the water not a particle of the liquid adheres to him, we shall not feel surprised at the catastrophe.

The *Gymnotus* appears to be sensible when he has shocked an animal, being made conscious of it, probably, by the mechanical impulse he receives, caused by the spasms into which he is thrown. When Dr. Faraday touched him with his hands, he gave him shock after shock; but when he

touched him with glass rods, or insulated conductors, he gave one or two shocks felt by others having their hands in at a distance, but then ceased to exert the influence, as if made aware it had not the desired effect. Again, when he was touched with the conductor several times for experiment on the galvanometer, &c., and appeared to be languid or indifferent, and not willing to give shocks, yet, being touched by the hands, they by convulsive motion informed him that a sensitive thing was present, and he as quickly showed his power and willingness to astonish the experimenter.

In these most wonderful animals then we behold the power of converting the *nervous* into the *electric* force. Is the converse of this possible? Possessing, as we do, an electric power far beyond that of the fish itself, is it irrational, or unphilosophical, to anticipate the time when we shall be able to reconvert the electric into the *nervous* force? Seebeck taught us how to commute heat into electricity; and Peltier, more recently, has shown us how to convert the electricity into heat. By *Ersted* we were shown how to convert the electric into the magnetic force, and Faraday has the honor of having added the other member of the full relation, by reacting back again and converting magnetic into electric forces.

#### Electro-magnetism and *Ersted* :

In the year 1819, the famous discovery of electro-magnetism was made by *Ersted*, and since that time, nearly all the telegraphs that have been brought before the public are based on the deflection of the magnetic needle by the voltaic current. It was Ampère who first suggested this application, and Mr. Alexander of Edinburgh who first took advantage of the suggestion. His telegraph consisted of thirty-one wires, for the purpose of showing the alphabet in full, with stops, &c., in all thirty signals, which were shown upon a distant dial. A voltaic battery was provided, and a series of troughs of mercury to which were attached keys, to be pressed down by the finger of the operator, by which the voltaic circuit was completed; thirty magnetic needles, each carrying a screen which concealed a letter, were fixed on the dial, and each needle had its corresponding key. When no electricity was passing, these screens remained stationary over the several letters, and consequently concealed them from view; but when the current was made to flow, by the depression of a key, the corresponding needle in the distant instrument was deflected, carrying the screen with it, and uncovering the letter, which became exposed to view.

Atmospheric electricity, and some of its phenomena.

A great difference will be observed in the appearance of the flashes of lightning during a thunder-storm. The scene is sometimes awfully magnificent by their brilliancy, frequency and extent; darting sometimes, on broad and well-defined lines, from cloud to cloud, and sometimes shooting towards the earth; they then become zig-zag and irregular, or appear as a large and rapidly-moving ball of fire—an appearance usually designated by the ignorant a *thunderbolt*, and erroneously supposed to be attended by the fall of a solid body. The report of the thunder is also modified according to the nature of the country, the extent of the air through which it passes, and the position of the

observer. Sometimes it sounds like the sudden emptying of a large cart-load of stones, sometimes like the firing of a volley of musketry; in these cases it usually follows the lightning immediately, and is near at hand: when more distant, it rumbles and reverberates, at first with a loud report, gradually dying away and returning at intervals, or roaring like the discharge of heavy artillery.

Again:

A person may be killed by lightning, although the explosion takes place twenty miles off, by what is called the back stroke. Suppose that the two extremities of a cloud highly charged hang down to the earth, they will repel the electricity from the earth's surface if it be of the same kind as their own, and will attract the other kind: if a discharge should suddenly take place at one end of the cloud, the equilibrium will instantly be restored by a flash at that point of the earth which is under the other. Though this back stroke is often sufficiently powerful to destroy life, it is never so terrible in its effects as the direct shock.

When a building is struck by lightning, the charge is generally determined towards the chimney, owing to its height, and to the conducting power of the carbon deposited in it; for it has been demonstrated experimentally, that the electric fluid will pass with facility to a considerable distance over a surface of carbon.

The directions to be given as to the best positions of safety during a thunder storm, are few and simple. If out of doors, trees should be avoided; and if from the rapidity with which the explosion follows the flash, it should be evident that the electric clouds are near at hand, a recumbent posture on the ground is the most secure. It is seldom dangerous to take shelter under sheds, carts or low buildings, or under the arch of a bridge: the distance of twenty or thirty feet from tall trees or houses is rather an eligible situation, for, should a discharge take place, these elevated bodies are most likely to receive it, and less prominent bodies in the neighborhood are more likely to escape. It is right also to avoid water, for it is a good conductor; and the height of a human being near a stream is not unlikely to determine the direction of a discharge. Within doors we are perfectly safe if in the middle of a carpeted room, or when standing on a double hearth-rug. The chimney, for reasons above stated, should be avoided: upon the same principle gilt mouldings, bell-wires, &c., are in danger of being struck. In bed we are tolerably safe, blankets and feathers being bad conductors, and we are, consequently, to a certain extent, insulated. It is injudicious to take refuge in a cellar, because the discharge is often from the earth to a cloud, and buildings frequently sustain the greatest injury in the basement stories.

The fate of Professor Richmann:

In the year 1753, a fatal catastrophe, from incautious experiments upon atmospheric electricity, occurred to Professor Richmann, of St. Petersburg. He had erected an apparatus in the air, making a metallic communication between it and his study, where he provided means for repeating Franklin's experiments. While engaged in describing to his engraver, Tokolow, the nature of the apparatus, a thunder-clap was heard, louder and more distant than any which had been remembered at St. Petersburg. Richmann stooped towards the electrometer to observe the force of the electricity, and

"as he stood in that posture, a great white and bluish fire appeared between the rod of the electrometer and his head. At the same time a sort of steam or vapor arose, which entirely benumbed the engraver, and made him sink on the ground." Several parts of the apparatus were broken in pieces and scattered about: the doors of the room were torn from their hinges, and the house shaken in every part. The wife of the professor, alarmed by the shock, ran to the room, and found her husband sitting on a chest, which happened to be behind him when he was struck, and leaning against the wall. He appeared to have been instantly struck dead; a red spot was found on his forehead, his shoe was burst open, and a part of his waistcoat singed; Tokolow was at the same time struck senseless. This dreadful accident was occasioned by the neglect on the part of Richmann, to provide an arrangement by which the apparatus, when too strongly electrified, might discharge itself into the earth, a precaution that cannot be too strongly urged upon all who attempt experiments in atmospheric electricity.

Having cited a few passages from Mr. Noad's compilation, which are calculated to arrest the attention, and excite the curiosity relative to many of the most marvellous and astounding phenomena in nature, even supposing the reader to be previously altogether unacquainted with the tritest facts of the science of electricity, we shall now throw out such observations and sentiments as may serve to point for a moment to some of the noblest strides that have yet been made in human advancement, and also to encourage glorious anticipations in regard to the achievements of the future.

The knowledge of electricity, like that of most other branches of science, has arisen from very small beginnings, and arrived at its present state by slow and sometimes almost imperceptible gradations. Thales of Miletus, who flourished A. C. 600, was acquainted with the property which amber possesses of attracting light substances, and he thence concluded, that it must necessarily be animated; but the first person who expressly mentioned this substance in his writings was Theophrastus, A. C. 300; and he also notices the electrical power of the *hincurium* or *tourmalin*, at least as far as this stone has the power of attracting light bodies. Pliny, who was suffocated in an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A. D. 79, also occasionally mentions the attractive property of amber, which was of course not unknown to later naturalists; but they all seem to have confined the property to amber, jet, and perhaps agate, till the year 1660, when Dr. William Gilbert, a physician of London, published his treatise *De Magnate*. In this work we find that a considerable accession had been made to the list of electrics, as well as to that of the bodies on which they act. He is supposed to be the first who discovered the electrical property of excited glass; but his discovery seems to have extended scarcely any further than to the attraction and repulsion of light bodies, as in amber; and for this purpose, he found that transparent glass answers the best.

Compare the infantile condition of electrical science in the time of Dr. Gilbert with its position now, as this is exhibited briefly in the volume before us. And yet it merits remark that authors of discoveries of the first magnitude have remained unknown, notwithstanding the earnest endeavors of historians to rescue from oblivion names, which should never have been obliterated from the book of fame. He who first discovered the property which belongs to a magnetic needle when floating on the surface of a fluid, of pointing towards the north, should be esteemed the genuine inventor of the mariner's compass.

As far back, at least, as the middle of the seventeenth century, the action of the magnet upon iron and steel, the properties of artificial magnets, and in fact all those notions upon magnetism which are to be found in works on natural philosophy published prior to the discovery of electro-magnetism, appear to have been prevalent. The science, indeed, remained stationary during ages, and seemed exhausted, until a new fundamental discovery showed it to be but in its birth. At a period when superstition reigned in full force, when the dead stalked by night among the tombs, and visited the scenes of their past actions, and when angels or demons were the spirits of men's sleeping or waking dreams,—at such a period it was natural to imagine a kind of soul in the magnet, and to endow it with many a virtue which, since people have become greater materialists in their notions of natural science, it no longer possesses.

To exhibit its directing faculty, the magnetic needle was passed through a cork ball, or a straw, so as to float upon the surface of water, and obey the horizontal force of the globe. At times it might be that the lighter body was of such dimensions as to give to the little apparatus the specific gravity of water, when the needle, in the place of floating on the surface, sank beneath it, and remaining suspended in the liquid, obeyed not only its northward tendency, but yielded to the force which urges downwards; thus pointing in the very direction of the magnetic force, like the *dipping needle* of modern observers. And hence, perhaps, a clue may be afforded to the mode in which the *dip* was discovered.

At a period when views of considerable comprehension prevailed respecting magnetism, the science of electricity was truly but in its infancy. That simplest of electrical apparatus, the electrical machine, was not then known; substances had not been classified into good and bad conductors, nor had it been ascertained that, by means of certain precautions, the metals may be electrified.

Electricity is so closely allied to magnetism, and at each new discovery the two orders of phenomena expressed by the terms so tend to converge more and more towards a single cause, that one of the most interesting and important surveys which it is possible to make within the range of natural philosophy, is to glance over the progress of elec-

trical science, to which that recently realized in magnetism may in a great measure be ascribed. We have no intention of enumerating the names of all who have contributed to the discovery of facts in the two branches of physics, or of sketching in rapid and connected outline the progress achieved; it seems sufficient for our purpose to state that in 1727, Gray and Wheeler detected the difference in the electrical properties of metals, and soon after Dufay began to employ isolating bodies; and to him also we owe the discovery of the two electric fluids. If we add to the apparatus then known to natural philosophers, the famous Leyden jar discovered in 1746, we have before us all the material elements of the progress made in electricity proper, and of the instruments by which it has been accomplished.

About the period just now mentioned, when large sparks were first obtained, speculative philosophers were naturally led to conclude that the phenomena of thunder and lightning, and those engendered at will with the Leyden jar, were of the same nature. Vivid flashes, followed by reports, and the destruction of animals struck by the fluid without any visible wound, were effects which evinced a resemblance that could scarcely be overlooked. In the year 1750, Franklin detected the attractive power of points; and in 1752 demonstrated to the world, by his famous kite, what he himself had long felt, namely, that storm clouds are charged with electricity. Not resting satisfied with having discovered one of nature's great secrets, he proceeded to bestow upon the human race the benefits of this new triumph of his genius by the invention of that protecting rod, to which, amidst the crash of heaven's artillery, cities and monuments trust for safety.

It was towards the close of the last century—of the era which had been adorned by the brilliant discoveries of Franklin, that Galvani lit upon that new and fertile field of research with which his name has long since been identified. From the science of *Galvanism*, turn to the period when it became popularized by Volta, the year 1800, the most memorable epoch in the history of electricity and magnetism, when the last-named philosopher made known his powerful apparatus—the germ of all subsequent discoveries; for not one of the forty-four years elapsed since the invention of his famous battery, has sped, without physical science having been enriched with some notable discovery to which this has proved instrumental. During that brief interval have been witnessed the brilliant applications of the pile to the decomposition of the salts and of the alkalis; the reduction of natural bodies to their true elements; the discovery of the most remarkable substances known in chemistry; the action of an electrical current upon the magnetic needle, ascertained by *Ørsted*; the multiplier of *Schweigger*; the science of the thermo-electricity by *Seebeck*; the art of magnetizing by galvanic action, and reciprocally, the production of



electricity by the magnet. To the names cited, there need only be added those of Arago, who discovered the action of moving bodies upon the magnetic needle; of Becquerel, who shed so much light upon the hidden phenomena that occur within the bowels of the earth, and accompany the natural formation of minerals; of Nobili and Melloni, whose numerous experiments made with the aid of the thermo-electric pile, bring the phenomena of light and heat nearer the scope of a common cause; of Faraday and of professor Henry of Princetown, the authors of such valuable discoveries respecting the electrical currents and induction; of Ampère, who has been designated the "many-sided *savant*," who first constructed artificial magnets without the aid of any magnetic substance, &c. &c.

Can there be offered a more impressive and glowing image of the destiny and progress of man, than the rapidity with which such a science is created, cultivated, and made to bear fruits, becoming again themselves the germs of future discovery? The transition from the obscurity of ignorance to the light of knowledge is dazzling; and truly hath this age the power of furnishing materials to posterity which, by their richness and variety, will one day compensate for the darkness that enshrouds the early history of our race. Upon its cradle, Egypt, with its crumbling monuments and impenetrable hieroglyphs, how much learning and ingenuity have been bestowed! How often have the learned inquired whether those gigantic tokens of physical power, and the symbols of an extinct civilization which they enshrine, are not demonstrations that modern humanity has advanced less than it fondly hopes, or, mayhap, retrograded! But let such monuments sink beneath their native sands—while those erected in our day, the spiritual ones adorned by trophies of genius, and reared by the monarchs of thought, arise in all directions around us, and none more proudly than that living monument, the art of printing, which records in uneffaceable characters each event, the minds by which it was achieved, and the processes they invented. The forgotten machinery which raised up the obelisk and built the pyramid, vain memorials of potentates and nations more perishable far than they, illustrate the folly of wasting the feeble strength and brief span of mortality upon such objects; and thus humbling man's pride, they point out nobler channels for his ambition. But future ages will know, nor ever forget, the founders of a noble science, and read in their lives the grandest lessons of bold and sagacious energy.

Such has been the rapidity with which one discovery has followed another, that the simple spectator of the march of science could not have kept pace with them, had they not forced themselves upon the public attention. It cannot have escaped the reader, who is at all acquainted with the progress made, that every modern discovery of the first order, from that of the weight of the atmos-

phere, down to the more recent steps in electro-magnetism, has been popularized by some machine. The barometer and the modern balloon have immortalized the discoveries of Torricelli, and the clock perpetuates Galileo's well-known observation, which he made while in church, of the isochronous swinging of the lamps; the mariner's compass attracts the attention of the many to the phenomena of magnetism, and the electrical machine to those of electricity; the lightning rod commemorates the sagacity of Franklin, and the voltaic pile has ceased to be a mere instrument of philosophical experiment, having been skilfully adapted as a motive power of a number of more or less ingenious machines; whilst very recently, the magnetic telegraph has signalized at the same time the multiplier of Schweigger, and the discovery of *Cersted* already mentioned. And then were we to pass into the region of the fine arts, and to note what has been but of yesterday achieved towards the multiplication of pictures, and contributed in the department of visible illustration, the survey would become still more imposing, and the promise illimitable; carrying us far beyond the space allotted to this paper, and indeed further than our main design requires,—which was merely to glance at the ramifications into which the science of electricity, so simple at the beginning, has spread out, the fruits already borne, and the healthy blossoms which crowd upon every branch.

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O NE'ER upon *my grave* be shed  
The bitter tears of sinking *age*,  
That mourns its cherish'd comforts dead,  
With grief no human hopes assuage.

When through the still and gazing street  
*My funeral* winds its sad array;  
Ne'er may a *Father's* faltering feet  
Lead with slow steps the church-yard way.

'T is a dread sight! the sunken eye,  
The look of calm and fixed despair,  
And the pale lips that breathe no sigh,  
But quiver with the unuttered prayer.

Ne'er may a *Mother* shed her tears,  
As the mute circle stands around,  
When, bending o'er my grave, she hears  
The clods fall fast with heavy sound.

Ne'er may she know the sinking heart,  
The dreary loneliness of grief,  
When all is o'er, when all depart,  
And cease to yield their sad relief;

Or entering in my vacant room,  
Feel, in its chill and heavy air,  
As if the dampness of the tomb,  
And spirits of the dead, were there.

Oh welcome, though with toil and pain,  
The power to glad a parent's heart,  
To bid a parent's joys remain,  
And life's approaching ills depart.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

# THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

THE story which I am about to commit to paper is substantially true. I shall not call its persons by their real names, nor shall I describe the spot of their residence so minutely as to render it easily identified. It is enough that it was on the outskirts of Liverpool, that mighty town so often erroneously called a city, which, like a rapidly-spreading tree, is continually shooting out fresh branches in every direction. The principal actor in this history I shall call by the name of Grainger.

William Grainger was book-keeper in the office of a merchant named Gibbs, and though his salary was but one hundred per annum, many of his class looked upon him with envy; for "old Gibbs," though somewhat stiff and stern in his manners, stood high in the mercantile world, and was substantially kind to his clerks, seldom overworking them, or detaining them beyond one appointed hour, though he required them to be at their posts punctually, and to remain to the last allotted moment. Grainger, at the time our story commences, had been married a few months to an amiable and prudent young woman, of some personal beauty; but she had brought him no fortune, except her innate good qualities. They now resided at some distance from the centre of the town, in a small house not remarkable for beauty either as to appearance or situation, but neat and comfortable, and possessing the advantage of better air than the dwellers nearer "business" could enjoy. It was a tall, thin tenement, newly built of ruddy brick, showing by the small dimensions allotted to the ground-floor, and the tiny garden before and yard behind, how valuable land has become in that thriving neighborhood; a kitchen in the sunk story, a small parlor, with a smaller room or rather closet behind it, and two bed-rooms above; that was all. The furniture, though exceedingly clean and neatly arranged, was as plain and unexpensive as furniture could well be; and yet there were few mansions in Liverpool that contained such a happy couple as William and Mary Grainger.

It was a beautiful July evening, succeeding to a sultry day, when Mrs. Grainger sat alone in her little parlor. She had been busy all day with her household duties; for she kept no servant, except a little girl, who went home every evening; and she had just dressed herself with great neatness, and sat down to needlework. Her spotless muslin dress and smoothly-braided hair, together with the appearance of the tea-table, which, besides the usual tea-things, displayed a plate of sliced ham and another of salad, might have indicated that she expected a visitor. But Mary Grainger only waited for her husband; and she would not have dressed for the most splendid ball with half

the satisfaction with which she had made these simple preparations for his reception. And as she plied her needle, she wondered in her heart if the whole wide world contained another creature so happy as herself; for Mary, with all her simplicity, was a thoughtful woman, gentle, and contented, and pious. Her husband was her world, the centre round which all her earthly hopes and affections revolved; the being to the promotion of whose happiness and comfort all her employments were directed. Her life was full of gentle happiness even in his absence; for from the moment of his bidding her farewell in the morning, till his return at night, she was looking forward to that return, and busying herself in employments of which he was to reap the benefit.

The clock struck six, and Mary laid down her work and prepared the tea, that her husband might not have to wait for his refreshment after his walk through the dusty streets. Five, or at farthest ten minutes after six, was the time at which experience taught her she might depend on his arrival; but on this occasion the ten minutes extended to twenty, the twenty to half an hour, and still he did not make his appearance. Mary went to the gate of the little garden, and looked anxiously along the road: but though several persons were there, the figure she would have known amongst a thousand had not yet appeared.

Seven o'clock! Since their marriage, such a delay as this had never happened, and Mary grew uneasy; and with mingled thoughts of possible accidents, and tea spoiled by long standing, the young wife fidgeted from the parlor to the gate and back again for another half hour. Then her heart leaped joyfully up as her straining eyes descried him afar off coming hurriedly on; and in a few minutes they were seated together at the tea-table, and Mary Grainger was happy again.

But long before tea was over, Mary discovered that her husband was more silent and absent than usual, and was convinced that, to use a common phrase, he had "something on his mind." Coupling his demeanor with his long absence, her fears were alive again; and after a little cross-questioning, such as the fair sex know so well how to apply, she succeeded in drawing his secret from him.

"I did not intend to tell you at present, love," he said, "in case there should be any disappointment, but I see you are frightening yourself about nothing, so I had better let you into the secret. In the first place, I believe I am going to leave Mr. Gibbs."

"Leave Mr Gibbs!" exclaimed Mary in alarm. "Oh William, what have you done to offend him!—what on earth will become of us?"

"Do not be so easily terrified, Mary," replied Grainger; "I have no quarrel with Mr. Gibbs, or he with me; if I leave, it will be at my own wish, and for my own advantage. In fact, he mentioned the thing to me at first, and said he had no wish to

part with me, but thought it a pity to stand in the way of my getting a better situation. Now, only listen, Mary; only think of two hundred and fifty pounds a-year! Patchett and Adams have just lost their principal clerk, and, with Mr. Gibbs' good word, it will be my own fault, I believe, if I do not fill his place."

"My dear William!"

"My darling Mary!"—and then came the hearty embrace and the tears of joy; and then, as their emotion somewhat subsided, they sat hand in hand by the little flower-blinded window, and talked delightedly over their brightening prospects.

"There is one drawback, however," said Grainger, when they were reckoning up the advantages of the new situation; "the hours are longer, and I am not so sure of always getting away at half-past five. Of course we shall have to live further in town, which will scarcely be so pleasant."

"Then we must leave our little home!" exclaimed Mary regretfully; and as with rapid memory she recalled the happy months she had passed there, and the various little improvements and embellishments which her own hands had executed, the splendor of Messrs. Patchett and Adams' offer seemed shorn of half its beams. But the feeling passed away as rapidly as it had arisen, and she listened to Grainger's anticipations of a larger house, and a more efficient servant, and various additions in the way of furniture, with highly complacent feelings.

There was no check or hindrance in the way of Grainger's expected preferment; and as he was required to enter on his new duties at once, Mary set herself seriously to work to find a suitable house. She was so fortunate as to meet with one immediately in a street which, whilst it was tolerably airy and quiet, was much nearer the office of Messrs. Patchett and Adams than their former dwelling. It was, indeed, a very good house, and at a moderate rent for its size, though more than twice as expensive as the one they quitted. It was in one of those many streets once fashionable, but now deserted by the aristocracy of trade for "villas" and "terraces" in the suburbs. Mary could not quite subdue a pang at her heart when she saw her little cottage home dismantled of its furniture, which looked poor and scanty enough in the apartments of their new dwelling. But a few days sufficed to put things in order; and new curtains, new carpets and a handsome bookcase, went far towards reconciling Mary to the change. One thing, indeed, annoyed her: most of these articles were unpaid for at present, and she could not but remember that, during the days of their poverty, they had scrupulously abstained from taking even the most trifling article on credit. But Grainger had combated her scruples by reminding her that they should soon be able to pay all these debts, and that, though whilst they were "buried" in the small house they could do as they pleased,

it was now politic to make a respectable appearance. Mary tried to be convinced, and argued with herself that they were surely justified in obtaining anything for which they were certain of paying by and by, especially as it had been explained to the tradesmen who supplied these articles that their demands could not be satisfied till a certain time should have elapsed. But still there was a lurking feeling in her mind that they were beginning on a wrong principle, and that lurking feeling had more truth in it than the most specious argument. All beginnings of evil habits are dangerous, and the habit of going into debt most so—the most likely to gather strength as it grows. The fatal facility thus afforded for supplying not only the real, but fancied want or whim of the moment, rivets link after link to its enslaving chain, until care and anxiety, and mental and bodily disease, at length begin to make their fatal inroads on the self-doomed victim. A faint phantasm of such misery arose for a moment in Mrs. Grainger's mind, but on her husband's it cast no shadow; new hopes had awakened new ambitions in his heart, and, strong in the consciousness of his own cleverness, and the good opinion of those with whom he was connected in business, he had no fears for the future. The cloud had been lifted up from his path; he considered that he had patiently abided his time; and, now the gate of worldly prosperity was opening to him, he looked eagerly forward to better prospects still. It was in vain that Mary gently attempted to check the growth of the golden visions that floated too vividly before the sanguine mind of her once contented husband. He was fully persuaded that he was born to be a rich and great merchant, and, in his fondness for gazing on that distant prospect, he overlooked in a great degree the present means of happiness around him. It is the common history of life; we are ever looking forward, and neglecting the attainable enjoyments around us. Thus through youth and manhood; and in age, a regretful looking back to times and opportunities when we might have been happier and more useful. Do we not all, more or less, pursue the shadow at the expense of the substance?

The birth of a son only increased William Grainger's desire for riches and advancement. Immediately after this event, a legacy of five hundred pounds was most unexpectedly bequeathed to Mrs. Grainger by a distant relation, of whose earthly existence she had scarcely been aware until it had terminated. She was but just recovering from her confinement, and was bathed in tears of gratitude at these glad tidings, while in her simplicity she thanked the good God who, in sending her helpless babe into the world, had given her something to assist him in his struggle through it; for her affectionate and motherly heart at once dedicated this acquisition to the purposes of his education, should he live to require it, and without hesitation she named her wish to her husband. He did not

reply to her for some moments, and when he did, it was not with the ready sympathy in her feelings on the subject which she had expected. He thought the money could be better applied. The command of a few hundreds just then would afford him the opportunity of embarking in a concern in which he was convinced money might be made rapidly. He did not require to resign his situation—only to advance a small sum: and would it not be foolish to lose such an excellent opportunity? There was something plausible enough in the statement, and though Mary felt it rather hard to give up her first intention, she did not hesitate long; for what will not woman do to gratify the man she loves? The money, therefore, was placed at his disposal, though Mary much wished that, before risking it in business, they should be freed from their lately-contracted debts. Great was her disappointment when she found her earnest entreaty had not been complied with. "The bills I have given for these things," Grainger said, "are not yet due, and where is the good of paying beforehand, and losing the use of the money for so long? Do, dearest Mary, leave all these things to my judgment; you know I always act for the best, and what do women know of business?" Mary thought in her heart that, if she knew nothing of business, she at least knew something of justice and prudence; but she was timid in spirit, and said no more, trying to comfort herself with the hope that all would be well. From that time she asked no questions; but as the time drew on when the first bill for fifty pounds would fall due, she grew anxious and uneasy, and her delicate cheek grew paler and thinner than ever. Two days, however, before the payment must be made, Grainger entered the dining-room so much flushed and excited, that all her fears would have been aroused afresh, had not his countenance been so redolent of joy.

"Now, Mary," he cried, "now own that I was right! Your five hundred pounds has been a lucky legacy, for it has produced almost fifteen hundred. I was rather alarmed for the result of my speculation a week ago; but 'all's well that ends well,' and there is nothing more to fear. I've lodged the amount of the bill that I know you have been thinking of; so come to Bold street, and choose the best silk in W——'s shop; you want a new dress, I know, and now is your time to get it."

"But, William," said Mary anxiously, "there is something I must say to you before we go. My five hundred pounds, it *was* mine, darling, was it not?" She faltered as she saw the smile fading from his face.

"Of course it was yours," he replied hastily; "what more have you to say about it?"

"Why, dear, don't be displeased, but only that I would like five hundred pounds put into some bank or safe place to pay for little Clement's education; won't you oblige me, love?" she con-

tinued more timidly, as she observed a cloud gathering on his brow.

"Indeed, Mary," he answered, "I would try to do as you wish, if I did not know it is better for you that I should not. If five hundred pounds can be multiplied in a short time, as you must be convinced it can, would it not be a pity to let so much lie idle at a miserable bank interest, for a purpose for which it cannot be wanted for years to come, if at all?"

The quick tears gushed into Mary's eyes at the conclusion of this speech. Was he, then, already calculating the chances of that dear child's life or death as a matter of business? He perceived her emotion, and hastened to amend his error.

"I did not mean, my love, to fret you, believe me," said he; "but you *must* know there *are* such chances as that I alluded to, and should our beloved boy be spared to us, I hope we shall not lack a paltry five hundred pounds to educate him."

"You thought it a *large* sum just now. William."

"And so it is, Mary, to us at present: I do but speak comparatively. A few healthy grains of wheat are important at seed-time, but how do they stand when the barns are full after harvest?" And Mary once more suffered herself to be persuaded, if not convinced, so that William Grainger could now commence business with a capital of more than fourteen hundred pounds. It seemed an auspicious beginning, but more than this—more even than natural cleverness and industry—is required to make a prosperous ending. Mary comforted herself with the idea that he still retained his situation, which, producing them a certain income, promised the supply of their actual wants whatever might be the fate of her husband's speculations. But Grainger was an altered man. With his attention divided between his own affairs and those of his employers, he became less punctual, less cheerful, and less respectful in his manners; and Messrs. Patchett and Adams at length felt themselves obliged to intimate that they thought it better that their business should be conducted by some one who had fewer private matters to attend to. The hint was sufficient; Grainger immediately threw up his situation, took an office of his own, and did not inform his wife of the step he had taken until the arrangement was completed. The announcement of this change smote upon Mary's heart like the knell of peace and comfort. Whilst her husband was rejoicing in his *independence*, she had lost all sense of liberty. It was in vain that he gave her permission to order what she would in the way of dress and furniture; and when she declined to obtain such things on credit, poured money into her purse for that purpose. She felt as if she had no longer a right to spend a shilling without an absolute necessity, as if the *uncertainty* of their fortunes ought to check them in all needless expenditure. At her earnest entreaty, however, the debts contracted when they

first came to reside in their new house, were paid off, and her mind was relieved from one great anxiety; though Grainger said something about the folly of paying away money which might be better employed, and laughed at her fears, which he imputed to her utter ignorance of business. A few months went by, and William Grainger began to be spoken of as a man of some note in the commercial world. A few years passed, and he rated amongst the wealthiest merchants in Liverpool. He had removed long since to a more fashionable part of the town, and latterly to a beautiful villa three or four miles from it, where, surrounded by every luxury that could be devised, Mary Grainger lived a quiet and secluded life. There were many reasons for this. Her health was not robust, she had no love for show and company, and seldom appeared at the magnificent dinner parties which her husband frequently gave, and she had a continued tie to home in the care required by her second child, a beautiful but very delicate girl of thirteen. Feeble from her infancy, and possessing at once the beauty and the fragility of a flower, Ellen Grainger had lived in a perpetual atmosphere of tender cares and gentle nursing, without which her sickly constitution must long since have failed. She was now threatened with disease of the spine, and needed a double portion of the unflinching attention her mother bestowed on her. Mrs. Grainger's thoughts, indeed, seldom ranged beyond that sick-room, except when they took flight to the public school, where her other treasure, her darling Clement, was already winning such laurels as may there be gathered. Business was a subject on which she now seldom spoke or thought. Years of continued prosperity had given her a sort of quiet confidence that all was well; and her husband never troubled her with details of his affairs. She did not know anything of his gains and losses, his daring speculations, his hair-breadth escapes, or her mind would have been in a perpetual fever of apprehension. She was like one who, travelling in the dark, passes fearlessly by precipices and pitfalls, which, had the journey been performed by day, would have produced extreme terror. But there was one day in the year when her thoughts returned again and again to a contemplation of worldly things, though perhaps less vividly than in former years: it was on the anniversary of the day when her husband first brought to their little cottage the news of his hoped-for promotion. She had ever considered this day sacred, and kept it so; and she could have no more forgotten it, than she could have ceased to recall to mind the anniversary of her marriage, or the dates of her children's births. The 17th of July always witnessed her devoting some hours in the retirement of her own chamber to reflection, to prayer, and sometimes to tears. And there were regrets, too,—not painful but gentle and pensive ones—mingling with her memory of the past. Prosperous as their course had been, it ever seemed to her that all the long years of rising wealth and importance had brought her no such pure and unmixed happiness as the few short months immediately succeeding to her marriage which she had spent in that small cottage. It was difficult to believe that she was the same wife who had gone so meekly and cheerfully about her household toils, and felt so contented in her comparative poverty. It was even more difficult to identify her husband with the young open-hearted man who came home so regularly to that

little dwelling, and, casting by the cares of the day, as things he could throw aside at will, was ready to sing, or talk, or walk with her, making her the spring of all his simple pleasures. Now, he was a careful, cautious man, hoarding up secrets which were not for her, but which, if his lips were silent about them, spoke of their nature in the firmly-closed mouth, the lines furrowing the once smooth brow, and the gray already sprinkling the dark hair. So that anniversary ever brought with it a strange mingling of pleasure and pain; and never did she so completely feel the force of the beautiful petition, "*In all time of our wealth, Good Lord, deliver us!*" as on these occasions.

It was on the sixteenth of these anniversaries that Mary was sitting alone, according to her wont, having stolen an hour from her attendance on her invalid child, that her custom might not be broken. Her husband returned home somewhat earlier than usual, and knocking at the door of her dressing-room, requested admission. She had that morning reminded him that this was "the memorable day;" but she had scarcely expected that he would remember it for a moment after quitting the house, still less that he would recur to it in the evening. But he entered on the subject at once, and kissing her affectionately, told her that, having this day concluded a strict examination of his affairs, he found that, free of every engagement, he was master of fifty thousand pounds. "The few grains, Mary, the five hundred you were so afraid to risk, have, indeed, produced a golden harvest," said he; "if so small a sum has been thus fruitful, what may not be done with a large one? Who can say what shall be the limit of the future wealth and consequence of William Grainger?" But Mary had less extensive views for the future. She earnestly wished that her husband should secure this well-won wealth from future risk, and, withdrawing from business, or only following it on a moderate scale, allow them to enjoy as much happiness as they might for the remainder of their days. Grainger scouted the very idea of such a theory. "What! in the prime of my life turn clod-hopper! In the very flush of success shut myself out from all active employment, or drone along in a beaten path, whilst those who are now leagues behind me shall outstrip me on the wings of enterprise!"

"But, my dearest William, you need *not* be idle. Think how much you might improve this place if you would attend to it, and what good you might do with your wealth and influence in a neighborhood like this."

"Time enough for that, my dear, in another twenty years, or when the fifty thousand is trebled. You women have such queer notions about happiness."

"Oh, William! surely you cannot have forgotten the cottage, and how very happy we were there!"

"The cottage! oh yes; it was all very well *then*, but scarcely good enough for our pig-stye now; people must live according to their means, my dear. I don't think, Mary, you would like such a mean little hole yourself *now*."

Mary did not reply, but a flood of strange feeling rushed over her mind,—a loving regret for that little cottage—a feeling as if a friend had been lightly spoken of who should have been had in reverence.

Another year passed away, and not without many changes. Mary's suffering child, her beloved Ellen, had been removed to a better world, and

Clement was preparing for college, being by his own desire designed for the church. He was a gentle, thoughtful youth, with more of the temper of his mother than his father, partaking, too, of her delicacy of constitution; and though Grainger sighed over the disappointment of the hopes he had formed respecting his son—who, he had trusted, would be his assistant and successor—he yielded to the boy's earnest desire, from a conviction that he was not fitted for business. He had now embarked in some speculations which less daring spirits would have deemed extremely perilous; but his gains, and those of the adventurous few who had joined him, would be immense in the event of success, and Grainger could not, dared not think of any other end to his experiment. His brow grew gloomy, his manner, especially to Mary, not harsh, but reserved; and she, poor thing, after one or two ineffectual attempts to penetrate the secret that was evidently pressing on his mind, was compelled to wait patiently for such revelations as the course of events might make to her. They came at last, and came with tremendous, almost crushing power. The speculation on which he had risked so much had completely failed, and William Grainger was a ruined man. Not only had he to bear the loss of the all which he had been so many years toiling for, but to listen to the reproaches of those who had cast in their lot with him, led by his advice and example. William Grainger had wished to acquire wealth, but still he was not a merely avaricious man. He had a proud, high spirit and deep feelings, and these were keenly wounded by the imputations which many failed not to cast on him. He was made a bankrupt; but long before his affairs were settled, he was lying helplessly on his bed, the victim of brain fever.

For weeks poor Mary watched over him with the tenderest solicitude, too much absorbed in grief for his illness to think much on their losses, or to speculate as to what was to become of them for the remainder of their days. One of Grainger's creditors was a Mr. Fulwood, an elderly man of good property, and a member of the medical profession. He had, some years ago, assisted Grainger with money, which had never yet been repaid, nor, considering it safely invested, had he urged the repayment. For Mary he had ever entertained a high regard. Her gentleness, her freedom from pride, her motherly devotion to her invalid child, whom he had attended, had all won on his esteem, and he represented her case to the other creditors so feelingly, that he obtained a promise that the five hundred pounds which had originally been hers, should be returned to her from the assets, and that she should be permitted to take what furniture she pleased from the villa before the sale took place. These tidings fell gratefully on Mary's ears, for that day had already been marked with joyful news. The doctors had told her that her husband might, probably would recover; and in the light of happiness this announcement had diffused around her, the comparatively small sum allotted to her seemed like a direct gift from Heaven. They had, however, forborne to name one circumstance, which would have formed a dreadful drawback to her delight—the fact that the restoration of his body to health was not likely to be accompanied by that of his mind. Very soon, alas! that sorrowful truth dawned on her. William Grainger was himself no more. He sat up, he walked about, he regained his strength, he

even seemed to recognize his wife, but on all other points his memory was a blank. He still spoke fondly to her, and smiled on her with a kind of childish smile, but

"She saw in the dim and fitful ray,  
That the light of the soul had gone away."

Vainly did she hope and pray, and use every effort to arouse his mental energies. Mr. Fulwood told her that it was useless; and as weeks went by and brought no change, she was obliged to believe him. One plan was still dear to her almost broken heart, and she rested not till it was executed. She had ascertained that the cottage where she had spent the first months of her married life was vacant, and she wished to reside there again. She consulted with Mr. Fulwood, and he approved of her wish. He had already applied to some distant relations both of her and her husband, and had wrung from them a promise of such a moderate weekly allowance as should protect her and that unfortunate husband from want. The five hundred pounds, as her earnest request, were kept apart for the purpose for which she had originally wished her legacy to be reserved—the education of her son; and tears of gratitude rolled down her pale cheeks as she reflected on the mercy of Providence in providing for that purpose. She availed herself no further of the kindness of the creditors respecting the furniture, than by taking away those articles which had formerly belonged to her little cottage. Though they had long been for the most part banished to the lumber-room, she had them still, for she cherished an individual affection for every chair and table, and had always declined parting with them; and now when they were arranged in her *new old* dwelling, as nearly as possible in their former order, she felt as if a heavy feverish dream had passed away, and that, but for one sad circumstance, she could almost return to old times and old happiness.

Another year had rolled by, and again a change. William Grainger, the enterprising trader, the great merchant, the last year's bankrupt, the fever-stricken idiot, had been carried to his lowly grave, the victim of a paralytic attack; and she, whose heart had clung to him so faithfully in joy and sorrow, dared not do otherwise than thank God for his release. "How happy we might be," she would often say, "if we would enjoy the blessings around us, instead of looking forward so anxiously to the future. If my poor William had done so—if he had been content in this cottage, all would have been well; yet no one could blame him when he took the first opportunity of getting into a superior situation. It had been well still if he had been contented with that excellent employment—well even when he left it and became rich and influential, if he had stopped in time; but the fever of speculation came upon him, and that brought ruin. Yet I do not murmur. All has been wisely ordered: and I have much to be thankful for—most, that my dear child has chosen a profession where he will not enter into the temptation that beset his poor father. Thank God that my Clement will have nothing to allure him to quit the Substance of happiness and pursue its Shadow!"

"How is Clement to-day, Esther?" inquired Mr. Fulwood, as he entered the small flower-plot before Mrs. Grainger's door, and kindly shook hands with the young girl who came forth to meet him. She was about eighteen or nineteen years old, tall and graceful in figure, and with a face,

though not pretty, yet very pleasing. Her eyes, however, were soft and expressive, and the paleness of her cheek was rendered more visible by the contrast of her dark, braided hair. A slight blush mounted to her temples as she replied, "I hope better—much better. The cough is subsiding, and he has had fewer of those terrible flushings. I think he will soon be strong again; do not you, sir?"—and she looked up anxiously in his face.

"I think there is much in his own power, Esther," was the reply. "Clement is a fine creature, but too dreamy, too excitable, and, I must also say, too obstinate. So naturally delicate as his constitution is, it is almost too much for him to pursue his studies so as to enable him to take orders at all, and yet he will persist in striving for attainments which require strength and nerve far beyond what he possesses. But I shall say no more to him; I saw he was displeased with me the last time I spoke to him, and even his mother thought I was too severe."

"She alluded, I think, to your saying that such exertions as Clement was making were no better than suicide. She is proud of him, as is very natural; but she is uneasy about him many a time, and by no means wishes him to work so hard."

"Listen to me, Esther, whilst I tell you the truth. You know how Clement's father brought worldly ruin on himself and his family by his wild speculations, and I can tell you that, in another form, the spirit of the father lives in the son."

"Surely, my dear sir, you cannot think for a moment that Clement is covetous, or that he is so overstraining mind and body in the hope of acquiring riches?"

"Indeed I do not. Nevertheless he is speculating; and the capital he is risking is his health, perhaps his life. Believe me, Esther, health is a talent as well as money, for which we must hereafter give an account. He is following after a shadowy fame, an unsubstantial triumph. I doubt much if he will ever overtake it." But by this time poor Esther's eyes were full of tears, and Mr. Fulwood, changing his tone, entered the house, saying, "Come, we will go and see our patient. I am truly glad you can tell me he is better."

Esther Corbett was a niece of Mrs. Grainger, who had been for the last few months residing at the cottage. She had been early deprived of her mother. Her father was captain of a merchantman; and her two young brothers, for whom she had kept house until lately, were already following their father's profession. She had always been a favorite with Mrs. Grainger, and on being thus left alone, it had been arranged that she should board with her aunt. And truly, Esther Corbett was as a daughter to the lonely widow, lightening her household toils, attending to her comforts, and performing all those little offices which are only well performed when the heart is in them.

Clement Grainger had lately come home for the vacation, and his name stood high amongst his comrades, over most of whom, by excessive assiduity, he had obtained a decided superiority. But what to another might have been comparatively easy, to him was difficult. His intellect was, like his person, more graceful than vigorous, his mind more imaginative than deep or reflective; the drudgery he submitted to, in order to acquire the character of a first-rate scholar, told terribly on both his mind and body. He could not be satisfied with the superficial knowledge which by happy

chance might serve to drag him through an examination. He dared not be questioned on any subject of which he was not thoroughly master in every part, for the very knowledge that failure was possible, might of itself have produced failure. He had no boldness, no dash in his manner of answering. He would have given the world for the careless confidence, and trust in good luck, with which he saw many below him both in talent and acquirements force their way on. But with all this, he was not satisfied with ordinary success. He aimed at prizes and honors, and had already carried them off, on more occasions than one, from confessedly clever competitors. It was just after a hard struggle of this nature that he had returned home, and the tears of pride with which his mother hailed the news of his victory were chased away by less happy drops as she remarked his flushed cheeks and attenuated form. Days passed by, and though seriously ill, Clement persisted in spending several hours of each in study; and long after the widow and her young inmate had retired to rest, his candle, secretly relighted, was shedding its faint lustre on his high pale forehead and the thin hand that turned page after page of the Greek or Latin book with which he was engaged. But soon an attack of feverish cold and inflammation came on with such violence, that Clement was obliged, though reluctantly, to surrender himself to the care of doctor and nurse, and under their judicious treatment he was gradually recovering, when Mr. Fulwood reached the cottage, and held the conversation with Esther which has been just recorded. As they entered the little parlor, Clement, who was as usual surrounded by books and papers, arose to greet Mr. Fulwood, who could not but admit that he was greatly improved in appearance since he had last seen him. The young man's satisfaction at finding himself better, seemed, however, sadly damped by regrets for the loss of time which his illness had caused. "But I must make up for it now," he said, more as if he were thinking aloud than addressing himself to any one. "If it had not been for this, I should have been sure of honors; but now it will be a hard struggle. I must not fail—I could not bear to fail!" Although Mr. Fulwood had vowed on a former occasion to argue with Clement Grainger no more, he found it impossible to forbear; and in firm but kind language he endeavored to convince his patient of the folly, nay, the actual wickedness, of continuing to make efforts so far beyond his strength. "If you would only be content, Clement," he said, "to walk in the plain path that is before you—to prepare yourself simply for what you have so often wished to be—a useful country clergyman, depend upon it you would be performing your duty far better than in running after the name of being 'a great scholar.' I am not, remember, decrying the usefulness of great learning in some persons; but let every one fill his proper place. Had Providence designed you for the course you will persist in forcing yourself into, depend upon it more bodily strength and healthier nerves would have been allotted to you. In following a phantom, you are taking the surest means to prevent your future usefulness, and to destroy your own health and your mother's happiness." Mr. Fulwood did not then know how deeply the happiness of another was concerned in Clement's welfare, nor was Clement himself at all aware of the circumstance.

Clement Grainger returned to college, bearing

his anxious mother's fervent blessings, and unconsciously removing the object that was dearest to Esther Corbett's heart. But his mother was quicker in discerning the truth; she had not been blinded by the splendid dreams of the future that rendered her son all but insensible to what was passing in the actual world around him, and she rejoiced in the discovery of the state of Esther's affections. She already cherished a half-formed vision of a pretty parsonage, her own place by the cheerful fireside, the happy laughter of children ringing through the little mansion, and Esther, no longer Corbett, with her light step and noiseless activity moving here and there on her household duties—her daughter in very deed and truth. The picture was so soothing and delightful, that she turned to contemplate it again and again, until the coinage of her own hopes and dreams seemed like a real prospect, and she came to regard the future marriage of Clement with Esther as a thing that must at some time take place as inevitably as her own death.

Another vacation came round, and again Clement was at home; still delicate in health, but apparently not worse than before. And so he came and went three or four times; and now he was at home for the last vacation that would occur before his necessary college course would be completed. Then his mother, in the fulness of her heart, spoke to him of all her hopes and wishes, and was both surprised and disappointed at the quiet manner in which he listened to her."

"Indeed, mother," he said calmly, "I have no thoughts of marrying; and I have never looked upon Esther except as a friend and sister. I hope you have not spoken to her on this subject!"

"My darling Clement! my dear son! do you suppose for one moment I would act so improperly! But can you not see yourself that she loves you? Do you think her intense anxiety, her earnest wishes for your welfare, could proceed from any other cause?"

"It never struck me before in that light, dear mother. If it be really as you say—but it would be absurd in me to speak to her about it at present, as I intend to read for a fellowship."

Now, poor Mrs. Grainger scarcely knew what a fellowship meant, except that it was a post of some honor and dignity. She was quite unaware that the course of study necessary to obtain one is almost murderous, as also that it excludes from marriage during the time that it is held. So she simply replied, that she hoped, as soon as he got the fellowship, he would have time to think about what she had said; and the matter ended for the present.

Clement was awakened by Mrs. Grainger's hint, to observe the various symptoms of affection which poor Esther unwittingly manifested towards him. Gentle and kind in all his feelings, to love him was the surest way of obtaining his love; and before he left home again, he was the affianced husband of Esther Corbett. But he told her of the ambition that was in his heart. He might at once have been ordained to a small living, which, small as it was, would have been wealth to them.

"But I must win this fellowship, Esther," he said. "I cannot bear to stand on the ladder without reaching the top, even though I should descend again at once. And—dear Esther, I am growing worldly for your sake—I can, probably,

on giving up my fellowship, obtain a better living than that which offers now."

Study, study, study; little rest even during the brief time he allotted to himself for sleep; hasty meals, to which he brought no appetite; a perpetual bending over books; a continual struggle to bear up against the insidious approaches of creeping illness; such is an epitome of the next few months of Clement Grainger's life. Very anxious were those two hearts who loved him best on earth, though they strove to cheer each other with words of hope and comfort, and were less unhappy than they would have been had they known the ruinous extent of his exertions. Their chief distress was the infrequency and brevity of his letters. "I am well, but very busy," was the substance of them all; and it would have added to Esther's grief, could she have known that her long affectionate letters were now merely glanced over, and then laid aside for the leisure hour which never came.

The time of trial arrived at last. There were only three candidates for the vacant fellowship who appeared to have any chance of obtaining it, and of these Clement was one. He slept not on the previous night; and ere he left his chamber, he flung himself on his knees, and prayed, long and passionately, that the triumph might be his. Something fortified with the internal courage inspired by this act of devotion, he entered the examination hall.

It was over; and Clement Grainger returned to his chamber an altered man. A hundred years seemed to have passed over his head in a few hours. The proud dream of his hopes had dispersed into empty air; his privations, his prayers, his labors had been all for naught; another won the prize. But he walked with quiet step and calm demeanor; he even replied tranquilly to the greetings of some, who, knowing the tremendous efforts he had made to succeed, sincerely pitied him for his failure. He closed the door of his apartment; wrote a few lines to Esther, simply stating his defeat, and that a few days would find him at home again; and then he bowed down his head, and gave himself up to such an agony of anguish, as can only be felt by one whose whole hope has been risked on one unsuccessful cast. Burning tears forced themselves from his eyes; heavy sobs labored from his heart; his whole frame seemed writhing in convulsive torture. He grew calmer. He remembered that, by this behavior, he was showing a terrible want of submission to the will of Providence. He tried to rally his mind, to think it possible that some future success might yet be his. But no; his mind actually seemed to fall back from the very idea of such a hill of difficulty as he had lately climbed; and, utterly weak and exhausted, he sunk down again, and wept like a child.

In a few days he left the seat of learning where he had known such high hopes and such bitter disappointment, resolving never to enter it more. The first arrival at home was a severe trial to him, though the warmth of the welcome he met there, and the joy his presence seemed to diffuse, could scarcely have been greater had he returned triumphant. But their consolations, kindly as they were meant, were daggers to his soul. He could bear no allusion to his failure. "Let us never name it again, mother," he said. "Do not strive to comfort me, dear Esther. Try, both of



lay behind their house, even with the help of Esther's arm. Fits of sudden slumber, occasional failure of memory, and dulness of hearing, all these things proclaimed that the end was nigh.

Yet was there another strange revival. For several successive days the patient appeared gradually gaining strength, and his mind was clearer and calmer than it had been for weeks. He had been raised from his bed one morning, and was sitting by the window enjoying the summer air as it breathed over a vase of sweet scented flowers which Esther had placed on a little table near him. Just then a letter was brought in for Clement, who desired Esther to open it. She did so, and found it was from the noble friend who, a few months before, had promised Clement a living. It was now vacant, and this letter requested him to come at once to W—, and receive it from his friend. For a moment the blood rushed tumultuously through Clement's heart—for a moment he forgot the sad circumstances of his case, and starting up with supernatural energy, he flung his arms around Esther's neck, exclaiming, "Now, now we shall all be happy." He buried his face in her bosom, and as she wound her supporting arms around him, she hoped that a relieving gush of tears was the cause of that hiding of his countenance. But she was soon undeceived. He leaned heavily upon her, and in spite of her efforts to support him, she found he was sliding from her clasp. Mrs. Grainger hastened to her assistance, and they placed Clement again in his chair; but the eyes, though still open, were fast fixing forever—the parted lips were white and dumb. The dream of life was over.

Summer passed away, and before winter set in it was evident to all that serious illness had fastened on the unfortunate student. His strength was gradually declining, the cough of former years had returned with aggravated vehemence, his cheek was now flushed, now white as snow, and the thinned hair and the burning emaciated hand, all told a tale that there was no mistaking. It was in vain that Mrs. Grainger and Esther tried to speak words of comfort to each other, and looked into each other's eyes for hope. The fact that the days of this beloved one were numbered, would ever and anon glare through the false veil of hope which they endeavored to wrap around the truth. Mr. Fulwood came regularly to see the invalid, but his opinion was only expressed in an ominous shake of the head, more terrible than words. He did not once allude to the cause of Clement's illness, though "I saw how it would end" was plainly written in his countenance. Mrs. Grainger had never asked him his opinion of the state of her son, but his silence was enough, and she soon perceived that the medicines he administered were merely palliatives, resorted to when there was no hope of cure. To Clement's mind the conviction of the reality of his danger came more slowly, and, strange to say, it brought with it a contradictory longing for life. He who had seemed so desponding, so wearied of the world, so careless for the future, now evinced a wish to live; an affection for the loveliness of nature, and a consciousness of the enjoyments of life, that he had never displayed before, as if his eyes were now first opened to the beauty and the value of the things he had formerly slighted. He now gave himself up to the guidance of those around him with the docility of a child, and the hopes of Esther arose again. "Even yet he may be saved by care," sobbed she, as she conferred with her aged friend apart. "Oh, God! spare my son, for it is thou alone who canst heal!" ejaculated the mother with something like reviving hope. But the hot days of a peculiarly sultry May supervened, and produced increased languor and weakness. No longer could Clement Grainger traverse the green fields that

lay behind their house, even with the help of Esther's arm. Fits of sudden slumber, occasional failure of memory, and dulness of hearing, all these things proclaimed that the end was nigh.

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Mrs. Grainger, immediately after the first shock from his death, returned, though with a saddened heart, to her habits of meek submission. She even thanked God that her beloved son had been removed before her. "I was thankful," she often said, "for a child on earth; should I not be still more thankful for a child in heaven?" She did not survive Clement many months.

Esther Corbett remained single for several years, but she at length married a person who was fully worthy of her, and spent with him a long life chequered with some trials, but bringing forth a counterpoise of happiness.

It has not been the wish of the writer of this tale to depreciate the value of useful exertion or honorable ambition. She has only desired to show the evils attendant on a wish to grasp at more, either in the world of wealth or of intellect, than there is a reasonable chance of obtaining. She writes from cases which have occurred in her own experience, and where it was evident that affluence might have been kept, and health preserved, but for the *spirit of speculation*. Whoever risks the fortunes of himself and his family on a speculation where failure must bring ruin, in her opinion speculates unlawfully. Whoever devotes himself to higher and more intellectual pursuits with such perseverance as to injure his health, can scarcely be said to be performing a duty. Alas that avarice and ambition should have such power to lead from the true road to happiness! that men, and women too, will still prefer the *SHADOW* to the *SUBSTANCE*.

## THE PENCIL OF NATURE.

THIS is the appropriate title of a series of pictures produced solely by the action of light on sensitive paper, and multiplied to any number of impressions without the aid of draughtsman, engraver, or printer. The photographic process, by which the images of real objects formed in the camera-lucida are delineated on paper, is also employed to make copies of the first limning; the copies being reversed fac-similes of the original, and therefore representing realities as they appear to the eye. This process, termed Calotype, was discovered and practised by Mr. Fox Talbot in 1823—five years before the wonderful invention of the Daguerreotype burst upon the world; but he had not then perfected it sufficiently to make known its results. Since that time, Mr. Talbot has improved his process so as greatly to facilitate its practice; and the Calotype—or Talbotype, as it has been complimentarily called by Mr. Claudet, who employs it for taking portraits—is now become a simple, certain, cheap, and rapid mode of procuring minutely-exact representations of real scenes, objects, and persons, to any extent.

The subjects of the Calotype drawings in the first part of *The Pencil of Nature* are various; a view of one of the Boulevards at Paris, almost equal in distinctness of detail to a Daguerreotype; part of Queen's College, Oxford, showing the abraded surface of the stone front with a strikingly real effect; numerous articles of porcelain, exquisite for the precision with which the forms and patterns are represented; some articles of cut glass, exhibiting with matchless truth the peculiar quality of the lights on transparent substances; and a bust, in which the delicate gradations of light into shade produce an appearance of relief and rotundity which attests the superiority of the "pencil of Nature" to that of art. The neutral tints are of a warm brownish hue, with occasionally a tinge of red or purple; the tint different in every instance, its hue depending on the chemical operation of light on the paper. This variation of tint is rather pleasing than otherwise; for all the varieties are mellow and agreeable to the eye, and much preferable to the metallic glare and livid blackness of Daguerreotype-plates. The images of the Calotype are only inferior to those of the Daguerreotype in this respect—the definition of form is not so sharp, nor are the shadows so pure and transparent. By looking through a magnifying-glass at a Daguerreotype-plate, details imperceptible to the naked eye become visible in the shaded parts; not so with the Calotype drawings—they do not bear looking into. This arises chiefly from the rough texture and unequal substance of the paper; which cannot, of course, present such a delicate image as the finely-polished surface of a silvered plate. This defect, we think, is not so irremediable as may be supposed. The paper being rendered sensitive by frequent washes of chemical liquids, any artificial surface is inevitably destroyed; the perfectly smooth surface desiderated can only be attained by a mathematically-even thickness of its substance. To produce this is impossible as paper is at present made; the stream of liquid pulp of which the paper is composed is lumpy; and in its progress from the liquid to the solid state, it passes over a wire-gauze web, that leaves its impress on one surface and produces inequality of texture. A pulp of macerated rags may not be susceptible of the requisite equality of substance; but there is an invention now in pro-

gress, by which paper is made from straw reduced to pulp, that may possibly yield a substance as delicate in texture, and even in substance, as it is pure in quality and tough in fabric.

Meanwhile, *The Pencil of Nature* affords abundant evidence of the utility of the Calotype process, to the traveller, in fixing the scenes he visits; to the naturalist, in procuring a faithful representation of living and inanimate objects; and to the world at large in preserving the features of those dear to us. Nor should its value to the artist be unnoticed; since the linings of *The Pencil of Nature* demonstrate the importance of a due knowledge and observance of the distribution of light and shade in delineating every object, and the compatibility of breadth of effect with minuteness of detail in a picture. The triumph of Titian and the old masters is complete indeed, when Nature herself produces pictures exemplifying the soundness of the principles on which they painted.—*Spectator*.

## SLAVE-TRADE-SUPPRESSION TREATIES.

If protocols and parliamentary speeches, hard words and diplomatic correspondence, could put down the slave-trade, it would have been suppressed long ago. But facts show that it is, and the speeches of Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel that it is likely to continue, as brisk as ever, in despite of these weapons.

It is clear from Lord Palmerston's own statement, that though the personal character of one governor threw a damp on slave-trade speculation in Cuba for a brief interval, the passion broke out with fresh vigor under his successor. It is evident that the gross amount of the slave-trade has, notwithstanding that temporary check in one quarter, scarcely varied from year to year. The slave-trade treaties, and hence the slave-trade squadrons, have not sensibly checked the slave trade. Sir Robert Peel boasts that a more efficient system of operation is to be directed against it; but he can only quote the favorable opinions of three naval heroes, who devised or who are to be employed in the new plan of attack. Out of a fourth naval authority consulted, after anxious and prolonged study, nothing could be squeezed but the cautious opinion that "it might not eventually succeed, but that there was an infinitely greater chance of its succeeding than by stationing the ships near Brazil and Cuba." He does not appear to have declared it preferable to the mode of proceeding hitherto pursued along the African coast.

The involuntary revelations by Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel, of the constant danger to which the slave-trade treaties expose us, were equally striking. Both attempted to show that the irritable state of the public mind in France and America towards this country was not excited by the slave-trade treaties and negotiations *alone*; but neither could deny that they were important ingredients in the dose of provocation. Each labored hard to shift from his own shoulders to those of his antagonist the blame of contributing the other ingredients; but the operation of this one was not denied. Brazil and Spain are hostile to the treaties for the suppression of the slave-trade; France and America are kept by them in a state of unintermitting irascibility; and not one maritime power but England can be said to be positively friendly to them.

It is nothing new to learn that these treaties are impotent for good and fertile in evil; but it is

something to have the truth demonstrated by the set speeches of two rival ministers, each striving to demonstrate that he is the warmest supporter of the system.

How long is the country to persist in this costly and dangerous child's play! In so far as slavery and the slave-trade are concerned, we have washed our hands of them. We have emancipated our slaves, and imposed penalties upon all British subjects convicted of dabbling in slave-speculations. We have found that neither by force nor by negotiation can we induce all our neighbors to follow our example. Are we to go on forever wasting means and energies in efforts that lead to nothing? It will be wiser henceforth to tread our own path regardless of others—to mind our own business, keep our own hands clean, and leave our neighbors to take care of their interests and mend their morals after their own fashion. If our way is the right one—if, as we doubt it not, it is recommended alike by benevolence and enlightened self-regard—other nations will in time be glad to follow our example.—*Spectator*.

#### RIOTS, EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN.

THE difference between an European and an American riot is striking. In Bohemia and in Silesia, as in England, riots are the peevish violence of hunger afraid of becoming still hungrier. An American riot is the very wantonness of fullness of bread: "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." The Volunteers of Texas, the Sympathizers of Canada, the Rioters of Philadelphia, get up a row for excitement.

The European riot is the more painful to contemplate. It is easily suppressed; for wealth, health, discipline, and intelligence, are arrayed against it. But men are half-ashamed of striking at hunger-bitten wretches, among whom, if there be some criminals, there are more fools and sufferers. They are ashamed to push back crowds, whose meagre squalor shows the privations they have undergone, into the misery from which they are wildly struggling to get loose. The sense of restored tranquillity is troubled by sympathy for the adversaries they have subdued.

The American riot is perhaps the more dangerous. It is stirred up by vain imaginations; it is a struggle of parties almost on an equality in point of means, personal strength, and discipline. The rioters of Philadelphia had cannon and ammunition; and the military were impromptu soldiers, with little if any more discipline than their opponents. The men who murdered the Mormon prophet Joe Smith, after he had surrendered on a pledge of safety, and the men who attempted to resist that brutal violation of public faith, are in their own state equal in social esteem. A little more excitement, and the British subject M'Leod might have experienced the fate of American Joe Smith, instead of being merely forced back to prison after he had been bailed. An American riot is not a revolt of want and ignorance against wealth and intelligence; it is an insurrection of social self-will against law.

The great problem in politics is to adjust the counteracting forces of control in the government and spontaneous action in the individual. Too much control paralyzes and renders imbecile the national mind; too much spontaneous action in the individual generates anarchy. The time seems approaching in the United States, which will de-

cide whether the doubts entertained by Washington, Hamilton, and the first Adams, of the adequacy of the Democratic constitution carried through by the energy of Jefferson, were not well-founded. The experiment still in progress in the Union is not merely as to the possibility of a republican government, using the phrase in the wide acceptation in which it is applied to the constitutions of Rome, Venice, and the United Provinces, but as to the possibility of a government based upon the theory of human perfectibility and the growing ascendancy of reason. The founders of the United States were under the necessity of adopting a republican government, because no materials existed for any other. But they went further, and adopted institutions to the working of which it is indispensable that an immense majority of the population must be well-educated, orderly characters, and in easy circumstances. So long as the population of the United States continued what it was at the time of the Revolution, such a government was sufficient. The general competence, the general education, the traditionary respect for law acquired under a stronger government, kept the mass orderly, and unruly spirits betook themselves to the back-woods. But in the great emporiums, such as New York, a suffering and degraded class, akin to that which we find in the old cities of Europe, is growing up. The inhabitants of the new Southern States are a very different race from the men of New England, or even those of "the Old Dominion." No inconsiderable part of the population of the Union consists of the waifs and strays who have been cast overboard or fallen out of European society. Will a constitution framed for a nation of philosophers prove adequate to the government of such a motley squad!—*Spectator*.

#### TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

How beauteous is this summer eve!

Remote, upon the western sky,  
The sun declines; and round him weave  
The clouds, a gorgeous canopy.  
From fragrant fields, and pastures nigh,  
With gentle murmur comes the breeze,  
Just kissing, as it passes by,  
The shutting flowers, and leafy trees;  
A twilight gloom pervades the woods,  
Through all their blue-gray solitudes.

And all is still—except the lay  
Of blackbird, from the neighboring grove.  
Clear hymning forth the dirge of day,  
In tones of warm, spontaneous love.  
And 'tween its margents, flower inwove,  
The stream that gently murmurs on;  
Or rustle of the grass, above  
The crimson-tinged sepulchral stone;  
The shadows of the church profound,  
O'erspread the eastward burial ground.

How beauteous!—but more beautiful  
The days of vanished years awake,  
In burning tints, that render dull  
The charms of sky, and wood, and lake.  
Though far remote, yet I can slake  
At memory's fount my burning thirst,  
And feel no spells on earth can break  
The idol form I worshipped first;  
No second ties of love impart  
Such rapture to the vacant heart!

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

From the Spectator.

## THE FRENCH IN NORTH AFRICA.

It is not easy to discover any reasonable grounds for attaching blame or suspicion to the French government for its present position in North Africa; and consequently no reasonable blame belongs to any British cabinet for not attempting to hinder France from assuming that position.

Every independent state is, of necessity, in the first instance the sole judge of the justice and expediency of its own wars. That France discreetly exercised this right of judging for herself when she declared war against Algiers in 1830, there can be little doubt: in the first place, because the government of Algiers was likely enough to give her cause; in the second place, because in none of the many discussions of the subject has any one questioned the propriety of commencing the war. But war having been begun, it was not in the power of France to give any pledge as to what would be its result. So far from blaming Lord Aberdeen, our Foreign Secretary in 1830, for not having elicited any explicit pledge from Prince Polignac on this head, it really seems that he asked and obtained fully as explicit a declaration as one independent government was entitled to ask or obtain of another.

The only valid ground for one state declaring war against another is, to obtain satisfaction for past and security against future injuries. When the injury for which redress is demanded is of sufficient importance to justify a war, it is the right and duty of the injured government not to desist from that war until security for the future has been obtained. Where, as in European states, there is either a competent government or a civilized people out of which such a government can be constructed, the right of territorial conquest, incident to war, has been by common consent relinquished. But even in Europe the right of temporary occupation of a foreign territory, until a government capable of giving security for the future—a government with which treaties can be formed—has been organized, is still asserted by all European powers. And in the case of barbarous or semibarbarous countries, the right of prolonging such occupation indefinitely—so long, it may be, that by prescription sovereignty arises out of occupancy—must frequently be exercised in self-defence. The whole history of British India is rich in precedents.

On this ground the French government is entitled to justify its annexation of Algeria to the empire of France. A legitimate war having been commenced, it must be prosecuted to a satisfactory termination. The experience of every Christian state in turn had shown that treaties with the old Algerine government were utter mockeries. There were no materials in Algeria for constructing another government in its stead. The obsolete claims of the Ottoman Porte, the Divan had no power to enforce. The Moors of the seaboard towns were powerless to control the Arab tribes, and the Arab tribes had not the civilization requisite to form a settled government. France had no alternative but to take the territory and its inhabitants under her own dominion, if she would have security against the repetition of the injuries which had caused the war. The annexation of Algeria to France was necessary as an act of self-defence. France holds Algeria by a title as good as that by which England holds British India, and better than

that by which England held Gibraltar before her title to that territory was fortified by prescription.

In the event of the possible and even probable collision with Morocco, France must of necessity be guided by the same principles upon which she acted in the collision with Algiers. If the sovereign of Morocco cannot maintain peace on the frontier, France must conquer that peace; and war once begun, must be carried on until security against future aggression is obtained. If Morocco has or obtains a ruler capable of guaranteeing a permanent peace, France, in conformity with the recognized principles of European international law, ought to conclude peace with him. But if there shall be no such ruler—and no society out of which such a ruler can arise—why, then, France in Morocco, following the example of England in India, will have nothing for it but to take and retain possession of Morocco. The disinclination or impotency of the present ruler of Morocco is forcing the French to invade his territory. If the British government can convince him of the danger of permitting aggressions from his frontier on the French territory, or teach him how to prevent them, it is entitled to offer its mediation—not otherwise. If a war between France and Morocco begin, France can give no pledge as to the result: France must, like all belligerent powers, submit her future conduct to the guidance of circumstances.

On one point alone does any British cabinet appear liable to blame for its conduct in respect to the French occupation of Algiers. A government adding to its territory by conquest can only succeed to the rights of the government it overthrows. It must take the new territory subject to all the liabilities of its former rulers to foreign independent states. When the French cabinet came into the place of the Dey, England was entitled to claim from France all the commercial privileges and immunities to which she was entitled under the government of the Dey. Those privileges, guaranteed by treaties and prescription, were not asserted when France introduced new commercial regulations into Algeria, in 1835; and they have been lost by that neglect. The bad consequences of this oversight are now apparent: the omission to resist the imposition of moderate duties in Algeria, by the British cabinet of 1835, has disabled the present cabinet to resist the increase of those duties in 1844. This warning ought not to be neglected. If English mediation prove fruitless, there must be war between France and Morocco; and if there be war, not even the belligerents, much less any third power, can prescribe how it is to terminate. But the British government can protect British commerce, by announcing its determination, terminate the war how it may, to maintain the commercial rights and privileges actually enjoyed by British subjects in Morocco.

*Tales and Sketches of Real Life.* By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

A NEAT and cheap reprint of some American tales. They appear to be designed for juvenile readers; but they have a more forward air about love and other subjects, than is usual in English stories of a similar class; although this gives them greater value as a picture of American manners. We recognize some of the tales as former acquaintances, and it is possible that they have all appeared in this country.—*Spectator.*

From the Spectator.

DIARIES AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE FIRST  
EARL OF MALMESBURY.

*Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, first Earl of Malmesbury*: containing an Account of his Missions to the Courts of Madrid, Frederick the Great, Catherine the Second, and the Hague; and his Special Missions to Berlin, Brunswick, and the French Republic. Edited by his Grandson, the third Earl. Volumes I. and II.

JAMES HARRIS, first Earl of Malmesbury, a celebrated diplomatist of the last age, was a son of the perhaps better-known Harris the author of *Hermes* and of some philosophical essays whose reputation has survived to this day. The family was wealthy and ancient; but the author of *Hermes* was the first who rose beyond the country-gentleman, to become a member of Parliament and a placeman. When he first took his seat, John Townshend asked who he was, and having been told he had written on Grammar and Harmony, the wit remarked, "Why does he come here, where he will hear neither!"

His son was born in 1746, the day of the battle of Culloden. After some preliminary education at a "dame" and a grammar school, the youth was sent to Winchester, and thence to Oxford. This famous seat of learning he found such as Gibbon had described it; and, nearly forty years afterwards, he declared, almost in the words of the historian,

"The two years of my life I look back to as most unprofitably spent, were those I passed at Merton. The discipline of the University happened also, at this particular moment, to be so lax, that a Gentleman Commoner was under no restraint, and never called upon to attend either lectures, or chapel, or hall. My tutor, an excellent and worthy man, according to the practice of all tutors at that moment, gave himself no concern about his pupils. I never saw him but during a fortnight, when I took into my head to be taught trigonometry."

In 1765 this solemn farce of education ended, and young James Harris was sent to Leyden, where he remained a year and studied in earnest, especially modern European history, diplomacy as contained in international treaties, and the Dutch laws and constitution. He shortly after made a tour through Holland, Prussia and Poland, at a time when the arts of Catherine were preparing for the first partition of that unfortunate country. In the autumn of 1767, Mr. Harris was appointed Secretary of Embassy at Madrid, where, in the absence of his chief, he had to undertake and settle the dispute about the Falkland Islands, distinguished by the pens of Johnson and Junius. This affair established his diplomatic reputation, and, for the better part of the next thirty years, (1771—1797,) Mr. Harris was employed at the most difficult and important courts. From 1771 to 1776, he was minister at Berlin, watching the great Frederick, whom Bute and George the Third had alienated by discarding Pitt and making a separate or treacherous peace. In 1777, Mr. Harris went to

St. Petersburg, in order to stem the diplomatic efforts of Frederick and of France, and with the view of persuading Catherine to embark in hostilities for the sake of helping us through our difficulties with the revolted colonies. The main object of his mission was clearly unattainable; but Mr. Harris gave so much satisfaction by his exertions, and by his power of displaying them in his dispatches, that he was honored with the Order of the Bath, and retained at St. Petersburg in despite of several requests to be recalled. The climate, however, affected his health, and after the restoration of peace he was permitted to return, in the autumn of 1783.

On his arrival in England, the country was convulsed by the Coalition, and although Sir James Harris was a whig, and supported his friend Fox, Pitt rated his diplomatic abilities so highly that he appointed him minister to Holland. In 1788 he was created Baron Malmesbury, though continuing in opposition; but in 1793 he seceded from Fox, with Burke, Lord Spencer, and other whigs, and was soon afterwards sent on a special mission to Berlin. In this undertaking he succeeded so far as to make the king of Prussia admit the validity of the old treaties and sign a new one, but "which he broke almost before the signatures were dry."

"In 1794, Lord Malmesbury received orders to ask of the Duke of Brunswick his daughter in marriage for the Prince of Wales; and having married her Royal Highness by proxy, he accompanied her to England. His account of this transaction shows how little hope he himself had of the happiness of this union; and although he received no discretionary power whatever in the matter, he was never forgiven by the Prince, with whom, until then, he had been on terms of great intimacy and confidence."

In 1796 and 1797, Malmesbury went to Paris and Lisle, to negotiate a peace with the French Republic, but without success. Soon after, he was attacked by deafness, to such a degree as to be rendered, in his own opinion, unfit for public service, and he subsequently declined all further offers of employment. In 1800 he was created an Earl, and Viscount Fitzharris, and spent the remaining twenty years of his life in an enjoyment of the *otium cum dignitate*, passing most of his time between London and his seat of Park Place near Henley. He died in November, 1820, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, taking a thankful retrospect of his past life, and a resigned view of its approaching termination,—according to the last sentences of his journal, written only a fortnight before his death.

"Thou hast completed thy seventy-fourth year, having been permitted to live longer than any of thy ancestors as far back as 1606. Thy existence has been without any great misfortune, and without any acute disease, and has been one for which thou ought'st to be extremely grateful. Be so, in praise and thanksgiving towards the Supreme Being, and by preparing thyself to employ the remnant of it 'wisely and discreetly.' Thy next

step will probably be the last. Strive not to delay the period of its arrival, nor lament at its near approach. Thou art too exhausted, both in mind and body, to be of service to thy country, thy friends, or family. Thou art fortunate in leaving thy children well and happy; be content to join thy parent Earth calmly, and with becoming resignation. Such is thy imperious duty.—Vale.”

As a diplomatist, Lord Malmesbury's reputation ranked very high, not only among friends but enemies. Talleyrand observed of him, to the present earl, that “Lord Malmesbury était le plus habile ministre que vous aviez de son temps; c'était inutile de le devancer; il falloir le suivre de près. Si on lui laissoit le dernier mot, il avoit toujours raison.” And Mirabeau, from Berlin, under circumstances not to be suspected of compliment, characterized him as the “audacieux et rusé Harris.” Boldness and subtlety were indeed the leading features of mind which he possessed from nature, together with a cool yet sanguine temperament, and the penetration which forms what is expressly called a “good judge of character.” These natural qualifications he had cultivated by some study of the literature of diplomacy; his early training and long experience rendered him well versed in the forms and etiquette of the profession; whilst the same facilities made him an adept in the arts of a courtier. Indeed, if we rightly interpret a passage in the correspondence, he, by the advice of his friend Potemkin, carried his flattery of the Empress Catherine to such a pitch as to draw some remark from home.

He seems, as was natural, to have rather overrated his profession, and to have ascribed more power to it than it can ever possess. Diplomacy, according to the notions of diplomatists, seems at best but the art of driving cunning bargains; and, like many cunning bargains in private transactions, they either turn out to be no advantage at all, or if made by ignorance, or by imprudence or necessity under pressure, give occasion to costly quarrels when their real nature comes to be understood, or leave the bargain-drivers in the lurch at the moment of action. To sound or conciliate a minister, to bribe a secretary, to circumvent an opponent, to please a potentate, and to fill paper with plausible but scarcely attainable plans, seemed with Lord Malmesbury a substitute for that large comprehension of affairs, which, basing alliance upon mutual interests and permanent circumstances, renders a treaty secure because its basis is natural. And it is this nature of things which triumphs in the long run, in despite of art, cajolery, weakness, temper, or passion.

If we wanted any proof of this opinion, we should find it in the career of this “le plus habile ministre de son temps.” He can scarcely be said to have succeeded in any mission he undertook beyond the mere diplomatic result of putting words upon paper. His share in the settlement of the Falkland Islands dispute does not appear to have been considerable. In fact, the thing had the *go-by* given to it, from the circumstances of the dis-

putants. Each party was averse to war. Spain proposed a shuffling arrangement, and England bore her part in the shuffle. At Berlin, with Frederick the Great, much profit in the way of diplomacy was not expected: the functions of the ambassador were limited to the proper objects of diplomacy—the transmission of intelligence and court scandal, the report of the minister's judgment on the characters and disposition of the monarch and his courtiers, together with the transacting of the public business of the two countries. At St. Petersburg Mr. Harris failed altogether in the principal object of his mission; and he can scarcely be said to have succeeded in anything, because it was clearly not the interest of Russia to grant his demands. He commenced with the modest proposal of an alliance *offensive* and *defensive*, although from the circumstances of the two countries the wars of one can scarcely ever *a priori* be considered as necessary wars of the other. At that particular period, we had plunged ourselves into the American war, with which Russia would immediately have been called upon to interfere; the next year she would have been embroiled with France; the year after with Spain, and finally with Holland; and all for no Russian purpose whatever. It may be said, indeed, her first junction might have prevented France, Spain, and Holland, from uniting with America; but this is questionable. The alliance with Russia would rather have been diplomatic than real: her fleet was unprepared—the ships it would have to be composed of rotten, and her sailors without courage or skill. It does not appear that she could have spared many land forces, and they would only have gone as mercenaries; which might have been hired nearer home. Unless France and Spain had been frightened by the phrases of the treaty of alliance, Russia would have had her share of the losses and disgraces of her ally without any purpose of her own in view. Instead of this, and in despite of diplomacy, she set up the armed neutrality, the terms of which were a sore to us a warlike maritime nation, and a gain to her as a trading one.

In Holland Lord Malmesbury was highly successful; but scarcely as a diplomatist, unless that term means *anything*. When he went to the Hague, a strong faction, called the Patriots, animated by a democratic spirit, was aiming at a total overthrow of the existing government, by displacing, and some talked of beheading, the Statholder. In their plans they were assisted by the timidity and dissensions of the respectable party, by the independence which the federal system constitutionally gives to each province or state, and by the intrigues of the French. The object of the English minister was to counterwork this, and support the Prince of Orange and the constitution. The end was eventually attained; but not by legitimate diplomatic means. Lord Malmesbury was rather a conspirator, or a Dutch party chief, than an ambassador. Disregarding ministers, he

assembled round him national and provincial deputies and partisans of the "right sort;" he devised plans for legislative, municipal, and armed resistance; he supported newspapers and published pamphlets; he negotiated a loan for one of the right-minded provinces; he imported arms and ammunition, and had got matters to such a point that he could write—"Would it lead to any good, or did I foresee the remotest prospect of success, I could, by lifting up a finger, raise a popular insurrection. More than half the body of burghers in this province, and the whole body of peasants, are ripe for revolt." The war, however, was begun by the patriots, and ended by a Prussian army marching into Holland to avenge the arrest of the Princess of Orange, the King of Prussia's sister; when the patriots, left to themselves, dispersed and submitted.

These remarks apply to diplomacy in general, and are not levelled at Lord Malmesbury, who only could not achieve impossibilities. Besides the professional qualities already mentioned, he possessed a clear business head, great sagacity, and keen powers of observation, as well as a sound and practical view of affairs, which enabled him to chalk out a successful line of action, where events were not too large or too strong for his control. He was also frank and straightforward in his dealings. The currier, however, did not always get beyond his leather: Lord Malmesbury seems sometimes to have thought that nations existed to make treaties.

The present publication, though consisting of two ample volumes, does not appear to be a completion of the Malmesbury papers; for it breaks off abruptly with 1793, leaving three of the hero's missions untouched. Besides a brief Memoir of his grandfather by the present earl, the volumes contain extracts from the Journal of Lord Malmesbury during his first and youthful tour on the Continent; an account of his journey from Bordeaux to Madrid, and extracts from his official correspondence whilst Secretary to the Spanish Embassy. These exhibit considerable abilities and powers of observation in so young a man; and the political picture of Poland is curious, as well as some of the anecdotes at Berlin. The rest, however, is the valuable part of the work, and ranks the Malmesbury Correspondence and Diaries among the most various, interesting, and instructive family papers that have been published. Their form is that of a selection from the writer's official despatches and letters during his residence as minister at Berlin, St. Petersburg, and the Hague, with some brief extracts from Lord Malmesbury's Diary during his residences in England,—the first time, when Pitt had succeeded to the Coalition Ministry; the second time, in 1792. But the mere statement of the nature of the materials can give no idea of their character, which is very opposite to that of official papers in general. There was nothing in Lord Malmesbury of the dry and lifeless automaton into which the diplo-

matist often sinks, or the pompous phrasemonger into which he sometimes swells. Unless the nature of the matter absolutely forbade it, his *despatches* are vivid and natural; whilst the *letters* which accompany and explain them are full of personal sketches, characteristic anecdotes, accounts of royal parties, tales of scandal, and reports of a curious and sometimes of a dramatic kind, bearing strongly upon the characters of the court, though not always of a strictly business cast. The style too, or rather the tone, is perfect—never dull or solemn even in its seriousness, and never in the most ludicrous or sportive matter devoid of a courtier-like *relâche*. It is possible that his despatches as much as successes contributed to his reputation with his own court. His communications appear to have been constantly read by the king, who frequently expressed his approbation. Compared with much of what his Majesty had to peruse, they must have been very *amusing* reading.

In our extracts from this rich store of secret history, we shall make no attempt at conveying any idea of the extent or variety of its matter, but draw pretty freely on some of its more striking anecdotes.

#### A MUSICAL MONARCH.

The chief amusement of the King of Prussia is playing on the flute; which he does in a masterly manner. I had an opportunity of hearing him for a long time as I was waiting in his antechamber, to be presented to him.

Though no person is ever permitted to be present at his concerts but the performers, and some very few others, yet so afraid is he of playing false, that when he is to try some new piece of music, he shuts himself up some hours beforehand in his closet to practise it; and even then, when he begins it with the accompaniments he always trembles.

He has a very fine collection of these instruments, and is particularly nice in the keeping of them. He has appointed a man who has nothing else to do but look after them, and preserve them dry or moist as the season requires. They are all made by the same man, and he pays a hundred ducats for each flute. In the last war, when he distributed false money to every one, he took care that his flute-maker should be paid in good coin, fearing that otherwise he would impose upon him and give him bad instruments.

#### A HERO AT HOME.

*Berlin, 7th March, 1775.*

My accounts from Potsdam mention that his Prussian Majesty was never, at any one period of his life, known to be so uncommonly out of humor as at present. This appears not only from his conversation but from his actions. He broke his flute, a few days ago, on the head of his favorite hussar; and is very liberal in kicking and cuffing those employed about his person. He is peevish at his meals, says little in his evening conversations, and is affable to nobody. His spirits seem likewise dejected; and although he affects to attend to business with as much ardor as usual, it is evident to those who see him constantly, that he sets about it with less alacrity. \* \* \* \* \*

*Berlin, Saturday, 11th March, 1775.*

I hear various strange reasons alleged for the present uncommon peevishness of his Prussian Majesty's temper. Among several other incredible foibles in so great a character, he has that of not entirely disbelieving judicial astrology; and I am told, from one whose authority is not despicable, that the apprehension of a prediction pronounced by a Saxon fortune-teller his Majesty was weak enough some time ago to consult, being this year fulfilled, dwells on his mind, and augments the sourness of a disposition naturally crabbed. It will be unfortunate for his subjects if these kind of fears increase, as he will necessarily become suspicious and cruel, and be what hitherto he never has been, a tyrant *en détail*. I should have paid no attention to these reports, which savor so much of the nursery, had I not myself observed him displeased at a mourning-coat at his levee, and seen him visibly alter his countenance on being informed of any man's dying a sudden death.

#### AN HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

*Berlin, Saturday, 1st July, 1775.*

The Prince of Prussia has nothing in his figure which denotes a person of superior talents or genius. Tall and robust, without grace, he has more the air of a stout foot-soldier than that of a great prince. Constrained and watched to a degree by his uncle, it is difficult to say whether silence and reserve are natural or acquired habits in him. It is certain these strongly characterize him, not only at court and before people of high rank, but even when he forgets he is a prince and frequents lower company; which, through the pains he takes to be constantly in it, appears to amuse him; yet even there, he never expresses his satisfaction otherwise than by encouraging his companions to be as loud and clamorous as possible, and to lay aside every respect due to him as their future sovereign. His favorite mistress, formerly a stage-dancer, presides at these revels, and takes the lead in all the scenes of indecent mirth which pass there. She is large in her person, spirited in her looks, loose in her attire, and gives a true idea of a perfect bacchanalian. He is liberal to her to a degree, and she alone spends the full income he receives from the king. She makes, indeed, the best return in her power for such generosity; for at the same time she assures him that he has the sole possession of her affections, she by no means exacts the same fidelity from him, but endeavors, as far as lies in her power, to satisfy his desires, whenever from fickleness or satiety they fix themselves on some new object; and in this profession she is so dexterous as never to suffer him to become acquainted with any woman who is likely to be her rival in the dominion she has over him. Her choice, and fortunately for her his, is generally among those of the lowest kind. The pursuit of these pleasures, the only ones for which he has any turn, employs the greatest part of his leisure; the rest of his time is spent either at the parade, in attendance on the king, or in dressing,—an article in which, whenever he can venture to lay aside his uniform, he is refined and delicate to a degree. He is even at the expense of keeping a favorite valet de chambre, by name *Espère en Dieu*, constantly between Potsdam and Paris, for no other purpose than to give him the earliest information of any alteration in the fashions; and as *Espère en Dieu* collects his intelligence solely from his brethren the hair-

dressers, so those who follow his instructions may very easily be mistaken for one of this class.

We will pass from Prussia to Russia; of whose condition both ministerial and moral the envoy draws but an indifferent picture.

#### RUSSIAN MINISTERS AND MONARCH, 1778.

You will not credit me when I tell you Count Panin does not devote more than half an hour in the twenty-four to business; and that Mr. Oakes, having been robbed of a considerable sum of money, found the lieutenant de police, the first magistrate of the empire, and whose power is immense, at seven o'clock in the morning playing at *la grand patience*, with a dirty pack of cards, by himself.

The interior of the court presents a similar scene of dissipation and inattention: age does not deaden the passions—they rather quicken with years; and, on a closer approach, I find report had magnified the eminent qualities and diminished the foibles of one of the greatest ladies in Europe.

#### IMPERIAL DIFFICULTIES.

*Petersburg, 29th May, (9th June,) 1778.*

My Lord—The interior of the palace affords a very singular scene. Zoritz, [the discarded favorite,] though most munificently rewarded, is not pacified; and, although dismissed, remains in town with all the honors of a favorite. The bold language he held to the empress makes her cautious of irritating so turbulent a spirit: the uncertain and anxious state of her mind is incredible. Orlov, some days ago, remonstrated with her on the effects her conduct must sooner or later produce. She appeared for a moment reclaimed, and sent an order for Sabadowsky [a former favorite] to return to court, fully intending to reinstate this plain and quiet man in his ancient post. Potemkin, however, who is thoroughly acquainted with her character, and who has more cunning for effecting the purposes of the day than any man living, contrived to upset these good resolutions. Korsak was introduced at a critical moment; and, while I am now writing, her Imperial Majesty is at a village of Potemkin's on the confines of Finland, endeavoring to forget her own cares and those of the empire in the society of her new minion, whose vulgar name of Korsak is already changed into the better-sounding one of Korsakoff.

Two months after this settlement, the difficulties were renewed.

*Petersburg, August 10, (21,) 1778.*

My Lord—The new favorite is very much on his decline. There are several competitors for his employment; some supported by Prince Potemkin; some by Prince Orlov and Count Panin, who now act together; and some solely from the impression their figure has made on the mind of the empress. Both parties unite to prevent the success of these independent men; but she seems strongly disposed to choose for herself. Potemkin, whose insolence equals his power, was so angry not to have the sole disposal of this office, that he absented himself from court for several days. The fate of these young gentlemen still remains undecided, though it appears settled that Korsakoff should be sent to Spa for his health.

Personally the envoy soon became acceptable to the empress; though he was unable to obtain



any great diplomatic advantages from her esteem. An example of her partiality and of his own conversational powers may be gathered from a little incident which introduces our old acquaintance the "stout foot-soldier." Frederick had sent his nephew to St. Petersburg, to make an impression; and a pretty impression he made, notwithstanding "Espère en Dieu."

*Petersburg, 15th (26th) September, 1780.*

Your lordship will perceive, from the manner in which the Prince of Prussia passes his time, how little progress he makes. The greatest pains were taken yesterday to induce the empress to have an entertainment at court; but she absolutely refused it. On Sunday she broke off abruptly her card-party; and, as I was sitting next to her, gave me clearly to understand, that it was from her being worn-out by the heaviness of the Prince of Prussia, who sat on the other side of her.

Ten days later, matters were worse.

I have been for these three days witness to such slights and inattention she has shown him, that I have been amazed at his patience and temper. Tuesday, at Monsieur Nariskin's, master of the horse, she neither played nor asked him to sup at her table; to which she admitted none but myself, her favorite, and Prince Potemkin. Yesterday, at the masquerade, she appeared under the mask, and immediately on her coming in took me to accompany her through the apartments, saying, 'Ne me quittez pas de toute la soirée; je vous ai fait chevalier, et je veux que vous me défendiez contre les ennuyeux.' She stayed from seven till ten, and took not the smallest notice of the prince, nor any of his followers; nor indeed scarce of any one but Lady Harris and myself. Your lordship may easily guess how these distinctions alarm my enemies, and create envy and jealousy in my colleagues. I feel myself most unfortunate that, while I enjoy these distinctions in such an uncommon degree, I cannot derive from them the only advantages I am solicitous about; that nothing I undertake succeeds; and that those she evidently despises and ill-treats appear to direct her political conduct and sentiments.

The following incident is on a par with the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*, and would require a Shaksperian mind to develop it properly. Prince Orlov, it may be remembered, had been the "favorite," and the most trusted minister of the empress, as well as one of the murderers of her husband Peter the Third.

#### RETRIBUTION.

Two motives of a very different nature affect, at this moment, the empress' mind very strongly, and cast a dark cloud over the course of ambition and glory she seemed to be so prosperously running. The one arises from the humiliating and offensive reasons the monied men in Holland publicly assign for refusing to grant her a loan of six millions she is soliciting, or in any shape to increase the trifling debt she already owes them. The other proceeds from a most unfortunate accident which has happened to Prince Orlov, who is returned to this capital after an absence of a few months, in a state of perfect insanity. The con-

duct of the Amsterdammers raises her indignation, hurts her pride, and justly alarms her, lest the credit of her empire should be injured by the rude manner in which they assert that its riches and resources are both equally imaginary and precarious: the other impresses her with the deepest concern; and it should appear that at no period of her life her feelings were so strongly and painfully moved as by this melancholy event, which has befallen her earliest favorite, and a man who at all times has been the first object of her affections, if not of her passions.

Her conduct has been one of the most boundless regard, carried even to weakness. She absolutely forbids any harsh methods to be employed, rejects all ideas of confinement or discipline; and hoping, against all precedent, to restore him by gentleness and indulgence, she suffers him not only to visit and be visited, but admits him at all hours and in all dresses, whether she is alone, in company, or engaged in the most important concerns, to her presence. His situation of mind, when he is there, his wild and incoherent discourse, ever affect her to tears, and discompose her so entirely, that for the remainder of the day she can enjoy neither pleasure nor business. She is sometimes exposed to hear the most unwelcome of all language; and a few nights ago he exclaimed of a sudden, that remorse and compunction of conscience had deprived him of his senses, and that the share he had in a transaction long since past had brought down on him the judgment of Heaven. Your Lordship may easily guess to what a cruel recollection such expressions in his mouth must give rise, and how intimately connected the tranquillity of her conscience must be with that of his.

There are many other passages of a curious character relating to the Russian court, especially some sketches of that very singular personage Potemkin, which we should be glad to extract; but, passing Holland altogether, we must get home. Lord Malmesbury, who, as we have seen, was a friend of George Prince of Wales, was several times consulted by him upon his pecuniary difficulties. Of these interviews Lord Malmesbury has left very striking minutes. They exhibit the same characteristics displayed by King George the Fourth forty years afterwards in his communications to Lord Eldon on the Catholic question—that of a foolish person in trouble, without any rational plan; with some idle schemes, prompted by some covert fancy, and ever reiterating "What can I do!" Between the first and second meetings in 1785, Harris had received some "vague assurances from Lord Carmarthen that [the] ministry would not be averse to increase his Royal Highness' income, providing he would consent to appropriate a share of it to liquidate his debts, renounce going abroad, and be reconciled to the king." The only *avowed* objections to Harris' proposals were, that the king *hated* the prince; that Pitt would not undertake the proposition, or that if he did the king would turn him out. The whole is too long to quote, but the substance is as we have stated. The interview then continued.

"P.—Why, my dear Harris, will you force me to repeat to you that the *king hates me*? He will never be reconciled to me.

"H.—It cannot be, sir. If you order me, I will ask an audience of him, and fling myself at his feet.

"P.—I love you too well to encourage you to undertake so useless a commission. If you will not credit me, you will, perhaps, credit the king himself. Take and read all our correspondence for these last six months.

"The prince here opened an *escritoire*, and took out a large bundle of papers, which he read to me. It consisted of various letters which had passed between him and the king, beginning with that in which he asked his leave to go abroad in autumn 1784, as mentioned in my first conversation.

"It is needless to attempt to relate precisely the contents of this correspondence; it is sufficient to observe that the prince's letters were full of respect and deference, written with great plainness of style and simplicity. Those of the king were also well written, but harsh and severe; constantly refusing every request the prince made, and reproaching in each of them his extravagance and dissipated manner of living. They were void of every expression of parental kindness or affection; and, after both hearing them read and perusing them myself, I was compelled to subscribe to the prince's opinion, and to confess there was very little appearance of making any impression on his Majesty in favor of his Royal Highness. I resumed, however, the conversation as follows.

"H.—I am hurt to a degree, sir, at what I have read. But still, sir, the queen must have a reconciliation so much at heart, that through her and your sisters it surely might be effected.

"P.—Look ye, Harris: I cannot bring myself to say I am in the wrong when I am in the right. The king has used me ill; and I wish the public knew what you now know, and was to pronounce between us.

"H.—I should be very sorry, indeed, sir, if this was known beyond these walls; for I am much mistaken if the public would not pronounce a judgment widely different from that you think. It is not sufficient, sir, for the king to be wrong in *one* point: sir, unless you are in the right in *all*, and as long as any part of your conduct is open to censure, the voice of the public (considering your relative situations) will always go with the king.

"P.—That is a cruel truth, if it be true what you say; but it is of no use to investigate it; my case never will go to that tribunal. You are, however, convinced of the impracticability of your scheme, as much, I hope, as I am of your kind regard in proposing it to me.

"H.—I would not willingly renounce an idea which by its accomplishment is to relieve your Royal Highness from a state of distress, and, I may say, discredit, and place you in one of affluence and comfort. May I suggest, sir, the idea of your marrying? It would, I should think, be most agreeable to the king, and I am certain, most grateful to the nation.

"P.—(with vehemence)—I never will marry! My resolution is taken on that subject. I have settled it with Frederick. No, I never will marry!

"H.—Give me leave to say, sir, most respectfully, that you cannot have really come to such a resolution; and you *must* marry, sir; you owe it to the country, to the king, to yourself.

"P.—I owe nothing to the king. Frederick will marry, and the crown will descend to his children; and as for myself, I do not see how it affects me.

"H.—Till you are married, sir, and have children, you have no solid hold on the affections of the people, even while you are Prince of Wales; but if you come to the throne a bachelor, and his Royal Highness the Duke of York is married and has sons to succeed you, your situation when king will be more painful than it is at this moment. Our own history furnishes strong examples of the truth of what I say.

"The prince was greatly struck with this observation. He walked about the room, apparently angry. I moved towards the door, saying, 'I perceive, sir, I have said too much: you will allow me to withdraw. I am sure I shall be forgiven an hour hence.'

"P.—You are forgiven now, my dear Harris. I am angry with myself, not with you. Don't question me any more. I will think of what you said. Adieu. God bless you."

Note by the diplomatist when he had found the key—

"I left England in June, and saw the prince no more in private. In December following a report took place, of the prince having formed a serious connexion (it was called marriage) with Mrs. Fitzherbert; and in March, 1786, he declared his resolution of setting aside 30,000*l.* a year to pay his debts, and reduced his establishment, sold his horses, &c.

"It is clear to me both these ideas were in his mind when he spoke with me, and that the great obstacle in the way of his accepting my proposal was Mrs. Fitzherbert."

The extracts from the Diaries of 1792–93 are of a very interesting character; involving the history of English party from the time when the old whig dissatisfaction against Fox seems first to have broken out in a conversational speech of Burke at a private meeting at Burlington House, nearly up to the public secession of the whole party and their junction with Pitt. This break was preceded by various negotiations with Pitt, or among the old whigs themselves. The premier aimed at a fair union of parties, with the object of combining the "strength and utility" of the country: he offered to the in-comers the disposal of four great posts, including the chancellorship, besides lesser patronage. This coalition was prevented by the peevishness, temper, and "impracticability" displayed by Fox—according to Lord Malmesbury on this occasion only; his ostensible reason being, that Pitt was insincere and merely aimed at disuniting the opposition. When this negotiation was broken off, the whigs began to differ among themselves. The aristocratical portion were dissatisfied with the principles Fox maintained, and with his leaning to Grey, Lambton and the extreme reforming party; and they urged an open disavowal. The head of this party, the Duke of Portland, was greatly under the influence of Fox and old associations, and very weak in character; so that, although giving his consent in private, he was shaken in his resolution when the great orator

talked to him, and could not be brought to screw up his courage to a public speech; but, without a will of his own, almost *shuffled* along doing nothing. The details of all this must be read in the book; for, though highly curious, yet being memorandums from a diary, they are too curt for effective display with the space left to us.

Assuming that these papers will be completed, we shall look with interest for their continuation. The letters relating to the Brunswick mission will above all be valuable, as throwing light upon a much-mooted question of royal history, and curious as exhibiting a judgment upon Caroline before she became Princess of Wales, by the keenest of observers and most competent of judges. We trust that no mistaken delicacy will prevent Lord Malmesbury from placing his ancestor's views fully before the public; a hope we are the more inclined to indulge from the spirit and ability displayed by his editorship of these volumes,—displayed in a way, too, that very few can perceive or appreciate, because it consists in doing only what is necessary, and consequently leaving very little "to show."

*The Alpaca*; its naturalization in the British Isles considered as a national benefit, and as an object of immediate utility to the farmer and manufacturer. By WILLIAM WALTON.

THE object of this publication is to urge the introduction into this country of the Alpaca, one of the four varieties of Peruvian animals—part sheep, part goat, part camel. Mr. Walton's recommendation of the Alpaca over its other domesticated variety, the better-known Llama, is the superiority of its wool, meat, and constitution; for, as he truly observes, we do not want the Llama for a beast of burden. The book (founded on a successful prize-competing essay, written for the Highland and Agricultural Society) brings together a variety of information respecting the natural history of the species, and the different success that has attended their introduction in this country, as curiosities for menageries or parks, together with two experiments upon a small scale, in the Highlands of Scotland and Ireland, to treat them with a view to naturalization. To these facts Mr. Walton adds some judicious criticisms on the different modes of management adopted by the English breeders, and a good many expositions of the national importance of the subject to our farmers, manufacturers, and the carnivorous portion of the community.

The author, as was to be expected, displays some enthusiasm towards his hobby; underrating the difficulties of rearing and acclimatizing the animals, and overrating the worth of the carcass,—for we cannot hold the hardy early Spanish adventurers, or our own sailors wearied of ship-provisions, the best of judges as to delicacy of flavor. The fleece, however, is of great value in manufactures. The South American supply is insufficient to meet the demand; the Alpaca wool is admitted by all Mr. Walton's correspondents to increase in quantity and improve in quality in this country; and the animal would displace no other stock. Its natural place is the barren lands of high hills or mountains, though it will thrive, at least in Peru, in lowlands, if not of too rich a pasture.

Whatever should be the result of the experi-

ment, we think it is worth trying; and upon a larger scale than has yet been done, if it is to have a fair trial: deaths above the average in a very small flock destroy all chance of success. Those who desire to experimentalize will of course thoroughly inquire into the subject; but three points seem vital. To secure a pure breed and not permit crossing: the majority of the possessors of the animals in this country have indiscriminately crossed the Alpaca and the Llama, producing mules, which do not propagate. Do not *coddle* the animals, or shut them up: do not over-feed them, or allow too rich a diet even of grass. They will require great care and judgment; but care and judgment are to be shown in adapting their new condition as much as possible to that of their native habitat, not by killing them with kindness.—*Spectator*.

#### DIRGE

##### OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF, EXECUTED AFTER THE REBELLION.

SON of the mighty and the free!  
Loved leader of the faithful brave!  
Was it for high ranked chief like thee,  
To fill a nameless grave!  
Oh, had thou slumbered with the slain,  
Had Glory's death-bed been thy lot,  
E'en though on red Culloden's plains,  
We then had mourned thee not!

But darkly closed thy morn of fame,  
That morn whose sun-beams rose so fair;  
Revenge alone may breathe thy name,  
The watch-word of despair!  
Yet, oh! if gallant spirit's power  
Has e'er ennobled death like thine,  
Then glory marked thy parting hour,  
Last of a mighty line!

O'er thy own bowers the sunshine falls,  
But cannot cheer their lonely gloom;  
Those beams that gild thy native walls  
Are sleeping on thy tomb.  
Spring on thy mountains laughs the while,  
Thy green woods wave in vernal air,  
But the loved scenes may vainly smile,  
Not e'en thy dust is there!

On thy blue hills no bugle sound  
Is mingling with the torrent's roar;  
Unmarked, the red deer sports around—  
Thou lead'st the chase no more.  
Thy gates are closed, thy halls are still,  
Those halls where swelled the choral strain,  
They hear the whirlwinds murmuring shrill,  
And all is hushed again.

Thy bard his pealing harp has broke,  
His fire, his joy of song is past;  
One lay to mourn thy fate he woke,  
His saddest and his last;  
No other theme to him was dear,  
Than lofty deeds of thine:  
Hushed be the strain thou canst not hear,  
Last of a mighty line!

*Edinburgh Annual Register.*

From the United Service Journal.

## ST. PETERSBURG.

BY COL. CAMERON.

A few days after my return to the capital, down came the winter in good earnest; in one night the Neva was frozen over, and four-and-twenty hours afterwards crossed in a variety of thoroughfares to the opposite side of the city.

Sledges and ice-hills now quickly came into play. The latter is a species of winter amusement very much in vogue among all ranks, sizes, ages, and sexes in the northern metropolis, and is similar to what many of my readers are, in all probability, familiar with, as prevailing several years ago in Paris, under the denomination of "Les Montagnes Russes;" that, however, was far less frolicsome and exciting than the present, of which the following is a slight description.

A rough scaffolding being erected on the ice, with a slope sufficiently steep, is covered over with snow, down which are thrown several buckets of water, which being perfectly frozen within a few hours afterwards, a small light sledge, sufficiently large to hold one, or sometimes two persons, is dragged to the summit, when, upon being seated, a slight kick sends the vehicle flying with a velocity absolutely petrifying to the charioteer, who, half blinded with the rapidity with which he shoots along, on reaching the bottom of the declivity begins to entertain some idea he is never going to stop; at least such was my own impression, and led me to believe for the moment I was about making an involuntary second visit to Cronstadt. Gradually, however, the sledge decreased its swiftness of motion, and then came to a halt. On the progress of the conveyance being arrested, its occupant jumps up, (pretty sharply, too, if he would not incur the risk of being charged in the rear by the next comer, who may, perchance, have been despatched on his excursion with a stronger impetus than himself,) and seizing the rope attached to it, drags the sledge back to its starting point; it being considered as unportsmanlike and derogatory to discharge this somewhat porterlike office by deputy.

It certainly is an inspiring, invigorating exercise, and on the occasion of any grand fête, when the Neva is filled with groups of every description, from the Imperial family to the peasant, the picture it presents is equally novel as agreeable.

At length the grand day of the presentation arrived, and a very important one it was, too, judging by the rolling of drums and the clash of arms, as the various guards paid their devoirs to princes, generals, and ministers in quick succession, as they rolled onward in their gorgeous state equipages to the palace of the Hermitage, where, since the destruction of the magnificent and unrivalled Winter Palace by fire, in 1837, the court has usually been held.

Lord Clanricarde proceeded at an early hour, and on our arrival the party was conducted to the saloon of private *entrée*, passing through that of the general *assemblée*, now filled with a brilliant and dazzling display of uniforms, and every variety of magnificent costume.

The apartment into which we were ushered is one possessive of a singular, I might almost say a painful, degree of interest. When the allies first occupied Paris, in 1814, and the Emperor Alexander had made his appearance in that capital, the admired of all observers, and surrounded by all

the lavish adulation paid to a powerful and successful monarch, in that hour of triumph, in that period of glorious intoxication, a whispered murmur reached him that one, the beautiful, the elegant, the humane, and the beneficent, whose influence over her stern husband was never exerted for aught but good,—the bright star of his destiny, with whom began his career of successful glory, and estranged from whom commenced his even yet more rapid fall,—was dying, neglected and deserted, (all having, in the terror of the moment, forsaken her, with the exception of two or three old domestics,) in the palace of Malmaison!

In that instant, triumph, war, ambition, all was forgotten, and throwing himself into a carriage, accompanied by his confidential physician, Sir James Wyllie, he drove with the speed of lightning to the chateau; on arriving at which, and demanding entrance, he was ushered into a beautiful and exquisitely-furnished apartment, reclining upon a couch in which lay the faded, yet still lovely, Empress Josephine!

A glance at once satisfied Sir James that all assistance was hopeless, (indeed, she only survived till the next morning,) but the attentive and considerate kindness displayed by the amiable-minded autocrat in the course of his visit, so completely soothed the mind of the dying empress, that, as a slight testimony of her regard, she begged his acceptance of all that the room (her own favorite boudoir) contained.

After her decease these effects were carefully removed to St. Petersburg, and in the saloon where we were now assembled the whole were arranged exactly as at Malmaison. The paintings were most beautiful, and never, even in Italy, do I remember to have witnessed a collection of such choice and perfect gems of art.

I was still gazing upon a small but exquisitely-finished Madonna, a masterpiece from the hand of Guido, (and whose Madonnas are like his!) when a stir without announced the approach of the imperial party, and almost the same moment the folding-doors at the extremity of the apartment were thrown open, and preceded respectively by a perfect squadron of chamberlains and demoiselles d'honneur, the former blazing with gold and embroidery, and the latter wearing the rich and singularly-pleasing Russian national costume, the emperor and empress entered.

Each passing round the circle formed to receive them, entered into familiar conversation with every new arrival as he was presented by his respective ambassador. I was the only military stranger, and on my name being announced by Lord Clanricarde, was minutely questioned by His Imperial Majesty on a variety of points connected with the discipline and interior economy of the British and Indian armies, in a manner which showed him well acquainted with both.

The empress, mild, benignant, dignified, as the softened tones of her voice fell upon the stranger's ear, he could no longer wonder at the veneration her character and presence everywhere inspired, and which volumes could not tell so fully as the artless simple description of a beautiful English girl, who, constantly in the society of the imperial family during their stay at Ems, exclaimed, "She was the most loveable being in the world."

On the breaking up of the court I was overwhelmed with congratulations, and the highest degree of cordiality, by several persons whom till then I had never previously beheld, but who now

reminded me of my having brought letters to them from their various relatives in Moscow, and other parts of the empire!—Whew—

"Tis strange what a wonderful deal of éclat  
Is caused by the smile of the great Autocrat."

Of course, however, I did not fail to make suitable acknowledgments, and was leaving the room, when a stout good-humored looking gentleman accosted me with—

"His Imperial Majesty, sir, has commanded me to invite you to the ball this evening, for which a card will be immediately despatched to your hotel. Ahem! (and he glanced at my boots and pantaloons.) you are, of course, provided with the requisite costume?"

I was well aware to what costume he alluded, having been previously informed it was the etiquette of the Russian court for all ranks and persons, with the exception of lancers, hussars, and Cossacks, to appear in that most uncomfortable of all branches of unmentionable wearing apparel, familiarly denominated "cut-shorts!"

In answer, I begged to represent to the great chamberlain, (for it was no less a person who addressed me,) my extreme regret that wearing the appendages in question, however consonant to the forms and customs of the Russian court, was strictly prohibited by the *code militaire* of the British army.

"Oh! sir," replied my stout friend, "in that case it is unnecessary, as no infringement upon military rule is ever desired here."

On returning to my quarters I found my writing-table literally covered with invitations for balls, fêtes, and dinners innumerable, and Mrs. W— herself, in *propria persona*, superintending some alterations she had directed to be made in the sitting-room.

"Bless me, sir," was her opening salutation, "the servants say that all the great men of the place have been inquiring after you. I don't know much about that myself, but certainly two or three of them are the ugliest people I ever saw in my life!"

I could not refrain from smiling at my respected friend's *extempore* essay upon the relative merits of personal attraction, but hinted, as the opinion in question, however true in the abstract, was not very generally conceived to be the most agreeable to the parties concerned, a little less candor, however reprehensible in some matters, would be highly advisable in this.

I dined in the evening with the family of my friend, Mr. L—, they having kindly volunteered to take me to the ball with them, and to which we drove at a somewhat early period.

It was now, indeed, that I had a full opportunity of observing the splendor of the Russian court. In the morning, with the exception of our hurried passage through the grand reception-room, no opportunity for observation had occurred, excepting in the saloon of private *entrée*; now, however, the blaze of magnificence which burst upon the view was utterly beyond description, and rendered all that I had previously witnessed in the other courts of Europe a mere bagatelle in comparison; but if the rich paintings, the exquisite statuary, the innumerable works of the choicest vertu, in which the rarest malachite seemed as general as the most ordinary material in other lands, the costliest mirrors, columns, and ceilings, brilliant with all that taste could execute and

wealth could command, if this united display, mingled with the gorgeous *habits de la cour*, superb uniforms, and various striking costumes, formed a picture dazzling and wonderful to the eye of a stranger, there was another circumstance still more striking, especially to an Englishman, remembering the ultra stiff formality of his own court, and that the one in which he stood was representative of the most absolute government in the world,—and this was the urbanity, kindness, and condescension of the emperor, empress, and the whole of the Imperial family, who, full of life and joyous spirit, with a smile, congratulation, and kindly welcome for every one, rendered the scene replete with gaiety and pleasure, and, in lieu of the rigid, I may almost say morose, degree of etiquette I had been led to expect, never do I remember to have witnessed, even in private life, a more perfect picture of freedom and amusement.

By the by, I may mention the evening enlightened me as to the cause of His Imperial Majesty's universal popularity with his lady subjects (that is, the younger part of them,) since there he was, laughing, chatting, and doing the agreeable beyond all competition, which, coming from a splendid figure, six feet two or three in height, decidedly the handsomest and most soldierlike-looking fellow in Europe, and Emperor of the Russias to boot, the effect may easily be conceived: indeed, to do him justice, a better judge of, and sharper eye for, a pretty face I never remember to have met with; and of the estimation in which he was held by the possessors of this very attractive and most essential female requisite, I was myself an example, from casually reverting to him with my fair partner, in the course of a waltz, by the familiar term of "My friend Nick," an abbreviation of orthography and His Imperial Majesty's cognomen at the same time, which elicited considerable indignation from "La belle Russe," but the which was most effectually removed when I mentioned that the observation in question, so far from being intended as offensive towards the emperor, was expressive much more of hearty good-will and cordial feeling, we English being, as the world very well knew, such odd creatures, that rarely, if ever, was a favorite British sovereign, statesman, or commander, left without a peculiar sobriquet of some sort or other, the which, indeed, was a sure sign of the estimation in which he was held.

A slight incident at the conclusion of the waltz was the cause of much mirth in the immediate neighborhood of where I stood.

"I say, my fine fellow," said a voice close to my elbow, and which came from as choice a specimen of a Muscovite giant as the eye would wish to rest upon, Colonel D—, of the dragoons of the guard, "I say, you seem very comfortable in your costume, there; I wonder you were permitted to pass." And the gallant commander, throwing a glance upon his own huge supporters, encased in cut-shorts, according to rule,—an attire, I subsequently ascertained, he regarded with the utmost degree of aversion,—next cast his eyes with an envious gaze upon my own Netherlands attire. "Acting," he continued, "I suppose, upon the English principle of—Oh! oh! oh!"

This interjectional interruption proceeded from a practical illustration of the evils sometimes attending his own dress paraphernalia, and was caused by a sudden and untoward incident, occasioned by a young Cossack officer, evidently newly caught in the Ukraine, and imported to the capital, who,

whirling past in the waltz, brought the edge of his spur to bear pretty sharply upon the undefended extremities of the dragon, who forthwith executed a variety of pirouettes and demivoltes, wholly independent of the music, absolutely astounding in a person of his colossal make and proportions.

"You may as well laugh outright," he said savagely, "as stand there, with that hypocritical face of yours."

This observation, addressed to myself as the remote cause of his disaster, while struggling to maintain the requisite external degree of sympathizing concern, good breeding and humanity on such an occasion required, proved rather too much, not merely for my own gravity to sustain, but that of those around; a general peal of laughter following this wrathful ebullition of the discomfited dragon, in which, a minute afterwards, he himself good-naturedly joined.

A few days after the ball I took the opportunity of going a round of the various palaces in the capital, the very gem of which, however, magnificent as the whole of them are, as I have previously mentioned, was destroyed by fire the year previous, and which I have heard those well qualified to judge assert could not be equalled by the united splendor of the rest of the imperial residences, both in the environs of and in St. Petersburg itself.

Most providentially, nearly the whole of its rich furniture, paintings, statuary, gorgeous armory, &c. &c., was with considerable difficulty preserved. Connected by inclosed galleries with this melancholy scene of ruined splendor are the palaces of the Great and Little Hermitage, in which, as I have already observed, the recent grand court fete was held. The extent of these superb edifices, running by the side of the Neva, including the private theatre, is rather more than a verst, or three-quarters of an English mile.

It is said, by foreign artists, who have visited the Russian capital, that by far the best and completest collection of Wouvermans, Teniers, and even Spagnolettis, are found here, with upwards of twelve hundred other paintings of the first description, belonging to the Dutch, Spanish, and Italian schools.

One of the most remarkable, and indeed, in my estimation, equally beautiful, (though by no means so grand and extensive,) is the palace built expressly for, and presented by the Empress Catherine to her lover and minister, the celebrated Prince Potemkin, and which, though devastated, and all but destroyed, by the eccentric and capricious Paul, was subsequently renovated, and in a great measure restored, by the Emperor Alexander.

The gardens of the chateau, converted by that crack-brained monarch into a riding-school for the cavalry, are perhaps the most singular the world ever witnessed, and far exceed any fabled description of beauty and wonder the imagination of the poet or painter has either attempted or portrayed, since, by means of concealed flues and stoves in the midst of a city buried in frost and snow, the stranger may here wander through walks perfumed by the fragrance of the blossoms of the citron, the lime, and the orange, while myrtles, geraniums, and roses, lead him momentarily to suppose that he has exchanged the dreary banks of the Neva, in the month of December, for the sunny stream of the Guadalquivir, in the heavenly period of its early spring.

About twelve miles from St. Petersburg is the beautiful pavilion palace of Czarskoezelo, the favorite residence of Catherine II., and the seat of her voluptuous pleasures. I can offer no description of the grounds, but I have been told in summer they are preëminently beautiful, and the general effect equally singular as pleasing, from the Turkish kiosks, Chinese pagodas, arches, grottoes, and Grecian temples scattered through them.

One room in the palace possesses a melancholy interest in the estimation of the stranger; this is the favorite apartment of the late Emperor Alexander, in which everything remains as he left it on his departure for Taganrog, from whence he was never to return. His hat and gloves lay on the table, and all wore the appearance of the tenant of the chamber being merely momentarily absent.

Strange and unaccountable is that presentiment of approaching evil which oppresses and subdues sometimes even the most powerful minds.

The morning of his quitting the capital, the emperor, exhilarated with the prospect of the journey, was remarked to be in higher spirits than he had manifested for many months past, by his suite and attendants, one of whom, approaching him, requested his orders on some subject against his return.

The word seemed to fall on his ear with the shock of a thunderbolt.

"Return?" he said, with melancholy bitterness, "I shall never revisit Czarskoezelo again." Too truly indeed was his foreboding verified.

The bed-chamber of Catherine, which also remained untouched since her death, is furnished with all the rich and luxurious elegance for which she was so celebrated; the walls are of fine porcelain.

Czarskoezelo was also the favorite residence of Orloff, in the zenith of his fame and power; and it was here occurred that last sad melancholy incident of his life in public.

He had married the young, the beautiful, and amable Countess Zinowiew, to whom he was devotedly and passionately attached, and in whose society perhaps the short fleeting period of real happiness he ever knew was experienced. In the bloom of life and health, and within a few months after their union, she was suddenly carried off, and laid in her early grave; a stroke of misfortune so sudden and severe, that the mind of her unhappy husband gave way beneath it.

No one from that moment was admitted to his presence, except one or two confidential domestics; he ate of what they placed before him, and then either sat or reclined in listless apathy, not a tear or moan escaping him; or, passed the time in vacantly wandering from one rich suite of apartments to another, of his gorgeous and miserable home, as if in search of the lost and loved one, whose radiant beauty and angelic sweetness had so recently shone, diffusive of every worldly happiness, where all now was darkness, gloom, and wretchedness.

At length, by the instigation of an acute and intelligent physician, he was prevailed upon to leave St. Petersburg, and proceed upon a lengthened course of travel; from which period till upwards of two years afterwards, no tidings were heard of him, beyond his being engaged in one incessant change of movement from one country to another.

One night about this time, the chateau of Czars-

large circle of friends waiting (a most imaginative and theoretical reasoning, as, alas! I knew too well the club waited dinner for no one, whether king or Kaiser,) begged the favor of being permitted to do what I pleased.

This produced some effect; and after a little further parlay, engendered by the inquiry as to what was the actual fare between my residence and the club, on discharging this, (the amount being somewhat less than a shilling,) for not a fraction more would they permit the fellow to receive, we were each permitted to wend our different ways.

On joining my friends, I found dinner half over; but perfectly famished as I was, this was an affair of very little moment, and with a hurried apology for my absence, I fell to with hearty good will; and it was only on the removal of the cloth, while sipping our wine, that I related the cause of my detention, much mirth being elicited by the recital; several of the *militaires*, however, intimating at its conclusion, they trusted the circumstance would act as a preventive against my moving out in future otherwise than *en tenue*.

I have subsequently more than once thought of this trivial adventure; and although I must candidly confess, in the impatience and irritation of the moment, I wished my friends at the devil for their officious kindness, it has struck me as a characteristic trait highly honorable in the Russian middle or lower orders, so different to what I have observed in other countries, their thus warmly espousing the cause of a stranger as they did on this occasion.

I was in the full run of all the gaieties of the season; and in St. Petersburg in the winter they are not a few, when all my prospective visions of fun and frolic, balls, routs, assemblées, and ballets, came to a conclusion as summary as it was unexpected, by an order from home to the ambassador, directing me to proceed forthwith to Berlin, and thence to England.

'Slife, here was a change. "When was I to start?"

"Oh! you have plenty of time to get ready; the courier does not leave till to-morrow at daylight." (It was then about four o'clock, P. M.)

"But my passport! the office is closed by this time, and—"

"It has already been sent for, and will be here immediately."

"But the usual advertisement of three successive weeks—"

"I'll see to this."

"Reporting my departure—"

"I'll take care of that."

It was in fact, no go, all my excuses to obtain a respite having already been met, and anticipated. Talk of a quartermaster-general! an ambassador is worth the whole Corps d'Etat-Major.

There was no help for it; I rushed from the Embassy to the English Magazine, for, wholly unprepared for such a sudden emergency, like most persons in similar cases, I had everything to procure; thanks, however, to the active exertions of my friend Mr. Colquhoun, everything was obtained, packed, and stowed away; and the following morning, cloaked, furred, and shawled, I mounted the britchska, and having taken my leave of the great northern metropolis, was occupied the next fortnight *en route* to Berlin, in dashing

through apparently trackless wastes of snow, at a rate, the rapidity of which only those who have travelled as a Russian courier, can either appreciate or understand.

*Evenings of a Working Man*; being the occupation of his scanty leisure. By JOHN OVERS. With a preface relative to the Author, by Charles Dickens.

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large circle of friends waiting (a most imaginative and theoretical reasoning, as, alas! I knew too well the club waited dinner for no one, whether king or Kaiser,) begged the favor of being permitted to do what I pleased.

This produced some effect; and after a little further parlanee, engendered by the inquiry as to what was the actual fare between my residence and the club, on discharging this, (the amount being somewhat less than a shilling,) for not a fraction more would they permit the fellow to receive, we were each permitted to wend our different ways.

On joining my friends, I found dinner half over; but perfectly famished as I was, this was an affair of very little moment, and with a hurried apology for my absence, I fell to with hearty good will; and it was only on the removal of the cloth, while sipping our wine, that I related the cause of my detention, much mirth being elicited by the recital; several of the *militaires*, however, intimating at its conclusion, they trusted the circumstance would act as a preventive against my moving out in future otherwise than *en tenue*.

I have subsequently more than once thought of this trivial adventure; and although I must candidly confess, in the impatience and irritation of the moment, I wished my friends at the devil for their officious kindness, it has struck me as a characteristic trait highly honorable in the Russian middle or lower orders, so different to what I have observed in other countries, their thus warmly espousing the cause of a stranger as they did on this occasion.

I was in the full run of all the gaieties of the season; and in St. Petersburg in the winter they are not a few, when all my prospective visions of fun and frolic, balls, routs, assemblées, and ballets, came to a conclusion as summary as it was unexpected, by an order from home to the ambassador, directing me to proceed forthwith to Berlin, and thence to England.

'Slife, here was a change. "When was I to start?"

"Oh! you have plenty of time to get ready; the courier does not leave till to-morrow at daylight." (It was then about four o'clock, P. M.)

"But my passport! the office is closed by this time, and—"

"It has already been sent for, and will be here immediately."

"But the usual advertisement of three successive weeks—"

"I'll see to this."

"Reporting my departure—"

"I'll take care of that."

It was in fact, no go, all my excuses to obtain a respite having already been met, and anticipated. Talk of a quartermaster-general! an ambassador is worth the whole Corps d'Etat-Major.

There was no help for it; I rushed from the Embassy to the English Magazine, for, wholly unprepared for such a sudden emergency, like most persons in similar cases, I had everything to procure; thanks, however, to the active exertions of my friend Mr. Colquhoun, everything was obtained, picked, and stowed away; and the following morning, cloaked, furred, and shawled, I mounted the britchska, and having taken my leave of the great northern metropolis, was occupied the next fortnight *en route* to Berlin, in dashing

through apparently trackless wastes of snow, at a rate, the rapidity of which only those who have travelled as a Russian courier, can either appreciate or understand.

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well armed. They have ammunition in abundance, and four pieces of cannon."

The queen remained on board the British ship the *Basilisk*. She had no longer any idea of submitting, since she found that 1,500 combatants marched under her flag.

Thus far the French account. The *Favorite*, a South Sea whaler, brings another tale, by some English writer:—

"A number of the natives, who now live in encampments up the mountains since they have been expelled the town, were seated taking a quiet meal, when some Frenchmen came upon one party, consisting of two chiefs and their wives, and seized hold of the women; whom they attempted to drag on board their boat, then lying moored on the beach a short distance off. The chiefs resisted this aggression, and were immediately shot. A third chief then rose up and exclaimed, 'What! are we dogs, that we are treated thus? We are a quiet people, and wish for peace; but you will not let us have it.' Whereupon the French fired at him; but missing their aim, he gave the signal to the natives for an onset. At the first charge, fifteen Frenchmen were either killed or wounded; and a second attack almost immediately taking place, between thirty and forty more of their number were killed or disabled by the Tahitians. Soon after this transaction had taken place, it was reported that many of the French had deserted, saying they had only been brought out to be shot at. The men generally do not seem at all contented; for they appear half-starved, and are badly clothed. The regulation that no one is to be allowed out after eight o'clock at night is strictly enforced against the natives and foreigners; but the French themselves seem to pay little or no attention to this order."

**OTAHEITE.**—The language of some members of the French Chambers, who have hitherto been strenuous supporters of the pacific policy of M. Guizot, lends to the Otaheite quarrel an importance beyond that which is intrinsic.

The mere affair between the French Commandant, Queen Pomaré, and Mr. Pritchard, does not appear difficult of solution. The French government has disclaimed the sovereignty of the island; and the British government has offered no objection to the protectorate assumed by France. The French government has no call upon it to countenance the usurpations of the commandant; it can without compromise of honor order him to undo what he has done. On the other hand, Mr. Pritchard, at the time of his arrest, had voluntarily abdicated the office of British Consul; the British government has not been insulted in his person. All that is incumbent on the British government is to ascertain the amount of injury he has received as a private person, and if he has suffered innocently, to call upon the French government to procure him redress as a private person. Future squabbles might be guarded against by employing the French officers implicated and the ex-consul of England where they could do least harm.

If the controversy could be left to the exclusive management of the ministers of state on either side, there would be little danger of war. The material interests at stake are trifling in the extreme; and the discussion of such minute yet difficult technical points as are involved in the present question is an admirable sedative of the passions kindled by disputes about the point of honor.

Ministers, however, must defer to the public will; and, unluckily, agencies are actively at work to stimulate popular passion on both sides. The French press is more exclusively a literary speculation than the English; it is less under the sobering influence of mercantile and material interests and considerations; its necessary bias is on all occasions to take the imaginative and sentimental view of political questions. And the French constitution gives an undue preponderance to the literary and official class—to the class most apt to be excited by the exaggerations of fine writers. There are few large capitalists in the electoral body of France; the great mass of landowners and cultivators is in a manner excluded from it; and the professors and civil and military employés, who preponderate in it, sympathize with the exaggerations of the journalists, and are as little checked by prudential considerations as they are. But, though it is chiefly in France that the prudence of rulers is most likely to be overborne by a popular clamor, the state of the public mind on this side of the channel is not altogether tranquilizing to lovers of peace. John Bull is not quite so reasonable and pacific an animal as he sometimes affects to call himself; and there is no want of effort to stimulate his pugnacious propensities on the Otaheite question. This very week has witnessed a meeting in the city, at which one "reverend" gentleman presided and three reverend orators made speeches, all to the effect that the Otaheite question was "not a religious but a political one," and that Great Britain ought to go to war with France on behalf of Queen Pomaré.

And there is this further danger, that, as is usual in such cases, the formal question arising out of the rivalry of French and British subjects in Otaheite throws little light on the real merits of the disputants or the importance of the controversy. The facts appear to be briefly these. In 1836, two French Roman Catholic missionaries visited Otaheite; as soon as their arrival was known they were expelled from the island. It is asserted by the French, and not denied by the parties accused, that this was done at the instigation of the English Protestant missionaries; and it is admitted that when a French vessel visited Otaheite to demand compensation for the expelled priests, the money was advanced to Queen Pomaré by the English missionaries. In 1838, a law was passed by Queen Pomaré proclaiming the Protestant religion the religion of the state. Mr. Pritchard admits that this law was passed at his instigation; but his apology is that Admiral Dupetit Thouars advised him. It was out of these hostile demonstrations against missionaries, subjects of France, that the disputes between the French officer commanding in the Pacific, arose, which ended in the assumption of the "protectorate" of Otaheite by France. Not to extenuate the unmanly acts of violence attributed to the French officers, it is at least apparent from these facts that the English parties to the squabble do not come into court with hands altogether clean.

In these transactions, the animating motives on the part of the French have, apparently, been jealousy of the progress of English colonization in the Pacific, and a wish to rival it. In this mood they have laid hold of the Marquesas and Otaheite. These acts of rivalry would have been innocent of offence had not one of the islands occupied been already a *quasi* colony of Britain. The trade and cultivation of Otaheite, such as they are, are the work of British adventurers.

The civilization of the Otaheites is the work of British missionaries. Otaheite has been irregularly colonized, not by the British government, but by British subjects. Our government has first allowed English interests to establish and develop themselves in Otaheite, and then, by shrinking from recognizing it as a colony, or accepting its proffered submission to a British protectorate, has incapacitated itself from protecting these interests by peaceable means. Barring the prior claim of Great Britain in virtue of discovery and occupation, the French government had as good a right to take possession of Otaheite as the English to take possession of New Zealand. The right arising from our earlier title the British government have formerly disclaimed; France therefore was free to act; the treaty with Queen Pomaré is at least as good as the treaty with the chiefs of Waitangi. But the British government cannot alter the fact that the people of Otaheite are a mixture of English and Anglicized nations. It has denuded itself of the power to protect the English subjects there against the assumption of sovereignty by France and its consequences; it has placed itself in the humiliating position of being unable to assert the rights of English subjects except by a war. These are the fruits of the temporizing and vacillating policy of late governments, which, by abandoning the old English policy of colonization, have forced upon the enterprising spirits of Britain the necessity of colonizing irregularly. These are the fruits of missionary jealousy, which has insidiously encouraged government in countenancing irregular colonization in the hope of keeping out secular rivals. The miserable policy dictated by sectarian aims and political *sainéantise* nearly allowed New Zealand to slip through our fingers as Otaheite has done, forced us into a not very honorable compromise respecting the Sandwich Islands, and now threatens to involve us in a war about Otaheite.

*Spectator*, Aug. 10.

MINISTERS and other officials made the usual rush out of town as soon as they were let loose,—running off to grass, like their horses, after the wasting toils of the season; and yet they are scarcely gone before the chiefs are called back to a cabinet council, held on Tuesday, as if for the special mystification of gossips. Another portent is the arrival of a diplomatic comet in our orbit—Count Nesselrode, the incarnation of Russian policy. Veteran diplomatists have their infirmities, their tastes, and their fancies; even Machiavelli dabbled in belles-lettres, and had his country-house; even Metternich has been convicted of having official companions who had literary accomplishments and platonic affections; and possibly Count Nesselrode may like to see the British lions and try the air of Brighton. But no; whenever old gentlemen have belonged to the secret fraternity of diplomatists, all their actions are as significant as Lord Burleigh's shake of the head; and the Count Nesselrode's visits to England, to Brighton, and especially to Prince Albert at Windsor Castle, have a political significance: "Thou dost mean something, Iago!"

All this while, it is very clear that France "means something" very formidable. Her movements are rapid, and perpetually shifted; and the accounts change even faster, so that it is impossible to make a summary of her operations, and say, "That is what France is doing; the list may be

half-abandoned to-morrow morning, or doubled. But, making every allowance for such oscillation, the sphere of her activity is prodigious. Besides the perennial turmoil of Algiers, that convenient sink for the redundant population and love of glory in France—besides the distant arena of Polynesia—besides the new quarrel with Morocco, she has fresh piques to gratify; a little feud at Gaboon with some English traders and an African, who was tricked out of a treaty under the influence of rum; and a very sudden intervention between the Porte and its contumaciously-disposed vassal of Tunis, involving more perils to the peace of Europe. Whether the Prince de Joinville is bombarding Tangier, or returning to his princess and to France to be promoted, who can tell? Certainly not the telegraphic despatches, which box the compass of possibilities—running a circle of the most positive but opposite statements, that neutralize each other and come to nothing, as colors on a revolving card make simple white. With all this interesting activity abroad, Paris is in a perfect fever; the despatches from Africa excite exultation; Count Nesselrode's visit to London, uneasiness; Lord Minto's jeremiade about the British navy, fierce hopes. It strikes the *National*, borrowing the Prince De Joinville's idea, that as we are so defenceless, and France can muster forty sail of the line, it would be a delicate stratagem to steal upon us in the night, and reduce us to the grade of a third-rate power!

With these unceasing provocations over the water, it is not surprising that there should be some indiscreet response on this side. Newspaper-writers are getting more and more to speak in the "come if you dare" style of defiance; quiet people, the mastiff class of commonplace, unobtrusive Englishmen, that will be trifled with a good while, but not forever, are beginning to think that this kind of brave talk all on one side cannot go on much longer. And the missionaries of London have come forth vigorously as the priests of war. The irregular clergy of the missionary world have strong vested interests in Polynesia; where they can point for their most marked successes, and where religious influence has procured them political power and social rank. He who is only a tradesman and a spiritual protégé in England may be a very Thomas-à-Becket in Polynesia; and the intrusion of France on the missionary territory has roused the parent hive in the British capital. War, of course, they deprecate—it was incumbent upon them to do so, at least *pro forma*; but in far less equivocal language they blame the deficient naval protection at Tahiti, sneer at French reparation as impossible or worthless, and bluster about the national "honor." One incitement to this strange tone is, no doubt, hatred of the rival Popish missionaries; whose forcible exclusion began the disputes at Tahiti, and whose failure is matter of sectarian exultation. This is all very indecorous and unbecoming to "the cloth," if dissenting ministers are to be considered "a cloth;" but it is a symptom of the growing ill-temper here, and really helps to embroil the fray. Missionaries have a wide connexion among the middle classes of England. We have often reproached France with her rash and unscrupulous war party, while in this country the war party was represented almost in the single person of Lord Palmerston; but now the missionaries have supplied our want, and "redressed the balance." How difficult it is for governments to deal with these sallies! Should France

—England in a war, it will not be the wish of any Government—certainly not of the English Government—but undoubtedly the epidemic mania in France, after that of the designing and turbulent Louis XVIII., menaces the peace of Europe more than it did in 1810.—*Spectator*, 17th Aug.

MOROCCO.—The successive reports from Morocco contradict each other as to the actual beginning of hostilities. Frequent diplomatic communications have passed between the Emperor Abd-er-Rahman and the French authorities on his frontiers. He admitted the aggression on the Algerian territory, and promised to punish the authors of it, the *Kaid of Ouchda*, a leader, being in prison; but evaded all allusion to the demands not to support Abd-er-Kader in his resistance to the French. In the case of his not giving a satisfactory reply, the French threatened to begin by bombarding Tangiers. On the 23d of July, the Prince de Joinville arrived at Tangiers, in the *Pluton* steamer; and received on board M. Ninon, the Consul-General, with his family; sending the steamer *Velocé* to Mogadore on a similar errand. According to a letter from Mr. Cowell, Lloyd's agent, it was reported at Gibraltar, on the 1st instant, that Mr. Drummond Hay, the English Chargé d'Affaires, had written despatches on the 26th July, in which he said that he had offered his mediation, and was actively engaged in negotiations with the emperor.

"Nothing," says Mr. Cowell, "can be more critical than the actual position of affairs. The British Admiral, in the *Formidable*, remains in our bay, with the *Caledonia* three-decker; whilst at Tangiers are the *Warspite* and *Albion*, under Commodore Lockyer. On the part of the Spaniards, their brigade is ready at Tarifa and Algeiras; and 1,000 cavalry are daily expected in our immediate neighborhood from Madrid, to join the African expedition. Their movements will, however, wholly depend on the French, without whom it is supposed they will not act."

FRANCE.—Morocco and Tahiti fill the Paris papers, which exhibit ebullitions of anti-English feeling on all sides. Among the bills adopted by the Chamber of Peers on Friday, was one authorizing the Minister of Marine to open a credit of 8,067,800 francs to defray the expenses of the extraordinary armaments in 1814. M. Charles Dupin, the reporter on the bill, recommended it in a violently hostile speech. He said, for instance—

"I am not one of those who regard war with extraordinary uneasiness. France is too well accustomed to war to feel alarmed at such a contingency or its consequences. I am no partisan of war. I defended peace in 1810; but in preaching concord, I frankly declared, that if we had no other alternative than war, we would engage in it with ardor—nay, with transport."

He declared that the French officers in Tahiti "had acted properly, as behoves brave and rational men;" and that Mr. Pritchard was a conspirator, who had violated the law of nations. He finished thus—

"By voting the bill now before the House, you will place the naval department in a condition to provide as speedily as possible against all contingencies: I except none. It is a law of good administration; it is in every respect satisfactory; you may vote it with an entire confidence."

It was voted by 91 to 4. Next day, another discussion was raised by the Count de Montalembert, the Prince de Monaco, and M. Bonsey; who endeavored to extort from M. Guizot an explanation of the course he intended to pursue. To this appeal M. Guizot replied, that a question of facts and of international law had arisen between the two governments: that time was necessary to explain the one and determine the other; and that until these points were settled, he should maintain the greatest reserve on the subject. Count Molé, speaking with much moderation of manner, urged M. Guizot to say a few words at the close of the session, "calculated to diminish the emotion and uneasiness which he himself must feel were legitimate." M. Guizot replied that he was persuaded that if he said there "what he proposed to say elsewhere," he should increase the irritation he desired to appease. Count Molé expressed himself content.

FRANCE has made another movement on the northern coast of Africa. On the 6th instant, orders were received at Toulon, that three ships of the line in that port should put to sea; and they did so in *twelve* hours after the receipt of the order! At first it was assumed that their destination was Tangier; but afterwards it was understood to be Tunis. The *Paris Globe* explains the reasons for the expedition:

"The journals some time since mentioned that a Turkish fleet had left the Dardanelles on a cruise; but since that time they have been lost sight of. This fleet, composed of seven sail of the line and four frigates, it appears, had made their appearance on the coast of Syria. When there, the Capitan Pacha summoned all the pilots on board his vessel, and inquired in what time they could take his fleet before Tunis, and on what points of that coast it would be possible to effect a landing of troops. A short time after this consultation, the fleet left the coast of Syria, bearing away to the westward. The Porte has for a long time entertained a wish to dispossess the Bey of Tunis, and to substitute for that independent sovereignty a pacha appointed from Constantinople. France, on her side, has loudly expressed her intention to support the Bey of Tunis, and to prevent Turkey from establishing herself on the frontiers of Algeria. Hitherto the Porte has never dared to carry her plans into execution, but may at length have decided on it, thinking to take advantage of our dispute with Morocco. If such has been the idea of Turkey, she will again have reckoned without her host. The French government, informed by telegraph of the departure of the Turkish fleet from the coast of Syria, sent orders for four ships of the line to sail from Toulon, under the command of Admiral Parseval Deschenes, to cruise before Tunis, and await the arrival of the Turkish squadron. The instructions given to the Admiral are in conformity with the constant policy of France: she will oppose the landing of any Turkish troops and any attempt of the Capitan Pacha against the Bey of Tunis. In the event of the Turkish fleet making its appearance there, the French admiral is ordered to make known his instructions to the Capitan Pacha; to order him to keep off from the coast; and if he refuses, to bring him to action immediately."

GABOON.—Reference was made in the House of Commons, last week, to the proceedings of the French at Gaboon, on the coast of Africa; and

Sir Robert Peel spoke slightly of the complaints made by British merchants. The facts appear to be these. For upwards of a century British subjects have had factories there, and for upwards of thirty years the place has been considered a British possession; its ebony, beeswax, and tortoise shell, being admitted by our customs at the differential duties allowed to such articles if imported from British colonies. The British flag has been hoisted there for many years, and it was still flying on the 5th April last. In March arrived Baron Daurican, in a French war-ship; and he tried to obtain King Glass' signature to a treaty of cession; but his Majesty declined to relinquish his sovereignty. M. Amoroux, the master of a French merchant-ship, undertook to procure the required autograph: he landed with a bottle of rum, sought the monarch, and returned with the treaty signed. Next morning, being sober, Glass disavowed the treaty; and, backed by his chiefs and subjects, he has appealed for aid against French aggression.

**EGYPT.**—The following telegraphic despatch has reached the French government; but it needs some further explanation:—

“*Alexandria, 27th July.*

“His Highness the viceroy has just abruptly left Alexandria, declaring that he renounces forever Egypt and public affairs, and that he retires to Mecca. Ibrahim is at Alexandria, which city is quiet.”

The *Malta Times*, under the date of Beyrout, 16th July, makes this statement concerning our relations with Egypt; and the *Morning Post* “has reason to believe it to be correct.”—

“The Geysea brought us news that Sir H. Hardinge had in three days completed a treaty with Mehemet Ali, that the English government guaranteed to himself, as well as to his descendants, the government of Egypt; and that no other power should interfere with him. In return, Mehemet Ali has treated, that the English government should do as they liked in the country, and to protect all English subjects: he consents, moreover, to allow troops to go through Egypt whenever necessary. The railways from Cairo to Suez are to be commenced without loss of time; and, in fact, the pacha has become a complete Englishman.”

Hussein Bey, the son of Mehemet Ali, and Ahmet Bey, son of Ibrahim Pacha, have arrived at Marseilles, in the Egyptian steamer *Reschid*. They are under the care of Stephan Effendi; and are sent by the viceroy, with thirty-six other youths of good family in Egypt, to be educated in France.

From the Spectator.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

News of the actual bombardment of Tangier reached town yesterday, and was distributed to the public piecemeal, in successive editions of the daily papers; the accounts being amplified this morning. The *Journal des Débats* of Thursday professed to give the substance of the following official despatch which was published later in the day, in its original form, by the *Moniteur*:—

“*Perpignan, 13th August, five o'clock, P. M.*

“THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE TO THE MINISTER OF MARINE.

“Before Tangier, 7th August.

“On the 4th instant, a reply to the ultimatum

of M. de Nion was received, but was not of a nature to be accepted.

“On the 5th, I was informed that Mr. Hay was in a place of safety; [according to the *Journal des Débats*, the French Admiral's ship.]

“On the morning of the 6th, I attacked the fortifications of Tangier. Eighty pieces of artillery returned the fire. In about an hour their fire was silenced, and their batteries dismantled.

“Our loss in men is trifling, and the injury sustained of little consequence.

“The quarter inhabited by the European Consuls has been respected.”

One account says that Mr. Drummond Hay was “saved,”—as if he had been in danger; but that appears to be a mistranslation of the statement that he was “in safety.” The correspondent of the *Times* observes, that Sir Edward Owen was assured, on the morning of the 5th, that all looked pacific; whereas the communication which induced the prince to bombard the town had been received on the 4th: this seems to imply either some mental reservation or extraordinary change of purpose.

The *Toulonnais* quotes a letter dated at Tangier on the 2d instant, which describes the Moors as quite prepared with a deliberate plan of treating their assailants:—

“We see them every day,” says the correspondent of the *Toulon Journal*, “exercising on the coast their infantry, cavalry, and artillery, to the sound of the tam-tam, and with banners unfurled. At night they retire to their camp in the mountains. The town seems to have been abandoned by its inhabitants, who have sought refuge in a small wood in the neighborhood, where they sleep under tents. During the night, their fires indicate that that part of the coast, which is protected by a small fort lately erected, is inhabited. The forts and batteries offer an imposing aspect; but the town, situate in a ravine on the verge of the sea, is entirely open; a feeble rampart surrounds it and divides it into two parts; the houses appear to be in a good state of repair, and pretty regular. If we can judge from appearances, the Moors do not intend to oppose a vigorous resistance; but they are determined, as far as we can ascertain, to prevent our landing; which would defeat the object of our expedition, if their opposition prove successful.”

The news caused a fall in the French funds, on Thursday, from 81 francs 55 centimes, to 81 francs 27 1-2 centimes.

The accounts from Toulon of the 10th instant announce the arrival in that harbor of the English steamer *Acheron*, which left Malta on the 6th. An officer, the bearer of despatches, landed from her, and immediately proceeded in a post-chaise for Calais, *viâ* Marseilles.

The *Sémaphore de Marseilles*, of the 12th instant, announces the departure of the Alger ship of the line from Toulon, with orders to join the naval division commanded by Admiral Parseval Deschenes, before Tunis.

“Before the 15th,” writes the correspondent of the *Sémaphore*, “France will have on the coast of Barbary eight ships of the line. We have besides, a frigate, *La Belle Poule*, several steam-frigates and corvettes, a great number of steamers of a lesser power, transport-corvettes, lighters and brigs. Since the expedition against Algiers in 1830, France never had so considerable a naval force on the African coast.”

The writer for the *Times* says, he asked whether vessels of other countries, especially of Sweden, were to take part in the attack on Morocco; but he received no answer; for he had heard that "exertions are being made 'to unite as much as possible France to all the other maritime powers of Europe;' to advance which project a common attack upon a common enemy would very much contribute."

Further accounts from the Mediterranean confirm the story of Mehemet Ali's sudden retirement from the government of Egypt; but instead of throwing light on the motives, involve them in added obscurity, so much do they vary. All agree in saying that he refused to see any one, or to take any companion. One imputes the flight to *fatherly tenderness* at the departure of his son and grandson for France.

"Mehemet Ali was unable to sleep that night; and the following morning, on looking towards the sea, he said to his attendants, 'I cannot bear to look at the sea, or at the ships, and I must quit Alexandria.' He immediately set out for Cairo, accompanied by his secretary Rustem."—*Alexandria correspondent of the Times*.

Others say, that on departing, he exclaimed against "*a traitor*" in his family; declaring that he would discover him, or retire to Mecca; and mention a rumor that Abbas Pacha and Sherif Pacha had been intriguing. Some fortify the supposition that he only meant to *secure the succession*.—

"The Pacha declared that he renounces the government of Egypt to his son Ibrahim, and that he is off to Mecca to end his days, taking with him 5,000*l.* as all that he may want."—*Alexandria correspondent of the Morning Chronicle*.

Here the religious motive is added:—

It is positively asserted that he has abdicated in favor of his son Ibrahim; intending to repair at once to Mecca, there to end in peace and quiet, amid the consolations of religion, the remainder of his days; but of which abdication Ibrahim pleads ignorance, refusing to act thereon until he receives some more positive command from his father; and Saïed Pacha, another son, had been despatched to Cairo to unravel the mystery.—*Malta correspondent of the same*.

A fifth guess—*diplomatic embroglio*:—

It would seem that in consequence of the treaty formed with Sir H. Hardinge, considerable jealousy has been felt; and the consequence has been the resignation of his Highness Mehemet Ali of the reins of government.—*Another Alexandria correspondent of the Times*.

A sixth—*madness*:—

The pacha, the day before yesterday, lost his senses; two nights running he had not an hour's sleep, and in the morning he ordered his coach to be ready, saying, "I wish to go to Cairo." He did this without advising with any one.—*Alexandria correspondent of the Malta Times*.

Sir John Guest, the member for Merthyr-Tydvil, lately received an order from Russia for 50,000 tons of iron, for the purpose of being employed in the construction of railways.

By the Dover railway, a traveller can now leave London in the morning early and sup at Brussels on the same evening.

**A CAPTIVE RELEASED.**—"In their expedition to Ouchda," says a letter from Oran, "the French troops have delivered one of their countrymen who had been a slave for 30 years, and who, most certainly, had lost all hope of ever seeing his country again. The poor fellow had been a prompter at the Opera Domique, in the time of Garat, Elle-vion, and Marten. Having lost his situation he went to Tangier in quest of fortune. One day he ventured into the country, when he was seized and kept a slave by some wandering Moors. After useless attempts at escaping, Dominique—such is the prompter's name—was delighted to see the tribe he belonged to march against the French. On the first shot being fired, old and infirm as he was, he felt his legs as light as an antelope, and ran towards his countrymen. In the evening, when he reached the camp, his story amazed the whole expedition, and the poor old man shed tears of joy."

Dr. Dalton, the chemist, was buried at Ardwick Cemetery, in Manchester, on Monday. The funeral was a public one; the shops and warehouses in the line of the procession were closed, and every one seemed desirous to pay respect to the philosopher's memory. Dr. Dalton was a Quaker.

**THE GAMBIE ISLES.**—The group called the Gambia Isles, of which France has lately taken possession, is situate to the south-east of the Society Islands, being close to the tropic of Capricorn, in 23½ degrees of south latitude. The four principal isles are Mangareva, Taravai, Akena, and Akamourou. The first, which is the largest, forms the residence of the king and his chieftains. Mangareva and Taravai have not, together, more than from 1900 to 2000 inhabitants. The country is mountainous. The extent of cultivated land is very limited, scarcely sufficient, in fact, for the support of this small population. The produce of the country is the same as that of Tahiti and the Marquesas islands—viz., the bread-fruit tree, the banana tree, and the sugar-cane. The vegetables of Europe have been imported by the missionaries, and with general success. The fruit-trees and vines remain unproductive, in spite of all the care bestowed upon them. A French Missionary Society has recently founded a small government in these isles, somewhat like that of the Jesuits in Paraguay. The missionaries, when they landed on the shores of Akamourou, in August, 1834, found the inhabitants given up to every excess, and wallowing in all the miseries of savage life. The wretched tribes, abandoned to the horrors of cannibalism, were tormented on one side by famine, and on the other by the fear of serving as provender for their chiefs! When a tempest had rooted up the bread-fruit trees, and destroyed the crops, human flesh became the only food of the inhabitants. The warriors actually hunted for men, instead of, as usual, for wild animals. At the end of the year the strongest alone survived. The missionaries arrived at a season of abundance, or otherwise they too might have been massacred and devoured! By their exertions, the obstacles thrown in their way by the native priesthood were successively overcome, and the king, together with his chiefs, at length abjured idolatry, as did finally all the inhabitants of the four isles. The high-priest himself was one of the first converts. The missionaries have since been employed in instructing the people, and teaching them the arts of civilization, cultivation of the soil, &c.

From the United Service Magazine.

# ST. DOMINGO IN 1794, AND A FEVERISH SKETCH.

IN 1794 I sailed for the West Indies in an old seventy-four, and was present at the capture of Martinico and Guadaloupe, and never was the want of experienced surgeons more exemplified than on those occasions. Bark, bark, bark, was the incessant and almost only medicine administered in cases of fever—not bark as afterwards given in a concentrated form, but bark in the rough, that stuck in the mouth like the rind of a broomstick. One general system of treatment was adopted, and there was no departure from it. Neither the imagination nor the desire of the patient was ever consulted, the same tedious routine was persisted in, and the poor fellows in both services died, literally, like rotten sheep. The same remarks will apply to San Domingo, where I served under Commodore Ford, and was at the surrender, by capitulation, of a considerable portion of the island to Lieutenant-Colonel White-lock, who afterwards rendered himself so notorious at Buenos Ayres in South America. Upon this latter point I am rather delicate, as I happened to be there myself. And yet I do not know why I should be ashamed of our conduct; the army and the navy behaved as bravely as men could possibly do, but really the whole of that affair was so unadvisedly undertaken, and at last so wretchedly commanded, that the result was not surprising.

It was on the morning of the 30th May, 1794, that the Europa, fifty, carrying the broad pennant, with the Irresistible, seventy-four, the Bellicieux, sixty, and the Sceptre, sixty-four, three frigates, and three sloops, besides transports, having embarked a body of troops in the road of l'Archaye, got under way, and made sail for Port-au-Prince, where the whole anchored the same evening in admirable order. The following morning,—and it was certainly a most lovely one,—preparations were made for attacking the place: the troops were told off for disembarkation, the artillery and stores were in readiness to land, and, though somewhat enervated by the climate and sickness, there was a general eagerness to get on shore, so that there might be something to do, and the mind be actively employed. The ships lay out of range of shot from the forts and sea-batteries; but we could perceive, by the help of glasses, that the enemy was not idle.

The signal that every arrangement had been completed having been hoisted, the pinnacle of the Europa, with a lieutenant in her, and bearing a flag of truce in the bows, was seen pulling in for the town. The sea-breeze had come in delightfully refreshing,—the sky was intensely blue, with only here and there a silvery fleecy cloud, like an angel's wing wafted along the face of the heavens. The waters, lightly rippling to the gentle winds, reflected the azure tints from above,—the foliage on each side of the deep bay in which we were riding looked sweetly pleasant to the eye, as contrasted with the white fortifications on the coast and the buildings in the town, whilst the mountains, rising in almost purple splendor, received on their summits the golden hues of the sun. The white wood-smoke here and there curled up amongst the dark trees, and gave a pleasant relief to the dense gloom of the background. The squadron was lying with their ensign hoisted,—the white flag, with the republican tricolor-jack in the upper canton, was displayed at all the defences

and by the shipping in the harbor, and the whole formed a beautiful picture of peace and gladness, which man was about to deface with blood and slaughter.

Every eye was fixed upon the pinnacle, and every heart was anxiously impatient for the result of its mission; for it was well known that the officer was commissioned to demand the surrender of the place. Speculation ran high as the boat danced over the waters and neared the harbor. No notice had been taken of her approach, and this seemed to augur favorably that the enemy were embarrassed, and the terms dictated would be acceded to. Suddenly the wreathing smoke from a gun at a small battery ascended, and before the report reached us a shot was seen ricocheting over the mimic waves just ahead of the pinnacle, and the lieutenant commanded the men to lay upon their oars. Expectation of a quiet termination to the business was instantly dashed. The next minute a barge from the shore, with an officer, was perceived pulling out to the spot where the pinnacle lay, and hope was again revived. A very short interval elapsed, and they lay alongside of each other to communicate. It was an anxious and exciting moment,—the two officers were distinctly visible as, standing up, they courteously saluted each other, and commenced conversing. Five minutes, or perhaps a little more, elapsed, when, the officers again removing their hats, the boats separated. The barge hoisted a lateen-sail to return to the harbor, the pinnacle pulled short round, and wended her way back to the commodore. When at convenient distance the flag of truce was struck, and instantly the Europa hoisted the preconcerted signal that the suspension of hostilities was at an end.

Commodore Ford and the commander of the troops consulted together, and orders were issued for the land forces to be ready early the next morning to debark, as an attack was meditated upon Fort Bizotton, which appeared to be the strongest defence of the harbor. All was now eagerness and preparation for the assault; but the enemy did not seem to understand on which point it was most likely they would be assailed, as no movement was perceptible that could lead us to suppose they were strengthening the fort, which certainly was extremely formidable to look at; but we were rather surprised to hear the distant booming of artillery inland. It was soon ascertained in the squadron that the French officer had been directed by the authorities to inform the lieutenant of the Europa that no flag of truce would be admitted; and a canoe with a couple of negroes soon afterwards came off to the commodore, by which we learned that the firing in the interior was caused by a conflict that was raging between the blacks and the mulattoes.

The sea-breeze died away, and by sunset a light air came stealthily from the land, bearing with it a heavy noxious vapor that was almost stifling to inhale. I was standing on the fore-castle, as the ship swung head to wind, and, with several others, gazing intently upon the town. Suddenly one of the seamen, who was near to me,—and a fine hearty fellow he was,—dropped down as if a ball had passed through his heart. There was no staggering—no spreading out of the hands for support—no falling on the face, or on the back; it was like a heavy concentrated mass descending with violence to the deck, which resounded as if the weight was iron or lead. He was immediately raised and car-



ried down below. Life was not extinct. Scarcely had the surprise of this occurrence subsided than another was laid prostrate in strong convulsions; and shortly afterwards a third. Orders were then given to clear the fore-castle, and the men to keep as much between decks as the service would allow. The doctor's mate (a far cleverer man than his superior) declared that these sudden seizures were caused by the exhalations from some putrid matter on the land; and as we were aware that several battles had been fought in the neighborhood, the revolting and sickening supposition arose that the offensive effluvia proceeded from the dead bodies that had been left upon the field; and this conjecture was partly verified, though we discovered that there was a large plain and stagnant lake about a league and a half from the town, and the plantations and herbage having been partially destroyed by the insurgents, the decaying vegetable matter, combined with the miasma from the lake, and the putrescence of the dead, were wafted off by the land-wind, and inflicted the devastating mischief. That night nearly forty men were rendered fit subjects for the hospital in our ship alone.

The morning arose upon us in brightness,—by seven o'clock the boats with the troops, in two lines abreast, were pulling towards the shore,—the squadron hove short upon their cables, for there was not a breath stirring, when, as if propitious to our enterprise, the sea-breeze set in a full hour before its usual time. The anchors were run up to the bows, the white canvass swelled to the invigorating visitor, the *Belliqueux* and the *Sceptre* bore up and anchored in fine position against Fort Bizotton, the *Penelope* brought up so as to flank a gully at the back of the fort, whilst the *Irresistible* and *Europa*, with the smaller craft, kept under sail, to throw in their fire as circumstances required. A body of cavalry and some brigades of infantry advanced to oppose the landing of the English; but they were continually under check from the judicious management of the ships. The firing at the outset was brisk; but in about an hour was much slackened from the fort, and at intervals was quite silenced, though the French colors were kept flying.

It was the glorious First of June; and at the very period in which we were fighting, Earl Howe was engaging and defeating the French fleet: but of course we did not know this till several months subsequent. In the afternoon the fort only fired a shot or two occasionally; and as black clouds were gathering on the tops of the mountains, and spread themselves gradually abroad, apprehensions were entertained of an approaching storm,—the lightnings flashed vividly through the dark gloom, and the roaring of thunder answered hoarsely to the discharges of artillery. By five o'clock the troops were all on shore and formed. The density of the atmosphere increased, and soon afterwards the firing ceased, as the rain descended in torrents, and put an end to man's warfare. There was a fearful convulsion of the elements,—night hung a sable pall over the dying and the dead. But even amidst the conflict of nature the sense of duty prevailed,—under cover of the darkness about sixty men of the 41st and 22d contrived to ascend the walls of the fort, and after a brief struggle were victorious,—the enemy yielded.

Still the town and sea-batteries held out, and the storm having passed away, the next day was occupied in preparing fire-ships to send into the harbor, to cause a general conflagration. The ar-

tillery and stores were landed, and the 4th (on which old George's birth-day was commemorated) appointed to assault the town and heights. Everything was judiciously planned: but on the evening of the 3d a canoe went alongside the commodore, conveying the agreeable intelligence that the French commissioners, with the troops, had evacuated the place, which was almost deserted. The succeeding morning the ships ran closer in, the British colors were hoisted upon all the defences, and the little army marched in and took possession of Port-au-Prince, which they found abandoned.

During the progress of hostilities, sickness increased, and almost the first use made of the conquest, was to secure suitable buildings for hospitals, each ship selecting one for itself. Nearly all the houses were empty; some of them were very handsome edifices, and the gardens abounding in tropical fruits, were beautiful and luxurious. But it was a melancholy thing to walk through this paradise in appearance, and see solitude and loneliness in every street: it was like a city of the dead. The place fixed upon for the ship to which I belonged, had been one of the most costly: the halls were of chequered white and black marble; statues and ornaments of the same material were seen in every niche. The first floor was one extensive room, elegantly decorated, and it was evident that the whole had been built since the dreadful fire that happened three years before. (traces of which were still visible in many parts of the town, in masses of ruin and blackened ashes.) There were seven windows in front facing the sea, and thirty-six beds arranged in it, were speedily filled; nor did the occupants of them remain long, as death and the doctors were active in sweeping off the unfortunate victims. There was no distinction as to rank,—officers and men occupied the same apartments; and in less than a fortnight I found myself an inmate of this splendid mansion, stretched out with the prevalent disease, and without a ray of hope that I should ever quit it again in life. In fact, there was sufficient to destroy all hope, for in about the compass of an hour after being deposited on the mattress, I saw two dead bodies carried out past me, and before the day was closed, no less than six had expired in sight of all the rest. Never shall I forget my already agonized feelings at witnessing this spirit-damping, soul-subduing spectacle, which must have had a dreadful effect in hastening the departure of many of the poor fellows who were still struggling to live.

On the bed at my right hand laid the captain of the fore-castle, a fine, handsome-looking man, six feet in height, and about forty years of age: on my left, was a maintop-man, a smart, active little chap, whose temper nobody could ruffle; but there they were now, perfectly sensible, and fully aware, from the scenes that were passing before them, that their own fate was sealed. The attendants were old seamen, chiefly of the after-guard, who had braved every climate, and I may also say, every disease under the sun; but they were never thoroughly sober, and at night, when the eye of authority was not upon them, they were generally right-down drunk, and yet no one of these men took the fever. It may be supposed that, under such circumstances, great neglect ensued; in fact, with the exception of one of the assistant-surgeons, very little attention was paid to the unhappy men, who were compelled to be *patients* in reality.

On the second day, seven bodies were carried

out, but their places were filled again in the course of a few hours, and I was looking forward to the time when mine also would become vacant, for I deemed it impossible to live in such a dreadful condition. Some of the deaths were horribly terrific, others passed quietly away, nor was it known, except by inspection, that their spirits had fled; several were madly intoxicated, for, though the bringing in of liquor was strictly prohibited, yet, as the attendants could obtain it, and money was freely given, there was but small restraint in that particular; and it is worthy of remark that, where stimulants were moderately taken, the men lasted the longest.

From the very first hour of my attack, I had felt a longing, restless desire for bottled porter,—it produced irritation when awake, and I dreamed of it in the fitful dozes which weary nature would steal in defiance of malady. I mentioned the circumstance to Simkins, the captain of the fore-castle, and begged him to tell me if he thought there were any means of procuring some.

"Lord love you—yes, sir," answered he; "but you know as its prohibibylated, and so, in course, you must pay high for it."

I had secured round my person about thirty dollars—all I had in the world; and being satisfied there would be no want of cash for the period that I might want to enjoy it, I readily promised to find the money: he whispered to one of the attendants, and the matter was arranged. The porter would cost half a dollar, and he was to keep another half dollar to himself, on account of the risk he ran in smuggling it in against orders, but he declared that it was utterly impossible for him to procure any till the next day.

"I shall die if I do not have it at once," said I impatiently; "do let me entreat you to get me some without delay."

But he positively refused, and soon afterwards quitted the room.

"I cannot hold it out, Simkins," uttered I, as tears started to my eyes; "and, oh! I think a draught of porter would save me."

"Well, it's a hard case, Muster—," responded he. "As for myself, I knows as I'm out-ard bound, and so in consequence it arn't of much matter; but you shan't slip your cable, sir, for the wants of a drop of porter, seeing as I've got a bottle under my head; but, Lord love your heart, keep a sharp look-out, and do it on the sly."

In an instant I was on the move; the bottle was produced; but as we were without any instrument whatever, it was impossible to remove the wire that was over the cork. Simkins got a rope-yarn, and taking a round turn on the lower part of the neck, he gave me one end, whilst he held the other, and fixed the bottle between his knees.

"Now, saw wood, Muster —," said he, "and be as smart as you can about it; there—that's it—it will soon be hot."

I did as I was directed; the rope-yarn rubbed with velocity against the glass; the friction caused it to get heated, and when supposed to be sufficiently so, he struck the muzzle a slight rap on the bed-stock, and the neck broke off as clean as if it had been cut with a diamond.

"There, I knowed we should do it," said he, with seeming glee, though he shook terribly from the exertion; "and now, Muster —, you shall have the first bite out of it."

I grasped the bottle, applied it to my lips, and never, in the whole course of my life, did I enjoy

a sweeter draught. I then handed the bottle to him, and holding it in both of his tremulous hands, as he sat up in his bed, he raised it to his mouth. I heard the liquid gurgling down his throat with unusual noise; it was a sort of eager chuckling, as if pleased with the beverage which he persisted in swallowing. Suddenly his hands fell, his features became distorted, and he laid back upon his pillow a corpse.

It would be utterly impossible to describe the sensations that came over me on witnessing so sudden an exit, especially as I attributed it to the porter, and concluded that my own end was close at hand. Horror, remorse, and dread, took possession of my faculties, and I threw myself down on my mattress in despair. On rising up again, I found a fresh tenant on each side of me. I had slept soundly for three hours, insensible to the removal of poor Simkins, and ignorant that the maintop-man had also breathed his last. Instead of following the example of the captain of the fore-castle, I felt greatly refreshed; and whilst my money lasted, which was about eight weeks, I regularly drank half a bottle of porter a day, and continued undeterred. At last, my only remaining dollar was swallowed; and though convalescent, I was still far from being well.

It was in vain that I entreated for credit; the fellow had no creditable bowels of compassion; and though depriving me of porter might bring me to my bier, yet to my bier I might go for anything that he cared. After the stoppage of the tap, I pined away, and gradually declined, to the great surprise of the assistant-surgeon, who had prided himself upon making a cure of me, the only one saved out of so many, with the exception of a carpenter's mate, who was recovering. The doctor was puzzled, till an attendant, who was in the secret, told him of my longing for porter. He questioned me on the subject, and I admitted the fact.

"It will most assuredly be your death if you take it," said he, positively.

"I shall die if I don't," said I, with equal assurance.

"It is very strange," remarked he; "how long have you had this desire?"

I saw it was of no use to continue concealment, so I frankly told him that I had never been a day without it since I first entered the hospital. He was some time before he would credit it; at length, however, he was convinced.

"I am a porter-drinker myself," said he, "but in moderation; and as you say you have accustomed yourself to it, you shall not want for your usual allowance now."

Every day I went to his room and had my glass of porter; and a fortnight afterwards I was able to join the ship. Whether it was sheer imagination that carried me through, or the invigorating influences of the porter that made me stout, I shall leave for others to determine; but I cannot conceive that the practice is judicious, which deprives men suddenly of stimulants, after having been accustomed to them all their lives. Imagination, however, goes very far, as was instanced in the case of the carpenter's mate. At the back of the hospital was a delightful garden, with a sunk marble basin in the centre, beneath the beautiful arched branches of trees that afforded a pleasant shade; it had formerly been designed for a fountain. Whilst walking there one very hot day, Bruce expressed a wish to jump down into the

water and roll about in it; but he was told if he were to do so, it would be impossible for him to survive. Still whenever we went into the garden, he would linger over the spot and reiterate his wishes. This man suffered a relapse, and was attacked with brain-fever, that rendered him delirious. One night he was missing from the room, and though every search was made for him, he was nowhere to be found. In the morning I was informed of his absence, and remembering his predilection for the fountain, inquired whether they had looked for him there. I was answered in the negative, and we at once went to the place, where we found the carpenter's mate up to his neck in the water, in which he had been for several hours, and luxuriating in his cold bath. He was lifted out, carried to his bed; and being wrapped up warm, a profuse perspiration was induced; his intellects resumed their functions, the fever left him, and in another week he returned to his duty.

I have witnessed numerous other instances of a similar nature; and as for the old practice, I trust I may never see any more of it. Thank God, the surgeons of the present day, in both services, are men of superior talent; the treatment is that of rational beings; and we shall be spared the infliction of a Jack Rattlin bawling into the ears of a dying man, "Hilloa, shipmate! howld on by the life-lines till the doctor comes."

From the United Service Magazine.

#### ADMIRAL DE WINTER'S SURRENDER.

BY JOSEPH ALLEN, ESQ.

THERE is a little episode connected with the glorious victory of Camperdown, which forms a very important feature in the events of the day, and yet, singularly enough, has been upon the very brink of oblivion. The fact that Admiral De Winter was conveyed from his ship, the *Vryheid*, to the *Venerable*, by Lieut. Charles Richardson, in the jolly-boat belonging to the *Circe* frigate, of which he was First Lieutenant; and that the Dutch Admiral then delivered up his sword to Admiral Duncan, is well known; but it is not so well known that the event was brought about by the foresight of the officer above named, and that but for his precaution and suggestion, the Dutch admiral would in all probability have escaped capture.

The manner in which the incident was restored to light, after having slept nearly half a century, is this; a gentleman of the legal profession, in the course of conversation respecting Camperdown, related the following, which he afterwards committed to paper:—

"My father was largely engaged in business as a ship-broker, and was employed in some matters connected with that occupation on the arrival of the victorious fleet at Yarmouth, which he in consequence visited, and where he dined with Admiral De Winter, and, I think, Lord Duncan, as well as several of the Dutch officers, in the cabin of Lord Duncan's flag ship. Before my father left town, he had seen a statement, that after De Winter's ship had struck, and, I think, in his passage to the *Venerable*, he fell overboard, but without suffering any material inconvenience. In the

course of conversation at the dinner-table, my father asked Admiral De Winter some question referring to this incident. The admiral asked where my father had heard that he fell overboard; and he replied that he had seen it so stated in the London papers. The admiral, with some surprise, turned to his own officers, fellow-prisoners with him, and asked if they had heard of it, to which they all answered in the negative. De Winter said, "Now this is strange: an accident is stated to have occurred to me after the engagement; none of my officers have heard of it, nor any of the British officers at the table; and this story is told in the London papers, and brought down here by a gentleman who read it there, and yet it is all true."

It is clear, that without some corroboration, this anecdote would have been received only as a mere tradition, and Admiral De Winter's ducking could not have been treated as a well-ascertained fact; but knowing, that the only officer who could, after this lapse of time, confirm and explain the circumstance was yet, happily, on the navy list, a reference was made to him, and by his (Rear Admiral Sir Charles Richardson, K.C.B.'s) kind permission, we now publish his narrative of all that occurred on the occasion.

"When the *Vryheid*'s masts went by the board, her position was, perhaps, two cables' length on the weather-quarter of Admiral Duncan's flag ship, the *Venerable*. Both ships ceased firing; but the action continued both ahead and astern of them. I said to Captain Halket, 'If you have ever read the history of the Dutch wars, you will be aware, that De Winter will run all risks to get on board some other Dutch ship, as De Ruyter and other French admirals did formerly.\* It is evident that the *Venerable* cannot have a boat that will swim. I, therefore, volunteer my services to take him out of his ship, before he can effect his escape, if you will give me the jolly-boat only.' He replied, 'If you can find volunteers you have my permission.'

"In a minute the boat was lowered, and manned by four seamen and myself. There was too much sea to approach the *Vryheid* on the weather side, and a whole raft of masts and yards was under her lee. Leaving a boat-keeper in the boat, and accompanied by the other three men, I scrambled over the wreck, and on reaching the quarter-deck found De Winter on his knees holding a square of sheet lead, while a carpenter was nailing it over a shot hole in the bottom of a small punt about twelve feet in length, which was to have been launched for the admiral's use and escape. Putting my hand upon his shoulder, and telling him he was my prisoner, I demanded his sword, and promised to conduct him to Admiral Duncan in a safer boat than that on which he was engaged.

"He said, 'This, my destiny, was not foreseen,' and, walking aft with me, he directed my attention to a small bureau which contained his public and private papers, and begged me to save it from being plundered. I promised him it should not be opened, and gave him to understand, that

\* I have been trying to discover an instance of our having made a Dutch admiral prisoner, and have not succeeded. It will be remembered, that Cornelius Tromp shifted his flag from two disabled ships.—J. A.

Admiral Duncan would ratify my promise. De Winter then took leave of a young officer (I believe his nephew) who was desperately wounded, and accompanied me to the gangway, the officers and crew making way for him, and many kneeling took their leave of him.

"To get into the boat we had to recross the raft of masts and spars alongside; and two of my boat's crew, one on each side, supported the admiral. Notwithstanding the carefulness observed, however, De Winter stepped on a portion of the maintopmast, about the centre of the spar; but from its having no rigging attached to it, it turned round, and the admiral disappeared. Whilst expecting his rising, I observed the crown of his head lifting some canvass, which was lying over the raft, and a sailor in a moment slit the sail with his knife, and we had the happiness to save our gallant prisoner's life.

In rowing towards the Venerable, De Winter expressed a wish that I should restore him his sword, in order that he might personally deliver it to Admiral Duncan, saying, at the same time, 'I hope to have the honor of presenting you with one more valuable.' I complied, and he had his desire gratified. The above may be looked upon as a long and tedious yarn, but such as it is, I vouch for its truth."

It is stated, in the paper entitled *The Heroes of Camperdown*, inserted in the January number of the Magazine, that Admiral De Winter was wounded, and died in London; but this misstatement has been rectified by a correspondent. Admiral De Winter was the only officer on his quarter-deck who escaped unhurt; and was afterwards ambassador from his government to the Court of France; but Admiral Reyntjies, the second in command, was wounded, and died in London. Lieutenant James Oswald served as a volunteer on board the Venerable. In addition to the above, Mr. Hamilton, who commanded the Active, hired armed cutter, in the action, states:—

"I send you a list, as far as I can recollect, of the officers present on the Venerable's quarter-deck, when Admiral De Winter resigned his sword:—Admiral Duncan, Capt. Fairfax; Lieutenants Cleland, Renton, Little, Skinner, and Oswald; Mr. Patterson, Master; and Major Trollope and Lieutenant O'Malley, of the Marines, all of the Venerable; Lieutenant Richardson, Mr. Burnet, Secretary, myself, and Mr. Crosse, Boat-swain."

We make no comment upon the omission of Lieutenant Richardson's name from among the promotions consequent upon the action, except that we cannot believe the British admiral to have been fully in possession of the above facts, when he wrote his official letter. It is possible, however, that Lieutenant Richardson's modesty might have stood in his way, for, his conduct, if strongly represented, would in all probability have insured his immediate advancement.

**YOUNG ENGLAND.**—We have heard of Young Germany, Young France, and Young Italy; and there is one difference between all these parties

and the section called Young England. Young England looks only to the past; all the others look to the future. The golden age of Young England is nowhere to be found. We have repeatedly glanced at history, and find there no such thing. Young England, if they are honestly seeking this impracticable state of society, are like the boy running backwards to catch the rainbow. There is no provision for the revival of the past state of things; and there is nothing which would render such a retrogression desirable, if it were possible. But there is the heart of Young England in what has gone by, while the youth of every other nation has its millennium to come. Every other sees the golden age in the future, not in the past; it traces progress in the history of mankind; it believes that new principles must come into play in the world, as new emergencies arise; that whenever any agency of civilization has done its work, it must pass away from the world, and give place to something better; that the hopes of humanity rest not on our going backwards, but onwards; growing up to maturity as the child does, realizing the rights, privileges, and enjoyments of manhood.—*Mr. Fox's Lectures to the Working Classes, reported in "The Artizan."*

From Capt. Bellew's *Reminiscences in the Asiatic Journal*.

#### RAJPOOTANA.

THERE is amongst the majority of the people here at home, many of them ranking with the well-informed, a great lack of correct information touching our Eastern possessions. A sort of confused notion certainly prevails, that India is inhabited throughout by an homogeneous race called Hindoos or Gentoos; that they are very mild and timid, eat an enormous quantity of rice, never touch animal food, and, unlike the rest of the world, are held in singular subjection, and kept in darkness, by their brahmins or priests; and moreover, that the sepoys constitute a distinct or fighting caste, like a breed of game-cocks amongst so many dung-hills. The fact is, they are all blacks, and wear turbans, two overpowering features with them, in which all minor distinctions are merged. Now it would be just as ridiculous, and wide of the mark, were a Hindoo to infer (which doubtless he would, and I believe does) that there are no essential differences between European nations, because all are Christians, are more or less fair, and wear hats. The truth is, that in India, with some generic resemblances, varying in degree, there are, perhaps, more marked distinctions perceptible in its various races than exist amongst the nations of Europe; and the study and observation of their peculiarities, their strange rites, ceremonies, and usages, which seem for the most part more like the vagaries of hideous dreams, or the incoherent imaginings of insanity reduced to action, than the emanations of reasoning minds, are still most interesting. Far from being characterized by uniformity, excepting in some few leading points, India is the land of extremes and diversities, the wildest and most strange that the human brain ever originated, and surely, if the angels do ever "weep" at man's "fantastic tricks," they would there find enough employment for their tears. There are to be found men who will undergo penance for the involuntary destruction of a fly, and the ruthless Thugs whose vocation is systematized murder—pure caste Brahmins, whose aliment is vegetable, and whose drink is water, who shrink from the

dread of touch and contamination, and foul Agouri Punts, who feed on ordure and human flesh; there you will see the veiled and bashful maiden conversing with and caressing the stark-naked fakeer, and men flying like sheep, under some circumstances, who would die like stoics or Spartans under others; timid women mounting the dreadful pile, and encountering the most horrible of deaths, with a calmness and fortitude not surpassed by any of the "noble army of martyrs," from Polycarp to Latimer, displaying a courage to which that requisite for a charge or a forlorn hope fades into insignificance; men serving under and sacrificing their lives for foreigners, whose feelings and customs are the antipodes of their own, and who, though indifferent to the claims of country, are yet singularly faithful to their "salt;" in short, it is the land of inconsistencies and extremes, a most curious field for him who makes mind and its various manifestations his study.

We had now entered the country of one of these diversities, the Rajpoots, a picturesque and interesting people, yielding to none of the races of India in their antique claims and singular usages, on whose manners, customs, and polity the writings of Colonel Tod (whom I met for the first time during these operations) have thrown an ample light. The principal tribes or castes of Rajasthan are the Seesodia, the Cutchewa, and the Rhatore or Bawtee; the first, the highest and purest of the Khetri or soldier division in India, inhabit Mewar and the territories of the Odeypoor rajah principally; the second, Jypoor and its dependencies, and the others Marwar and the Joudhpoor dominions. They are a handsome, but not very muscular race of men, with hooked noses and rather Jewish features, and are distinguished by peculiarities of dress, the length and cut of the beard, and above all, by the form of the turban, which, from the gay blending of its colors, is very becoming, particularly that of the Rhatores, the ample mass of which, when adorned with a plume of heron's feathers and a sort of cockade, as is often the case, is very noble and imposing. Our march, hitherto very pleasant, had been rendered so by the coolness of the climate, the wild and novel character of the country, almost (from raids and maraudings) in a state of nature, and its concomitant, a great abundance of game. The wild peafowl we find particularly numerous in this part, where, in common with monkeys, cows, and pigeons, they are deemed sacred, and we, for killing them, a most sacrilegious set of barbarians; indeed, apart from any religious feeling, a man may well feel justly incensed to see the ornaments of his groves and fields ruthlessly slaughtered. However, John's "destructiveness" is large, and he cannot help it. The European soldiers of the army used to hunt them down on foot, till prohibited; and whilst encamped in the Biana pass, (on the confines of the Jhaut country,) I once or twice encountered small parties of weary sportsmen in their shirt sleeves, or undress jackets, trudging to camp very consequentially with two or three peafowl dangling to a stick, which they had contrived to kill without the aid of fire-arms. If you find the wild peacock in an extensive plain, and are tolerably mounted, you may easily make sure of him. I once, in this same country, but on another occasion, rode down a peacock, and a noble fellow he was, with a magnificent tail. The particulars, as showing how the thing may be done, and as a guide to future sportsmen, I will relate.

I first caught a sight of him in a wide expanse of plain, thinly clothed with grass, dotted with clumps of the byur thorn, and remote from woods or other cover. I put my horse into a hand-gallop, and as I approached, the bird commenced running very actively, I following, though not so near as to induce him to take flight, till I thought I had sufficiently fatigued him to make him feel his tail a burthen, when I rode in upon and forced him to rise. He took a pretty long flight, but settled far short of the cover, which, if nearer, would have saved him. I now felt assured that he could never take wing again, and would soon be mine by all the laws of strategy and war. I consequently pushed him hard, and vigorously did the poor fellow travel with neck outstretched and open mouth, whilst his radiant tail, the cause of all his misfortune, undulated and glistened in the sunshine as he vainly strove to escape me. At length; ostrich-like, he ran his head desperately into a little tuft of byur bush, inferring, no doubt (birds are indifferent logicians) that, as he could not see me, I could not see him. In this I need hardly say he was mistaken; so I dismounted without more ado, and made him my prisoner. I then placed him under my right arm, he still panting, and with his tail streaming over my horse's crupper, spurred away to rejoin my regiment, where my appearance with my gorgeous prize called forth many congratulations and expressions of surprise. I intended to have domesticated my peacock, and thought what an ornament he would be, perched on the ridge of my bungalow; but he died of exhaustion or a broken heart that same night,—a premature end, too often, alas! the lot of those that are "fair to look upon."

Amongst other game, and pretty abundant here, in these grass plains, (but slightly mingled with cultivation at that time,) were hogs, antelopes, the ravine deer, the painted partridge, and bustard; the latter so excessively shy, that it was almost impossible to come within shot of them; indeed, I do not think that half a dozen were killed during the whole time the army was out. The best chance we had of hitting them was to ride across their line of flight and fire upwards at them as they passed over. I never killed one in this way myself, nor in any other; but I heard that it was tried with success. One morning, after leaving Hindown, the baggage and camp-followers on the flank, we put up a large drove of wild hogs, which went jolting along at a great rate. The moment the grunters, young and old, were perceived, a "view halloo" was raised by many of the officers of the nearest regiments, one of which mine was. One seized a hog-spear, another a sergeant's pike, another a stick, and a chevvy instantly commenced. The drove, which had kept pretty compact till charged, were soon dispersed; some hunters following one, and some another. I contrived, aided by my dogs, to kill one half-grown pig, a delicate porker, which on reaching camp I sent, with my "*bhote bhote salaam*," to Col. Bobbery, thinking I should be recommended for the adjutancy when it became vacant, at the very least; as a small acknowledgment of my attention; but the colonel, to my surprise and consternation, fell into a violent passion, telling my servant to "*jou jehannum*," and take the pig to the devil. He, however, not knowing where to find that personage, and moreover having no "*hookum*" for its ulterior disposal, brought it back to me. The fact was, the colonel had imbibed a few Eastern prejudices, both Hindoo

and Mahomedan, not an uncommon thing amongst Indian veterans, and amongst these was an aversion to the unclean beast—whether of the sty or jungle.

Amongst other things I noticed in Rajpootna, was the rotten state of the ground, which, where not cultivated, was penetrated by cracks, or more commonly deep rugged holes, rendered doubly dangerous to horse and rider from their being generally concealed by long grass. These holes were, on an average, two or three feet deep and one or two broad, or perhaps not so much; many of our officers got severe tumbles from them; and I remember one morning seeing a remarkably fine young man, a trooper of the 8th dragoons, killed on the spot, in consequence of his horse falling with him. He had left some part of his accoutrements behind at our former ground of encampment, and was thundering past at full speed to recover them, when his horse, about twenty yards distant from where I rode, put his foot in one of these concealed holes, and came down with terrific force, rolling over and over. The trooper, fixed in his high-peaked saddle, and further bolstered up by sheepskin, holsters, &c., instead of being propelled from his seat, unhappily retained it, and every roll of his heavy charger (and he made two or three before he regained his legs) must have cracked his back and bones. At length, the horse, staggered and stunned, and covered with dust, arose and shook himself, and several persons, amongst whom I was one, ran forward to raise the prostrate dragoon. We soon got him into a doolie which was passing, and placed him on his side, when he threw up a vast quantity of blood, and instantly expired. These holes are formed, I imagine, by the joint operation of the sun and rain, particularly by the latter, filtrating through the grass.

We crossed the Banass river at Bhugwuntghur, the approach laying through a long succession of ravines. Here several balls were picked up by our people, supposed to have been fired by Colonel Monson during his celebrated retreat, or rather flight, before the forces of Holkar, when he was here hard pressed and hotly attacked by the Maharrattas. The memory of this event we found still strong in this country, and when alluding to it, the people would say, without any delicacy or circumlocution, "*Jub Munseen* (Monson) *bagha*," "when Monson ran away:" indeed, it seemed quite an era amongst them. Probably, it having been then almost the only event interesting to them, with which we were immediately connected, up to that period, it was natural they should allude to it in their conversation with us. The natives are fond of reminding Europeans of any defeat or disaster, and before the capture of Bhurtpore, I have frequently had our former failure there thrown in my teeth. Garnets abound in the Banass river: indeed, when, many months after, we re-crossed it higher up, at Tonk Rampoor, we found the sand in some places to consist of pulverized garnets; this many of the officers collected and used for dusting their letters. The large stones, many of which I picked up, were like lumps of rudely-fused blackish glass; plainly proving, I think, their igneous origin.

We made halts at Dublana and Doogaree, both very picturesque spots particularly the latter, where there is a woody hill, crowned with a fort or castle, and a temple, and behind it a lake or jheel, of considerable extent, abounding in snipe and waterfowl of all descriptions. After the latter had been

once roused by a shot or two, the sportsman had here no occasion to walk about much, for he had only to sit down, with his back against a bank, and fire overhead at the strings of ducks and widgeons as they passed and repassed in all directions, to insure a good bagfull.

From Doogaree we marched to Boondee, through the beautiful pass bearing the same name, which is considered as one of the keys of Upper India. The pass is entered from the plains of Rajpootana through a battlemented gateway, forming an angle, of which the walls ascending the hills to the right and left constitute the converging lines. After passing the portal, the army entered on a woody and stony valley, formed by a duplication of the range of hills, which improved in richness and beauty, and the generally interesting nature of its features, as we advanced. After skirting the scrubby wood for some distance, during which a large elk crossed the road, picturesque scenes of gardens and groves, interspersed with summer retreats, temples, and mausolea, opened upon us, whilst a small shallow lake on the left mirrored these various attractions. I was strongly reminded by one or two cool, delicious woodland peeps, of Rasselas' Happy Valley. It was a striking sight, our efficient little army, infantry and dragoons, regular and irregular horse, and artillery, &c., with the long strings of camels, baggage-elephants, and followers, &c., wending their way through this romantic defile; the gleaming bayonets flashing through clouds of dust, and the fluttering pennons of the irregular, horse, and many a gaudy turban and gay pashak, contrasting with the verdant background of "waving woods," above which on one hand towered the hills, crowned with fortifications, whilst on the other spread the small sheet of water I have mentioned, in still repose; the motionless and milk-white stork complacently viewing himself in its glossy surface. I here witnessed a strange but comical occurrence. A small body of Gardner's Irregulars, some six or eight perhaps, were in the act of watering their horses in the above shallow lake, into which they had ridden; the heads of their steeds were down, and they were quietly imbibing the refreshing element, the picturesque riders themselves, with poised spears, or matchlocks, or folded arms, quietly waiting till they had satisfied themselves, when suddenly, to my extreme surprise, (for I had my eye upon them at the moment,) two or three of the horses went down head foremost, as if shot, rolling and floundering in a manner the most extraordinary; simultaneously, others canted over in a reverse direction, falling back on their riders, and in a trice the whole party were struggling and tumbling about in a manner the most ludicrous, whilst the astonished sowars, thus singularly aroused from their cogitations, *minus* their caps, drenched and bemired, were struggling to get out of the unexpected mess as soon as they could. The explanation of all this is, that they had been standing on a quicksand or quagmire, the crust of which had suddenly given way at all points, and hence the laughable *bouleversement* I have described, which was rendered doubly amusing (for amusing it was, as there were no bones broken) by its supervening with such extreme suddenness on a state of perfect repose. A little beyond this lake, the valley contracted, and we had groves and gardens on either hand; in one on the left, encompassed by a lofty wall, were numerous tombs, some of them very pretty, erected over the remains of former chieftains of

Boondee and their relations. Their character was nearly alike, a square base of massive masonry, with rude figures of horsemen and elephants carved upon them. This base was generally surmounted by a massive dome, supported by columns or arches.

From the Spectator.

#### DR. DURBIN'S OBSERVATIONS IN EUROPE.

DR. DURBIN is a Wesleyan minister, and the president of Dickenson College in the United States. He has travelled, with what particular object does not appear, over Great Britain, the European continent, Greece, Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, and Asia Minor. The present account of his travels only embraces a journey through part of France and Italy, *viâ* Havre, Paris, Lyons, Chambéry, and Geneva; a Swiss tour in search of the picturesque; a descent of the Rhine, with a visit to Waterloo; and a railway run from London, by Birmingham and Manchester, to Sheffield, which was followed by a more ramified journey through Scotland and Ireland. Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land, are to appear upon some future occasion.

The character of the work is correctly conveyed by its title. Remark or disquisition founded on "observation" predominates over narrative and description. The topics that employ Dr. Durbin are various, solid, and important in themselves, though not always appropriate to a divine, or well adapted to his handling, at least according to English ideas. In Paris the author investigates morals and religion with considerable sense, fairness, and acumen. He then takes up Louis Philippe; censuring the art by which poor old La Fayette, with his "throne surrounded by republican institutions," was duped, and the manner in which the king's government is carried on, and making some just remarks in a comparison between French and English liberty. The journey to Italy affords opportunity for some observations on the agriculture of France, Geneva, and Switzerland, for various remarks on politics and religion; but as the facts were only gathered *en route* they are not very remarkable. The Rhine and Holland is little more than the narrative of a rapid journey; but at Waterloo the president and doctor of divinity shows off in that peculiar style which the reader may imagine by superadding the self-satisfied sufficiency of an American democrat to the infallibility of an anti-state-church divine. He gives an account of the battle, and sets all right. "Even at this time," some time between five and seven, "notwithstanding the addition of Bulow's corps of thirty thousand men to the allied army, it appears clear that Napoleon would have gained the battle"—but that he lost it. Waterloo, however, is not the only subject Dr. Durbin settles. In gratitude to "Heaven, that made him with such large discourse," he looks "before and after," beginning with the French revolution and ending with the holy alliance, the present time, and a

slight infusion of prophecy. The intermediate parts are the rule of Napoleon, and the consequences of Waterloo—which the doctor pronounces mischievous to the best interests of mankind. He does indeed admit that the rule of Napoleon was somewhat stringent, especially in the conquered nations; but the poor soul was forced to it; and when he returned from Elba, he was going to govern quite constitutionally. The Ethiop had not changed his skin, but he would have done it; we have the professor's word for that. The tone of all this part is Dr. Durbin's, but the matter is old and pretty nigh obsolete—drawn from whiggery of five-and-twenty years old, and voices from St. Helena.

The discussions on England relate to religion, chiefly among the Wesleyans, and to the political or social condition of the people. The account of the religious world, so far as Dr. Durbin saw it, is succinct and informing; though his bias for the voluntary principle, and the overturning of all churches opposed to that view, (which scarcely seems a sequence of the voluntary principle,) is plumply if not needlessly put forth. He traces the evils of the social condition of England to the aristocracy and the law of primogeniture, and mainly looks to a more equal division of land for their removal. The moral results of primogeniture for good or evil are fair matter of argument, though not so easily settled as the doctor supposes; the economical consequences, which, in an earlier stage of society, might follow from an equal division of property, are also a moot point; but the idea of making an old society such as ours richer by redistributing its wealth, shows that the president of Dickenson College has not yet conquered the whole range of human knowledge. His position that Great Britain will henceforth have to rely upon her colonies, mainly, for her foreign trade, and that we should encourage a large annual emigration, is sounder.

Although observations, such as we have indicated, give the distinctive character to the work, there is still a great deal of narrative. Some of this, though interesting to Americans, is commonplace to European readers, because it merely consists of an account of public places, substantially the matter of a guide-book, or of things with which one is familiar either in reality or in description; and as Dr. Durbin scrupulously avoids any personal sketches or accounts of private society, the principal source of attraction in his narrative is the interest which the remarks of an observing stranger always possess. The narrative parts, however, are not trite; for Dr. Durbin is rapid, and has the art of rejecting all common accounts of every-day occurrences.

It is in these narrative parts that Dr. Durbin is seen to the best advantage; because the faults of his character are national or professional, not individual. Between man and man, his opinions are fair and candid; as indeed they are generally

where democracy or a state church does not enter into the question. Even on religious topics, and on such a form of religion as Popery, which he denounces—and, we think, on the true ground of its tendency to subvert all freedom of thought—he can form an unprejudiced judgment, and even a hearty approval of its merits, when he is carried into Alpine solitudes. Hear the Wesleyan doctor on the monks of St. Bernard and mass.

"We found the monks pleasant and agreeable men. After a very comfortable meal and an hour's chat by the fire, we were shown to our chambers, and slept well, after a fatiguing day, on the good clean beds of the convent. Next morning we rose early, in time to attend mass in the chapel. Within, the tones of the organ were sounding sweetly, while without, the wind was howling over the snow-clad mountains as it does on the wild December nights at home. How beautiful it was—the worship of God on this dreary mountain-top! I felt its beauty, as I listened to those deep organ-tones, and heard the solemn chant of the priests in the mass; and I honored in my heart these holy men, who devote themselves to this monotonous and self-denying life in order to do good, in the spirit of their Master, to the bodies and souls of men. Nor did I honor them the less that they were Romanists and monks of St. Augustine; for well I knew that for a thousand years Romanists and monks of St. Augustine had done the good deeds that they were doing—and that when none else could do them. A man must be blinded indeed by prejudice or bigotry, that cannot see the monuments of Catholic virtue, and the evidences of Catholic piety in every country in Europe; and worse than blind must he be that will not acknowledge and honor them when he does see them."

It will be seen by the following that Dr. Durbin is a "teetotaler," and was unprepared for the "friendly bowl" he found mingling with "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" amongst

#### SERIOUS SOCIETY IN ENGLAND.

Although, in general, there is more ceremony in society than is usual with us, it never becomes troublesome, and, being in keeping with the usages of society generally, is not out of place. Precedence in age or office is rigidly observed. Office claims more respect than age; the president and secretary of the conference being as commonly addressed by their titles as the bishops among us. Young persons are less obtrusive and more attentive than in America.

Breakfast parties at ten o'clock are very common, and afford opportunities of less ceremonious and more agreeable intercourse than at dinner; the ladies remaining all the while in the room. Those which I attended concluded with prayer by some aged minister, and with (what I had thought antiquated) subscribing names in the ladies' albums. The tone of conversation was generally lively and pleasant; the dinner-talk being varied by discussions on political, religious, and social topics—not often heavy, and always good-humored. The junior members of the company would listen to the conversation of the nearest group, and hardly ever spoke except to cry "Hear, hear!" when some especially good thing was saying. \* \* \*

There is one feature in which these parties differed from any we have in similar circles at home,

and which recalled to my mind my earliest visits to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, when sparkling wines graced the table and circulated freely even among Methodist preachers. So it is still in England. It sometimes required a little nerve to decline the request of the lady whose guest you were, to "have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you," especially when, according to usage, you should have made the request of her. After the ladies retire, the cloth is removed, and the wine moves round the table freely. I do not recollect ever to have preached a sermon in England without being offered a glass of wine afterwards in the vestry. Wine was frequently distributed in conference during its active session. The temperance movement has not taken hold of our brethren in England; and they see wine-drinking, not as we do now, but as we did twenty years ago.

#### ENGLISH STAGE-COACHES AND LANDSCAPES.

At Darlington, for the first time, we embarked in an English stage-coach. All that I had read of the superiority of English roads, coaches, and cattle, was fully realized. The coach is a neat affair, not by any means built on scientific principles, for the centre of gravity is alarmingly high; but yet, such is the excellence of the roads and the skill of the drivers, that this is a matter of no account. \* \* \*

The inside of the coach was fully taken up, so that we had to take our places outside; no loss, however, as it afforded us an opportunity of seeing one of the finest districts of England. There is no rural scenery in the world like that of England. The fields, as we passed, were ripening for the harvest, and groaned under the precious grain; the pastures, with the same deep, luxuriant growth that I have before noticed, were covered with herds of the finest cattle; and now and then appeared one of the noble mansions of England imbosomed in its magnificent park. Well may an Englishman be proud of his native isle when he travels through her unrivalled agricultural districts.

**GOLD FROM RUSSIA.**—The Russian frigate *Aurora*, from St. Petersburg, with valuable presents for her Majesty, and a large amount of gold, dropped anchor off the custom-house at Gravesend. Next morning several boats, containing eighty boxes bound with red tape and impressed with custom-house seals, were landed at the wharf, and immediately packed in three uncovered light wagons, drawn each by four horses. Shortly before five o'clock a Russian non-commissioned officer and several soldiers entered the wagons, together with a police constable from the metropolitan force in each wagon. From the immense weight of the boxes, the wagons did not reach Blackheath until nine o'clock, the horses much distressed. They halted, and then went forward escorted by some mounted police to the Bank of England. The packages were then taken from the wagons, and sealed in the presence of the principal officers of customs. The whole of the valuable property contained in wooden boxes weighed just six tons, which were safely deposited in the vaults of the bank. It was rumored that the gold was sent to this country for the purpose of being refined, and that the frigate would remain three weeks in the river for the purpose of taking it away when so prepared.



From the Spectator.

## JOSIAH GREGG'S COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES.\*

MR. GREGG's health had been gradually declining under a "complication of chronic disorders,"—or, judging from the result, his digestive and nervous systems were very much out of order. While he was in this condition, "scarcely able to walk across his chamber," his physicians prescribed a favorite American remedy—a tour upon the Prairies. Provided with a "dearborn," the carriage of the far West, and various little articles of luxury for an invalid, our author joined himself to a trading caravan about to start for Santa Fé, the frontier town of Mexico; and left Independence, the last settlement on the Missouri, in May, 1831. Before a week elapsed, Mr. Gregg had quitted his carriage, saddled his pony, and when the caravan reached the Buffalo-range, was not only as eager for the chase as the sturdiest of his companions, but enjoyed "far more exquisitely his share of the buffalo than all the delicacies which were ever devised to provoke the most fastidious appetite." The consequence was, not only a perfect restoration of health, but a love for adventurous life; which induced him to embark in the Santa Fé trade himself. In this vocation he continued till the late closing of the frontier-towns against the over-land trade; having crossed the Prairies eight times, and sojourned in Mexico for parts of nine years,—that is, the caravans start in the spring, remain some time in Mexico to transact their business, and then return in the autumn: but Mr. Gregg appears only occasionally to have accompanied his goods, having established a "house" in Mexico.

Accustomed from youth to keep a diary, Mr. Gregg did not discontinue the practice when roaming the wilderness or living among the very primitive society of Northern Mexico. From his own memorandums, oral information, and the assistance afforded by the journals of some fellow-traders, he has compiled these volumes; which exhibit his knowledge in three phases,—first a narrative of his most remarkable trips across the Prairies, and of several journeys through the interior of Mexico; second, a descriptive account of the Indians of the Southern Prairies and the Northern Mexicans; third, some digested information respecting the over-land trade from the United States to Mexico.

In some particulars Mr. Gregg is a superior person to the majority of the American ready-made travellers who have published narratives of their rapid journeyings through different parts of the hemisphere. His education appears to have been of a higher kind, rising even to scientific; for he represents himself as capable of taking geographi-

cal observations. He has also less dogmatism in his tone, less onesidedness in his views, and more of that tolerant spirit which distinguishes persons who by large experience or extensive reading have shaken off the prejudices of the vulgar. His style, however, is less vivacious than that of the go-ahead gentry; nor does he deal in so many moving accidents by flood or field, or at least make so much of them. The *Commerce of the Prairies* gives us the reality, not the romance.

Beyond his practical information upon the over-land trade, with some particulars respecting the Indians, and the present state of society in Mexico, Mr. Gregg's book does not add anything to our general knowledge beyond what Kendall's and Farnham's narratives supply; whilst it is deficient in the fearful privations Farnham underwent in the route between the Mexican frontier and the Oregon territory, and wants the larger historical interest of Kendall's Texan Expedition, with the subsequent capture and confinement of the heroes. It is also less striking in its narrative than either of those works; Mr. Gregg being less skilful as a mere literary artist, though, we incline to think, a more trustworthy describer. There is less of the wonderful: yet many of his incidents are sufficiently strange or touching. Here is an instance, in the doings of a

## PROVINCIAL REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.

Knowing that they would not be safe in Santa Fé, the refugees pursued their flight southward, but were soon overtaken by the exasperated Pueblos; when the governor was chased back to the suburbs of the city, and savagely put to death. His body was then stripped and shockingly mangled: his head was carried as a trophy to the camp of the insurgents, who made a football of it among themselves. I had left the city the day before this sad catastrophe took place, and beheld the Indians scouring the fields in pursuit of their victims, though I was yet ignorant of their barbarous designs. I saw them surround a house and drag from it the secretary of state, Jesus Maria Alarid, generally known by the soubriquet of El Chico. He, and some other principal characters, who had also taken refuge among the *ranchos*, were soon afterwards stripped and scourged, and finally pierced through and through with lances; a mode of assassination styled in the vernacular of the country *á lanzadas*. Don Santiago Abreu, formerly governor, and decidedly the most famed character of N. Mexico, was butchered in a still more barbarous manner. They cut off his hands, pulled out his eyes and tongue, and otherwise mutilated his body: taunting him all the while with the crimes he was accused of, by shaking the shorn members in his face. Thus perished nearly a dozen of the most conspicuous men of the obnoxious party; whose bodies lay for several days exposed to the beasts and birds of prey.

On the 9th of August, about two thousand of the insurgent mob, including the Pueblo Indians, pitched their camp in the suburbs of the capital. The horrors of a *saqueo* (or plundering of the city) were now anticipated by every one. The American traders were particularly uneasy, expecting every instant that their lives and property would

\* Commerce of the Prairies; or the Journal of a Santa Fé Trader, during eight expeditions across the Great Western Prairies and a residence of nearly nine years in Northern Mexico. Illustrated with maps and engravings. By Josiah Gregg. In two volumes. Wiley and

fall a sacrifice to the ferocity of the rabble. But, to the great and most agreeable surprise of all, no outrage of any importance was committed upon either inhabitant or trader. A great portion of the insurgents remained in the city for about two days; during which, one of their boldest leaders, José Gonzalez of Taos, a good, honest hunter, but a very ignorant man, was elected for governor.

The first step of the revolutionists was to seize all the property of their proscribed or murdered victims, which was afterwards distributed among the victors by a decree of the *Asamblea general*; that being the title by which a council summoned together by Governor Gonzalez, and composed of all the *alcaldes* and principal characters of the territory, was dignified. The families of the unfortunate victims of this revolutionary movement were thus left destitute of everything; and the foreign merchants who had given the officers credit to a large amount upon the strength of their reputed property and salaries, remained without a single resource with which to cover their demands.

Among the incidents of life on the confines of Mexico, is the loss of women and children by the forcible abduction of the Prairie Indians; whose captives generally settle down contentedly into the savage life. Mr. Gregg, who encountered some of these persons, thus describes the scene:

"One woman, I observed, still lingered among the wagons, who, from certain peculiarities of features, struck me very forcibly as not being an Indian. In accordance with this impression, I addressed her in Spanish, and was soon confirmed in all my suspicions. She was from the neighborhood of Matamoros, and had been married to a Comanche since her captivity. She did not entertain the least desire of returning to her own people. \* \* \*

"My attention was next attracted by a sprightly lad, ten or twelve years old, whose nationality could scarcely be detected under his Indian guise. But, though quite 'Indianized,' he was exceedingly polite. I inquired of him in Spanish, 'Are you not a Mexican?' 'Yes, sir, I once was.' 'What is your name?' 'Bernardino Saenz, sir, at your service.' 'When and where were you taken?' 'About four years ago, at the Hacienda de las Animas, near Parral.' 'Shan't we buy you, and take you to your people?—we are going thither.' At this he hesitated a little, and then answered in an affecting tone, '*No, Señor: ya soy demasiado bruto para vivir entre los Cristianos.*' (Oh, no! sir; I am now too much of a brute to live among Christians;) adding that, his owner was not there, and that he knew the Indian in whose charge he came would not sell him. \* \*

"Out of half-a-dozen Mexican captives that happened to be with our new visitors, we only met with one who manifested the slightest inclination to abandon Indian life. This was a stupid boy about fifteen years of age, who had probably been roughly treated on account of his laziness. We very soon struck a bargain with his owner, paying about the price of a mule for the little outcast, whom I sent to his family as soon as we reached Chihuahua. Notwithstanding the inherent stupidity of my protégé, I found him abundantly grateful—much to his credit, be it spoken—for the little service I had been able to render him."

TAILING, A NEW SPORT.

Among the Vaqueros, and even among persons of distinction, *el coleo* (tailing) is a much nobler exercise than the preceding, and is also generally reserved for days of festivity. For this sport the most untractable ox or bull is turned loose upon a level common; when all the parties who propose to join in the amusement, being already mounted, start off in pursuit of him. The most successful rider, as soon as he gets near enough to the bull, seizes him by the tail, and with a sudden manœuvre whirls him topsy-turvy upon the plain, to the no little risk of breaking his own neck, should his horse stumble or be tripped by the legs of the falling bull.

CHEROKEE INSOLVENTS LAW.

On the 28th of April we crossed the Arkansas river, a few miles above the mouth of the Canadian fork. We had only proceeded a short distance beyond when a Cherokee shopkeeper came up to us with an attachment for debt against a free mulatto, whom we had engaged as teamster. The poor fellow had no alternative but to return with the importunate creditor, who committed him at once to the care of "Judge Lynch" for trial. We ascertained afterwards that he had been sentenced to "take the benefit of the bankrupt law," after the manner of the Cherokees of that neighborhood. This is done by stripping and tying the victim to a tree; when each creditor, with a good cowhide or hickory switch in his hand, scores the amount of the bill due upon his bare back. One stripe for every dollar due is the usual process of "whitewashing;" and as the application of the lash is accompanied by all sorts of quaint remarks, the exhibition affords no small merriment to those present, with the exception, no doubt, of the delinquent himself. After the ordeal is over, the creditors declare themselves perfectly satisfied: nor could they, as is said, ever be persuaded thereafter to receive one red cent of the amount due, even if it were offered to them. As the poor mulatto was also in our debt, and was perhaps apprehensive that we might exact payment in the same currency, he never showed himself again.

A VERY striking work of art is at present on view at Howell and James'; an equestrian statuette of Napoleon, in bronze, by the Count d'Orsay. The emperor has a noble seat, and the horse looks conscious of his illustrious burthen: but the work is quiet, dignified, and unaffected; perfectly simple and without a particle of weakness. There is sufficient grace of execution to do ample justice to the calm beauty of the conception in this exquisite piece of sculpture.

No one who sees it will think this a partial judgment. As an illustration, by contrast, of the abortions of equestrian sculpture in every public place of this metropolis, Count d'Orsay's statuette is really very remarkable. His horse's legs neither caper in the air, nor stand as though planted in a ditch: yet who will question his breed, or his manly air of vigorous freedom? And the figure of Napoleon, looking at you with that aspect of sedate beauty and tranquil thought, is no less a proof of the artist's truth, noble grasp of the subject, and high poetical power.—*Examiner*.

From the Westminster Review.

*History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons.* In 10 vols. By ARCHIBALD ALISON. Blackwood and Sons.

WE have long wished to introduce this work to the knowledge of our readers, and ought, we confess, to have done so long ago. But the vast extent of the subject, the deep interest of the period, and the extraordinary magnitude of the matters treated of, have hitherto deterred us from making the attempt; while, at the same time, the singular admixture of serious faults which call for severe criticism, with great merits which excite our warmest admiration, render our task one of unusual perplexity. These considerations must be our excuse, both with Mr. Alison and with our readers, for having suffered so long a period to elapse before noticing a work which, with all its defects, is one of the ablest and most fascinating that, for many years, has fallen into our hands.

Mr. Alison seems to have been fully impressed with the importance of the task which he has undertaken, and with the responsibility attached to its performance in a diligent, honest and impartial spirit. He first conceived the idea of such a work, on witnessing the meeting of the allied sovereigns in Paris in 1814, after the fall of their great rival; and he has devoted nearly the whole of his leisure, since that period, to the collection of materials for his history, to the collation of conflicting authorities, and to a personal inspection of most of the scenes illustrated by the great events of the twenty-five years whose annalist he had resolved to become. The result of this patient and conscientious diligence is seen in the production of a work distinguished for fulness, general accuracy, and graphic power, and an impartiality the more remarkable as the author is a man of outrageous political prejudices, which, though they disfigure almost every chapter of his book, have never been allowed to cast a shade over the honorable fairness of the narrative. In all his descriptions, both of civil and military proceedings, Mr. Alison is particularly successful; and we could instance his account of the campaign of Aspern and Wagram, and his masterly view of the measures adopted by Napoleon for the reorganization of France from 1799 to 1804, as admirable specimens of his excellence in this line of historical writing.

These eminent merits are, however, materially dashed by qualities of a very opposite character, which greatly diminish both the pleasure and the instruction Mr. Alison's history would otherwise have been calculated to afford. The first and slightest of these is a wonderful verbosity, which, together with his incessant repetitions, has greatly contributed to swell out his book to its present unwieldy bulk; and to this we may add a carelessness of style often amounting to absolute obscurity. But we have been chiefly disappointed to perceive a deficiency of that comprehensive grasp of mind,

those powers of close reasoning, and that penetrating search into the hidden causes of great events, without which no historian can hope to live, and which no period of history more imperatively requires than the one which Mr. Alison has selected. His reflections, which are very lengthy and somewhat obtrusive, are not unfrequently trite, shallow, and declamatory, often marked by the blindest party prejudice, and delivered, at the same time, in a tone of dogmatism, which only the profoundest wisdom can render tolerable, but which profound wisdom never assumes.

The work embraces a period of twenty-five years, from the first outbreak of the French revolution to the final termination of the wars arising out of it, in 1815. It is comprised in ten volumes of excessive thickness, which, by a greater condensation of style, and the omission of all idle declamation and needless repetitions, will one day, we trust, be reduced to eight. We do not, however, find fault with the minute detail in which Mr. Alison has thought it wise to write the history of this period. Historical summaries and abridgments are, of all works, the most useless and the most dull. If the past is to be of any service, either to guide us in the present or to prognosticate the future,—if it is to give us any insight into the causes which bring about national prosperity or suffering—if it is to throw any light on the motives of human action, or the deep intricacies of human character,—it must be written in the fullest and minutest particularity. Otherwise it is of little more value than a column of names and dates.

There are, however, but few periods of history that merit to be thus studied in detail. In modern times, probably the only passages that would repay such minute investigation are: the era of maritime discovery, at the close of the fifteenth and the early part of the sixteenth century; the Reformation; the rise and fall of the Italian republics; the struggle for constitutional liberty in England in the seventeenth century; and finally, the great rebellion against feudal and mental oppression in France, which broke forth publicly in 1789. Of all these, the last is to us far the most interesting, as nearest to our own days, as most remarkable in its character, and most far spreading in its consequences.

We know of no period of history so fertile in attractions, both to writer and to reader, none which presents so many scenes of fearful and thrilling interest to be described, so many profound and subtle problems of character to be solved, so many intricate intrigues to be unravelled, so many prolific truths of political philosophy to be deduced, so many lessons of deep and melancholy wisdom to be learned. We know of no period so rich in materials, alike for the statesman, the moralist and the poet, nor one which, to treat aright, would require so rare a combination of the intellectual gifts of all three. At the same time we know of no period, for an accurate and philosophical history of which such

ample materials exist. Yet such a work is still a desideratum—a desideratum which Mignet, Thiers, Carlyle and Alison have been alike unable to supply.

The period over which Mr. Alison's work extends, naturally divides itself into two sections—the history of the revolution, and the history of Napoleon—the respective treatment of which required very different qualifications. In the latter Mr. Alison has been so eminently successful, we think, as not only to supersede the necessity for any future history, but to earn a very distinguished place in the first rank of modern historians. In the former division we are disposed to think that he has failed, and failed from the want of that patient thought and philosophic grasp of mind which this portion of history preëminently demands.

The progress of the human mind and of human society is seldom marked by regular and successive steps. At some periods civilization appears to be stationary, at others, even to retrograde, at others, again, to spring forward with rapid, gigantic, and almost convulsive strides. This irregularity of advance is, doubtless, more apparent than actual. Preparations are gradually made, ideas professedly matured, and the foundations of the future superstructure laid with secret and patient industry. But these subterranean workings are for the most part unnoticed, till in the fulness of time a rich harvest of consequences is developed, with apparent suddenness, from causes which have been accumulating in silence for many generations.

The French revolution was one of the most remarkable of these *harvest-times* of society. The stride forward was sudden, immense and spasmodic; but the seeds of this vast event had long been germinating in the secret places of the earth. It is impossible, within our brief limits, to enter into any philosophical analysis of the nature, the causes and the ultimate results of this great political convulsion, or even to pass the strictures we should wish to do on the singularly imperfect and unsatisfactory manner in which Mr. Alison has executed this part of his task. A few general remarks are all that we can venture to offer.

A philosophical view of this period would comprise *four* distinct considerations:—the causes which led to the revolution; the causes which gave to it its peculiar character; the causes which led to its immediate and complete failure; and the permanent results of good and evil which have survived it.

The *proximate* causes of the revolution—the disputes with the parliament—the profusion of the court—the dilapidation of the finances, which made the summoning of the states-general a necessary, though a desperate expedient—Mr. Alison has narrated with sufficient clearness. Nay, he has enumerated, in all their enormity, a host of oppressions enough to have driven even wise men mad, yet in his view evidently quite inadequate

either to explain the popular excitement or to justify the subsequent retaliation; for he throughout speaks of the French people as acting under the influence of some mysterious and wholly inexplicable phrensy. His description of the tyranny of the old *regime* is such as to impress us with the feeling that while it would have been infamy to submit to it, scarcely any punishment would be too heavy for its crimes, and scarcely any price too great to pay for emancipation from its grasp; yet he everywhere describes the national rising against so insupportable a yoke, as almost an unprovoked, and quite an unpardonable iniquity. In fact, notwithstanding all his researches, he has failed sufficiently to recognize the great feature of the revolution, viz., that it was a *rebellion against class legislation*;\* that the privileges of the aristocracy had become too grievous to be borne; while the profligacy of the court, and the vicious lives and supine negligence of the clergy, had dissipated that loyal and pious spirit which alone could oppose a barrier to the passionate excesses of a triumphant and exasperated populace. In one word, the revolution was a struggle between MAN and NOBLEMAN.

The distinction between noble and plebeian was carried in France to a degree of which it is difficult in a free country to form an adequate conception; and the privileges of high birth descended to all the children, instead of being confined, as in England, to the eldest son. The consequence was the establishment of a line of demarcation, which neither talent, enterprise, nor success was able to pass.

"On the one side," says Mr. Alison, "were 150,000 privileged individuals; on the other the whole body of the French people. All situations of importance in the church, the army, the court, the bench, or diplomacy, were exclusively enjoyed by the former of these classes."

Surely a system of such transcendent egotism as to admit of this description—a system which excluded from all offices of power, honor, or emolument, the talent, the energy, the industry of the nation; and which, in a population of thirty millions, reserved all the loaves and fishes of the state for 150,000 favorites of fortune, called imperatively for total reconstruction, and might well explain, and excuse any amount of exasperation in the disfranchized and oppressed majority. It was

\* His forgetfulness of this fact is the more remarkable, as he himself admits it fully, and states it broadly, in his introductory chapters (i. 109):—

"The extraordinary character of the French Revolution arose, not from any peculiarities in the disposition of the people, or any faults exclusively owing to the government, but from the weight of the despotism which had preceded, and the magnitude of the changes which were to follow it. \* \* \* France would have done less at the Revolution, if she had done more before it: she would not so unmercifully have unsheathed the sword to govern, if she had not so long been governed by the sword; she would not have fallen for years under the guillotine of the populace, if she had not groaned for centuries under the fetters of the nobility."

this system which enlisted the wealthy, the able, and the educated portion of the *middle* classes on the revolutionary side.

The great mass of the people, including the peasantry in the country and the laboring classes in the towns, had their own intolerable grievances to secure their sympathy and coöperation in the same direction. These grievances Mr. Alison has described without any attempt to conceal or palliate their enormity. The privileged orders possessed two thirds of the land, and yet were exempted from a large proportion of the taxes. The *vingtième* and the *taille* (the latter of which was levied solely on the *tiers état*) were burdens on the produce of the soil, of so oppressive a character, that Arthur Young calculates that they, together with the rent, amounted to *eleven twelfths* of the whole produce, or, as he states it, that supposing the yield of an acre to be worth 3*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*, 1*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* of this went to the king, and 18*s.* to the landlord, leaving only 6*s.* 3*d.* for the cultivator. Mr. Alison quotes this, and proceeds:—

“The great proprietors all resorted to Paris in quest of amusement, dissipation, or advancement; and with the exception of La Vendée, where a totally different system of manners prevailed, the country was hardly ever visited by its landlords. The natural consequence of this was, that no kindly feelings, no common interest, united the landlord and his tenantry. The former regarded the cultivators in no other light than as beasts of burden, from whose labor the greatest possible profit was to be extracted; the latter considered their lords as tyrants, known only by the vexatious visits and endless demands of their bailiffs.”

Nor was this all.

“The local burdens and legal services due by the tenantry to their feudal superiors were to the last degree vexatious and oppressive. . . . Game of the most destructive kind, such as wild boars and herds of deer, were permitted to go at large through extensive districts, without any enclosures to protect the crops. The damage they did to the farmers in four parishes only was estimated at 8,000*l.* a year. Numerous edicts existed which prohibited hoeing and weeding, lest the young partridges should be disturbed; taking away the stubble, lest the birds should be deprived of shelter; mowing hay lest their eggs should be destroyed; manuring with night-soil, lest their flavor should be injured. Complaints for the infraction of these edicts were all carried before the manorial courts, where every species of oppression, chicanery, and fraud, were prevalent. . . . The people were bound to grind their corn at their landlord's mill, to press their grapes at his press, to bake their bread at his oven. *Corvées*, or obligations to repair the roads, founded on custom, decrees, and servitude, were enforced with the utmost severity.”—Vol. i., p. 137.

Will it be credited that, after enumerating all these unbearable oppressions, Mr. Alison still seems to think them insufficient to account for the outbreak which took place! and adds (p. 148)—

“The circumstances which have now been mentioned, without doubt contributed to the formation of that discontent which formed the predisposing

cause of the revolution. But the existing cause, as physicians would say, the immediate source of the convulsion, was the *spirit of innovation* which, like a malady, overspread France at that crisis.”

We should like to know what nation possessing the smallest spark of intelligence and courage, and suffering under such enormous wrongs, would not be overspread with a “spirit of innovation.”

But the picture would be incomplete without a reference to the general corruption of manners which prevailed among the higher classes, and especially at court. The instinctive loyalty, the blind and discreditable devotion to the sovereign as such, which had distinguished the French up to the time of Louis XIV., and which had been carried to its height by the splendid undertakings and dignified manners of that consummate actor—“little in everything but the art of simulating greatness”—received a considerable shock from the reverses which darkened his later years, and still more, perhaps, from the childish and cruel fanaticism, by which he sought to make tardy atonement for the profligacy of his youth and the desolating ambition of his manhood. The sanctimonious observances which he exacted from his nobles and courtiers caused them at his death to rush into the opposite extreme; and the low debauchery and the contemptible baseness of the two succeeding reigns entirely obliterated what remained of the *prestige* of respect and attachment by which royalty had been formerly surrounded.

The clergy, too, shared in the general corruption and in the general contempt. Their wealth was enormous; \* their luxury excessive and ostentatious; and all pretensions to superior sanctity or correctness of manners had long since been abandoned. Indeed, many of the highest rank among them were preëminent for their licentiousness. The unbounded power they obtained towards the latter end of the reign of Louis XIV., by the entire suppression of dissent, served to complete their worthlessness and to seal their doom.

“The Gallican Church, no doubt,” says Mr. Hall, “looked upon it as a signal triumph when she prevailed on Louis XIV. to repeal the edict of Nantes, and to suppress the Protestant religion. But what was the consequence? Where, after this period, are we to look for her Fenelons and her Pascals? where for the bright monuments of piety and learning which were the glory of her better days? As for piety, she perceived that she had no occasion for it, when there was no lustre of Christian holiness surrounding her; nor for learning, when she had no longer any opponents to confute or any controversies to maintain. She felt herself at liberty to become as ignorant, as secular, as irreligious as she pleased; and amidst the silence and darkness she had created around her, she drew the curtains, and retired to rest.”

\* The total revenues of the church derived from tithes reached 130,000,000 francs, of which only 42,000,000 were in the hands of the working clergy: the number of ecclesiastics was 80,000. But, in addition to this revenue, the ecclesiastical body owned nearly *half* the soil of France!—Alison, i. 128.

Mr. Alison frequently laments, in language of bitter severity, the general infidelity which pervaded all classes in France at the period of the revolutionary outbreak. But he does not state, as in common fairness he ought to have done, how much of the guilt of this lies at the door of the "accredited teachers" of religion, who had banished or put to death all who preached the pure faith of Christ; he does not sufficiently inform us that, not only were the clergy among the very first to set the example of unbelief, but that, in truth, Christianity was ever presented to the people *from their hands* so disguised, disfigured, and degraded, that it became almost a virtue to reject it. No stronger proof can be given of the shameful extent to which clerical duties had been neglected throughout France, than the description which Mr. Alison gives of the army which invaded Egypt and Syria in 1789 (vol. iii, p. 397):—

"They not only considered the Christian faith as an entire fabrication, but were for the most part ignorant of its very elements. Lavalette has recorded, that hardly one of them had ever been in a church; and in Palestine they were unacquainted even with the names of the holiest places in sacred history."

Such, then, were the full and ample causes which led to the great catastrophe of France—the intolerable privileges of the few, the severe and hopeless sufferings of the many, and the scandalous and public profligacy of the court and the clergy—not that blind frenzy which Mr. Alison has so needlessly conjured up as its originating source.

The more peculiar features of the revolution, the low and sanguinary character which it so early assumed, and which ultimately led to its entire failure as a measure of regeneration, are eminently deserving of the study of the historian and the statesman; and the causes to which these are to be traced are not difficult to discover; but we can here do little more than allude to them in the most cursory manner. Among the principal of them was unquestionably the severity of the oppression to which all classes had been previously subjected; for the violence of the convulsion will always be proportioned to the magnitude of the burden to be thrown off; and the atrocity of the revenge will generally take its measure and its character from the atrocity of the injury to be atoned for. But, perhaps, the circumstance which more than any other modified the course of events in the revolution was the *famine* which prevailed at its commencement. Mr. Carlyle is, we believe, the only writer on this period who has assigned to this fact its due weight. The harvest of 1788 was a very defective one, and the consequent scarcity spread itself over the three following years; for though the ensuing crop was plentiful, the usual channels of industry and commerce had by that time become so completely disorganized, that bread was nowhere to be obtained in sufficient quantity, and the scarcity soon amounted to a famine. In the

market place, the corn-sacks had to be guarded by dragoons, "often more than one dragoon to each sack." The bakers' shops were beset by a famishing populace, who were obliged to stand in a long string, often reaching above a hundred yards, that each might be served in turn. Even when obtained, they complained, probably with truth, that the bread was adulterated with plaster of Paris. Many were reduced to "meal-husks and boiled grass." Finally, an ounce and a half of bread daily was the utmost that could be afforded to each individual, and onions and pulse must fill up the deficiency; nay, during the insurrection at Versailles, a horse, which had been slain in the riot, was eagerly seized upon for food. The effect of all this upon a people of singular excitability, and with whom bread is a staple article of food, may be easily conceived. "*Rien (says Mad. de Staël) ne dispose le peuple au mécontentement comme les craintes sur le subsistence;*" and perhaps we may briefly express the peculiar effect of the scarcity on the march of revolutionary events, by saying that it caused the *populace* to intermingle in a struggle which would otherwise have been fought out (with a widely-different result in all likelihood) between the aristocracy and the middle classes—the *tiers état*.<sup>\*</sup> "Parties (says Mr. Carlyle) might have suppressed and smothered one another in the ordinary bloodless parliamentary way, on one condition—that France had at least been able to exist all the while. But the sovereign people has a digestive faculty, and cannot do without bread." When the great mass of the people are comfortable and contented, despotism may exist with little difficulty; or, the government and the middle ranks may fight out their differences in a safe and regulated manner; but when the middle ranks are clamorous for political rights, at the same time that the lowest classes are clamorous for food, the most firmly constituted authorities will rarely be able to resist the united pressure. If kings and privileged orders were wise in their generation, and cunning in their craft, they would feed the people *at any price*.

Another cause of the peculiar character of the French Revolution is to be found in the entire inexperience of the people and their leaders, both in the legislative and the administrative department of government. The old bureaucracy were speedily displaced, as unworthy of the confidence of reformers, and no one else possessed adequate knowledge to perform their functions. The great majority of the French popular leaders—even the ablest and the best among them—derived their ideas of government from Rousseau and Condorcet, and their notions of public virtue from the extravagant and unreal heroes of Plutarch. With this prevailing ignorance, the consequences could

<sup>\*</sup> The effect of famine, in throwing the control of events into the hands of the lowest class, was well understood by their leaders, one of whom wrote epigrammatically to a friend—"Tout va bien ici; le pain manque."—*Carlyle*, ii., 336.

scarcely have been other than they were. The moment a representative system was given to a people exasperated by past wrongs, and unskilled in the exercise of power, the excesses which ensued might have been considered almost unavoidable.

But with every allowance for the operation of these unfortunate conditions, much, no doubt, must be attributed to the singular features of the French character, to that *mobile* and hasty temperament, that warlike spirit and disreputable passion for military glory, and that deplorable want of moral courage, which have always distinguished it, but which were never so marked or attended with such fatal consequences as during the revolutionary struggle. There is much that is amiable, and much that is admirable, in our French neighbors; for general cleverness, active enterprise, daring heroism, and patience under the hardships and privations of war, they are, perhaps, unrivalled; but the quiet enthusiasm which pursues its object, steadily and silently, through neglect and through reproach—the courage to withstand popular clamor—the firmness to resist the contagion of popular emotion—the fortitude to suffer in obscurity and in secret—the devotion to adhere unflinchingly to an obnoxious principle or to a sinking cause—these, unhappily, have at no time formed a portion of the Gallic character.

In this enumeration of the causes which stamped upon the French Revolution those peculiar features which distinguish it from all similar convulsions, we must not forget one of the most powerful of them all—the predominance of Paris over the rest of France. The invariable residence of the monarch in or near the metropolis—and that unworthy passion for court distinctions which pervaded all classes—had for many generations been operating to concentrate all the wealth and talent of the kingdom into one single focus. Provincial usefulness and provincial fame were disregarded and despised. The nobility deserted their châteaux in the country, and left their wretched vassals to the superintendence of a rapacious agent, that they might bask in the sunshine of royal favor. The soldier, whenever it was possible, forsook his duties in the province, to hasten to the headquarters of patronage and promotion; and whatever of genius or capacity chanced to arise in any part of France hurried at once to the capital, as the only fitting arena for display. Hence Paris became, not only the epitome of France, but its heart—the centre of its vitality; any movement there was instantaneously transmitted to the remotest departments, and passively acquiesced in by them; and whoever could obtain the mastery of that volatile and excitable metropolis, found himself at once the despotic governor of France. Hence the quick succession of rulers and constitutions, and the marvellous facility with which each one overthrew its predecessor.

The vices and cruelties of the several governments which successively seized the direction of affairs,—and the consequent disappointment, disgust, and exhaustion of the people,—paved an easy way for the daring usurpation of Napoleon; and amid the comparative repose which ensued under his iron despotism, the nation, wearied of its fruitless struggles after freedom, sank quietly to sleep.

What now remains of permanent result from that great social movement which agitated all Europe towards the close of the last century, and of which the French Revolution may be considered

as at once the most violent symptom and the most vivid embodiment? Now that the convulsion has subsided, what are the abiding traces it has left behind? Interesting and momentous questions, to which we can only glance at the reply. France has unquestionably gained much; legal, though imperfect freedom of the press,—equality of civil rights,—and a representative system, extremely defective beyond dispute, but capable of easy and progressive enlargement. In a word, she has now the means of steadily ameliorating all her institutions, without having recourse to violent or illegal enterprises: and *in this condition is comprised real political liberty*. And no one who compares the second revolution with the first, can doubt that France has profited immensely by the severe ordeal she has passed.

The gain to the civilized world at large, though less marked, has, we think, been no less real. The essentials of genuine freedom are everywhere better understood; the great principle is everywhere acknowledged as a fundamental and unquestioned truth—that the object of all government is the happiness of the subject many, not the advantage of the ruling few. And if no other lesson had been taught us in the school of affliction and adversity, through which the revolutionary mania made us pass, at least this will have survived: nations will have learned to rebel with less vehement excesses, and rulers to be more measured and moderate in their oppression.

The second portion of Mr. Alison's task, the "History of Napoleon," he has executed in a manner worthy of all praise. The picture he has given us of the character and achievements of this wonderful warrior is complete, vivid, and distinct,—and, as a whole, far superior both in fullness and vigor to any other we have read. The various steps by which Napoleon achieved supreme power—the singular manner in which fortune played into his hands—his hairbreadth escapes from utter ruin at several of the most critical periods of his life—his march from victory to victory, and the peculiar and masterly tactics by which he obtained them all—his admirable measures for the regeneration of a country so thoroughly disorganized as France was when he became its ruler—the gradual turning of the scale against him by the improvement of his enemies' conduct, and the exhaustion of his own resources—his last gallant struggle over overwhelming numbers—his temporary abdication and subsequent miraculous revival—together with the final catastrophe, and the melancholy close of his chequered and turbulent career—are all depicted with a truth of outline and a richness of coloring, which fix the attention of the reader without an effort, and leave an indelible impression on his memory. Certainly no historian ever had so magnificent a subject, and few have ever done fuller justice to their task.

Napoleon was perhaps the most consummate master of military science the world ever saw. In the original conception of his plan, in his accurate and comprehensive combinations, as well as in his manœuvres in the field,—he carried skill to that point at which it merges into genius. Some, we know, have sought to deny him this praise, and have labored to prove that his talents as a general were of a very mean order; elaborate arguments by ensigns and cornets have been published with this view; and we well remember many years ago to have heard an officer who had served under him on many occasions declare, that, except in his

Italian campaigns, he never showed any remarkable capacity, but accomplished all his subsequent conquests solely by dint of numbers, and by a reckless sacrifice of his troops, from which more considerate or humane generals would have shrunk. But it is impossible to read the details of his campaigns, and the most remarkable of his battles, which Mr. Alison has described, without feeling convinced that all such disparaging arguments as those we refer to, must be regarded much in the same light as the old scholastic disputations, the sophistical paradoxes of Rousseau, or the "Historic Doubts" of Archbishop Whately; namely, as amusing feats of intellectual jugglery, or exercises of aimless ingenuity.

It is perfectly true that Napoleon committed more than one serious mistake in his warlike enterprises; but this rarely occurred except when long experience of his adversaries had taught him a contempt for their capacity, which they were just ceasing to deserve; or when political considerations mixed themselves with those of strategy, and the conflicting interest of his double position as an emperor and a general, rendered that advisable as a matter of policy, which was in opposition to the acknowledged principles of the military art, as was frequently the case in the later part of his career. Moreover, the general who, for fifteen years, has found a particular line of tactics invariably successful, cannot be accused of blundering because, from some unforeseen change of character on the part of his antagonist, it for once fails of its effect.

It is equally indisputable that, on several occasions, both in his civil and military career, Napoleon narrowly escaped destruction; and that some of his most signal and important triumphs were, if we may so express it, little more than defeats changed into victories by some remarkable stroke of fortune, or by the incapacity or folly of his adversaries. When he seized the supreme power on the 18th Brumaire, it was for many minutes doubtful whether his bold attempt would not terminate in utter failure, and be promptly expiated on the scaffold. The crisis was so fearful, and the danger so imminent, that, for the first and only time in his life, he entirely lost his presence of mind, and was only saved by the timely bombast of his brother Lucien. Again, at the battle of Marengo, the second crisis of his life, he was entirely defeated, when the defeat was changed into a splendid victory by the memorable charge of Kellerman. If the Allies had remained firm, and refused to treat, after the battle of Austerlitz, it seems clear that Napoleon would have been compelled to exchange a brilliant victory for a disastrous retreat. If the Archduke John had obeyed orders in the campaign of Aspern, Napoleon would have been irretrievably cut off. As it was, he suffered a severe defeat, and narrowly escaped destruction. If the Russians had been fully aware of their success at Eylau, and had advanced after the battle, Napoleon never would have had the opportunity of restoring his affairs by the victory of Friedland. And had Kutusoff been aware that Napoleon had fought the battle of Borodino with only ammunition sufficient for a single day, he never would have suffered him to enter Moscow. In all these cases he owed much to fortune—much to the errors of his antagonists—but much also to his own skill and daring.

It is also true that he owed much of his early and signal success to having had the Austrians for

his first and principal opponents. Though brave in the field, they were languid, tardy, and easily thrown into confusion by a flank attack. Their radically defective system—which no experience taught them to abandon—of tying up their ablest generals to a plan of the campaign, all the details of which were arranged by the Aulic Council at Vienna; while Napoleon, even in his earliest commands, acted entirely on his own judgment as the varying exigencies of the war demanded, and disdained to be fettered by any superior authority, gave him a decisive advantage over his methodical antagonists. While, at the same time, their extraordinary and incurable slowness of proceeding, which continued unamended to the last year of the war, and the certainty with which they retreated or laid down their arms the moment their flank was turned, or their communications threatened, were exactly fitted to play into the hands of a general unrivalled for the celerity of his movements and the boldness with which he threw himself upon his enemy's rear. The Austrian officers had been trained in the old school of military tactics, when, after a few marches and countermarches, a siege, and a couple of pitched battles, the campaign was considered to be at an end, and both parties were accustomed, as a matter of course, to retire into winter quarters; and when they regarded themselves as defeated as soon as they were decidedly outnumbered or outmanœuvred; and they had no idea either of the rapidity of movement or the obstinacy of resolve, which were requisite to encounter with effect an adversary like Napoleon. To the very last they always allowed him to surprise them, and conceived him to be at the distance of some days' march, when he was actually close upon them. It became manifest how much he had owed to this peculiar character of his opponents, as soon as he came into collision with the Russian troops in the campaign of Austerlitz, or with the English at Waterloo and in the Peninsula. These soldiers never retreated till their defeat was entire and overwhelming; and when they did retire, it was almost invariably in good order, and without loss of baggage or standards. The battle of Friedland was the only one fought by Napoleon against Russian troops in which he gained many of the proofs and trophies of victory. The campaign of Austerlitz is particularly worth studying with a view to this consideration. Indeed, all the wars from 1796 to 1814 show that, had the Austrians been his only antagonists, he would have found no barrier between him and the sceptre of universal dominion. Nevertheless, after allowing their full weight to all those considerations, ample proof will still remain of the splendid military genius of the French emperor—a genius which never shone forth more brilliantly than in the fatal campaign of 1814, when, with an army composed almost entirely of newly levied conscripts—many of them mere boys—he contended single-handed against the combined forces of all Europe, and gained such a series of astonishing, though ineffective victories. And whoever may be found, from motives of ungenerous envy, or unworthy love of paradox, to deny the claims of Napoleon to the praise of a consummate general, the testimony of the Duke of Wellington and the Archduke Charles—the only captains who ever conquered him—will not be wanting to confute them.\*

\* The duke, on being asked by Canning at what period



The capacities of Napoleon as a civil ruler were scarcely inferior to his talents as a general. We find ample evidence of the success with which he applied the native vigor of his understanding to the science of government, in his dispatches to the ministers of state, in his recorded conversations with his friends, in his speeches and observations to his council, as collected and published by Thibaudeau, and in the admirable measures he adopted or suggested for the reorganization of France from 1800 to 1804. It is impossible to read the account of these matters which Mr. Alison has left us,\* without doing involuntary homage to the strong clear sense, the instinctive wisdom, which, amid all the fatal errors which ambition led him to commit, marked every observation which fell from this wonderful man. In one point only was he thoroughly ignorant—commercial policy—but so are nine tenths of statesmen even now. Nor does history alone contain the proofs of Napoleon's extraordinary administrative capacity. All France and Italy abound with the undertakings of public utility which he set on foot and carried through. It appears that during the twelve years of his government he expended no less than 40,000,000*l.* sterling on public works in the various countries under his rule; (twenty-eight millions in France alone;) and of these, twenty-two were for roads, bridges, harbors, and canals, which will remain eternal monuments of his genius and power, and perpetual blessings and sources of civilization to all Europe, long after the hand of time and industry shall have obliterated the last lingering traces of his desolating wars, and when the memory of his crimes and his glory shall have faded into the dim remoteness of the past. It is not often the case that the good men do lives after them, and the evil is interred with their bones; but it was so to a great extent with Napoleon. The vestiges of the mischiefs which he caused, and the sufferings which he inflicted, are fast dying out, and the life-time of the present generation will probably see the last of them effaced; but the Antwerp harbor, the Alpine roads, and the Code Napoleon, would, in all likelihood, survive his memory, if they were not themselves its noble and undying record.

The physical energies of Napoleon seem to have been almost superhuman. Fatigue was nearly unknown to him. With most men such an un-sleeping spirit as his would have "o'er informed its tenement of clay." The fiery activity of his soul, however, appeared to endow his corporeal frame with powers of endurance and exertion with which none of his followers could keep pace. Mr. Alison, in his 70th chapter, has given us a vivid picture of the incessant toil with which he wore out both his aids-de-camp and his secretaries. He was invariably temperate, often almost to asceticism; seldom took above four hours' sleep, and, when necessary, seemed able to dispense with it altogether.

"But while he shunned the grosser joys of sense,  
His mind seemed nourished by that abstinence."

In one point his character presents a singular contrast with itself. His genius was essentially mathematical; yet few men ever existed in whom

of his career he considered that Napoleon was most conspicuously great as a military chief, replied, "Oh! beyond all question, after the battle of Leipzig."

\* We especially recommend to the careful study of our readers the thirty-fifth chapter of Mr. Alison's work.

the poetic element was so powerfully developed. His fancy was quite of the oriental cast. To the very end of his career his mind was full of the most romantic visions of eastern grandeur; and his magnificent and wild imagination presents a vivid contrast to the vigorous grasp of his intellect, the coolness of his judgment, and the crystal clearness of his understanding. The throne of Constantinople or Hindostan was one of the dreams of his earliest youth; and even in the midst of his most splendid European conquests, gorgeous visions of palms and pagodas were seldom long absent from his fancy.

The reverse of this interesting picture is presented when we turn from his intellectual endowments to contemplate his moral qualities. Yet even here there was much that was attractive. He was a man of fascinating manners, of occasional impulses of generous emotion, and of warm and kind, though limited affections. He appears to have been sincerely attached to his wife and child, and to a few among his early companions in arms, especially to Lannes, Duroc, and Junot. But the prominent feature of his character was a hard, cold, unrelenting selfishness. Whatever interfered, or seemed likely to interfere, with his own fame, his own aggrandizement, his own ambition, was trampled under foot with the most ruthless resolution. His total and contemptible disregard of truth; his ungenerous enmity to all whose exploits threatened to rival or eclipse his own, or whose services to himself had been too conspicuously brilliant; his entire disregard of the lives of his soldiers, or the exhaustion of his country, or the rights of other sovereigns, or his own deliberate promises and solemn treaties, or, in short, of any consideration whatever, when in pursuit of the objects he had determined to obtain; his insolent and cruel violations of the first principles of international law; and the sufferings he inflicted on the whole of Europe by his Berlin and Milan anti-commercial decrees, while at the same time he did not scruple to sacrifice the very object for which they were enacted, by the sale of licenses to enrich his private treasury; all these things, which are fully and vividly detailed in the history before us, not only make us rejoice in the fall of this barbarian enemy of peace and freedom, but enable us to look upon the retributive fate which subsequently overtook him—bitter as it was—without a single emotion of pity or regret.

The insatiable and unresting ambition of Napoleon admits of no excuse. His encroachments were even more daring and intolerable in time of peace than during war. He pursued them from passion, and justified them on principle. He was in the habit of defending his unceasing wars, by urging the necessity, which the precarious tenure of his dynasty laid him under, of constantly dazzling the imaginations of the French by new and more magnificent achievements; and repeatedly affirmed that any repose under his laurels, any pause in his career of conquest, would have compromised his authority with so fickle and requiring a people. Mr. Alison, much to our surprise, adopts the same line of defence.

"Napoleon constantly affirmed that he was not to be accused for the wars which he undertook; they were imposed upon him by an invincible necessity; that glory and success—in other words, perpetual conquest—were the conditions of his tenure of power; that he was the head of a military republic, which would admit of no pause in its career; that conquest with him was essential

to existence, and that the first pause in the march of victory would prove the commencement of ruin. This history has, indeed, been written to little purpose, if it is not manifest, even to the most inconsiderate, that he was right in these ideas, and that it was not himself, but the spirit of his age, which is chargeable with his fall."—Vol. x., p. 593.

But the defence is an untenable one; or if admissible at all, is applicable only to his earlier wars. It is unquestionably true, as Napoleon declared, that his power being founded mainly on opinion, any serious *check*, or *reverse*, might have shaken—and when it came *did* shake—the stability of his throne. But this stability was so far from depending on his continental aggression wars, that it was materially weakened and undermined by them; and the grinding conscription—which in the late years of the war was always levied by anticipation—had wearied out the loyalty of the great body of the nation, and the fatigues and privations of ceaseless campaigning had completely exhausted the zeal and attachment of his generals, before the disasters in Spain or Russia had begun to cast a doubt on the invincibility of his arms.\* "Where is the use (asked the discontented marshals) of our wealth and our splendid palaces in Paris, if we are never to have leisure to enjoy them, but must live on horseflesh, and lie upon the ground?" We feel perfectly satisfied, after a careful perusal of all that Mr. Alison has written on this subject, that if, after the decisive battle of Friedland, Napoleon had sheathed the sword, and devoted his genius and activity to internal improvement, and to the reparation of the ravages which his wars had made in the wealth, the finances, the commerce, the population, and the agriculture of France, he might still have been reigning in the Tuileries, and have maintained the boundary of the Rhine.

To us—who live after the panic has subsided, and when the cause of terror is removed, and who can read past events by the light which subsequent disclosures had thrown over them—few things appear more remarkable than the excessive alarm and despondency which Napoleon's march towards universal dominion excited in the minds even of the most strong and clear-sighted statesmen of the day. They saw him advance from victory to victory,—lay prostrate often by a single blow the most renowned monarchies of Europe, attach one nation after another to his standards, and aggrandize his territories even more rapidly by diplomacy than by the sword. But they did *not* see, behind this brilliant exterior of events, the causes at work, which sooner or later must inevitably arrest the tide of conquest, and roll it back with resistless violence upon the shores of France. They did not see that the utter exhaustion, both of population, commerce, and cultivation, which Napoleon's conquests involved, must soon bring those conquests to an end, by leaving him destitute of those natural resources which had hitherto enabled him to achieve them. They did not perceive that the enormous armies which were requisite to crush his more powerful antagonists must, in a hostile land, fall to pieces from their own unwieldiness; and still more that the cruel exactions and more cruel humiliations which he heaped upon the vanquished nations, were silently but rapidly arousing a desperate spirit of resistance and revenge, which, when matured, would prove too mighty even for the spirit of conquest, or the miracles of military

science. In modern times, we are satisfied, universal dominion is as hopeless a chimera as perpetual motion. The very mechanism requisite to realize either problem involves its own discomfiture. Yet the correspondence of Sir James Mackintosh (who assuredly was one of the most sagacious and profound observers of political events which our age has produced) abounds in desponding passages as to the universal despotism which the French emperor was establishing, and the night of barbarism which was falling upon Europe. In 1808 he writes thus to a friend:—

"Who can tell how long the fearful night may be, before the dawn of a brighter to-morrow? Experience may, and I hope does, justify us in expecting that the whole course of human affairs is towards a better state; but it does not justify us in supposing that many steps of the progress may not immediately be towards a worse. The race of man may reach the promised land, but there is no assurance that the present generation will not perish in the wilderness. The prospect of the nearest part of futurity, of all that we can discover, except with the eyes of speculation, seems very dismal. The mere establishment of absolute power in France is the smallest part of the evil. \* \* \* \* \* Europe is now covered with a multitude of dependent despots, whose existence depends on their maintaining the paramount tyranny in France. The mischief has become too intricate to be unravelled in our day. An evil greater than despotism, or rather the worst and most hideous form of despotism approaches—a monarchy, literally universal, seems about to be established. Then all the spirit, variety, and emulation of separate nations, which the worst forms of internal government have not utterly extinguished, will vanish. And in that state of things, if we may judge from past examples, the whole energy of human intellect and virtue will languish, and can scarcely be revived otherwise than by a spirit of barbarism."†

Yet within five years of the date of these remarks, the empire of Napoleon was at an end.

But it is time to bring our observations to a close. We lay down Mr. Alison's masterly picture of Napoleon's career and character, with a feeling of sincere regret. To attempt any succinct portraiture of such a man would be presumptuous and idle. It would appear as if Providence had sent him upon earth, to show to the worshippers of grandeur and of talent, how completely all that is most magnificent in intellectual endowment may be divorced from moral excellence and the generous affections; and when so divorced, how incalculably sad and terrible are its consequences to mankind. Yet every page of Napoleon's history, while it adds to the detestation which we cannot but feel for his selfishness and his crimes, serves also to augment the thrilling admiration which the coldest heart cannot refuse to his superb and splendid genius.

It appears from authentic documents which Mr. Alison has collected, that from the commencement to the close of the revolutionary wars, the levies of soldiers in France exceeded *four millions*,‡ and that not less than *three millions* of these, on the lowest calculation, perished in the field, the hospital, or the bivouac.‡ If to these we add, as we unques-

\* Memoirs of Sir James Mackintosh, vol. i., p. 383. See also pp. 296, 307, 375, for a repetition of the same gloomy forebodings.

† Alison, x., p. 540.

‡ Alison, vi., p. 411.

\* Alison, vol. viii., pp. 614, 674.

tionably must, at least an equal number out of the ranks of their antagonists, it is clear that not less than *six millions* of human beings perished in warfare in the course of twenty years, in the very heart of civilized Europe, at the commencement of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. But even these stupendous numbers give us no adequate conception of the destruction of human life directly consequent on the wars of the revolution and the empire. We must add the thousands who perished from want, outrage and exposure, and the hundreds of thousands who were subsequently swept away by the ravages of that pestilence\* which took its rise amid the retreat from Russia, and the crowded garrisons of the campaign of 1813, and for several years afterwards desolated in succession every country of Europe. And even when we have summed up and laid before us, in all the magnitude of figures, the appalling destruction of life here exhibited, we can still gather only a faint and remote conception of the sufferings and the evils inflicted by this awful scourge. Death in the field is among the smallest of the miseries of war: the burned villages—the devastated harvests—the ruined commerce—the towns carried by assault—the feeble and the lovely massacred and outraged—grief, despair and desolation carried into innumerable families,—these are among the more terrific visitations of military conflicts, and the blackest of the crimes for which a fearful retribution will one day be exacted at the hands of those who have provoked, originated, or compelled them. If anything could awaken the statesmen of our age to a just estimate of war and the warrior, surely their deeds and the consequences of these deeds should do so, when exhibited on a scale of such tremendous magnitude. Yet so far the impression made seems to have been both feeble and imperfect. Our views with regard to war are still in singular discordance both with our reason and our religion. They appear to be rather the result of a brute instinct, than of obedience to the dictates either of a sound sense or of a pure faith. On all other points, Christianity is the acknowledged foundation of our theory of morals, however widely we may swerve from it in practice; but in the case of war we do not pretend to keep up even the shadow of allegiance to the authority of our nominal lawgiver. "A state of war," says Robert Hall, "is nothing less than a temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue." It is the primary object of war, and is considered to be the primary duty of the warrior, to inflict the maximum of injury upon the enemy; and so distinctly is this principle laid down, that we have seen court-martial held upon deserving officers, in which the only charge against them was that they had not done as much mischief to their antagonists as, under the circumstances, it was considered they might have done,—that they had spared some property which might have been destroyed, and suffered some fellow-creature to escape with life, who, with greater exertion, might have been slain,—and in which the accusation was preferred in these broad and naked terms.†

\* Alison, ix., p. 650; x., p. 9.

† "The morality of peaceful times is directly opposite to the maxims of war. The fundamental rule of the first is to do good; of the latter to inflict injuries. The former commands us to succor the oppressed; the latter to overwhelm the defenceless. The rules of morality will not suffer us to promote the dearest interests by falsehood; the maxims of war applaud it when employed for the destruction of others."—Robert Hall, p. 20.

How happens it that our notions on the subject of war are so widely different from what we have a right to suppose they would be among a Christian people? from what they would be, if Christianity had had any share in their formation? We think the singular discrepancy may be traced to two sources. In the first place, the whole tone of feeling among educated minds—and through them among other classes—has become thoroughly perverted and demoralized by the turn which is given to their early studies. The first books to which the attention of our youth is sedulously and exclusively directed, are those of the ancient authors; the first poet they are taught to relish and admire is Homer; the first histories put into their hands (and with which through life they are commonly more conversant than with any other) are those of Greece and Rome; the first biographies with which they become familiar are those of the heroes and warriors of the wild times of old. Now, in those days the staple occupation of life—at once its business and its pastime—was war. War was almost the sole profession of the rich and great, and became in consequence almost the sole theme of poets and historians. It is, therefore, the subject most constantly presented, and presented in the most glowing colors, to the mind of the young student, at the precise period when his mind is most susceptible and most tenacious of new impressions; the exciting scenes of warfare fill him with deeper interest than any other, and the intellectual and moral qualities of the warrior—quick foresight, rapid combination, iron resolve, stern severity, impetuous courage—become the objects of his warmest admiration; he forgets the peaceful virtues of charity and forbearance, or learns to despise them; he sees not the obscurer but the loftier merits of the philanthropist and the man of science; he comes to look upon war as the noblest of professions, and upon the warrior as the proudest of human characters; and the impression thus early made withstands all the subsequent efforts of reflection and religion to dislodge it. It is difficult to over-estimate the mischief wrought by this early misdirection of our studies; and that the impression produced is such as we have represented it, every one will acknowledge on a consideration of his own feelings.\*

The other source of our erroneous sentiments with regard to war may be found in the faulty and mischievous mode in which history has been generally written. In the first place, little except war has been touched upon; and the notion has been thus left upon the mind, either that nations were occupied in war alone, or that nothing else was worth recording. Those silent but steady labors which have gradually advanced the wealth of a country, and laid the foundation of its prosperity and power; those toilsome investigations which have pushed forward the boundaries of human knowledge, and illustrated through all time the age and the land which gave them birth; that persevering ingenuity and unbaflled skill which have made Science the handmaid of Art, and wrought out of her discoveries the materials of civilization and national preëminence: and, greater than all, that profound and patient thought which has eliminated the great principles of social and political well-being:—concerning all these, history has been silent; and the whole attention, both of the teacher and the student, has been concen-

\* See Foster's Essays, p. 341.

trated upon "the loud transactions of the outlying world," while the real progress of nations, and the great and good men who have contributed thereto, have alike been consigned to oblivion.

Again,—historians have never given a full and fair analysis of *what war is*. They have described the marches, the sieges, the able manœuvres, the ingenious stratagems, the gallant enterprises, the desperate conflicts, the masterly combinations, the acts of heroic daring, with which war abounds;—and they have summed up those descriptions of battles which we read with breathless interest, by informing us that the victory was gained with a loss of so many thousands killed and wounded—so many thousands made prisoners—and so many standards and pieces of artillery taken from the enemy.\* But all this is only the outside coloring of war, and goes little way towards making us acquainted with its real character. Historians rarely tell us of the privations suffered—the diseases engendered—the tortures undergone during a campaign;—still less of the vices ripened, the selfishness confirmed, the hearts hardened, by this "temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue." They do not speak of the ties broken—of the peasants ruined—of the hearths made desolate—of grief never to be comforted—of shame never to be wiped away—of the burden of abiding affliction brought upon many a happy household—of all the nameless atrocities, *one* of which in peaceful times would make our blood run cold, but which in war are committed daily, by thousands, with impunity. Historians rarely ever present us with such pictures as the following; and yet these are the inevitable accompaniments of war:—

"Such was the terrible battle of Eylau, fought in the depth of winter, amidst ice and snow, under circumstances of unexampled horror. The loss on both sides was immense; and never in modern times had a field of battle been strewn with such a multitude of slain. On the side of the Russians, 25,000 had fallen, of whom above 7,000 were already no more; on that of the French upwards of 30,000 were killed or wounded, and nearly 10,000 had left their colors under pretence of attending to the wounded. Never was spectacle so dreadful as the field presented on the following morning. Above 50,000 men lay in the space of two leagues, weltering in blood. The wounds were for the most part of the severest kind, from the extraordinary quantity of cannon balls which had been discharged during the action, and the close proximity of the contending masses to the deadly batteries which spread their grape at half-musket shot through their ranks. Though stretched on the cold snow, and exposed to the severity of an arctic winter, they were burning with thirst, and piteous cries were heard on all sides for water, or assistance to extricate the wounded men from the heaps of slain, or the load of horses by which they were crushed. Six thousand of these noble animals encumbered the field, or, maddened with

pain, were shrieking aloud amid the stifled groans of the wounded."—*Alison*, vi., p. 85.\*

We might multiply pictures yet more fearful, and we give one or two in a note. But we cannot refrain from quoting a few passages from a letter of Sir Charles Bell to Francis Horner, written after the battle of Waterloo, whither he had gone to assist in giving the necessary surgical attendance to the wounded.

"After I had been *five days* engaged in the prosecution of my object, I found that the best cases, that is the most horrid wounds, left totally without assistance, were to be found in the French hospital; this hospital was only forming; they were *even then* bringing these poor creatures in from the woods. It is impossible to convey to you the picture of human misery continually before my eyes. What was heart-rending in the day was intolerable at night. \* \* \* \* At six o'clock I took the knife in my hand, and continued incessantly at work till seven in the evening; and so the second day, and again the third. All the decencies of performing surgical operations were soon neglected; while I amputated one man's thigh, there lay at one time *thirteen*, all beseeching to be taken next. It was a strange thing to feel my clothes stiff with blood, and my arms powerless with using the knife; and more extraordinary still to find my mind calm amidst such a variety of suffering. \* \* \* \* After being eight days among the wounded (operating, it must be remembered all the time) I visited the field of battle. The view of the field, the gallant stories, the individual

\* "On Sunday forenoon I found a crowd collected round a car in which some wounded soldiers had just returned from Russia. No grenade or grape could have so disfigured these victims of the cold. One of them had lost the upper joints of all his ten fingers, and he showed us the stumps. Another wanted both ears and nose. More horrible still was the look of a third, whose eyes had been frozen; the eyelids hung down rotting, the globes of the eyes were burst, and protruded from their sockets. It was awfully hideous; but a spectacle yet more dreadful was to present itself. Out of the straw in the bottom of a car, I now beheld a figure creep painfully, which one could scarcely believe to be a human being, so wild and distorted were the features; the lips were rotted away, the teeth stood exposed: he pulled the cloth from before his mouth, and grinned on us like a death's head. \* \* \* \*"—*Alison*, ix., 112.

The following is a description of the state of the town and garrison of Dresden in 1813:—"The ravages which a contagious fever (the consequence of their privations) made on the inhabitants, added to the public distress. Not less than three hundred were carried off by it a week, among the citizens alone. Two hundred dead bodies were every day brought out of the military hospitals. Such was the accumulation in the churchyards, that the gravediggers could not inter them, and they were laid naked, in ghastly rows, along the place of sepulture. The bodies were heaped in such numbers on the dead carts, that they frequently fell from them, and the wheels gave a frightful sound in cracking the bones of the bodies which thus lay upon the streets. The hospital attendants and carters trampled down the corpses in the carts, like baggage or straw, to make room for more; and not unfrequently some of the bodies gave signs of life, and even uttered shrieks under this harsh usage. Several bodies thrown into the Elbe for dead, were revived by the sudden immersion in cold water, and the wretches were seen struggling in vain in the waves, by which they were soon swallowed up. Medicine and hospital stores there were none; and almost all the surgeons and apothecaries were dead."—*Alison*, ix., 643.

These are ghastly pictures, but we must not shrink from them if we would conceive aright what military glory really is, and how alone it can be purchased.

\* "A history that should present a perfect display of human miseries and slaughter, would incite no one that had not attained the last possibility of depravation, to imitate the principal actors. It would give the same feeling as the sight of a field of dead and dying men after a battle is over, a sight at which the soul would shudder; yet the tendency of the Homeric poetry, and of epic poetry in general, is to insinuate the glory of repeating such a tragedy."—*Forster*, p. 343.

instances of enterprise and valor, recalled me to the sense which the world has of victory and Waterloo. But this was transient; a gloomy, uncomfortable view of human nature is the inevitable consequence of looking upon the whole as I did—as I was forced to do. There must ever be associated with the honors of Waterloo, to my eyes, the most shocking sights of woe; to my ears, accents of entreaty, outcry from the manly breast, interrupted forcible expressions of the dying, and *noisome smells*.\*

When a statesman declares war in consequence of any of the ordinary motives thereto; for the sake of a rich colony which he is desirous to obtain; to prevent an ambitious neighbor from acquiring what might render him a formidable rival; to restore a monarch dethroned by a people wearied of his manifold oppressions; to resent a private wrong, or avenge a diplomatic insult—his thoughts on the matter seldom travel beyond the issuing of a manifesto, the appointment of a general, the levying of troops, and the imposition of taxes for the maintenance of the contest. He is, therefore, wholly unconscious *what in reality he is doing*;—and if a sage were to go to him, as Nathan went to David, and say—“Sir, you have given orders for the commission of murder on a monstrous scale; you have directed that 50,000 of your subjects shall send as many of their fellow-men, wholly unprepared for so awful a change, into a presence where they must answer for their manifold misdeeds; you have commanded that 30,000 more shall pass the best years of their life in hopeless imprisonment—shall in fact be punished as the worst of criminals, when they have committed no crime but by your orders;—you have arranged so that 20,000 more shall lie for days on the bare ground, horribly mutilated, and slowly bleeding to death, and at length only be succored in order to undergo the most painful operations, and then perish miserably in a hospital; you have given orders that numbers of innocent and lovely women—as beautiful and delicate as your own daughters—shall undergo the last indignities from the license of a brutal soldiery; you have issued a fiat which, if not recalled, will carry mourning into many families, will cut off at a stroke the delight of many eyes, will inflict upon thousands, now virtuous and contented, misery which can know no cure, and desolation which in this world can find no alleviation;”—if such a message as this were conveyed to him—*every word of which would be strictly true*—would he not disown the ghastly image thus held up to him, and exclaim, “Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?” And if statesmen could realize all this before they put their hand to the declaration of hostilities, would they not rather thrust it into the flames?

We are aware that to many all this will appear idle and declamatory—wholly unworthy of men who pretend to an acquaintance with political and social science, yet nothing can be more unquestionable than that we have added no unreal touches, no undue coloring to the picture; and our remarks should be thought worthy of the more attention, because we do not belong to those who consider that under *no* circumstances can war be righteously undertaken. On the contrary, few can read its details with more thrilling interest, few would share in its hardships and its perils with heartier zeal, in a cause clear enough and grand enough to

justify and hallow the adoption of so terrible an agency; but we know that such causes are infinitely rare—that, judging from the past history of our race, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, war is a folly and a crime; and that where it is so it is the saddest and the wildest of all follies, and the most heinous of all crimes.\*

Has it ever occurred to any of our readers to *analyze* the profession of a soldier!—a profession so much honored in our country, as in most others. A soldier is a man whose profession it is to make war—to fight with his fellow-men, and (disguise it how we will, in the smooth, conventional hypocrisies of language) to slay them. Like every one else, he takes a pride and a pleasure in the exercise of his profession. To rust away in idleness is irksome and inglorious; in peace he has little chance of employment, promotion, or distinction; peace, therefore, is burdensome and unwelcome. From the very nature of things, he longs for war; he watches with a natural, but certainly not a Christian, delight the first bickerings which give promise of ripening into actual hostility, and he desires to “fan the smoking flax into a flame.” This is natural and inevitable; it cannot be otherwise. In most of the nations of modern Europe we have created and maintain an esteemed and influential profession, numbering hundreds of thousands of members, whose interest and inclination both point towards war, and who thus constitute an always acting force, urging their countrymen (however unconsciously) to that which, when fairly stated, no one can defend—to be active in aggression, tenacious in dispute, prompt in reprisals, and sensitive to insult. A soldier is a man who, by the inevitable instinct of his profession, incessantly desires and seeks for a state of things which Christianity denounces as sinful, and which reason condemns as noxious and absurd.

Again, that the destruction of the life and property of our fellow-men is a sin, and a grievous sin, *per se*, there can be no question. The position of a soldier imposes upon him the obligation of committing this enormous iniquity to any extent, and upon any parties, at the command of the minister of the day. History tells him—and his own expe-

\* “We should do well to translate this word *war* into language more intelligible to us. When we pay our army and navy estimates, let us set down—so much for killing—so much for maiming—so much for making widows and orphans—so much for bringing famine upon a district—so much for corrupting citizens and subjects into spies and traitors—so much for letting loose the demons of fury, rapine, and lust within the fold of civilized society. We shall know by this means what we have paid our money for; whether we have made a good bargain; and whether the account is likely to pass—elsewhere. We must take in, too, all those concomitant circumstances which make war, considered as battle, the least part of itself—*pars minima sui*. We must fix our eyes, not on the hero returning with conquest, nor yet on the gallant officer dying in the bed of honor—the subject of picture and of song,—but on the private soldier, forced into the service, exhausted by camp sickness and fatigue; pale, emaciated, crawling to a hospital, with the prospect of life—perhaps a long life—blasted, useless, and suffering. We must think of the uncounted tears of her who weeps alone, because the only being who shared her sentiments is taken from her;—no martial music sounds in unison with her feelings;—the long day passes, and he returns not. She does not shed her sorrows over his grave, for she has never learned whether he even had one. If he had returned, his exertions would not have been remembered individually, for he only made a small imperceptible part of a human machine called a regiment. These are not fancy pictures; if you please to heighten them, you can *every* one of you do it for yourselves.”—*Sins of Government the Sins of the Nation*, p. 400.

\* “Memoirs of Francis Horner,” ii., 267.

rience will confirm the teaching—that this minister is often wicked, incapable, and passionate; that he has frequently obtained his power by the vilest means; (by mistresses in France, by corrupt parliamentary majorities in England;) that, in the views which he takes, and the orders which he issues, he is often governed by the basest motives, and the silliest and wickedest counsellors. He may be a shallow and sensual intriguer, like Godoy; he may have objects of personal ambition, like Napoleon; he may be an empty chatterer, like Newcastle; but however unjust the war which he commands, however wild the scheme, however barefaced the aggression, however innocent the victim, however harsh and barbarous the mode in which the enterprise is to be carried through—the soldier has no choice, no power of refusal or evasion; he has bound himself to do the bidding of his superior, however palpably and monstrously iniquitous that bidding may be. He cannot resign; that would be attended with dishonor. He cannot remonstrate; that would be punished as insubordination. In some of the most important actions of life he has ceased to be a free agent, *though he cannot cease to be a responsible agent*; he has parted with his birthright for a mess of pottage: he has, in fact, sold himself into a species of slavery, which often leaves him only the humiliating and torturing alternative of remaining at his post to perpetrate sin and cruelty, or leaving it with dishonor and ruin. And to us it is marvellously strange, and a signal proof of the difficulty and the rarity with which men rise to the contemplation of first principles, that any one of sound judgment and good feelings, who can dig, or plough, or weave, or push his fortune in any of the thousand paths which lie open to the foot of enterprise, should be willing thus to barter away, for so paltry an equivalent, *his right of refusing to do wrong*.

With this digression—if remarks can be so called which so inevitably grow out of the subject we have been considering—we close our imperfect notice of Mr. Alison's interesting work. The period over which it extends is, beyond all others, the most thronged with great events—great in themselves, marvellous in the rapidity with which they succeeded each other, momentous and far reaching in their consequences. No other period could be named so fertile in brilliant pictures for the poet, in suggestions for the speculative philosopher, in lessons of practical wisdom for the statesman. We see the most glorious prospects that ever dawned upon civilized humanity, quenched in the darkest cloud that ever closed over its destinies. We see the overthrow of an ancient tyranny, intolerable from its intense selfishness, more intolerable still from its very dotage and decrepitude—and the birth, out of its ashes, of a wild and shapeless liberty, at once violent and feeble—stained with the ineradicable vice and weakness of its origin, mischievous and transient, because the virtues of freedom can have no firm root among a people vitiated by long centuries of endured oppression. We see the most prolonged and devastating wars ever waged upon the earth ended by a fearful and a fitting retribution; and the most magnificent genius of modern times, within the short space of twenty-five years, a famished ensign in an unpaid army, monarch of the most powerful empire which has existed since the days of Trajan—and, finally, a chained and solitary captive on a barren rock in the remotest pathways of the ocean. In a period thickly strewn with such vicissitudes, there is much

food for wholesome contemplation; and if the nations and the rulers of our times would study its lessons with the solicitous humility which their magnitude and their solemnity demand, we should become rich in that wisdom which grows out of the grave of folly—strong in that virtue which springs out of the recoil from sin. W. R. G.

#### THE ACCOUCHEMENT.

QUEEN Victoria's fourth child is born. Cannon thunder, bells ring, and people rejoice as in loyalty bound; not perhaps without some genuine satisfaction that an illustrious lady, with whom all the world is proud to claim a sort of bowing acquaintance, is out of trouble. As the race of George the Third's family is gradually disappearing from the scene which it has prominently occupied for the larger half of a century, a new generation is growing up to occupy the vacant stage. The prospect for them has improved, both politically and socially. The bigoted love of war, which was the mania of all kings, is declining in England, and a George the Third's morbid obstinacy is not likely again to be the means of betraying the country to destructive contests. Public opinion is soberer, and it less idolizes and less persecutes kings and princes; who are promised a better regimen as members of the state, much to their own advantage and safety, while as men and women they enter a more rational condition of royal society—less peculiar, less pampered, less open to vicious indulgences, less restrained in all that is the refined but genuine enjoyment of human existence. —*Spectator*.

THE birth of another prince—the Duke of York we may presume to call him by anticipation—has relieved every solicitude as to the personal welfare of Queen Victoria, and has given a new security for the direct succession to the crown.

The queen was "taken ill" soon after five o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 6th instant; and her medical attendants, Sir James Clark, Dr. Locock, Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. Brown, surgeon to the household at Windsor, were summoned at once. About six o'clock, a messenger was sent to Slough, to direct a summons by the electrical telegraph for the cabinet ministers and great officers of state: the messenger arrived at Slough in eight minutes; the dispatch reached Paddington, and was acknowledged, in three more. At twenty-three minutes past eight o'clock arrived the first special train at Slough, having performed the journey of eighteen miles and a quarter in eighteen minutes: it bore the Duke of Buccleuch, Earl Delaware, the Earl of Jersey, Lord Lyndhurst, and Sir James Graham. The next conveyed Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley, rather slower, to avoid a collision with the first. The third, with the Duke of Wellington alone, travelled the distance in seventeen minutes and a half, and in eleven minutes more the duke was at the castle; royal carriages having been stationed at Slough to carry on the ministers. All the ministers eventually reached the castle, except the Earl of Liverpool, who by some accident failed to receive his notice. None of them, however, were in time for the actual birth; which took place, without any adverse occurrence, at ten minutes before eight o'clock.

THE LATE MINISTERS.—Time and space have not yet been annihilated; Windsor is still out of

town. By a pompous enumeration of precautionary arrangements—railway express-trains and electric telegraphs—an impression had been created that our portly queen was as near the sages of her council at Windsor as at Pimlico. But

“The best-laid schemes of mice and men  
Gang aft aje!”

The electric telegraph did its duty, for the intelligence of her Majesty's condition on Tuesday morning was transmitted from Slough to Paddington with the speed of thought; and ministers were dashed along the railway with a velocity of sixty miles in the hour. Yet it is clear that some elements had been omitted in the calculation; for the ministers came too late.

Something perhaps may be placed to the account of her Majesty's ultra-railroad celerity on such occasions. She is favored among women; the primal curse lies lightly on her. And her faithful subjects rejoice therefore,—albeit with trembling when they think of the cost of a period of such easy childbearing, commenced earlier than that of good Queen Charlotte, and likely, in all human probability, to be protracted as long.

The discomfiture of ministers may be more easily conceived than expressed. The friends of the Duke of Wellington have pretty well exculpated him from the charge of having been surprised at Waterloo; but he has clearly been caught napping on this occasion,—napping as soundly as at the queen's concert, when her sportive Majesty awakened him with a gentle tap of her bouquet. The luckless Bishop of London was as far in the rear of his colleagues as certain of his late speeches give occasion to suspect him of being in arrear of the tolerance of the age; he arrived at Slough in time to return with the *late* ministers—who are, however, still in office. But the worst case was that of Lord Liverpool, who, master of the household, was absent when the mistress was incapable of managing it. The others were distanced, but he, in the language of the turf, “was nowhere.”—*Spectator*.

#### EGYPT.

THE world has been startled by the announcement of the French telegraph—not the most trustworthy authority, perhaps—that Mehemet Ali has abdicated the pachalic of Egypt, and retired to Mecca. Some suppose that he is stricken religious in his old age, others, that his retirement to Mecca is merely colorable, and that he abdicates living only that he may with his own eyes see the succession duly secured to his son; and newer accounts represent it as some inexplicable act of passion. There is nothing improbable in a mixture of such motives. Old, freespoken, lax remarks to Burekhardt, about his orthodoxy, are quoted to show that the pacha has been a free-thinker; and he has also been a man of robust constitution: but your free-thinker, especially if his scepticism is the result of heedlessness rather than of logical inquiry, is sometimes made more reflective and imaginative by the near approach of death; and none is more troubled and dismayed at the sensations of decaying powers than the robust. It has been reported, not very long ago, in Alexandria, that Mehemet Ali was very unwell, and that he was uneasy at the prediction of an astrologer that he would die at some fixed time, now, we believe, overpassed. He may be moved, drawing near to the region of

the grave, to propitiate the powers at which he scoffed when distant. But the tenacity of the “ruling passion” is proverbial, and all the while he may cast a back regard, and intend from his religious seclusion to keep an eye upon his reigning son. In that case he would doubly emulate Charles the Fifth,—in his retirement, and in his hankering after the relinquished excitements of political power. Nor is he likely to have a more tractable son. If Philip's gloomy fanaticism covered a strong mundane obstinacy, the debauched Ibrahim Pacha is not more likely to study the behests of an eremitical parent. Our chief concern in the matter is the share Egypt is likely to have in any European war. It is said, apocryphally enough, that we have guaranteed the succession by a new treaty: but even if that be true, such a stipulation is “neither here nor there:” if France and England were at war, Egypt is a field that one would occupy, and therefore the other must too, whatever the pretext; and we may remember that, from the time of St. Louis to Napoleon, France has not prospered in Egyptian expeditions,—the six centuries perched up upon the pyramids, did not witness the most complete victories of French arms.—*Spectator*, Aug. 17.

MEHEMET ALI.—It is perhaps premature to be singing requiems over this sturdy chief as if his political existence had closed. The French telegraph may have been fibbing—such things have been; or Mehemet may grow tired of Mecca, and return, a substantial spectre, to scare diplomatists who fancied they had got rid of him.

On the assumption that the news of his retirement is true, the cause of it has been matter for various guesses. It may have been prompted by a religious motive. Let us rate the rationality of the Mahometan schism as we please, the existence of a deep and lively devotional sentiment among Mahometans cannot be denied. A religious tone pervades even the routine forms of society among them: the annals of Islam record quite as many instances of heroes abandoning the world and its concerns, to devote themselves to ascetic discipline and religious contemplation, as those of European chivalry; and Burekhardt's account of his visit to Mecca presents many bursts of sincere devotional feeling, which in persons trained in a Christian land would probably have assumed the form of Methodism or Monachism. Nor must it be imagined that an old hardened warrior and political intriguer like Mehemet Ali is unlikely to be accessible to such relents. The sternest of those natures whose energy and self-control make them masters of others, are often found to conceal, by struggling against, a susceptibility to sentiment and mystical reflection, as much stronger than that of milk-and-water characters as their energies are greater. The suppression of this tendency by strong and reiterated efforts of the will, during the season of busy life, strengthens instead of weakens it—compresses and concentrates its force. And when age has brought weariness of labor, and a sense of the impossibility of early aspirations, this predisposition is very apt, in better natures, to gain the ascendancy. There is a dignity in a veteran giving himself up to such emotions, not to be found in those who whine and cant about them through life: he has done his work, and calmly awaits his dismissal; he indulges on the verge of the grave feelings as fresh and beautiful as those which lent grace to his youthful day-dreams; he at once vi-



dicates the unity of his character and its healthy vigor.

At the same time, he is a sly old fox the Pacha or Ex-Pacha of Egypt. He may not have entire confidence in Ibrahim's power to carry on unassisted the dynasty himself has founded. He may be willing to watch over the first years of his successor's reign and protect him against the consequences of his own blunders. A man of Mehemet Ali's wary and energetic character, possessed of money, (and he will not leave all his treasures behind him,) is sure to make himself of consequence at Mecca; and the moral influence of Mecca throughout Islam is great. So circumstanced, Mehemet Ali will be able to influence the balance between his son and the Sultan. The Divan at Constantinople will not dare to make an unprovoked attack upon the hereditary character of the Pachalic of Egypt while Mehemet Ali lives a powerful man at Mecca—scarcely even to punish rigorously any act of aggression on the part of Ibrahim. It may also be part of the old man's scheme, should Ibrahim prove incapable, to resume the reins of government. There he would be mistaken—politicians who desire to preserve their power must not for a moment quit the public scene: but this is a miscalculation which so many great men have made, that it would not be surprising to find Mehemet Ali falling into it in his turn.

It is not yet the time to expect a fair estimate of the character of Mehemet Ali. There is scarcely a man of the day about whom more nonsense and humbug has been written, both by friend and foe. European adventurers and European tourists have been his only portrait-painters. According as the former had jobs to promote, and the latter had their vanity flattered by attentions, at Constantinople or Cairo, they have represented him as a ruffian rebel or a heroic sage. To all appearance, he was neither one nor the other. Great energy and an aspiring spirit, combined with coolness, self-possession and versatility, he must have been endowed with—his success in life proves that. Bloodthirsty he can scarcely be called, for he does not appear to have shed blood except for ulterior purposes: but he was callous in the extreme, and regardless of human suffering, when he had an object to attain. His intelligence was sufficient to make him aware of his own and his countrymen's inferiority to Europeans, but not sufficient to raise him above the suggestions of every quacking adventurer, who, having failed in Europe, sought Egypt as a field for his impostures. Rulers like Mehemet Ali are not unlike uneducated men in Europe who have picked up a smattering of knowledge late in life. The latter pride themselves more in dealing about scientific phrases after the fashion of a Malaprop, than in the results of their successful industry; and Mehemet Ali appears to have been prouder of the economical and political follies into which his European advisers led him, than of the native genius for command, which enabled him to found a dynasty.—*Spectator*.

CONDITION OF ENGLAND.—For a long time past, the "condition of England" has been unsatisfactory, so unsatisfactory, that the management of the nation seemed to need a great change—some new element introduced into its system, to cure its morbid condition by masterly statesmanship. Once

that was hoped from the Reform Bill: but the Reform Act changed the component parts, without mending the bad methods of Parliament, which, indeed, acquired fresh bad habits. Then some difference was expected from the peculiar manner and professions with which Sir Robert Peel entered office; but, except in a somewhat larger proportion of practical results as compared with his promises, it is not easy to discern any material difference. Sir Robert has been legislating since 1841; he boasts that the country is in a much better state as to its commerce and social condition,—which is true; but we cannot tell how much of the returning prosperity is the mere alternation of bad and good epochs, which has been seen in the history of the country with such fortuitous regularity. The same agencies exist that produced the distress and dangers of 1841; far larger causes than mismanagement of joint-stock banks were then at work, and those causes remain untouched, to be called into operation again. With all the fruitfulness of the session, what has it done to provide for the additional thousand people that every day in the year adds to the number of those that must be fed? Nothing. Peel's legislation has occurred in a brighter time, but it gives no guarantee that the future may not find us as unprepared for storms as in 1841,—unless the armed Chelsea pensioners are to be accounted adequate provision for such emergency.

THE BURNS FESTIVAL is past. It was not, perhaps, all that everybody hoped, but still a striking and spirit-stirring event. The day, Tuesday last, opened brilliantly. The scene was a field near Ayr, on the banks of "bonnie Doon," and in the very midst of the place where Tam o' Shanter saw such sights. For the main body of diners, a pavilion calculated to accommodate two thousand persons was erected, and ornamented with flags; booths supplied the poorer visitors with refreshments. Early in the day, people flocked from all parts, in steamers, sailing-vessels, steam-carriages—on horseback—afloat. At eleven o'clock, they formed in long procession, at the Low Green, by the sea-side, and, headed by bands playing the airs of Burns' songs, marched to the field; where, led by professional singers, the whole company sang "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," and "Auld lang syne." Bands and bagpipes were then dispersed over the field, and dances were formed; while the pavilion-folks sat down to their banquet. The chief guests were Burns' relatives,—his sons, Robert, lately in the Stamp-office at Somerset House, Colonel Burns, and Major Burns; and his sister, Mrs. Begg, with her son and two daughters. Mrs. Thompson, the "Jessie Le-wars" of his verse, was also there, with her husband. The Earl of Eglintoun presided; Professor Wilson was croupier; Mr. Sheriff Alison and some leading Scotchmen were among those who came to render homage due; but of the eminent literary men invited from a distance few attended. The toasts of "The memory of Burns," and "Welcome home to the sons of Burns," were acknowledged in plain and brief speeches, by Mr. Robert Burns; who pleasantly contrasted the modest obscurity of the children with the lustre of the father's fame,—observing that genius, especially political genius, was not hereditary; and that in this case the mantle of Elijah had not descended upon Elisha. Before the feasting was over, the day was overcast, and at



five o'clock the rain fell heavily. The guests parted at six; and each went his way, we doubt not, a wiser but *not* a sadder man.

The Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland has been holding its annual meeting, and shows of cattle and implements, at Glasgow, this week. The programme included a meeting, a dinner, an agricultural lecture, and a ball.

*Spectator.*

**DROPPING OFF.**—At the Burns Festival, Professor Wilson remarked:—"Of his three sons now sitting here, one only, I believe, can remember his father's face." To a native of the land of Burns these words suggest a train of melancholy associations. They remind him, that he may almost count his years by the persons associated with the memory of Burns who have one by one "dropped off." We could easily frame such a register of the years of our pilgrimage. At the head of a long list of passers-away, would be a venerable figure, almost bent double with age, with long snow-white hair and sightless eye-balls, but an indescribable expression of serene benevolence on his lineaments.

"Dalrymple mild, Dalrymple mild, whose heart's like a child,

And his life like the new-driven snaw."

At some distance would follow John Syme of Ryedale, with his rubicund countenance and innumerable anecdotes: his name shall live in the verse of Burns for "his personal converse and sense," and still more for "his porter, the first in the nation," on which he prided himself till his dying day. "Wealthy young Richard," whose accession to his immense property when he had barely attained the age of manhood, was sung by the man Burns, has left us in a ripe age: the fair valleys of Auchencruive have already passed from his lineal descendants. "Bonnie Jean" has taken her place in the Indian file of the associates of Burns, who, in uninterrupted succession, have paced the dark road to the shadowy world. The dead rush upon us in crowds; the living may easily be counted. On the spur of the moment, we can only recall Jessie Lewars, who smoothed the poet's dying bed, George Thomson, to whose prompting we are indebted for the best songs of Burns, and, if we mistake not, the egregious "Doctor Hornbook." Long may they survive; for, while one is living who has grasped the hand of Burns, he seems still to belong to the category of warm flesh and blood realities: when they also pass away, he will become thin air—an abstraction like Homer or Shakspeare.—*Spectator.*

From the Aberdeen Journal, 1815.

ON SEEING, IN A LIST OF NEW MUSIC, "THE WATERLOO WALTZ."

BY A LADY.

A MOMENT pause, ye British Fair!

While pleasure's phantom ye pursue;

And say, if dance or sprightly air

Suit with the name of Waterloo.

Glorious was the victory!

Chasten'd should the triumph be!

'Midst the laurels she has won,

Britain weeps for many a son.

Veil'd in clouds, the morning rose;

Nature seemed to mourn the day

Which consign'd, before its close,

Thousands to their kindred clay.

How unfit for courtly ball,

Or the giddy festival,

Was the grim and ghastly view,

Ere evening closed on Waterloo!

See the Highland warrior rushing—

First in danger—on the foe,

Till the life-blood, warmly gushing,

Lays the plaided hero low.

His native pipe's accustom'd sound,

Mid war's infernal concert drown'd,

Cannot soothe his last adieu,

Or wake his sleep on Waterloo.

Crashing o'er the *Cuirassier*,

See the foaming charger flying,

Trampling, in his wild career,

All alike—the dead and dying.

See the bullets, through his side,

Answer'd by the spouting tide:

Helmet, horse and rider, too,

Roll on bloody Waterloo.

Shall scenes like these the dance inspire,

Or wake th' enlivening notes of mirth!

Oh! shiver'd be the recreant lyre

That gave the base idea birth!

Other sounds, I ween, were there,

Other music rent the air,

Other waltz the warriors knew,

When they closed at Waterloo.

Forbear! till time, with lenient hand,

Has healed the pang of recent sorrow,

And let the picture *distant* stand,

The softening hue of years to borrow.

When our race has pass'd away,

Hands unborn may wake the lay;

And give to joy *alone* the view,

Britain's fame—at Waterloo.

From Frazer's Magazine.

WITHOUT a murmur I resign

My fortune to God's hands,

For what my wants are, he than I

Far better understands;

And since he hath preserved me safe,

Throughout my long career,

My spring and eke my summer-time,

To the autumn of my year,

And since he hath of me ta'en heed,

And of my children dear,

When the winter season cometh on,

He 'll not withdraw his care.

Oh! no, he 'll still my safeguard be,

I truly hope and trust;

But when, at length, my worn-out frame

Must crumble into dust,

And my soul flies away, he will

His goodness once more prove,

And place it in his paradise,

The abode of joy and love.

Now this is why, in my old age,

No sorrow clouds my brow,

No grief comes near me, and no cares

Disturb me here below.

Serenity broods o'er my mind,

For I daily pray to Heaven,

That when the hour of death arrives.

My sins may be forgiven.

No anxious fears disturb my breast,

My days serenely roll;

I tarry till it pleaseth God

To heaven to take my soul.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

SOMEBODY said that Oliver Cromwell took rather the title of Protector than that of King, because there were some bounds to the power of the latter, but nobody knew the limits of the former. So a distinction is made by France in the case of the Society Islands: they are under her "protectorate." "The offer was made to Great Britain to place these islands under her protection." This phraseology means something. It is not applied indiscriminately. New Zealand is not said to be under the protection of Great Britain. Can it be that it is used with reference to President Monroe's declaration, warning the powers of Europe to keep aloof from the American continent? It may be well for us to consider *how near* to the United States such protection may safely come.

It is melancholy to see the peaceful and prosperous community of Otaheite—so delightful to the readers of Captain Cook, and so interesting as a successful missionary field—destroyed by the rude and cruel hands of *civilized* and *Christian* men. The French commander reports that his vessel fired grape shot "on the houses all along the coast." Attempts were made, in the presence of the chiefs, to carry off their wives, and for resisting, the husbands were shot. The imprison-

ment and exile of the British consul, Mr. Pritchard, has been characterized by the British ministry, in Parliament, as an "outrage upon the British flag." Lord Wellington has not applied such strong language to it; but enough has been said to render it difficult for England to be satisfied without ample apologies and reparation; and by the last arrival it would seem that the French government would hardly be able, in the face of the strong clamor for war with England, to make such apologies. It may perhaps ultimately be settled, at the expense of Egypt, by England's assuming, with consent of France, the protection of that important communication with India.

Should war break out between England and France, we shall have additional cause for remorseful regret, that we have so ill employed the long period of peace and prosperity which we have enjoyed. We ought to have consolidated ourselves by the establishment of such a course of policy as would have given us a currency based upon a solid and permanent system;—a stable settlement of the public lands, and an equitable adjustment of the question of revenue. These great matters have been thrown into the wind, by politicians of all kinds, to be made use of in the struggle for power.

We hope that the king of the French and Lord

Wellington may, by their joint efforts, be able to postpone the great war which seems to be impending. But we do not hope that it can for many years longer be warded off.

There are indications that England will force a commercial intercourse with Japan and with Borneo.

The article on the Right of Visit shows that British vessels are not allowed to board French ships, unless specially authorized to do so,—not even so far as to ascertain whether the vessel be really French or no. This is interesting to us, as it touches upon an important and difficult question.

The lines to an Idiot Girl are not as smooth or terse as modern verse usually is, but there are some passages rising to sublimity.

More than twenty years ago we saw Mr. Waterton, on his way to South America, and everything from him has attracted us greatly. May he live to give a long Autobiography!

We recommend to one of the writers for Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, an article giving the history of the Post Office in the United States. The report which we print in this number astonishes us, by showing how very lately the Post Office was established in England. The last 200 years have wonderfully advanced society—and what with rail-roads, steam and electricity, the velocity of the movement is continually increasing.

The horrible account of a death on one of the islands of Lake Superior, we place on record; expecting to see, in twenty years more, a wonderful contrast to the desolate loneliness it pictures.

There are 14,000 subscribers to the Art Union, at five dollars a year each. Many of them are in the United States.

We copy the following from the Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer:

Cheap compact reprints of foreign works, like those of New York, have been undertaken in the Spanish capital. The second volume of the *Weekly Literary Omnibus*, published this month, consists of a good translation of Washington Irving's Tales of the Alhambra. The price by subscription is about a third of the French copy. The recent Bulletin of the Geographical Society of Paris—a neat pamphlet of 334 pages—consists mainly of a good sketch of the physical geography of Texas, by Dr. Ashbel Smith, the distinguished Chargé d'Affaires of the Republic in Paris, and a notice or analysis of Mr. Prescott's Mexico by Mr. Roux de Rochelle, formerly Minister of France at Washington, and now editor of the Bulletin. The highest praise is bestowed on Mr. Prescott's labors. This skillful abstract ends with an emphatic tribute to their beauty and durable value. Mr. Smith estimates the superficies of Texas at more than three hundred thousand square miles.

The first article of the last *Revue* is an account of Birmingham and the adjacent manufacturing districts: the author extracts the worst features

from the Sanitary Reports; but he concludes that though millions of the people protest against the present British institutions, and cry for universal suffrage, "England is not yet on the eve of a revolution." The article on the Spanish drama of this day is from personal observation. The most eminent and popular writer of tragedy in Spain is a beautiful lady, twenty-three years of age, born at Havana, Doña Gertrudes Gomez de Avallanada, celebrated besides for miscellaneous poetry and prose.

No savages of Oceania—none in their wildest state, in Africa—ever displayed more hideous traits of character or perpetrated worse characteristic enormities than did the blacks from the country at the Cape Haytien earthquake in 1842, and the Port au Prince conflagration in 1843. Let the reviewer's authentic narrative be seriously meditated. He imputes much of the recent troubles to French intrigues and plans, and protests against the reestablishment of French sway; it would, however, seem well that so fine an island should be a scene of civilized and productive power, in lieu of the fell reverse: but the Haytiens would prove more difficult foes or intractable subjects than are the Arabs of Algeria. Last winter I asked a French Envoy returned from Hayti, "Would you not be glad to have the island again?" "Not," he answered at once, "with those devils to manage." When General Herard succeeded Boyer, the philanthropists, according to the Review, cried, We have at length a negro Solon; we shall have a real black republic: "all parties in England indulged the sweet delusion—not a few eminent individuals expressed an eager desire for the rights of citizenship in Hayti." Herard, as an exile, in turn met Boyer at Jamaica; and the new successor is reported to be dying of poison. The reviewer affirms that Boyer carried off forty thousand pounds sterling: the ex-President represented himself here as reduced to a small competency: his return to Jamaica was, we may presume, political as well as financial. The French suppose that the independence of the Spanish portion of the island will be maintained. The Review observes of the Haytiens: "If they are let alone, and if they themselves be content to fight out their own quarrels on their own soil, they may, at length, weary of bloodshed, settle down into some rational form of government." We do not see this consummation even in Spanish America, where it might be expected with more reason. Toussaint alone, of all the Haytien chiefs since the first expulsion of the French, commands any respect; his death, or rather his murder, in a damp Swiss dungeon, where he was left to expire of cold and hunger, is an indelible blot on Napoleon's escutcheon.

The London Athenæum of the 20th instant cedes some columns and some merit to a work entitled "High Life in New York, by Jonathan Slick." A doubt is expressed whether it be American handicraft, and this, in part, because scenes very disparaging or scurrilous with regard to President Tyler are introduced. "It is difficult," says the Athenæum, "to fancy an American holding up this needless and silly satire of himself and his country." Here is a lesson which I have quoted in consequence of the quantity of vilification, of no possible service, in many American productions, which, when we are abroad, our patriotism and our taste utterly condemn.

From the Edinburgh Review.

### THE MARTYRS OF SCIENCE.

*The Martyrs of Science; or the Lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler*, by Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., D.C.L. 12mo. London: 1841.

If the distinguished author of this unpretending little volume had undertaken to write the history of the origin of Physical Astronomy, he could not have thrown his narrative into a more convenient and interesting form, than by writing the lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler. These three names occupy by far the most conspicuous place in the annals of Astronomy, between those of Copernicus and Newton. By explaining the phenomena of the celestial motions, on the hypothesis of the immobility of the sun and the twofold motion of the earth, Copernicus made the first step towards the true theory of the universe; but he did not discard the eccentrics and epicycles of the ancient faith; and the universally received dogma of antiquity—uniform motion in circular orbits—remained undisturbed. In order to proceed a step beyond the point at which Copernicus had arrived, observations of greater precision, and more distinct ideas respecting the laws of motion, were necessary. Tycho Brahé furnished the observations. Kepler, with infinite labor and sagacity, traced out their consequences, and proved from them that the planetary orbits are not circles but ellipses; and that the motions are not uniform, though regulated by a law remarkable for its simplicity and beauty. Galileo directed the telescope to the heavens; fortified the Copernican doctrine with new truths; and, by the discovery of the laws of motion, prepared the way for the dynamical theories of Newton. In effecting this advance from formal to physical astronomy, no other individual contributed in any remarkable degree; hence the history of their labors includes that of the science itself, during one of the most interesting periods of its progress.

But if the three individuals just named are pre-eminently distinguished for their services to Astronomy, they are not less remarkable for their intellectual characters, and the incidents of their personal histories. They lived in an age of unusual intellectual activity, when Europe was rousing itself from the torpor of centuries, and gradually acquiring the characteristics of our own times. First in chronological order, comes Tycho—the prototype of an age in a state of transition from ignorance and barbarism to knowledge and refinement—devoting himself with equal zeal to the pursuits of astronomy and astrology, chemistry and alchemy, and in whose character, religion and superstition, enlarged views and abject credulity, were strangely blended. Next we have Kepler, also an astrologer, but while practising the art, railing at its vanity and worthlessness;—indulging in the wildest reveries respecting the laws of the planetary motions, but rigidly subjecting all his

fancies to the test of calculation; refuting his own hypotheses, when he found them inconsistent with observation, with as much complacency as others employ in establishing the most important theories; speculating on the nature of attraction so as almost to anticipate Newton, yet stating at the same time his belief, that the solid globe of the earth is an enormous animal, and that the tides are produced by the spouting out of water through its gills! Lastly, we have the accomplished and courtly Galileo; a controversialist, a rhetorician, a man of the world; treating with sarcasm and ridicule the physical dogmas countenanced by the church, yet living on terms of intimate friendship with its dignitaries; establishing the true system of the world with an overwhelming force of argument, and recanting his doctrines in submission to ecclesiastical authority. Characters thus marked would afford, under any circumstances, interesting subjects for biographical sketches; but, in the present case, the interest is greatly increased by the accidents of life and position. The persecution of Galileo by the Catholic church, for maintaining doctrines which are now regarded as the most certain truths of science; the injuries, real or imaginary, which compelled Tycho to abandon his observatory, and exile himself from his country; the privations and miseries of Kepler, whose fate it was to be one day engaged in working out the laws of the universe, and the next in calculating nativities to procure bread for his children; the incidents, in short, which entitle them to be regarded as martyrs of science—have procured for them the sympathies of the world, and given them a notoriety altogether independent of their scientific discoveries.

It is to the personal, rather than the scientific history of these three individuals, that Sir David Brewster has chiefly directed the attention of his readers in the present brief but interesting memoirs; for though their services to science are distinctly set forth, and on the whole accurately appreciated, they are not dwelt upon at such length, or with so much detail, as to interfere with the popular character of the work. He does not profess to have had access to any new sources of information, or to have placed the already known facts in a new point of view; he has undertaken no laborious researches for the purpose of settling controverted points in history, or detecting minute errors or omissions in the accounts of previous biographers. In fact, the field had already been so diligently gleaned, as to leave but small hopes of success in any attempt at novelty. The work derives its interest from the vivid portraits it places before us of the characters of men whose labors occupy a large space in the history of science, and whose endeavors to enlighten the world were attended with so many personal sacrifices. It is written in an agreeable style; it abounds with traits of good feeling and generous sympathy; and, what may be regarded as of importance in a

popular work, it represents science and its pursuits under an attractive and dignified aspect.

The life of Galileo, whom Sir David Brewster places at the head of his martyrs, has been given by his numerous biographers with great minuteness of detail. The materials for the scientific portion are of course collected from his various writings and literary correspondence; the anecdotes and personal traits rest chiefly on the authority of Viviani and Gherardini, the former of whom was one of his pupils, and revered his memory with a species of idolatry. Until recently, there was no good account of his life and discoveries in English; but the want was ably supplied by the elaborate, though somewhat discursive treatise, in the *Library of Useful Knowledge*; (1829;) a work which, it is but justice to say, has afforded our author considerable facilities in preparing the present memoir. The recent historical work of Libri\* has an account of Galileo which is very valuable from its fulness and research, and the care which has been taken to quote the original authorities for the various statements and anecdotes recorded; but unfortunately the author is a partisan, whose zeal to magnify his hero causes him to lose sight of all fairness and moderation in speaking of the characters and conduct of those to whom he was opposed.

Galileo Galilei, born at Pisa in 1564, was descended from a patrician, though decayed family, some of whose members had filled high civic offices in Florence. He was originally destined for commerce; but his studious disposition and promising talents led his father Vincenzo Galilei to entertain visions of success in a liberal profession; and, at the age of seventeen, he was sent to the university of Pisa to study medicine. His taste for geometry is said to have been developed by accidentally overhearing a lesson given by the Abbé Ricci to his pupils, the pages of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Ricci happened to be a friend of Vincenzo Galilei; and on becoming acquainted with the circumstance, and the progress already made by the young aspirant, admitted him to his course, and encouraged him to persevere. The study of Euclid was followed by that of Archimedes; and, after some ineffectual attempts on the part of his father to recall him to his professional studies, he was allowed to follow the bent of his genius. But Vincenzo, being burdened with a numerous family, was unable to maintain his son at Pisa; he applied for a bursary, and was disappointed; and Galileo was compelled to leave the university without taking his Doctor's degree.

Galileo's first essay in science was a treatise on the hydrostatical balance. This production fell into the hands of Guido Ubaldi, who forthwith conceived a friendship for the young author, and procured for him the appointment of lecturer on mathematics at Pisa, with a salary of sixty crowns. In

this office he soon made himself conspicuous for the freedom and boldness of his attacks on the mechanical doctrines of Aristotle, whereby he excited the suspicions, and provoked the hatred, of a strong party in the university. In 1592 he was appointed by the republic of Venice, again on the recommendation of Ubaldi, to the professorship of mathematics in Padua, with a salary of 180 florins. At that time, it was the custom (as it had been in the middle ages) to engage professors for a term of years. Galileo's appointment was for six years; but when the first period of his engagement had expired, he was reelected for another period of six years, with an increased salary of 320 florins; and in 1606, he was a third time appointed, and his salary raised to 520 florins. His popularity by this time had become so great, that his audience could not be accommodated in the spacious lecture-rooms, "and he was frequently obliged to adjourn to the open air."

In 1609, Galileo, from some obscure hints, found out the construction of the telescope. The instrument excited intense curiosity at Venice; and he presented one to the senate, "who acknowledged the present by a mandate, conferring on him for life his professorship at Padua, and generously raising his salary from 520 to 1000 florins." In the following year he was induced, by offers from Cosmo, Grand Duke of Tuscany, to return to his native state; and he took up his residence at Florence, in the capacity of mathematician of the Grand Duke, with a salary of 1000 florins, and with no official duty excepting that—which we may suppose would not press hard upon his leisure—of occasionally lecturing to foreign princes. This appointment Galileo continued to hold during the remainder of his life, enjoying the favor first of Cosmo, and afterwards of his successor, Ferdinand II., both of whom treated him with distinction; and used their influence with the court of Rome to shield him from the persecutions which were raised against him by the churchmen, and the partisans of the Aristotelian philosophy.

Being thus placed in a situation of independence, and in possession of uninterrupted leisure, Galileo devoted himself with ardor to the study of philosophy; and it must be admitted, that if there be others to whom physical science is indebted for more profound investigations, and researches of greater difficulty, there is, perhaps, no one whose writings have more contributed to its general progress, or whose name is associated with a greater number of brilliant discoveries.

Galileo's astronomical discoveries were the natural, it may be said the necessary, consequences of the invention of the telescope. With respect to the instrument itself, it is not easy to pronounce with certainty on the exact degree of merit he can claim in the invention. The received story is, that while at Venice, in 1609, he heard accidentally of an instrument having been constructed in Holland, which possessed the property of causing dis-

\* *Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques en Italie*. Tom. iv., 1841.

tant objects to appear nearer to the observer; that on reflecting on the means by which this effect could be produced, he found, after a night's consideration, the explanation in the principle of refraction; and that by applying two spectacle glasses of a particular kind to a leaden tube, he was immediately in possession of a telescope which magnified three times. According to this account Galileo, was a reinventor of the telescope. He himself claimed no other merit than that of divining the construction and improving the instrument. He affirms that he had never seen any of the Dutch telescopes; and although, as remarked by Sir David Brewster, there is no reason to doubt his assertion, it appears from various evidence that more than one telescope had previously been brought from Holland to Italy: whence it has been conceived to be quite possible that, without having actually seen the instrument, he may have received such information with respect to its construction, as would render the discovery of the principle not altogether independent. But whether his merit in the reinvention of the telescope be great or small, he is entitled, beyond all question, to the honor of first applying it to the examination of the heavens; and displaying to the astonished gaze of mankind, new worlds and wonders, of the existence of which, till that time, no one had formed a conception.

The invention of the telescope was followed, almost immediately, by a crowd of astronomical discoveries, which, though, from our familiarity with them at the present day, they cease to be regarded with wonder, could not fail, on their first announcement, to excite very great admiration and astonishment. The first object he examined was the moon, whose rugged and irregular surface, presenting so many points of resemblance to our own earth, supplied him with arguments against the Aristotelian doctrine of the perfection, absolute smoothness, and incorruptible essence of the heavenly bodies; of which he was not slow to take advantage. He next observed and pointed out the remarkable difference between the telescopic appearances of the planets and fixed stars; and the innumerable multitude of small stars that become visible in the milky way, the pleiades, and other nebule and clusters. But, of all his telescopic discoveries, that which was regarded as the most astonishing and incredible, (for their existence was denied, and cause shown why they could not possibly exist,) was the satellites of Jupiter. Four small planets revolving about a central body, and presenting so palpable and striking an analogy to the primary planets revolving about the sun, furnished an argument in favor of the Copernican theory, to which even the most bigoted followers of Aristotle could scarcely withhold their assent. The ring of Saturn also attracted his notice; but, in this case he mistook the nature of the phenomena, and supposed the planet to be triple. He remarked the horned appearance of Venus, and thereby removed a difficulty which had occurred to

Copernicus himself, who perceived that, if his theory were true, the inferior planets ought to have phases like the moon. His discovery of the spots on the sun has occasioned much controversy; having been claimed by Fabricius, Scheiner, and our countryman Harriott. Galileo's claim to priority seems now generally admitted; and he deduced from the phenomena the important conclusion, that the sun revolves on its axis in a period of about twenty-eight days.

Greatly as these discoveries have contributed to the fame of Galileo, it cannot be said that they occupied a large portion of his time—having been all published within three years after he was in possession of the telescope. Viewing them with relation to the present state of knowledge, their intrinsic merit is not very great. They are nothing beyond what an ordinary observer, with a tolerably good telescope, would be expected to make out in the course of a few evenings; excepting, perhaps, the phenomena of the solar spots, and the motions of Jupiter's satellites, which require time for their development. After the invention of the telescope, they imply no great merit; and could not long have escaped observation, although Galileo had never lived. In fact, with the exception of the phases of Venus, and the triple appearance of Saturn, they were all claimed by other observers even in his own lifetime. But, in order to appreciate them correctly, we must go back to the period at which they were made; and consider them with reference to the ideas universally entertained in that age. In this light, their importance assumes a very different character; and it will appear that to Galileo must be conceded the honor, not only of having made an immense addition to the existing knowledge of the heavens, but of having prepared men's minds for the reception of the true theory of the universe, by beating down and overthrowing the prejudices by which they had been kept enthralled for so many generations.

The researches of Galileo, in some of the other departments of natural philosophy, were of more importance than his telescopic discoveries. Since the days of Archimedes, no advance had been made in the theory of mechanics. In determining the law of the acceleration of falling bodies, and thereby laying the foundation of dynamics, Galileo gave it an immense extension. While yet a student at Pisa, he remarked the extremely important fact of the isochronism of the pendulum; and being then engaged in medical studies, he proposed to apply that property as a means of ascertaining the rate of the pulse. At a more mature age, he had an idea of making use of a pendulum as a regulator of clock-work; but he was ignorant of the theory of the isochronism, which was first given by Huygens. The three (so called) laws of motion, though they are not distinctly enunciated, are virtually involved in the reasoning which he employs in his "Dialogues on

*Mechanics*," published in 1638. The principle of virtual velocities has usually been ascribed to him: the germ is, however, to be found in the anterior writings of his first patron and early friend, Guido Ubaldi. In mathematics he was not an inventor; and it would seem that his acquirements in this department were scarcely equal to the state of knowledge at the time. Delambre has remarked as extraordinary, that in his long calculations (published in 1632) to prove that the new star of 1572 had no parallax, he made no use of logarithms, although the tables of Napier, Kepler, Ursinus, and Briggs, were then in existence, and would have greatly abridged his labor. In a letter to the grand duke, written in 1609, he mentions several mathematical treatises on which he was engaged; among others, one on the composition of continuous quantity. It is not very clear that the works alluded to ever existed elsewhere than in his own mind; but with reference to the one just mentioned, Cavalleri long refused to publish his own theory, in the hope that Galileo's would be given to the world. On these very insufficient grounds, Libri gives him the credit of having imagined the calculus of indivisibles.

It is not our purpose to enumerate the specific services which Galileo rendered to the physical sciences; and still less to enter into any account of the long and prolix discussions with which the announcement of the greater part of his discoveries was followed. His claim to the gratitude of posterity consists not so much in his actual discoveries, important though they were, as in the revolution which he contributed to effect in philosophy, by applying geometrical reasoning to experimental facts, and teaching mankind to reject the dogmas of the schools, and to appeal from the authority of Aristotle to reason and observation. It cannot, indeed, be said that he was either the first who followed the inductive method of reasoning, or who perceived and denounced the worthlessness of the scholastic philosophy; but the credit which he had gained by the telescope, and the wonders it revealed, and, above all, the extraordinary elegance and perspicuity of his writings, threw the merits of others into the shade; and gave an impulse and currency to his opinions, which they would not have obtained without these accessory advantages. Considering the frequency with which his name occurs in all the scientific productions of the seventeenth century, and that it stands at the head of so many important discoveries, both in astronomy and mechanics, we may admit the remark of his countryman Libri, that in science he was the master of Europe.

The circumstances which entitle Galileo to be regarded as a *martyr of science*, are the persecutions he sustained on account of his assertion of the earth's motion; his trial, condemnation, and imprisonment, by the inquisition; and his constrained abjuration, in his old age, of the Copernican doctrine, which it had been the principal busi-

ness of his life to establish. This episode in his history has been represented in very different colors by his biographers; some ascribing his persecution to the jealousy with which the Romish church has always been disposed to regard the propagation of physical knowledge; while others have considered that it was provoked, if not altogether compelled, by his own imprudent conduct; which left the heads of the church no alternative but to reduce him to silence, or abandon their pretensions to spiritual authority. Sir David Brewster has treated this subject with fairness and moderation. He is no apologist of the inquisition; yet, on perusing his narrative, we cannot fail to see that its conduct, in this particular case, was not without circumstances of palliation; and that Galileo himself, like many others who have had the credit of suffering for the cause of truth, had no small share in stirring up the persecution by which his last years were embittered.

Galileo had adopted the Copernican theory at an early period; and as it was not the disposition of his mind long to cherish any opinion in silence, keen discussions on the subject had taken place between himself and the Peripatetics during his residence at Padua. Defeated in argument, they invoked the aid of religion, and attempted to silence him by the authority of Scripture. The heads of the church, though disliking the innovation, were reluctant to commit themselves by a formal condemnation of the doctrine, and desirous that it should be viewed in the light of a mere mathematical hypothesis. In fact, the theory of the earth's motion, so far from having met with opposition on its first promulgation, had been received with favor by some of the most eminent cardinals and churchmen; and Copernicus, himself a priest, had dedicated his great work, *De Revolutionibus*, to the pope. But when Galileo, who had no spiritual character, began to disseminate the same doctrine, the Dominicans took alarm, and forced the church into a reluctant declaration of its sentiments. In replying to the objections which his opponents drew from certain texts of Scripture, Galileo, in a letter to his friend and pupil Castelli, endeavored to prove that the expressions employed in the sacred writings were not intended to have reference to astronomical systems; and that there was, in fact, as much difficulty in reconciling the language of Scripture with the Ptolemaic as with the Copernican theory; and in 1615 he published a letter, addressed to the mother of the grand duke, in which the same arguments were stated at greater length, and enforced with quotations from the ancient fathers, and instances of the former practice of the church. The publication of these letters gave great offence to the court of Rome; for, however favorably it might be disposed to the new doctrines, it could not submit to see the interpretation of the Scriptures wrested from the hands of the priesthood by a layman. Galileo, having reason to apprehend that the doc-

trine would be formally condemned, proceeded to Rome for the purpose of endeavoring to avert, if possible, this consequence. Here, he was brought before the tribunal of the inquisition, charged with maintaining the doctrine of the motion of the earth and the immobility of the sun, teaching it to his pupils, and attempting to reconcile it to Scripture. In February, 1616, a congregation of cardinals, having considered the charges, decreed that Galileo should be enjoined to renounce the obnoxious doctrines, and to pledge himself, under the penalty of imprisonment, that he would neither teach, defend, or publish them in future. Galileo, says Sir David Brewster, "did not hesitate to yield to this injunction. On the day following, the 26th of February, he appeared before Cardinal Bellarmine to renounce his heretical opinions; and, having declared that he abandoned the doctrine of the earth's motion, and would neither defend nor teach it, in his conversation or his writings, he was dismissed from the bar of the inquisition."

Having disposed of the case of Galileo, the congregation next proceeded to consider the doctrine itself; and on the 5th of March of the same year, a formal decree was pronounced, declaring it to be false, and contrary to the Holy Scriptures; and in order that the heresy might spread no further to the prejudice of catholic truth, they decreed that the work of Copernicus should be suspended until it should have been corrected; and that the book of one Foscarini, a Carmelite friar, should be altogether prohibited and condemned, together with all other works teaching the same doctrine. In this general prohibition, therefore, Galileo's letters to Castelli and the grand duchess were included, although they were not expressly named. Galileo remained for some time at Rome, doing his best, it would seem, notwithstanding his pledge, to frustrate these intentions. Nevertheless, he had an audience of the pope, by whom he was very graciously received. The pope assured him, "that the congregation were not disposed to receive upon light grounds any calumnies that might be propagated by his enemies, and that, so long as he occupied the papal chair, he might consider himself safe." These assurances (Sir D. Brewster remarks) "were no doubt founded on the belief that Galileo would adhere to his pledges; but so bold and inconsiderate was he in the expression of his opinions, that, even in Rome, he was continually engaged in controversial discussions." To such a length was this imprudence carried, that the Tuscan minister, apprehensive of the consequences, represented the danger which Galileo was incurring to the grand duke, who, by a letter under his own hand, recalled him to Tuscany.

In 1623, Cardinal Maffeo Barberini succeeded to the papal chair, under the title of Urban VIII. This personage having been an intimate friend of Galileo, the latter was induced to proceed to Rome,

to congratulate him upon his accession. Here, says Sir D. Brewster, he met with a noble and generous reception:—

"The kindness of his holiness was of the most marked description. He not only loaded Galileo with presents, and promised him a pension for his son Vincenzo, but wrote a letter to Ferdinand II., who had just succeeded Cosmo as Grand Duke of Tuscany, recommending Galileo to his particular patronage:—'For we find in him,' says he "not only literary distinction, but the love of piety; and he is strong in those qualities by which pontifical good-will is easily obtained.'"

The spirit in which Galileo met the forbearance of the inquisition, and the favors of the pope, is thus set forth:—

"Although Galileo had made a narrow escape from the grasp of the inquisition, yet he was never sufficiently sensible of the lenity which he experienced. When he left Rome in 1616, under the solemn pledge of never again teaching the obnoxious doctrine, it was with a hostility against the church, suppressed, but deeply cherished; and his resolution to propagate the heresy seems to have been coeval with the vow by which he renounced it. In the year 1618, when he communicated his theory of the tides to the Archduke Leopold, he alludes, in the most sarcastic terms, to the conduct of the church. The same hostile tone, more or less, pervaded all his writings; and, while he labored to sharpen the edge of his satire, he endeavored to guard himself against its effects by an affectation of the humblest deference to the decisions of theology."

It is justly remarked by Sir David Brewster, that whatever allowance may be made for the ardor of Galileo's temper, and however we may justify or even approve of his conduct up to this time, his visit to the pope, in 1624, placed him in a new relation to the church, which demanded on his part a new and corresponding demeanor. The advances were made on his side—he had been received with courtesy and kindness—been loaded with favors, and had accepted pensions for himself and his son:—

"Thus honored by the head of the church, and befriended by its dignitaries, Galileo must have felt himself secure against the indignities of its lesser functionaries, and in the possession of the fullest license to prosecute his researches and publish his discoveries, provided he avoided that dogma of the church which, even in the present day, it has not ventured to renounce. But Galileo was bound to the Romish hierarchy by even stronger ties. His son and himself were pensioners of the church; and, having accepted of its alms, they owed it at least a decent and respectful allegiance. The pension thus given by Urban, was not a remuneration which sovereigns sometimes award to the services of their subjects. Galileo was a foreigner at Rome. The sovereign of the papal state owed him no obligation; and hence we must regard the pension of Galileo as a donation from the Roman pontiff to science itself; and as a declaration to the Christian world, that religion was not jealous of philosophy, and that the church of Rome was willing to respect and foster even the genius of its enemies.



"Galileo viewed all these circumstances in a different light. He resolved to compose a work, in which the Copernican system should be demonstrated; but he had not the courage to do this in a direct and open manner. He adopted the plan of discussing the subject in a dialogue between three speakers, in the hope of eluding, by this artifice, the censure of the church. This work was completed in 1630; but owing to some difficulty in obtaining a license to print it, it was not published till 1632. In obtaining this license, Galileo exhibited considerable address, and his memory has not escaped from the imputation of having acted unfairly, and of having involved his personal friends in the consequences of his imprudence."

The charge here hinted at, refers to the concealment from the censors, whose duty it was to examine and authorize the publication of the work, of the material fact, that he had been enjoined by the inquisition, in 1616, not to hold or to teach the Copernican doctrine in any way whatever; and this is one of the circumstances of offence recited in the sentence that was ultimately passed on him. In consequence of the license, Ricardi, the master of the palace, and Ciampoli, the pope's private secretary, were dismissed from their situations, and even the Inquisitor of Florence did not escape a reprimand.

The work thus furtively ushered into the world, produced an immense effect, not only in Italy but over Europe. The pope was greatly exasperated; and it has been said that the enemies of Galileo endeavored to persuade him, that the *Simplicio* of the dialogue—the Peripatetic whose feeble attempts to support Aristotle and Ptolemy were met by so overwhelming a force of argument and ridicule—was intended to represent his holiness. He appointed a commission to inquire into the circumstances, and Galileo was again summoned to appear before the Inquisition at Rome. Here he arrived in February, 1633—all the efforts of the grand duke and the Tuscan ambassador to obtain a dispensation from his attendance, on the grounds of his advanced age, his declining health, and the inconvenience of the quarantine regulations then in force, having been unsuccessful. These remonstrances, however, were not altogether without effect. The quarantine was relaxed in his favor; he was allowed to take up his residence in the house of the Tuscan ambassador; he was visited by the pope's nephew; and throughout the whole of the proceedings, and the trial which followed, he was treated with the most marked indulgence and consideration. It would be uninteresting to describe in detail the proceedings before the court of the inquisition; the result is thus stated by our author—

"A long and elaborate sentence was pronounced, detailing the former proceedings of the Inquisition, (in 1616,) and specifying the offences which he had committed in teaching heretical doctrines, in violating his former pledges, and in obtaining, by improper means, a license for the printing of his dialogues. After an invocation of the name of

our Saviour and of the Holy Virgin, Galileo is declared to have brought himself under strong suspicions of heresy, and to have incurred all the censures and penalties which are enjoined against delinquents of this kind; but from all these consequences he is held to be absolved, provided that with a sincere heart, and a faith unfeigned, he abjure and curses the heresies he has cherished, as well as every other heresy against the Catholic church. In order that his offence might not go altogether unpunished, that he might be more cautious in future, and be a warning to others to abstain from similar delinquencies, it was also decreed that his dialogues should be prohibited by public edict; that he himself should be condemned to the prison of the inquisition during their pleasure; and that, in the course of the next three years, he should recite once a-week the seven penitential psalms."

Galileo offered no resistance to this decree, but immediately signed the act of abjuration; in which he "invoked the divine aid in abjuring, and detesting, and vowing never again to teach, the doctrine of the earth's motion and the sun's stability; pledged himself that he would never again, either in words or writing, propagate such heresies; and swore that he would fulfil and observe the penances which had been inflicted upon him."—(p. 93.)

Galileo's abjuration was unquestionably a great triumph for the Romish church, and due care was taken to make it widely known. Sir David Brewster seems to consider that his character received some tarnish from the facility with which he renounced a doctrine which he had established by so many proofs, and of the truth of which he must have entertained a profound conviction. Assuredly his conduct displayed little of the firmness of a martyr; nor can he aspire to participate, in that respect, the approbation and applause which mankind willingly award to those who stand prepared to sacrifice even life for their principles. It must be remembered, however, that the matter at issue was not, like some speculative article of a theological system, a question of authority or opinion. Galileo must have felt that, whatever the inquisition might be pleased to decree, the fate of his doctrines would ultimately be decided by facts and observations over which they had no control. He might reason as Pascal did with the Jesuits:—"It is in vain that you have procured against Galileo a decree from Rome condemning the opinion of the earth's motion. Assuredly that will never prove it to be at rest; and if we have unerring observations proving that it turns round, not all mankind together can keep it from turning, nor themselves from turning with it." Having this conviction, he must have felt that the progress of truth could neither, on the one hand, be retarded by formal submission to ecclesiastical power, nor on the other, advanced by self-sacrifice. Under such circumstances, the insincerity of his act should not, perhaps, be severely judged. That Galileo was insincere in his abjuration cannot be doubted; his persecutors were probably not more

sincere; indeed, it is apparent on the face of the proceedings, that the point about which the inquisition was solicitous, was not the truth or falsehood of the doctrine, but submission to the spiritual supremacy of the church.

A question has been mooted with respect to this trial, which, though it is not alluded to by our author, we shall briefly notice, in consequence of the prominent manner in which it has recently been brought forward by Libri. It has been surmised, that, in the course of his examination, Galileo was put to the torture. The ground of this surmise is the following sentence in the recital prefixed to the decree of the inquisition:—"But whereas it appeared to us that you had not disclosed the whole truth with regard to your intentions, we thought it necessary to proceed to the rigorous examination of you, in which you answered like a good Catholic."<sup>\*</sup> Now, it is argued, that, in the books of the inquisitorial law, the phrase *rigorous examination* is understood to imply torture; and processes are said to be extant which leave no doubt as to the correctness of this interpretation. Libri, indeed, goes the length of asserting, that, according to the laws of the Holy Office, whenever there was doubt with respect to the intention of the accused, it was a matter of necessity to have recourse to torture. It is true, that neither Galileo himself, nor Niccolini, the ambassador of the grand duke, who transmitted an account of the proceedings to his master, has made the slightest allusion to torture; but to account for their silence, it has been argued that the inquisition was known to impose the most profound silence on those who had the misfortune to be brought before it, and that the trial of Galileo, as is evident from the correspondence of Niccolini, was, in a particular manner, shrouded in mystery. In the absence of all direct evidence, Libri and others have urged the probability of the allegation from the known character of the inquisition, and its conduct in other instances; but arguments of this kind must be received with great caution, when used for the purpose of proving a specific charge. It is a curious circumstance, that the document containing the original process, which would have afforded conclusive evidence in the present question, was in France previous to the restoration of the Bourbons, and that Napoleon intended to publish it. Libri states that at the restoration it was lost, or probably made away with. According to what is said of it by Venturi, who had his information from Delambre, the document was mutilated towards the end; and Venturi was of opinion, that it would be in the defective part that the *Catholic answers* of Galileo, in his *rigorous examination*, might be expected to be contained.†

<sup>\*</sup> *Life of Galileo*, p. 60.—*Library of Useful Knowledge*.

† The new Edition of Galileo's Works, now publishing at Florence, may be expected to contain documents, or information, which will set this question at rest.

Sir David Brewster, as we have already said, has made no allusion to this subject, probably considering the allegation, on such flimsy grounds, of a proceeding so utterly at variance with all that is certainly known with respect to the treatment of Galileo by the inquisition, as undeserving of attention. In fact, the indulgence he met with during and subsequent to the trial, was such as must destroy every shadow of a suspicion of torture, at least if the inquisition is to be judged of according to the rules which are ordinarily applied to human actions.

"Galileo had remained only four days in the prison of the inquisition, when, on the application of Niccolini, the Tuscan ambassador, he was allowed to reside with him in his palace. As Florence still suffered under the contagious disease we have already mentioned, it was purposed that Sienna should be the place of Galileo's confinement, and that his residence should be in one of the convents of that city. Niccolini, however, recommended the palace of the Archbishop Piccolomini as a more suitable residence; and though the archbishop was one of Galileo's best friends, the pope agreed to the arrangement, and in the beginning of July Galileo quitted Rome for Sienna.

"After having spent nearly six months under the hospitable roof of his friend, with no other restraint than that of being confined to the limits of the palace, Galileo was permitted to return to his villa near Florence under the same restrictions; and as the contagious disease had disappeared in Tuscany, he was able, in the month of December, to reënter his own house at Arcetri, where he spent the remainder of his days."—(p. 101.)

Galileo survived this proceeding about nine years. Soon after his return to Arcetri, he lost his favorite daughter, who had piously taken on herself that portion of his penance which consisted in the weekly recital of the penitential psalms; and the event appears to have deeply affected his health and spirits. With the exception of a few months, during which he was permitted to reside at Florence, the whole of the remainder of his life was passed at Arcetri, which, in his familiar letters, he styled his prison. During this period he composed his "*Dialogues on Motion*," one of the most important of his works. His last astronomical discovery was the diurnal libration of the moon, in 1636. Soon after this, he lost the sight of an eye, and subsequently became totally blind. He died on the 8th of January, 1642, in the 78th year of his age.

The personal character of Galileo has been the theme of much eulogy. His manners are reported to have been cheerful and affable, and such as secured the warm attachment of friends. He is said to have been distinguished for his hospitality and benevolence, to have been "liberal to the poor, and generous in the aid which he administered to men of genius and talent, who often found a comfortable asylum under his roof;" and, although his temper was easily ruffled, "the excitement was transient, and the cause of it speedily forgotten." Notwithstanding these general eulogies, an at-

tentive reader of his "Letters" will be apt to suspect that his mind was tinged with a considerable share of selfishness and attention to personal indulgence and comfort, and with some illiberality in his appreciation of the discoveries of his contemporaries. From the style of his "Dialogues," as well as the accounts which have been given by others, of his disputes with the Aristotelians, we readily infer that he was fond of argument and disputation, perhaps of display; for his controversial powers were of the highest order, and gave him a great superiority over his adversaries. In his morals Sir David Brewster considers that he was somewhat lax. He never was married, and his children were legitimated by the grand duke. He appears to have been fond of the more exhilarating pleasures of the table. His hospitable board was ever ready for the reception of his friends; and though he was himself abstemious in his diet, he seems to have been a lover of good wines, of which he received always the choicest varieties out of the grand duke's cellar. This peculiar taste, together with his attachment to a country life, rendered him fond of agricultural pursuits, and induced him to devote his leisure hours to the cultivation of his vineyards. Sir David concludes his account of Galileo with the following eulogy of his scientific character:

"The scientific character of Galileo, and his method of investigating truth, demand our highest admiration. The number and ingenuity of his inventions, the brilliant discoveries which he made in the heavens, and the depth and beauty of his researches respecting the laws of motion, have gained him the admiration of every succeeding age, and have placed him next to Newton, in the lists of original and inventive genius. To this high rank he was doubtless elevated by the inductive processes which he followed in all his inquiries. Under the sure guidance of observation and experiment, he advanced to general laws; and if Bacon had never lived, the student of nature would have found in the writings and labors of Galileo, not only the boasted principles of the inductive philosophy, but also their practical application to the highest efforts of invention and discovery."—(p. 118.)

Tycho Brahé, the second of the so-called martyrs, though he has been usually represented as immeasurably inferior to Galileo as a philosopher, rendered services to astronomy of a far more important character. Unfortunately for his reputation, his name has come down to posterity in connection with an hypothesis respecting the arrangement of the solar system, which never had any followers, and which, coming after that of Copernicus, has always been regarded as a retrograde step in theory. But if we put the unlucky hypothesis, with some other speculative notions of Tycho, out of view, and fix our attention solely on the extent, accuracy and importance of his observations, and the results to which they led, we may easily satisfy ourselves that there is no observer, ancient or modern, whose labors have produced a more marked influence on the progress of astronomical science.

The anecdotal life of Tycho was written in minute and almost trifling detail by Gassendi; who has been flatteringly designated by Gibbon as "*le meilleur philosophe des littérateurs, et le meilleur littérateur des philosophes.*" In respect of astronomical knowledge, Gassendi was well qualified for the task; but his memoir is entirely panegyrical; and as he appears to have been of a credulous disposition, and to have adopted without scruple the sentiments and opinions of Tycho—whose ideas of his own merit and importance were of a somewhat exalted nature—his narrative has a considerable air of exaggeration, which has pervaded all the subsequent biographies, the present not excepted.

Tycho was descended from a noble Swedish family which for some generations had been settled in Denmark, and was born at Knudstorp, near Helsingborg, in 1546. His father having died at an early age, he was adopted by a paternal uncle: and after receiving the rudiments of a liberal education, he was sent to the University of Copenhagen to study rhetoric and philosophy. In 1563 he removed to Leipsig, to study jurisprudence, with the view of following the profession of the law; but in this he took no interest, and astronomy engrossed all his thoughts. On the death of his uncle, in 1565, he was recalled to Denmark, where he continued diligently to prosecute his astronomical studies, to the great displeasure of his family, who ridiculed his pursuits, and reproached him with abandoning his profession. To escape the annoyance which this conduct occasioned him, and improve himself in astronomy, he resolved to visit the principal cities of Germany. At Rostock he unfortunately had a quarrel with Manderupius Pasbergius, a countryman of his own, which ended in a duel fought in the dark. "In this blind combat, Manderupius cut off the whole of the front of Tycho's nose; and it was fortunate for astronomy," says our author, "that his more valuable organs were defended by so faithful an outpost." Tycho repaired his loss as well as he could by an artificial nose, composed of an alloy of gold and silver; and Gassendi appeals to his portraits in proof of its excellent imitation of the original. At Augsburg he found a kindred spirit in a rich burgher, Paul Hainzel, in concert with whom he constructed an enormous quadrant of fourteen cubits radius, which "twenty men could with difficulty transport to its place of fixture;" and also a sextant of four cubits, with which he made numerous observations. About the end of 1571 he returned to Denmark, where, in consequence of the reputation he had now acquired, he was received with great consideration, and invited to court by the king. At this time, his attention was chiefly engrossed with the pursuits of chemistry, or rather alchemy, which through his whole life he prosecuted with no less ardor than astronomy. "In the hopes of enriching himself by the pursuits of alchemy, Tycho devoted most of his attention to

those satellites of gold and silver which now constituted his own system, and which disturbed by their powerful action the hitherto uniform motions of the primary. His affections were ever turning towards Germany, where astronomers of kindred view, and artists of surpassing talent, were to be found in almost every city. The want of money alone prevented him from realizing his wishes; and it was in the hope of obtaining the means of travelling, that he in a great measure forsook his sextants for his crucibles." While thus occupied, the appearance of the new star in 1572, which suddenly shone forth with remarkable splendor, and continued visible for sixteen months, had the effect of recalling him to the path in which he was destined to acquire his permanent fame. He first saw the body on the 11th of November, and he immediately proceeded to observe its place, and note its form, magnitude, and appearance. His observations were assiduously continued for several months, and they form the basis of his work, "*De Nova Stella, Anni 1572*," which was published in the following year.

Previous to the publication of this work, Tycho felt or affected an apprehension of degrading his nobility, by appearing publicly in the character of an astronomer and author. Soon after, he committed a greater offence against his order, by marrying a peasant girl—an act by which his relations were so greatly displeased, that a reconciliation could only be effected through the mediation of the king. About the same time, he gave public lectures on astronomy, in which he defended astrology; but he took care to mention, that he was only induced to lecture by the special request of the monarch. In 1575, he set out on a second journey through Germany. He first visited Hesse Cassel, where the Landgrave had erected a splendid observatory; and having travelled through Switzerland and Italy, he returned to Denmark with the intention of removing his family to Basle, where he had resolved permanently to settle. But his fame had now rendered him a personage whose presence conferred honor on his country; in order, therefore, to induce him to establish himself in Denmark, the king offered him a grant for life of the little island of Huen, in the entrance of the Baltic, and undertook to build him an observatory, a house, and a laboratory for his chemical experiments. Tycho willingly acceded to these liberal proposals, and forthwith proceeded to erect on his new property the celebrated observatory of Uraniburg, (the city of the heavens,) a noble edifice, which cost the king of Denmark 100,000 rixdollars, (about £20,000,) and on which Tycho is said to have expended an equal sum. This statement, however, appears to rest on the authority of a representation made to the Emperor of Germany by Tycho's heirs, who had a purpose to serve in magnifying his sacrifices, and probably spoke in round numbers. Tycho himself says, more picturesquely, that he expended on the ob-

servatory and instruments, more than a *ton of gold*. Now, as we have seen him, a few years previously, represented as applying himself to alchemy in the hope of procuring the means of travelling in Germany, and as it is not alleged that his search for the philosopher's stone was successful, we may be excused in suspecting some exaggeration. However this may be, he appears to have exhausted his private fortune; and, in order to provide for his expenses, the king granted him an annual pension of 2000 dollars, an estate in Norway, and a canonry in the church of Rothschild worth 1000 dollars a year. Tycho remained upwards of twenty years in Huen, engaged in the preparation of his catalogue of the stars, and accumulating a mass of important observations. Nor was his fame confined to his island or country; it extended over Europe, and procured him visits from several royal personages, among others from James VI. of Scotland, (upon the occasion of his marriage with the princess Anne,) who, with a numerous suite, passed eight days with Tycho, admiring his instruments and mechanical contrivances, and discoursing on the Copernican system—an occupation which must have been entirely to the taste of the royal pedant.

Through some unexplained cause, Tycho, after the death of Frederick II., fell into disfavor with the court of Denmark, and was deprived of his canonry, his estate in Norway, and his pension. Being thus left without the means of supporting the expenses of his establishment, he, in 1597, removed his instruments and family to Copenhagen; but finding himself still exposed to persecution, he resolved forever to leave his ungrateful country. The description of his emigration is affecting. "He carried from Huen everything that was movable, and having packed up his instruments, his crucibles, and his books, he hired a ship to convey them to some foreign land. His wife, his *five* sons and *four* daughters, his male and female servants, and many of his pupils and assistants, among whom were Tegnagel, his future son-in-law, and Longomontanus, embarked at Copenhagen, to seek the hospitality of a better country than their own."—(p. 171.) (Here we must take leave to correct a slight error. Tycho's family, on leaving Denmark, consisted of only *two* sons and *four* daughters.) His first landing-place was Rostock; but after a short time he took up his residence with his friend Count Rantzau, in the castle of Wandesberg, near Hamburg; and finally procured an invitation to settle at Prague, from the Emperor Rudolph II. After some delay he set out for Bohemia, and arrived at Prague in the beginning of 1599. He met with a cordial reception from the emperor, who conferred upon him favors and appointments more than sufficient to compensate his losses in Denmark. A pension of three thousand crowns, an estate in perpetuity, a town house, and the choice of various castles and houses in the country, were the immediate and

munificent gifts of Rudolph. He selected the castle of Benach, but after a few months transferred his family and instruments to a house which had been purchased for him in Prague. But his career was now drawing to a close. He removed to Prague in February, 1601. On the 13th of October, in the same year, while supping at the table of a nobleman, where they drank freely, he experienced some feelings of discomfort, but, from motives of courtesy, he remained at table, and on his return home was seized with a retention of urine, in consequence of which he expired, after ten days of extreme suffering. He died in the 55th year of his age; his last words, repeated frequently during his delirium, being *Ne frustra videar virisse*.

Such is a brief outline of the life of this remarkable man. To appreciate the services which he rendered to astronomy, it is necessary to consider the state of the science at the time he commenced his labors. The question between the rival theories of Ptolemy and Copernicus was then undecided; and as both hypotheses sufficed for the explanation of the observed phenomena, and afforded nearly equal facilities for calculation, no further advance could be made without more numerous and accurate observations. This was precisely what Tycho undertook to supply. Born in a favorable position, possessing independent resources, and liberally aided by the king of Denmark, he erected an observatory of more than regal magnificence; constructed or procured instruments superior in magnitude and accuracy to any that had been previously seen; engaged the services of able and zealous assistants, and devoted himself to assiduous observation during a long series of years. The result was the accumulation of a large mass of very accurate observations, which, falling into the hands of Kepler, led to the discovery of the true nature of the planetary orbits, and a complete revolution in astronomy.

Although Tycho's principal merit is that of a diligent and accurate observer, various results which he deduced from his observations were important improvements in theory. He was the first who pointed out the diminution of the obliquity of the ecliptic. He detected several inequalities in the moon's motions, and determined their law. He proved from the parallax of comets that these bodies are situated far beyond the orbit of the moon, and consequently that the heavens are not, as was then supposed, solid transparent spheres. He formed the first table of refractions; imperfect, no doubt, as it extended only to  $45^\circ$  in altitude;—but before the discovery of the telescope, the effect of refraction beyond that altitude was insensible. He introduced into practical Astronomy various improvements on the methods of observing; and he set the example of carefully verifying his instruments, and ascertaining the amount of instrumental errors. But the most valuable result of his labors is his catalogue of fixed stars. The cata-

logue, as originally published in the *Pregymnasmata*, contained 777 stars; but the number was afterwards increased, by Kepler, from the original observations to 1005; and it is to be kept in mind, that all the observations were made with extra-meridional instruments, and reduced by the laborious method of distances. This monument of Tycho's industry was republished last year, (1843,) along with some other ancient catalogues; under the care and at the expense of a private gentleman, to whose unostentatious liberality various sciences, but especially astronomy, have been under important obligations.\*

The claim of Tycho to be regarded as a martyr of science rests solely on the circumstances, whatever they were, that led to the withdrawal of his pensions, and his exile from Denmark. Among the losses he sustained on this occasion, the one which he must have most deeply regretted was his observatory, which had been erected at so great an expense, and of which his biographers have given such glowing descriptions—descriptions which, were it not for the minuteness of their details, and the confirmation they receive from the plans and drawings given by Tycho himself, we might almost suppose to have belonged to a romance. The following extract will show Tycho's notions of the accommodation required for an astronomer. After describing the ceremony of laying the foundation, which was done in presence of the king, and at which “copious libations of a variety of wines were offered for the success of the undertaking,” Sir David Brewster thus proceeds:—

“The observatory was surrounded by a rampart, each face of which was three hundred feet long. About the middle of each face the rampart became a semicircle, the inner diameter of which was ninety feet. The height of the rampart was twenty-two feet, and its thickness at the base twenty. Its four angles corresponded exactly with the four cardinal points, and at the north and south angles were erected turrets, of which one was a printing-house, and the other the residence of the servants. Gates were erected at the east and west angles, and above them were apartments for the reception of strangers. Within the rampart was a shrubbery with about three hundred varieties of trees; and at the centre of each semicircular part of the rampart was a bower or summer-house. This shrubbery surrounded the flower garden, which was terminated within by a circular wall about forty-five feet high, which enclosed a more elevated area, in the centre of which stood the principal building of the observatory, and from which four paths led to the above-mentioned angles, with as many doors for entering the garden.

“The principal building was about sixty feet square. The doors were placed on the east and west sides; and to the north and south fronts were attached two round towers, whose inner diameter

\* “The Catalogues of Ptolemy, Ulugh Beigh, Tycho Brahe, Hevelius, deduced from the best authorities; with various Notes and Corrections, and a Preface to each Catalogue.” By Francis Baily, Esq. Forming vol. xiii. of the *Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society*.

was about thirty-two feet, and which formed the observatories, which had windows in their roof that could be opened towards any part of the heavens. The accommodations for the family were numerous and splendid. Under the observatory, in the south tower, was the museum and library; and below this, again, was the laboratory, in a subterranean crypt, containing sixteen furnaces of various kinds. Beneath this was a well forty feet deep, from which water was distributed by syphons to every part of the building.

"As the two towers could not accommodate the instruments which Tycho required for his observations, he found it necessary to erect, on the hill about sixty paces to the south of Uraniburg, a subterranean observatory, in which he might place his larger instruments, which required to be firmly fixed, and to be protected from the wind and weather. This observatory, which he called *Stjernberg*, [*Stjernburg*], or the mountain of the stars, consisted of several crypts, separated by solid walls, and to these there was a subterranean passage from the laboratory in Uraniburg. The various buildings which Tycho erected were in a regular style of architecture, and were highly ornamented, not only with external decorations, but with the statues and pictures of the most distinguished astronomers, from Hipparchus and Ptolemy down to Copernicus, and with inscriptions and poems in honor of astronomers."—(pp. 148—151.)

Not the least remarkable circumstance connected with this magnificent structure, was its speedy demolition, without apparent cause or object. Even when Gassendi wrote, the edifice, with all its towers and ramparts, had entirely disappeared *jam reges est ubi Troja fuit*—and when Picard was sent to Huen, by the Academy of Sciences of Paris, in 1671 for the purpose of determining the exact position of the spot where the instruments had stood, he found only some remains of foundations; the whole structure, he remarks, having been demolished soon after Tycho's departure, and the materials partly used in the construction of a farm-house. What renders its demolition more unaccountable, is the circumstance, that in the time of Tycho the island contained only one village, with about forty inhabitants. It could scarcely be necessary to pull down a castle to obtain building materials for the houses required for such a population.

The causes of Tycho's rupture with the Danish court have been left by preceding biographers without satisfactory explanation; and Sir David Brewster has not thrown any new light on the subject. Tycho himself does not name his persecutors; but, in his elegies and private letters, hints at vague charges of ingratitude and oppression; declares he will tell all at the proper time and in the proper place; and piously suggests that his persecution was ordained by Providence, for the purpose of more widely diffusing a knowledge of astronomy. The reasons set forth in the following paragraph, afford no satisfactory explanation of the mystery.—

"For several years the studies of Tycho had been treated with an unwilling toleration by the

Danish court. Many of the nobles envied the magnificent establishment he had received from Frederick, and the liberal pension which he drew from the treasury. But among his most active enemies were some physicians, who envied his reputation as a successful and a gratuitous practitioner of the healing art. Numbers of invalids flocked to Huen; and diseases, which resisted all other methods of cure, are said to have yielded to the panaceal prescription of the astrologer. Under the influence of such motives, these individuals succeeded in exciting against Tycho the hostility of the court. They drew the public attention to the exhausted state of the treasury. They maintained that he had possessed too long the estate in Norway, which might be given to men who labored more usefully for the commonwealth; and they accused him of allowing the chapel at Rothschild to fall into decay."—(p. 168.)

The story about the jealousy of the physicians is given by Gassendi in rather stronger terms; but it would seem to rest on no better foundation than the following verses, in an elegy composed by Tycho on the occasion of his departure. After alluding to his medical practice, he adds—

"Nec tamen hinc lucrum sectabar, ut undique moris;  
Gratis quippe dabam parva labore gravi.  
Nimirum hoc fuerat cur tanta odia inveni,  
Hinc abitus nostri manat origo vetus."

Jessenius, in the funeral oration printed at the end of Gassendi's Memoir, ascribes the cause of his misfortunes to his plainness of speech: "*Nihil fictum, nihil simulatum in ipso; sed scapham scapham appellabat; unde omne quod sustinuit odium.*" Our author, in common with the other biographers of Tycho, has ascribed his persecution to Walchendorp, the President of the Danish Council, whose hostility is said to have had its origin in a quarrel about a dog. Some symptoms of public feeling having manifested themselves in favor of Tycho, after his retirement from Huen to Copenhagen, Walchendorp—"a name," says Sir David, "which, while the heavens revolve, will be pronounced with horror by astronomers—saw the change of sentiment which his injuries had produced, and adopted an artful method of sheltering himself from public odium. \* \* \* \* \* He appointed a committee of two persons, one of whom was Thomas Feuchius, to report to the government on the nature and utility of the studies of Tycho. These two individuals were entirely ignorant of astronomy and the use of instruments; and even if they had not, they would have been equally subservient to the views of the minister. They reported that the studies of Tycho were of no value, and that they were not only useless, but noxious. Armed with this report, Walchendorp prohibited Tycho, in the king's name, from continuing his chemical experiments."—(p. 171.) Passing over the assumed subserviency of Feuchius and his coadjutor, we may remark, that astronomers have no great reason to find fault with the sentence consequent on their report; nor is it probable that chemistry lost much by the prohibition of Tycho's

experiments. The charges against Walchendorp would seem to require some further support, in order to entitle them to be received as matter of authentic history.

Beyond the credit due to Tycho as a practical astronomer, his character presents few points for admiration, and is even stained with the grossest weaknesses and defects. He was a believer in astrology, and a confirmed alchemist;—the discoverer of a new elixir, or universal remedy, “which went by his name, and was sold in every apothecary’s shop as a specific against the diseases which were then ravaging Germany.” Astrologer, alchemist, and quack, he also aspired to be regarded as a conjurer. “He had various automata, with which he delighted to astonish the peasants; and by means of invisible bells, which communicated with every part of his establishment, and which rung with the gentlest touch, he had great pleasure in bringing any of his pupils suddenly before strangers, muttering at a particular time the words, “Come hither, Peter,” as if he had commanded their presence by some supernatural agency.’—(p. 196.) The following extract shows that the study of astronomy had not elevated his mind above the most abject superstitions:—

“If, on leaving home, he met with an old woman, or a hare, he returned immediately to his house. But the most extraordinary of all his peculiarities remains to be noticed:—When he lived at Uraniburg, he maintained an idiot of the name of Lep, who lay at his feet whenever he sat down to dinner, and whom he fed with his own hand. Persuaded that his mind, when moved, was capable of foretelling future events, Tycho carefully remarked everything he said. Lest it should be supposed this was done to no purpose, Longomontanus relates that when any person in the island was sick, Lep never, when interrogated, failed to predict whether the patient would live or die.”—(p. 197.)

Our author, in an eloquent paragraph, which we regret our limits will not permit us to transfer wholly to our pages, has, with a view to extenuate some of these defects of Tycho’s character, discussed the question how far a belief in Alchemy, and the practice of its arts, have a foundation in the weakness of human nature; and to what extent they are compatible with piety and elevated moral feeling. We can only make room for the following passage:—

“The history of learning furnishes us with many examples of that species of delusion in which a great mind submits itself to vulgar adulation, and renounces unwillingly, if it renounces at all, the unenviable reputation of supernatural agency. In cases where self-interest and ambition are the basis of this peculiarity of temperament, and in an age when the conjurer and the alchemist were the companions and even the idols of princes, it is easy to trace the steps by which a gifted sage retains his ascendancy among the ignorant. The hecatomb, which is sacrificed to the magician, he receives as an oblation to his science; and conscious

of possessing real endowments, the idol devours the meats which are offered to him, without analyzing the motives and expectations under which he is fed. Even when the idolator and his god are not placed in this transverse relation, the love of power or of notoriety is sufficient to induce good men to lend a too willing ear to vulgar testimony in favor of themselves; and in our own times, it is not common to repudiate the unmerited cheers of a popular assembly, or to offer a contradiction to fictitious tales which record our talents or our courage, our charity or our piety.”—(p. 191.)

We proceed now to a character of a very different class;—one of those rare men, says Laplace, whom nature bestows from time to time on the sciences, in order to develop the great theories prepared by the labors of many ages. Kepler was born at Wîel, in the duchy of Wirtemberg, on the 21st of December, 1571, and was consequently twenty-four years younger than Tycho, and seven years younger than Galileo. His father and mother are represented as having both been of noble extraction, but reduced to indigence by their improvidence or bad conduct. The nobility of his descent, however, afforded him no immunity from the usual inconveniences of poverty; his father, who had been a petty officer in the Duke of Wirtemberg’s service, became ultimately the keeper of a tavern at Elmendingen; and he himself, at the age of twelve years, was employed in menial offices in this establishment. In his youth he was of a feeble and delicate constitution, and subject to periodical attacks of severe illness. At the age of fifteen he was admitted into the school of the monastery of Maulbronn, whence, in due time, he proceeded to the university of Tübingen. Here he had Michael Mæstlin for his preceptor in mathematics—an astronomer of no mean repute, and to whom the credit is due of being one of the first who publicly taught the system of Copernicus. Under this tuition Kepler made rapid advances; and, on taking his degree of master, in 1591, he held the second place at the annual examination.

In the biographies of great inventors we expect to find, almost as matter of course, not only some manifestations of the ruling passion in early youth, but indulgence in the favorite pursuits at a more advanced period, in spite of every obstacle and discouragement. Thus Tycho was sent to Leipsic to study law, but passed his nights in measuring the distance of the stars. Galileo was placed at Pisa to study medicine, but gave his whole mind to mechanics. Kepler, however, cannot be cited as an example in illustration of the rule, for he took to astronomy as a matter of duty. On the recommendation of Mæstlin, he was appointed, in 1594, to the professorship of astronomy at Gratz—an office for which he had, at that time, no particular qualification; and he himself states, that he had no predilection for the science, but having been educated at the public expense, he felt himself constrained to accept the first appointment

that was offered him. His attention being thus directed to astronomy, he embarked in the study with the eagerness for which he was remarkable through life, devoting the whole energies of his mind to discover the causes of the number, the size, and the nature of the planetary orbits. The fruits of this application appeared in 1596, in his "Prodromus of Cosmographical Dissertations;"—a work of which the object appears to have been to prove, that the Creator of the universe had observed the relations among the five regular solids, in determining the order, number, and proportions of the planetary orbits. Wild and extravagant as were the theories propounded in this remarkable volume, the boldness and originality of genius, as well as powers of application which it manifested, called forth the approbation of Galileo and Tycho, and stamped the author as one of the first astronomers of the age. Kepler's position at Gratz was by no means an agreeable one. The feuds between the Catholics and Protestants, which then agitated the city, were a source of continual annoyance to him; his income was insufficient for his support; he had married, and his wife's dowry having turned out less than he had been led to expect, he was involved in disputes with her relations. In 1600 he visited Tycho at Prague, for the purpose of obtaining from that astronomer more accurate data for the determination of the eccentricities of the planets; and an arrangement was proposed whereby he should become one of Tycho's assistants. Before this plan could be carried into effect, Kepler, in consequence of fresh troubles at Gratz, was induced to resign his appointment at that place; and being thus left without the means of subsistence, he applied for the professorship of medicine at Tübingen. From this purpose, which would probably have given an entirely different direction to his studies, he was dissuaded by Tycho; who invited him to Prague, presented him to the emperor, and procured for him the title and emoluments of imperial mathematician, on the condition that he should assist in reducing the observations. Longomontanus was at that time Tycho's first assistant, and it was agreed that they should undertake the computation, from Tycho's observations, of an entirely new set of astronomical tables; to be called, in honor of the emperor, the "Rudolphine Tables." The proposal was encouraged by the emperor, who pledged himself to defray the expenses of the publication; but the death of Tycho, in 1601, and the return of Longomontanus to Copenhagen, put an end to the scheme for the present.

Upon the death of Tycho, Kepler succeeded him as first mathematician to the emperor, and came into possession of his invaluable collection of observations. To this office a handsome salary was attached; but the imperial treasury being drained by expensive wars, Kepler experienced great difficulties in providing a subsistence for his family. But his astronomical pursuits were not

forgotten. "No adverse circumstances were capable of extinguishing his scientific ardor, and, whenever he directed his vigorous mind to the investigation of phenomena, he never failed to obtain interesting and original results." At this period, he occupied himself with researches on the subject of refraction. His "Supplement to Vitellio" was published in 1604;—a work which contained the best account of astronomical optics then extant, and in which the offices performed by the different parts of the eye, in the act of vision, were first distinctly explained. In 1611, he published another work on the same subject, his "Dioptrics," which contains the first theoretical explanation which was given of the construction of the telescope. But the most important result of his labors at this period of his life, and indeed by far the most valuable of all his productions, was his "Commentaries on the Motions of Mars," which appeared in 1609. In this remarkable work he has recorded the various steps by which he was led to two of his greatest discoveries; namely, that the orbit of Mars is an ellipse having the sun in one of its foci; and that the time of describing any arc is proportioned to the area included between the curve and two straight lines drawn from the sun to the extremities of the arc. These important laws, together with the correct views on gravity disclosed in this work, entitle its author to be regarded as the precursor of Newton and Laplace, and the founder of celestial mechanics.

As an account of this volume, and of Kepler's principal astronomical discoveries, has been given in a former number of this Journal, we shall not dwell on them here, but proceed to give a few more incidents of his personal history. The melancholy posture of his private affairs about this time, is thus described by Sir David Brewster:—

"When Kepler presented to Rudolph the volume which contained these fine discoveries, he reminded him jocularly of his requiring the sinews of war to make similar attacks upon the other planets. The emperor, however, had more formidable enemies than Jupiter and Saturn, and from the treasury, which war had exhausted, he found it difficult to supply the wants of science. While Kepler was thus involved in the miseries of poverty, misfortunes of every kind filled up the cup of his adversity. His wife, who had long been the victim of low spirits, was seized, towards the end of 1610, with fever, epilepsy, and phrenitis, and before she had completely recovered, all his three children were simultaneously attacked with the small pox. His favorite son fell a victim to the malady, and, at the same time, Prague was partially occupied by the troops of Leopold. The part of the city where Kepler resided was harassed by the Bohemian levies, and, to crown the list of evils, the Austrian troops introduced the plague into the city."—(p. 228.)

In consequence of his pecuniary embarrassments, Kepler made an attempt to obtain a professorship at Linz, in Austria; but the emperor would not consent to his leaving Prague, and encouraged him with hopes of payment of the arrears of his



salary. On the death of Rudolph, Kepler again received the appointment of imperial mathematician, and was allowed to accept the chair at Linz. Here he contracted his second marriage, and continued to reside during seven years, but with small improvement of his circumstances; for under Mathias, the imperial finances appear to have been in a still less flourishing state than under Rudolph; and Kepler, who depended mainly upon his pension for his means of living, suffered great vexation in consequence of its remaining unpaid. "In order," he says, "to defray the expense of the Ephemeris for two years, I have been obliged to compose a vile prophesying almanac, which is scarcely more respectable than begging, unless from its saving the emperor's credit, who abandons me entirely, and would suffer me to perish with hunger." But the death of Mathias in 1619 gave him hopes of better times; for the new emperor, Ferdinand III., not only renewed his appointment, but promised to pay up all the arrears of his pension; and to furnish him besides with the means of accomplishing the great object of his ambition, the publication of the Rudolphine Tables. In 1622, Kepler published his *Harmonices Mundi*, a work filled with speculations on a great variety of subjects—geometry, music, astrology, astronomy, and metaphysics; but chiefly remarkable, as containing the announcement of the relation which subsists between the periodic times, and the mean distances of the planets. The beauty and extreme importance of this general law of the planetary system, is such as to render the burst of joy with which he announced it in no way extravagant:—

"This law, as he himself informs us, first entered his mind on the 8th of March, 1618; but, having made an erroneous calculation, he was obliged to reject it. He resumed the subject on the 15th of May; and, having discovered his former error, recognized with transport the absolute truth of a principle which, for seventeen years, had been the object of his incessant labors. The delight which this grand discovery gave him had no bounds. 'Nothing holds me,' said he; 'I will indulge in my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians to build up a tabernacle for my God, far away from the confines of Egypt. If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it. The die is cast, the book is written, to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer.'"—(p. 240.)

The "Rudolphine Tables," in the preparation of which Kepler had been engaged for twenty-six years, after having been long delayed for want of funds to defray the expenses of the printing, and subsequently from the disturbed state of Germany during the wars of the reformation, were at length published in 1628. The work is remarkable in the history of astronomy, as containing the first tables which were calculated on the hypothesis of elliptic orbits, and as exhibiting the science under

the form in which it appears in our modern treatises. The labor which Kepler bestowed on its preparation was enormous; and it is curious to observe, that it was increased by the discovery of the logarithms; in consequence of which, he was under the necessity of giving a different form to several of the tables, in order to adapt them to the new method of calculation.

Kepler had continued to reside at Linz since 1622; but, about the time of the appearance of the "Rudolphine Tables," he was invited by the Duke of Friedland, a great patron of astrology, to take up his abode at Sagan, in Silesia. Having solicited permission from the emperor to accept of this invitation, "the emperor did not hesitate to grant the request, and would gladly have transferred Kepler's arrears as well as himself to the service of a foreign prince." Kepler accordingly removed his family to Sagan in 1629, and was favorably received by the grand duke, who treated him with distinction and liberality, and procured for him a professorship in the University of Rostock. But it would seem as if no change had the power of producing any amelioration of Kepler's fortunes:—

"In this remote situation, Kepler found it extremely difficult to obtain payment of the imperial pension, which he still retained. The arrears had accumulated to 8000 crowns; and he resolved to go to the imperial assembly at Ratisbon to make a final effort to obtain them. His attempts, however, were fruitless. The vexation which this occasioned, and the great fatigue which he had undergone, threw him into a violent fever, which is said to have been one of cold, and to have been accompanied with an imposthume in the brain, occasioned by too much study. This disease baffled the skill of his physicians, and carried him off on the 6th of November, O. S., 1630, in the sixtieth [fifty-ninth] year of his age."—(p. 249.)

Kepler's name will always be associated with the discovery of the three laws which regulate the planetary motions; by which he effected a greater revolution in theoretical astronomy than ever had fallen, or can fall again, to the lot of any individual. But he has many other claims upon our consideration. The "Rudolphine Tables" were a most important contribution to practical astronomy, and would alone have sufficed to place him in the first rank among the promoters of that science; and various methods of observation and computation suggested by him are still in use. His physical speculations, though frequently fanciful, and sometimes extravagant, always give evidence of enlarged views and great acuteness; and he nearly anticipated two of Newton's most important discoveries—the law of gravitation, and the theory of the prismatic colors. In mathematics his knowledge was neither systematic nor very profound; and the circumstance was unfortunate for himself, for greater proficiency in this science would have saved him an immensity of unnecessary calculations. Nevertheless, even here he has left the impress of his genius. His method

of solving the problem which goes by his name, is perhaps as well adapted for practical purposes as any of the numerous solutions which have since been given; and his treatise on gauging contains principles near akin to those on which the infinitesimal calculus was afterwards built. No sooner had he heard of the invention of the Logarithms than he perceived its immense importance in astronomy; and immediately set about improving the theory, and computing and publishing new tables.

Kepler's works are composed in a very singular style; for he not only gives the process of reasoning through which he arrived at the conclusions ultimately adopted, but also a detailed account of all his previous trials and failures. This frankness has perhaps been injurious to his reputation, and occasioned his being represented as working in some measure in the dark, and arriving at important results by accident. Thus, in a recent biography, we meet with such remarks as the following:—"It is impossible not to admire Kepler's singular good fortune in arriving at this correct result, in spite, or rather through the means, of his erroneous principles;"—"if he had exerted his ingenuity in this direction, he might have wasted his life in useless labor;"—"if the orbit of Mars had been less oval, he would not have detected the true orbit by the method he followed;"—"it is extraordinary that a supposition made for such a reason should have the *luck* to be the right one;"—"if the laws of the planetary orbits had chanced to have been any other than those which cause them to describe ellipses, this last singular confirmation of an erroneous theory would not have taken place." Whether Kepler would have discovered the laws of the planetary motions had they been different from what they are, is a question of extremely little importance. It is sufficient for his glory, and was sufficient for the wants of astronomy, that he discovered the actually existing laws;—and although the liveliness of his imagination—some prepossessions in favor of occult qualities and mystical properties, together with a want of method and system in his investigations—led him to give expression to many conjectures which would never have occurred to a mind otherwise constituted, or at least would have been suppressed when found to be erroneous—his laws of the planets were discovered, according to our apprehension, in the only way by which such discoveries could be made; namely, by deducing them (after his own fashion, indeed) from the observations which were at his command, and proving, by laborious calculations, that they accurately represented those observations. Sir David Brewster has placed this matter in its proper light:—

"Kepler," he observes, "has fortunately left behind him a full account of the methods by which he arrived at his great discoveries. What other philosophers have studiously concealed, Kepler has openly avowed and minutely detailed; and we have no hesitation in considering these details as

the most valuable present that has ever been given to science, and as deserving the careful study of all who seek to emulate his immortal achievements. It has been asserted that Newton made his discoveries by following a different method; but this is a mere assumption, as Newton has never favored the world with any account of the erroneous speculations and the frequent failures, which must have preceded his ultimate success. Had Kepler done the same, by recording only the final steps of his inquiries, his methods of investigation would have obtained the highest celebrity, and would have been held up to future ages as a pattern for their imitation. But such was the candor of his mind, and such his inordinate love of truth, that he not only recorded his wildest fancies, but emblazoned even his greatest errors. If Newton had indulged us with the same insight into his physical inquiries, we should have witnessed the same processes which were employed by Kepler, modified only by the different characters and intensities of their imaginative powers."—(p. 264.)

The personal character of Kepler has been very fully developed by himself, in his various works and epistolary correspondence; and the incidents of his life, collected chiefly from the same sources, have been succinctly narrated in the *Memoirs* prefixed to the Collection of Letters published by Hansch. History presents to our consideration few more remarkable characters. His struggles with the world excite our sympathy; his ardent and enthusiasm our admiration. It is, no doubt, an afflicting consideration, that a man whose genius and indomitable energy have done so much for the advancement of human knowledge, should have encountered so unpropitious a fate; yet if we dispassionately consider the circumstances, we may see reason to doubt whether science was in any respect the cause of his misfortunes. If his salary was irregularly paid, the irregularity was owing to political causes, and the unfavorable circumstances of the times. Religious controversies, domestic misfortunes, war, and the plague, are calamities to which the learned and the illiterate are subject indiscriminately. No doubt all his misfortunes were aggravated by the narrowness of his circumstances; but it is by no means certain that his circumstances would have been more prosperous had he followed any other pursuit, though it is probable that in that case the world would never have heard of them. His condition, hard as it was, was not without its shades of light. His lofty title of Imperial Mathematician gave him official consequence among those with whom he lived; and to an enthusiast like Kepler, the consciousness that his discoveries would occupy a prominent place in the future history of science, was a compensation for many evils. Of the importance he attached to his successful labors, he gives us a proof in his declaration, that he would not exchange his discovery of the analogy of the planetary orbits with the five regular solids for the whole Electorate of Saxony. We see no just ground for imputing a disregard of science to Rudolph and his successors, who certainly were in no con-

dition to appreciate Kepler's merits, and whose favor was conferred on him in his character of astrologer. It is, indeed, remarkable how little Kepler's merits were understood in his own age. Galileo had no conception of the importance of his discoveries:—"they were little considered by Gassendi—they were undervalued by Riccioli—they were never mentioned by Descartes. It was an honor reserved for Newton to estimate them at their true value." Such are the words of the late Professor Playfair; yet it is satisfactory to observe, that even before the time of Newton their merit was perceived and acknowledged by one astronomer at least in our own country. Horrox describes them as not only valuable, but as more valuable than those of all other astronomers put together—"Pergo igitur ad Astronomiæ principem, J. Keplerum; cujus unius viri inventis, non est harum artium peritus qui neget plus debere astronomiam quam ceteris in universum."

The misfortunes of Galileo, Tycho, and Kepler, arose from peculiar and accidental circumstances; and the sovereigns under whom they lived deserve the praise of having been munificent patrons of science. The following incident in the life of Kepler, gives Sir David Brewster an opportunity of glancing at the encouragement held out to scientific pursuits in our own country. Kepler, it seems, upon one occasion received a visit from Sir Henry Wotton, Ambassador from England to the states of Venice, and was invited by him to take up his residence in England. Sir David thinks it probable that the invitation proceeded from the sovereign, who made Kepler a distinct offer through his ambassador; and upon this supposition he thus expresses himself:—"If the imperial mathematician had no other assurance of a comfortable home in England than that of Sir Henry Wotton, he acted a wise part in distrusting it; and we rejoice that the sacred name of Kepler was thus withheld from the long list of distinguished characters whom England has starved and dishonored."—(p. 343.)

It would far exceed the limits we have now left, and it is not by any means within the scope of our intention, to enter upon a discussion of the question pointed at in this startling allegation. In the long list of distinguished characters whose names have shed a lustre on British science during the last two or three centuries, there are, indeed, many whose success in the world has fallen far short of their merits; but to represent them as having been dishonored in not being the recipients of pecuniary supplies from the public treasury, is to make use of a strong, if not a perverse figure of speech. Science in England, has not, it is true, been fostered by state provisions; yet if we look to results, our system (if it may be so called) cannot be pronounced to have been unsuccessful; for on reference to the history of the great and fundamental discoveries by which the various sci-

ences have been advanced to their present state, it will not assuredly be found that England has any reason to blush for her share of them. That science has derived some important benefits from the pensioned academies which have been instituted and maintained by some of the continental governments, is a proposition which it would be idle to dispute: but such establishments are little in harmony with our political institutions; and in proportion as wealth and intelligence are more generally diffused, they become more and more unnecessary. A British institute, maintained at the public expense, while it might perhaps provide for a few meritorious individuals, would, it is to be feared, give rise to much jobbing and jealousy; and would neither accelerate the progress of science, nor lessen the number of its martyrs.

We must now take leave of this publication. Considering the eminent station its author has long occupied among European philosophers, and the number and importance of his contributions to some of the highest and most difficult branches of physical inquiry, it cannot add to his reputation. It was probably undertaken as a relaxation from more severe labor, and regarded by him as of no great importance. We confess, however, that we look upon it in a different light. Next to labors which tend to enlarge the existing boundaries of knowledge, the most useful service, perhaps, which can now be rendered to science, is the faithful exposition of the discoveries and claims of its greatest benefactors; for, after all, the hope of receiving the approbation and applause of future ages is the best and most honorable incentive to scientific enterprise. It is also of no small importance to the student, that the methods of the original discoveries should be reviewed from time to time by those who, starting from a higher vantage-ground, have succeeded, like the present author, in going far beyond them in the same paths of inquiry; for it is thus that the connection between the different states of a science, and the continuity of the chain of discovery, are best preserved and made evident. For these reasons, we look upon the work, moderate as it is in extent, as calculated to do good service to the cause to which its author has so successfully consecrated his life and his labors.

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Flowers are made the type of what is fading; but the moralist does not look deep enough—the seed of the flower is forever reproduced, and, as we so often see, retains its vitality for ages. A pea taken from a vase found in an Egyptian sarcophagus, and supposed to be 2,844 years old, has germinated in the garden of Mr. Grimstone, at Highgate, and there are now nineteen pods on it. The flower of the pea was white, but of a peculiar form. So, if these nineteen podfuls were cooked, the Englishman of the nineteenth century would eat with his lamb peas one generation later than the peas that fed the Egyptian in the days of hieroglyphics!

## LINES TO THE MEMORY OF AN IDIOT GIRL.

Who, helpless, hopeless being, who  
Shall strew a flower upon thy grave;  
Or who from mute oblivion's power  
Thy disregarded name shall save!

Honor and wealth and learning's store  
The votive urn remembers long,  
And e'en the annals of the poor  
Live in the bard's immortal song.

But a blank stone best stories thee  
Whom wealth, nor sense, nor fame would find.  
Poorer than aught beside we see,  
A human form without a mind—

A casket gemless! yet for thee  
Pity shall grave a simple tale,  
And reason shall a moral see,  
And fancy paint for our avail.

Yes, it shall paint thy hapless form,  
Clad decent in its russet weeds,  
Happy in aimless wanderings long,  
And pleased thy father's flock to feed.

With vacant, artless smile thou bore,  
Patient, the scoffer's cruel jest.  
With viewless gaze could pass it o'er  
And turn it pointless from thy breast.

Though language was forbid to trace  
The unformed chaos of thy mind,  
And thy rude sound no ear could guess  
Save through parental instinct kind;

Yet unto every human form,  
Clings imitation, mystic power!  
And thou wert fond and proud to own  
The school-time's regulated hour,

And on the mutilated page  
Mutter the mimic lesson's tone,  
And, e'er the school-boy's task was said,  
Brought ever and anon thy own.

And many a truant boy would seek  
And drag reluctant to his place—  
And oft the master's solemn rule  
Would mock, with grave and apt grimace.

And every guileless heart would love  
A nature so estranged from wrong—  
And every infant would protect  
Thee from the passing traveller's tongue.

Thy primal joy was still to be  
Where holy congregations bow,—  
Rapt in wild transport when they sung—  
And when they prayed would bend thee low.

O Nature! whereso'er thou art,  
Some latent worship still is there—  
Blush ye, whose form without a heart,  
The idiot's plea can never share.

Poor guiltless thing! these eighteen years  
Parental care had reared alone—  
Then, lest thou e'er should want their care,  
Heaven took thee spotless to its own.

For many a watching eye of love  
Thy sickness, and thy death did cheer;  
Though reason weeps not, she allows  
The instinct of a parent's tear.

Poor guiltless thing! forgot by man,  
The hillock 's all remains of thee!—  
To merely mortal man it may—  
But faith another sight can see.

For what a burst of mind shall be  
When disencumbered from this clod,  
Thou, who on earth couldst nothing see  
Shall rise to comprehend thy God!

Oh! could thy spirit teach us now,  
Full many a truth the gay might learn—  
The value of a blameless life  
Full many a sinner might discern!

Yes! they might learn, who waste their time,  
What it must be to know no sin;  
They who pollute the soul's sweet prime,  
What to be spotless, pure, within!

Whoe'er thou art, go seek her grave,  
All ye who sport in folly's way;  
And as the gale the grass shall wave,  
List to a voice that seems to say—

“Tis not the measure of thy powers  
To which th' eternal meed is given—  
’Tis wasted or improved hours  
That forfeit or secure thy heaven.”

*The Day Hours of the Church, with the Gregorian Tones.* Part I. Containing the Ordinary Offices through the week.

AN arrangement of certain Psalms, Collects, Hymns, &c., to be repeated throughout the week by devout church-people, at Lauds, Prime, Tierce, Sext, Nones, Vespers, and Compline,—that is to say, every day and all day long. The curious feature of this book is the attempt to restore, in chanting the Psalms of the Reformed Church, the monotonous unison of the Gregorian tones. This music, however venerable and fine in itself, is so decidedly characteristic of the Romish ritual, that its adoption would justify the worst fears as to the ulterior designs of a certain not unimportant Church party. A finer or truer standard of ecclesiastical music than exists in Boyce's Cathedral Services cannot be found; and our church-performances, where they want improvement, need look no higher.—*Spectator*.

*The Vital Statistics of Glasgow.* By ALEXANDER WATT, LL.D., &c.

THIS is a very elaborate and useful publication, reflecting great credit on the Corporation of Glasgow, and their city statist Dr. Watt. It exhibits, in minute detail, and in many varieties of phase, the deaths and marriages in the city, and the births so far as they are recorded. The deaths are more especially elaborated; not as a matter of mere singular display, but with a view to get at the physical laws which appear to govern the amount of deaths at different ages, from the different diseases. The causes of the excess of mortality in certain districts over other districts, and of one locality over another in the same district, are also investigated. Among these causes, Dr. Watt mentions drainage and ventilation as important: he assigns a good deal to want of cleanliness, to intemperance, and something to atmospheric influence, but more than all to destitution. It is remarkable how disease and mortality increase with distress or bad times; the increase appearing to fall upon the destitute.—*Spectator*.

From the Examiner.

*Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology.* By CHARLES WATERTON, Esq., author of "Wanderings in South America." Second series: With a Continuation of the Autobiography of the Author. Longman & Co.

It gives us hearty pleasure to meet with Mr. Waterton again. To miserable mortals "close in populous cities pent," his books are as a vigorous autumn air. He hints that this may be his last. But he must write many more before he comes to any such determination, and after he has come to it, break it as soon as may be. He is a charming writer. Candid, cordial, good-hearted, and full of the most masculine sympathies.

Mr. Waterton's *Autobiography* will rank with the most piquant and comprehensive pieces of that kind of writing in the language. The principal matters described in the present Continuation are a journey to the continent, and a shipwreck off the Isle of Elba. But we read also, with the greatest satisfaction, that the premises at Walton Hall are at last effectually cleared of every Hanoverian rat, young and old; Hercules having once more proved himself more than a match for Cacus.

We called Mr. Waterton's last little book of *Essays*, a bill for the relief of animal disabilities, and we say the same of its successor. The persecuted and defamed of the dumb creation continue to find their champion and defender in Mr. Waterton. To the cases of the Barn Owl, the Starling, the Hedgehog, the Magpie, the Raven, the Jay, and the Cormorant; to say nothing of such matters as heretic denials of nose to the vulture, of natural appetite to the crocodile, and of reasonable courage to the alligator; we have now to add defences of the Toad and the Polecat. Let us hear what the charity of Mr. Waterton can suggest on these uninviting subjects. If he is a good hater on some points he is a good lover on many more; and in what appears deformity to vulgar observers of nature he knows where to find a beauty and a fitness. So pays he back with interest the gratitude he owes her, for the intimate friendship and communion in which he has passed his life.

#### THE TOAD.

"That poor, despised, and harmless reptile, is admirable in its proportions, and has an eye of such transcendent beauty, that when I find one I place it on my hand to view it more minutely. Its skin, too, so completely adapted to the subterraneous places into which it goes for shelter, is well worthy the attention of the philosopher. As this little animal is innocuous, I feel sorry when I see it trampled under foot by inconsiderate people, who have learned from their grandmothers that it is full of venom."

#### A WORD FOR THE POLECAT.

"On being told that this ill-scented animal discharges a 'fluid given him by Nature as a defence,' I cannot refrain from asking, by what power of intuition the polecat is convinced that a smell, naturally agreeable to itself, is absolutely intolerable to man? Did birds and beasts speak

an intelligible language, as they are said to have done in the days of Ovid, we should get at their true history with greater ease; and our ornithology would be much more free from the romance which at present pervades it. \* \* \* The stinking polecat, shunned by most people and persecuted by everybody, presents to our view a symmetry of no ordinary beauty. The length of his body is wonderfully well adapted to that of his neck; and when he carries his prey, there is such a stateliness in his whole contour, that it is impossible not to be struck with the elegance of his motions."

Somebody considered these very bad tastes, and thought to condemn them properly by comparing Mr. Waterton to a carrion crow. But comparison with a bird of even such notoriously bad character and filthy habits did not disturb Mr. Waterton. He contented himself, speaking in the character of the crow, with thanking the somebody aforesaid for a store of tainted food supplied in his *Biography of Birds*. The attack is not likely to be repeated.

The truth is that Mr. Waterton has the better of all his opponents on points of this kind. None of them have his amount of keen and original observation; few have studied nature so closely with their own eyes; none, under whatsoever roughness of speech disguised, can speak of all her works with such a hearty tolerance and large good will. His books, with little of the learned pretences, have a store of cheerful wisdom in them which yields unflinching instructiveness and pleasure.

"When we talk of this ugly animal, or of that deformed reptile, or of such a pernicious insect, the true solution of these remarks is, that we avoid the bear because he would hug us to death; that we dread the cayman because he would swallow us; and that we abhor the bug on account of its bite and unsavory smell. Still, whilst we are examining these animals as they lie dead before us, we may remark with the monster Nero, treading over his own prostrate mother, we did not think that they had been so handsome. In our rambles up and down this globe, when we fall in with animals whose shape appears to us either defective or deformed, and whose habits cannot be accounted for, we may lay it down to a certainty, that the work of our great Creator is perfect in all its parts; and that we are at a loss how to turn it to our profit, solely because we have not spent a sufficient time at school, in the instructive field of nature."

On the other hand, truth will not let him leave a popular tradition uncontradicted, however favoring to his favorites it may be. The song of the swan, for instance. Dear as his *Ovid* is, and still read with boyish ardor as he sits up in trees, he is forced to object to the song of

#### THE DYING SWAN.

"Once I had an opportunity, which rarely occurs, of being with a swan in its last illness. Although I gave no credence to the extravagant notion which antiquity had entertained of melody from the mouth of the dying swan, still I felt

anxious to hear some plaintive sound or other, some soft inflection of the voice, which might tend to justify that notion in a small degree. But I was disappointed.

"This poor swan was a great favorite, and had been the pride of the lake time out of mind. Those who spend their life in the country, and pay attention to the ordinary movements of birds, will easily observe a change in them, whenever their health is on the decline. I perceived that the plumage of this swan put on a weather-beaten appearance, and that the bird itself no longer raised the feathers of his wings, as he passed through the water before me. Judging that he was unwell, I gave orders that he should be supplied with bread and boiled potatoes. Of these he ate sparingly, and in a day or two he changed his quarters, probably for want of sufficient shelter from the wind. Having found his way down to the stables, he got upon a small fishpond there, out of the reach of storms. From this time he never fended for food, but he continued to take a little white bread now and then from my hand. At last he refused this; and then he left the water for good and all, and sat down on the margin of the pond, with evident signs of near-approaching death. He soon became too weak to support his long neck in an upright position. He nodded, and then tried to recover himself, and then nodded again, and again held up his head; till at last, quite enfeebled and worn out, his head fell gently on the grass, his wings became expanded a trifle or so, and he died whilst I was looking on. This was in the afternoon, and I had every facility of watching his departing hour, for I was attending the masons, some thirty yards from the pond to which the swan had retired. He never even uttered his wonted cry, nor so much as a sound, to indicate what he felt within."

It is gratifying to learn from Mr. Waterton, in a subsequent passage, that all the inconsistent and unaccountable actions of this world are not the exclusive property of the human being.

"Whilst I am actually writing this, there are two geese on the lawn before me. One of them is a Canada goose, the other a barnacle gander. The latter is about half the size of the former. Notwithstanding this disparity, the old fool of a goose has taken the insignificant little fellow into connubial favor, although there are four-and-twenty others of the Canada species here, from which she has it fully in her power to make a more profitable choice. Singular to tell, this is the third year that these infatuated simpletons have paired, and the goose laid eggs, without any chance of a progeny. And, in high quarters, sometimes unions take place, where the husband is ignorant of the language of his wife, and the wife of that of her husband. \* \* \* My tom-cat, apparently an excellent mouser, will sometimes prefer a dry biscuit to a mutton chop. Sterne's ass seemed to relish macaroon. Did all asses relish macaroon, we might doubt the fitness of the Spanish proverb, 'La miel no es para la boca del asno.' Honey is not made for the mouth of the ass. Parrots in cages will pull off their own feathers, and eat them by the dozen. Blackbirds, although on very short allowance, caused by the frosty weather, would not touch their favorite ivy berries, which were thrown down in abundance for them in the garden of my friend, Mr. Loudon of Bayswater. I

knew a healthy old owl who took her confinement so much to heart that she refused all kind of food, and died at last for want of it. And, when I was in the Mediterranean Sea, I saw a brute in the shape of a man, swallow pieces of raw fowl (which he had torn asunder, feathers and all,) with as much avidity as Sir Robert Peel devours our incomes."

In a later page of the book, we must not omit to add, *anende* is made to little Barnacle. All the eggs of which he is parent do not prove addle. The exertions of the faithful couple are rewarded at last; the unpromising choice of the old fool of a Canadian vindicated; and Mr. Waterton obliged good-humoredly to confess that he stands convinced by a hybrid, reprimanded by a gander, and instructed by a goose.

"Last year this incongruous though persevering couple visited the island again, and proceeded with the work of incubation in the same place, and upon hay which had been purposely renewed. Nothing could exceed the assiduity with which the little Barnacle stood guard, often on one leg, over his bulky partner, day after day, as she was performing her tedious task. If anybody approached the place, his cackling was incessant; he would run at him with the fury of a turkey-cock; he would jump up at his knees, and not desist in his aggressions until the intruder had retired. There was something so remarkably disproportionate betwixt this goose and gander, that I gave to this the name of *Mopsus*, and to that the name of *Nisa*; and I would sometimes ask the splendid Canadian *Nisa*, as she sat on her eggs, how she could possibly have lost her heart to so diminutive a little fellow as Barnacle *Mopsus*, when she had so many of her own comely species present, from which to choose a happy and efficient partner.

"The whole affair appeared to be one of ridicule and bad taste; and I was quite prepared for a termination of it, similar to that of the preceding years, when behold! to my utter astonishment, out came two young ones, the remainder of the five eggs being addle.

"The vociferous gesticulations and strutting of little *Mopsus* were beyond endurance, when he first got sight of his long-looked-for progeny. He screamed aloud, whilst *Nisa* helped him to attack me with their united wings and hissings as I approached the nest in order to convey the little ones to the water; for the place at which the old birds were wont to get upon the island lay at some distance, and I preferred to launch them close to the cherry-tree, which done, the parents immediately jumped down into the water below, and then swam off with them to the opposite shore. This loving couple, apparently so ill-assorted and disproportionate, has brought up the progeny with great care and success. It has now arrived at its full growth, and is in mature plumage. \* \* \* I am writing this in the middle of February. In a fortnight or three weeks more, as the breeding season approaches, perhaps my little *Mopsus* and his beauteous *Nisa* may try their luck once more, at the bole of the superannuated cherry-tree. I shall have all in readiness, and shall be glad to see them."

We must place beside this picture of family.

love a subject of fierce hatred equally worthy of the master. Edwin Landseer never painted a picture more finely characteristic, more spirited and dramatic, than this of

#### A HARE FIGHT.

"On Easter Sunday, in the afternoon, as I was proceeding, with my brother-in-law, Mr. Carr, to look at a wild-duck's nest in an adjacent wood, we saw two hares fighting with inconceivable fury on the open ground, about a hundred and fifty yards distant from us. They stood on their hinder legs like two bull-dogs resolutely bent on destruction.

"Having watched them for about a quarter of an hour, we then entered the wood;—I observing to Mr. Carr that we should find them engaged on our return.

"We staid in the wood some ten minutes, and on leaving it, we saw the hares still in desperate battle. They had moved along the hill side, and the grass was strongly marked with their down for a space of twenty yards. At last, one of the sylvan warriors fell on its side, and never got upon its legs again. Its antagonist then retreated for a yard or so,—stood still for a minute, as if in contemplation, and then rushed vengefully on the fallen foe. This retreat and advance was performed many times;—the conqueror striking his prostrate adversary with its fore feet, and clearing off great quantities of down with them.

"In the mean time, the vanquished hare rolled over and over again, but could not recover the use of its legs, although it made several attempts to do so. Its movements put you in mind of a drunken man trying to get up from the floor, after a hard night in the ale-house. It now lay still on the ground, effectually subdued; whilst the other continued its attacks upon it, with the fury of a little demon. Seeing that the fight was over, we approached the scene of action,—the conqueror hare retiring as we drew near.

"I took up the fallen combatant just as it was breathing its last. Both its sides had been completely bared of fur, and large patches of down had been torn from its back and belly. It was a well-conditioned buck hare, weighing, I should suppose, some seven or eight pounds.

"Mr. Carr's groom was standing by the stable door, as I came up with the hare in my hand. Here, John, said I, take this to your own house, and get your wife to dress it for your family;—it is none the worse for being killed on Easter Sunday:—and then I told him how it had come into my possession. He thanked me kindly for it; and I learnt from Mr. Carr, at the end of the week, that John's wife had made it into a pie, with the addition of a few rashers of bacon;—that it proved to be uncommonly good;—and that they would all remember, for many years to come, the fight betwixt the two hares in the park at Walton Hall, on Easter Sunday afternoon, the 16th of April, 1843."

Our last extracts are from the *Autobiography*.

#### CONTINENTAL NUISANCES.

"There are many things in Rome which offend our English feelings, although the natives do not seem to be at all affected by them. Thus all the spouts send down torrents of water from the eaves of the houses into the streets below, inflicting a deluge on those who have not learned the art of threading their way successively through the spaces which intervene betwixt the descending torrents.

Many a time have I received on my shoulders this annoying fall of water. The streets, too, are abominably filthy with offensive matter, causing a nuisance which would not be tolerated for a single day in an English town; and within the entrance door of many of their dwellings there may be seen a pool which loudly calls for the mop, if the purity of ladies' flounces be an object worthy of attention. Again; the kitchens of these Italians appear as though they had never once been whitewashed since the days of Ancient Rome; whilst their cooking utensils are, at times, none of the most cleanly. A friend of mine had ordered an omelet for supper. His servant, on going accidentally into the kitchen, saw the cook preparing it in a kind of thing which I dare not exactly describe. But the reader will understand me when I inform him that the filthy rascal, not having a proper kitchen-pan at hand, had actually been up into the bedroom for a substitute. Our English maid once expressing a wish for a culinary utensil, in order to pour some broth into it, the Italian servant had one in her eye which would just suit. She went and brought the brass pan in which we regularly washed our feet."

#### THE BIRD-MARKET OF ROME.

"I fear the world will rebuke me when I tell it, that, instead of ferreting out antiquities and visiting modern schools of sculpture and of painting, I passed a considerable portion of my time in the extensive bird-market of Rome. I must however remark, that the studio of Vallati, the renowned painter of wild boars, had great attractions for me; and I have now at home, a wild boar done by him in so masterly a style, and finished so exquisitely, that it obtains unqualified approbation from all who inspect it.

"The bird-market of Rome is held in the environs of the Rotunda, formerly the Pantheon. Nothing astonished me more than the quantities of birds which were daily exposed for sale during the season; I could often count above four hundred thrushes and blackbirds, and often a hundred robin red-breasts in one quarter of it; with twice as many larks, and other small birds in vast profusion. In the course of one day, seventeen thousand quails have passed the Roman custom-house; these pretty vernal and autumnal travellers are taken in nets of prodigious extent on the shores of the Mediterranean. In the spring of the year and at the close of summer, cartloads of ringdoves arrive at the stalls near the Rotunda. At first the venders were shy with me; but as we got better acquainted, nothing could surpass their civility, and their wishes to impart every information to me; and when they had procured a fine and rare specimen, they always put it in a drawer apart for me. These birdmen outwardly had the appearance of Italian banditti, but it was all outside and nothing more, they were good men notwithstanding their uncouth looks, and good Christians too, for I could see them waiting at the door of the church of the Jesuits, by half-past four o'clock on a winter's morning, to be ready for the first mass."

We close the book reluctantly. We should like to have given its protest against the philanthropy of the New Chimney Sweeping Act. Mr. Waterton's proposition to transform into geese the legislative Solons who distinguished themselves by that measure, and to condemn them to pass down our

chimneys once a month to do the needful with their wings and beaks, has our friendly concurrence. We have not quoted the half of what we had marked; but enough, we think, to interest the reader heartily. Mr. Waterton's plain-speaking candor would almost give credibility to a Catholic marvel. His own absolute belief of what he tells, you can never doubt, whether Catholic or Protestant. Let us add that his love to his old fallen faith we respect; though, with other views of the hopes and history of man, we cannot profess to sympathize with the forms of devotion it assumes.

It only remains for us to give the reader one more decisive reason why he should purchase this pleasing little volume. It is, says Mr. Waterton, "an unsolicited donation to the widow of my poor departed friend, Mr. Loudon, whose vast labors in the cause of science have ensured to him an imperishable reputation. If this trifling present on my part shall be the means of conveying one single drop of balm to the wound which it has pleased Heaven lately to inflict on the heart of that excellent lady, my time will have been well employed, and my endeavors amply requited."

#### THE POST-OFFICE INQUIRY.

THE committee of secrecy appointed by the House of Commons "to inquire into the state of the law in respect of the detaining and opening of letters at the general post-office, and into the mode under which the authority given for such detaining and opening has been exercised," presented their report to the House on Monday. It is an elaborate document, filling some fifteen pages of the parliamentary folio.

The committee trace the history not only of the practice of intercepting letters, but of the origin and earlier growth of the post-office; in the nature of which the practice took its rise. In these inquiries they have been assisted by Sir Francis Palgrave, of the rolls office, Mr. Lechmere and Mr. Leman, of the state paper office, and Mr. Reeve, of the council office.

The precise period when the crown first undertook to carry letters for its subjects does not appear. At first, messengers or runners, called "the posts," were employed to carry the royal despatches, at home and abroad; then they carried letters for the convenience of persons in the royal court. The first "master of the posts" was Brian Tuke, who held the office in 1516 and also in 1533. It was granted, by a succession of patents, to other persons, throughout the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles the First.

"With regard to correspondence conveyed by other messengers than their own, our monarchs viewed it with great suspicion; but it was especially towards letters arriving from or going to parts beyond the seas that their vigilance seems to have been directed. The frequency of disputed successions to the crown, and the constant jealousy entertained of the court of Rome, will assist in explaining their desire to prevent such correspondence. All letters coming from beyond the seas were directed to be seized; but in the time of Edward the second, to whose reign the first record of this kind belongs, the king's bailiffs, in assisting

the admiral of the fleet to search for letters, were forbidden under the pretext of such powers to attack or oppress any merchants or others crossing the seas. The open seizure by Wolsey, in 1525, of the despatches sent from this country by the ambassador of the Emperor Charles the fifth, is a proof of the extraordinary jealousy with which foreign correspondence was regarded, and of the vigilance with which it was watched." When the office of master of the posts was granted by Elizabeth, in 1590, to John Stanhope, a royal proclamation prohibited "all persons whatsoever from gathering up, receiving, bringing, or carrying out of the realm, any letters or packets, without the allowance of the masters and comptrollers of the posts, or their deputies." Similar prohibitions are contained in the proclamations announcing the appointment of new postmasters in the two subsequent reigns. "The practice probably began at an early period, and afterwards grew into a regular custom, of allowing private persons to avail themselves of the king's posts for transmitting their correspondence. This probably became a perquisite to the postmasters; while at the same time it gave to ministers of state the power of narrowly inspecting the whole of the written communications of this country."

In 1619, a new patent office, that of "postmaster of England for foreign parts," was created, and bestowed on Matthew De Quester. Between him and Lord Stanhope, the "king's postmaster" under the old form of patent, arose much litigation; which terminated in the retreat of Lord Stanhope. In the course of the dispute, the merchants of London were permitted to send their letters beyond seas by their own messengers. Sir John Coke, however, objected to that license; saying, in a letter to Lord Conway, his co-secretary of state, that his colleague "best knew what account they shall be able to give in their places of that which passeth by letters in or out of the land, if every man may convey letters, under the covers of merchants, to whom and what place he pleaseth," &c. The privilege, with very stringent conditions, was afterwards limited to the company of merchant adventurers, and only for their own letters. "De Quester's patent came into possession of one Thomas Witherings, who suggested to the crown a plan for the entire re-organization of the inland posts, which, instead of producing at that time any revenue to the state, were a burden to it of 3,400*l.* per annum. The plan proposed consisted essentially of three parts,—the establishment of fixed rates of postage; substituting horse-posts, which were to travel at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles in twenty-four hours, instead of foot-posts, which travelled at the rate of eighteen miles, and giving to the public generally the use of the post-office. This plan was adopted; Witherings was appointed to the office; and thus became centered in the same person the offices of postmaster for inland and for foreign letters. In 1635 and 1637 appeared two proclamations, to notify and give effect to the new plan of Mr. Witherings; and in both these there were clauses prohibiting any other than Mr. Witherings or his deputies from carrying letters."

It is needless to trace the succession to the patent, or the conflicting pretensions to it that arose. The validity of the clause in the grant to Witherings of the inland letter office, prohibiting any but the persons appointed by the patentee from receiving or delivering letters at any place where the patentee should settle posts, was brought in ques-



tion, in 1646, before a committee of the House of Lords. Two of the judges were appointed assistants to the committee, and pronounced the restrictive clauses to be "void and not good in law." The foreign letter office patent was not referred to the committee. Acting on that decision, in 1650, the common council of London, dissatisfied with the government weekly posts, established posts twice a week on several roads, and on the whole of the line to Scotland. On a report to that effect from the council of state, the parliament resolved, "that the offices of postmasters, inland and foreign, are and ought to be in the sole power and disposal of the parliament;" and they referred it to the council of state to consider how those offices might best be settled; and in the mean time to take orders for the present management thereof.

In 1657, Cromwell caused parliament to pass a bill for improving the post-office; and at the restoration it was farmed by Henry Bishopp, at a rent of £1,500l. a year. A bill of 1660 reenacted the act of 1657; and no other statute on the subject passed until the reign of Queen Anne. In the lease to Bishopp, the power of inspecting and surveying letters within the post-office was reserved to the secretaries of state; and in the lease to Bishopp's successor, O'Neale, occur words nearly corresponding with those in the statute of Anne—all officers of the post-office are forbidden to open or detain letters, "except by the immediate warrant of our principal secretaries of state."

"In reviewing that period of the history of the country which commences with 1641, your committee beg to notice the following incidents, as bearing on the subject of their inquiry. Repeated stoppages of the foreign mails were made by the orders of the two Houses; and committees were appointed, composed of the members of both Houses, to open and read the letters stopped. On one of those occasions, Mr. Pym reported the answer of the Lords to a message from the Commons to stop the foreign mails, 'that they did yield to the opening of letters; but it would be very inconvenient if often used.'

"The opening and detention of the letters coming from France and Antwerp, in November, 1641, led to a complaint to the King and to the Lords from the ambassador of the republic of Venice.

"The preamble to the act of Cromwell's parliament for settling the postage of England, Scotland, and Ireland, enumerates among the advantages of the post, that it is the best means to 'discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designs which have been and are daily contrived against the peace and welfare of the commonwealth, the intelligence whereof cannot well be communicated but by letter of escript.'

"It scarcely needed this evidence to prove that during the protectorate recourse was had to the expedient of opening letters. This fact is sufficiently apparent from the number of letters designated as 'intercepted letters,' in the state correspondence of Secretary Thurloe.

"Although, after quoting the cited clauses from the leases granted to Bishopp and O'Neale, and the words from the proclamation of 1663, no reasonable doubt can be entertained that the governments of the different monarchs who reigned between 1660 and 1711 had frequently recourse to the practice of opening letters, yet the only instance during that period that has come under the notice of your committee is that of Coleman, one of the victims of the Popish plot."

The committee now come to the period subse-

quent to the passing of the 9th of Anne, the first statute which recognized the practice of opening letters, now under consideration. But they first notice several occasions in the last century on which, both in parliament and in courts of judicature, this practice was brought distinctly under public attention. "About eleven years after the passing of the act, namely in the year 1722-3, in the course of the proceedings had on passing the bills of pains and penalties against the Bishop of Rochester and his two associates Kelly and Plunket, the principal evidence adduced against the parties accused was that of post-office clerks and others, who, in obedience to warrants from the secretary of state, had detained, opened, copied, and deciphered letters to or from those parties. In the committee on the bill against Atterbury, in the House of Peers, the clause of the statute of Anne was referred to and commented on by the bishop's counsel, who raised a doubt whether the copying of a letter were sanctioned by the act; but in no one of these three cases was any question raised as to the legality of the warrants." In 1735, several members of the Commons complained that their letters had been opened; and the House resolved that it was a high breach of privilege to open letters to members, without a warrant under the hand of one of the principal secretaries of state "for every such opening and looking into."

In 1742, the secret committee appointed "to inquire into the conduct of the Earl of Orford, during the last ten years of his being first lord of the treasury and chancellor and under-treasurer of his majesty's exchequer," gave a description of the establishment for inspecting letters, as maintained by the governments over which Sir Robert Walpole had presided; but abstained from stating on what particular occasions that establishment had been made available. It appears from the information laid before your committee, that under the pressure of the rebellion of 1745, which followed almost immediately on the downfall of the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, his successors issued warrants for stopping and opening post-letters, of a very general and unlimited character.

"In the year 1758, Dr. Hensley, a physician, was tried on a charge of high treason, being accused of a treasonable correspondence with the enemy. The principal evidence on which he was convicted was that of a letter-carrier and a post-office clerk; the latter of whom had opened Dr. Hensley's letters, and delivered them to the secretary of state."

The last instance in which the power was exercised under circumstances of public notoriety was in 1795, in the case of Horne Tooke: a letter by Mr. Tooke to Mr. Joyce was intercepted, led to his arrest, and was produced in evidence. "It is now so long since any public trial has taken place, in which facts ascertained by opening and detaining letters at the post-office have been adduced in evidence, that it seems to have been nearly forgotten by the public that such a practice ever existed."

The committee now "proceed to show, from evidence of a more secret and confidential nature, to what extent this practice has been carried on, by the same authority, during the past and present centuries. Before entering, however, on this head of inquiry, they consider it proper to observe, that they have had before them, with few exceptions, every person now living who has held the seals of secretary of state for home or foreign affairs since the year 1822, as well as two noblemen

who have discharged the office of lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and several persons who have held confidential situations under them; and they have further examined the present postmaster-general, the secretaries of the post-office for England and Ireland, together with several of the most confidential officers in every branch of the foreign office, the home office, and the post-office; and that all these witnesses, without exception, have made to your committee the most full and unreserved disclosures; so much so as to have rendered it superfluous for your committee to examine any other witnesses."

They give the subjoined tables, with the remark that the earlier records of the warrants issued are very imperfect; as is known by the fact that many of the cases mentioned above are not included in the records which exist—such as those of Atterbury, Plunket, Kelly, Henney, and Horne Tooke. From 1799, the records are fuller; but Earl Spencer was the first to introduce the custom of recording the warrants in a book, not belonging to the secretary of state personally, but to the office.

ANNUAL NUMBER OF WARRANTS IN EACH YEAR, FROM 1712 TO 1798, SO FAR AS AN ACCOUNT OF THE SAME COULD BE MADE UP.

Year.	Number of Warrants.	Year.	Number of Warrants.	Year.	Number of Warrants.
1712	1	1744	3	1768	1
1713	2	1745	7	1770	2
1723	1	1746	1	1772	1
1730	1	1749	1	1773	1
1731	2	1751	1	1774	2
1734	3	1752	1	1776	1
1735	4	1753	6	1777	2
1736	3	1754	1	1778	2
1737	3	1755	1	1782	3
1738	7	1756	1	1783	1
1739	5	1763	3	1784	1
1740	1	1764	1	From 1788	} 6
1741	4	1765	1	to 1799	
1742	2	1766	4		
1743	4	1767	2	Total	101

The above warrants classed under certain heads:—Bank of England, 8; bankruptcy, 5; murder, theft, fraud, &c., 14; prisoners of war, 1; revenue, 10; foreign correspondence, 35; treason, sedition, &c., 5; libel, 2; forgery, 1; debtor absconding from creditors, 2; private case, 1; uncertain, 17. Total, 101.

ANNUAL NUMBER OF WARRANTS IN EACH YEAR FROM 1799 TO 1844.

Year.	Number.	Year.	Number.	Year.	Number.
1799	9	1815	2	1831	17
1800	11	1816	0	1832	5
1801	7	1817	11	1833	4
1802	6	1818	9	1834	6
1803	7	1819	6	1835	7
1804	2	1820	6	1836	7
1805	7	1821	1	1837	4
1806	9	1822	12	1838	8
1807	13	1823	7	1839	16
1808	2	1824	2	1840	7
1809	11	1825	6	1841	18
1810	6	1826	8	1842	20
1811	8	1827	8	1843	8
1812	28	1828	4	1844	7
1813	8	1829	5		
1814	3	1830	14		372

Total number of persons named in the above warrants, 724.

This would give a little more than eight warrants, on the average, per year, and about two persons, on the average, for each warrant. Among the warrants there are eight, applied each to some particular object, but not restricted to any definite number of persons.

The above warrants classed under certain heads—Bank of England, 13; bankruptcy, 2; murder, theft, fraud, &c., 144; treason, sedition, &c., 77; prisoners of war, 13; revenue, 5; foreign correspondence, 90; letters returned to writers, 7; address copied, 1; forged frank, 1; uncertain, 89. Total, 372.

The secretaries of state who have signed the warrants referred to in the two preceding abstracts, are named in the following list, arranged in the order of date.

1712-13, the Earl of Dartmouth. 1713, the Right Hon. Wm. Bromley. 1722, Lord Viscount Townshend. 1730-46, Lord Harrington. 1735-1754, Duke of Newcastle. 1749, Duke of Bedford. 1752-3, the Earl of Holderness. 1755, the Right Hon. Sir T. Robinson. 1756, the Right Hon. H. Fox. 1763, the Earl of Halifax. 1765-7, Right Hon. Gen. Conway. 1766, Duke of Richmond. 1766-7, the Earl of Shelburne. 1770, the Earl of Sandwich. 1770-4, the Earl of Rochefort. 1776-7, Lord Viscount Weymouth. 1778, the Earl of Suffolk. 1782-3, Right Hon. T. Townshend. 1782, the Right Hon. C. J. Fox. 1784, Marquis of Carmarthen. 1799-1801, Duke of Portland. 1801-3, Lord Pelham. 1803, Right Hon. C. Yorke. 1804-6, Lord Hawkesbury, and 1807-9. 1806-7, Earl Spencer. 1807, Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn. 1809-12, the Right Hon. R. Rider. 1812-21, Lord Viscount Sidmouth. 1822-30, the Right Hon. Sir R. Peel. 1822-3, Right Hon. G. Canning. 1823, Earl Bathurst. 1827, Lord Viscount Goderich. 1827, Right Hon. W. S. Bourne. 1827, Marquis of Lansdowne. 1830-4, Lord Viscount Melbourne. 1833-40, Lord Palmerston. 1834, Lord Viscount Duncannon. 1834, Duke of Wellington. 1834-5, Right Hon. H. Goulburn. 1835-9, Lord John Russell. 1838, Lord Glenelg. 1839-41, the Marquis of Normanby. 1841-4, Right Hon. Sir J. Graham. 1844, Earl of Aberdeen.

"Among the warrants of the last century," says the committee, "some few have been discovered that were issued on grounds which would now be considered highly objectionable, and would not be sanctioned by recent practice." Specimens are given. One by Lord Dartmouth, in September, 1712, directs the postmaster to send letters addressed to four persons named, to be sent to the commissioners of customs for their perusal, as desired by a Mr. Carkess; to "discover the effects" of the four persons. "In 1741, at the request of A., a warrant issued, to permit A.'s eldest son to open and inspect any letters which A.'s youngest son might write to two females, one of whom that youngest son had imprudently married. Two warrants, in 1734, are issued, each at the instance of the creditors of a party who has absconded; it not being alleged that any positive fraud had been practised. One, issued in 1735, appears to have arisen out of a political libel; another in 1755, concerns a noted political libeller of the day, Dr. Shebhear. One, in 1746, arises out of a robbery of bank-bills, the property of the chamberlain of the city of London: all letters sent by post to Hol-

land are to be examined; and if any letter appears to contain any of the stolen bills, it is to be opened; and on suspicion of any letter containing anything that may lead to a discovery, that letter is to be stopped, opened and inspected. Two warrants, in 1736, and one in 1741, concerning the practice, then in constant operation, of enlisting recruits in Ireland for the Irish brigade in France." In the eventful year of 1745, the Duke of Newcastle issued two general warrants, directing the postmaster-general to open and detain "all letters, packets, or papers," "suspected to contain matters of a dangerous tendency;" and a warrant signed "Thomas Townshend," dated in February, 1783, directs the postmaster-general to stop and open all letters addressed to Lord George Gordon, and by him to the northward.

"Coming to the warrants of the present century, your committee have noticed among them, issued during certain periods of the last war, some few of very general nature. In 1800 and 1801, orders were given to the postmaster-general to open all letters addressed to persons in France, Flanders, and Holland, and all letters addressed to Dover, supposed to contain letters addressed to France, Flanders, and Holland.

"As regards intestine commotion, your committee found that a warrant was issued in 1799, to open the letters of seventeen persons at Manchester and Birmingham; one in 1809, to open the letters of eighteen persons in Manchester and Liverpool. In 1812, warrants were directed to the several postmasters of Nottingham, Manchester, and Glasgow, directing them to open all such letters passing through these several post-offices as should appear to A. B. (naming in each warrant some particular individual) to be of a suspicious nature, and likely to convey seditious and treasonable information, or to contain money intended to be applied to the purpose of promoting seditious or other disturbances. A warrant, nearly similar to the preceding, was issued in 1813, to the postmasters of Wareham and Weymouth, in Dorsetshire, and one to the same purpose, in 1817, to the postmaster of Nottingham. Among the names of persons not now living, whose letters were directed to be opened previously to the year 1822, are found those of Despard, Thistlewood, and Watson; and that of Mr. Hunt, once member of parliament for Preston.

"With regard to the warrants issued during the last twenty-two years and a half, your committee have not observed among them a single warrant indefinite as to the number of persons coming within its scope. In every case the names are specified; and in one instance only does the number exceed six.

"During the outbreak in the manufacturing and mining districts which took place in August, 1842, in the week of the greatest anxiety a clerk was sent down from the London post-office, with directions, under the authority of a secretary of state's warrant, to open the letters of six parties named therein, all taking a prominent part in the disturbances of that period. In the same week, the same clerk was directed, under authority of two other such warrants, to open the letters of ten other persons named, and a fortnight later to open the letters of one other person; making seventeen in all. Most of the persons whose letters were ordered on this occasion to be opened were indicted, and many both indicted and convicted before the special commission appointed to

try the parties concerned in those disturbances. With one exception, these warrants were issued between the 18th and 25th of August, 1842; and they were all cancelled on the 14th of October.

"About the same time, two clerks were sent down to two provincial towns, each with directions, under authority of a secretary of state's warrant, to open and examine the letters addressed to one individual in each town; but in one of these cases there were no letters to open. One clerk employed on this duty returned to his ordinary business after a week's absence, the other after an absence of five weeks."

Two clerks were sent down to inspect letters addressed to one person in each of three towns during the disturbances in South Wales: one warrant was in force eighteen, the other seven days.

"It is these facts, probably, that have given rise to the report of a commission or commissions having visited the manufacturing districts charged with a general authority to open and inspect letters."

This brings the committee to the case of the warrant to open and detain the letters addressed to Mr. Mazzini. "This warrant was issued on the 1st of March, and cancelled on the 3d of June, in the present year. Throughout that period, the intercepted correspondence was transmitted unread from the home office to the secretary of state for foreign affairs. The facts of the case, so far as your committee feel themselves at liberty to disclose them, appear to be as follows. Representations had been made to the British government, from high sources, that plots, of which Mr. Mazzini was the centre, were carrying on upon British territory to excite an insurrection in Italy; and that such insurrection, should it assume a formidable aspect, would, from peculiar political circumstances, disturb the peace of Europe. The British government, considering the extent to which British interests were involved in the maintenance of that peace, issued, on their own judgment, but not at the suggestion of any foreign power, a warrant to open and detain Mr. Mazzini's letters. Such information, deduced from those letters, as appeared to the British government calculated to frustrate this attempt, was communicated to a foreign power; but the information so communicated was not of a nature to compromise, and did not compromise, the safety of any individual within the reach of that foreign power; nor was it made known to that power by what means or from what source that information had been obtained.

"A warrant to open and detain all letters addressed to Mr. Worcell and to Mr. Stohman was issued on the 17th of April, 1844, and cancelled on the 20th of June. A warrant to open and detain all letters addressed to Mr. Grodicki at Paris, and to another foreign gentleman, was issued on the 3d of June, 1844, and cancelled on the 13th of the same month. The last two warrants rested on grounds connected with the personal safety of a foreign sovereign, intrusted to the protection of England. It appears to your committee, that, under circumstances so peculiar, even a slight suspicion of danger would justify a minister in taking extraordinary measures of precaution. The committee have not learned that there appeared in the letters that were detained anything to criminate the gentlemen whom the committee have very reluctantly named.

"The committee think it may be desirable for them to make known, that the above three war-

rants are the only warrants to open the letters of *foreigners* which the present government has issued."

Turning to general considerations, the committee divide the warrants issued during the present century into two classes,—those relating to the letters of ordinary criminals; and those relating to persons "suspected to be engaged in proceedings dangerous to the state, or (as in Mazzini's case) deeply involving British interests," whether at home or abroad. The first class of warrants originate in [! private] application to the under-secretary of state for the home department; the second originate in the home office itself. There is nothing very striking in this part of the report. The statement that whole mail-bags have been sent to the home office for examination is flatly contradicted. In 1795, when Holland was in occupation of the French army, the secretary of state detained *all* the mails to that quarter: and an act of parliament was passed to enable him to open the letters and return them to the writers,—a convenience which has at other times been desired by writers. The number of warrants issued under this head from 1799 to 1844 is seven, as stated in the abstract.

"The general conclusion which the committee draw from the returns before abstracted is, that in equal intervals of time these warrants have been issued in nearly equal number by the several administrations which have been in power from the commencement of 1799 until now. \* \* \* The general average of the warrants issued during the present century does not much exceed eight a year. This number would comprehend, on an average, the letters of about sixteen persons annually; but how many letters to and from each person coming within the scope of these warrants have on an average been opened, we have no means of estimating, since no record of the number of letters detained and opened under warrant has been kept by the post-office: but there is no reason to believe that number to be great; and the committee have ascertained that, in the case of many warrants, no letters whatever have been opened." The average number of days' duration for each warrant there is no means of ascertaining; but "it is probable that many a warrant had become inoperative long before the period when it was cancelled. In that respect there is a marked improvement in the practice of the present home secretary as compared with that of his predecessors; since the average duration of the warrants issued since September, 1841, does not exceed forty days, and in many cases it is as low as three or four days. From the abstract that has been given of the warrants issued in the present century, it appears that about two-thirds of them were criminal warrants; for by far the greater portion of those marked 'uncertain' appears to belong to this class.

"The letters which have been detained and opened are, unless retained by special order, as sometimes happens in criminal cases, closed and resealed, without affixing any mark to indicate that they have been so detained and opened; and are forwarded by post according to their respective superscriptions."

Other cases of the opening of letters, in the Dead Letter Office for instance, are mentioned, merely as not relating to the matter in hand. With the exception of such inevitable accidents in the machinery of a post, and the warrants already

specified, it appears that "the secrecy of correspondence is inviolate."

"Your committee will here notice a statement which has been made, that letter-bags from Dublin, Brighton, and other places, have of late, before being opened, been taken, out of the usual course, into an inner room of the inland office at the general post-office, for the purpose of being there examined. The allegation of fact is correct so far as counting the letters and observing their external appearance goes. This is frequently done in order to ascertain the condition of the bags on their arrival, before their contents are delivered over to be sorted; it having been found a necessary check upon the commission of irregularities by the subordinate functionaries of the post-office: but this examination has no connexion whatever with the opening of letters under warrant; and it is not the method practised when letters are detained and opened by authority of the secretary of state."

A brief statement is made as to the law and practice in Ireland; which do not differ materially from those in England. A table is given of thirty-one warrants issued by lords-lieutenant, secretaries, or lords justices, from 1832 to 1844, affecting sixty persons. In 1839, the warrants were nine in number, the persons sixteen; in 1840, warrants two, persons eleven; in 1841, warrants three, persons nine. A second table classifies them as follows:—crimes, murder, robbery, &c., fourteen; ribandism, twelve; sedition, &c., two; bankruptcy, one; forging a post-office stamp, one; letter returned to the writer, one; total, thirty-one. The lords-lieutenant and others who have signed these warrants are arranged in the following list, according to date:—

1832, Marquis of Anglesey. 1834, E. J. Littleton, (Sec.) 1831, Marquis Wellesley. 1835, Earl of Mulgrave. 1836, Earl of Mulgrave. 1836, T. Drummond, (Sec.) 1837, T. Drummond, (Sec.) 1837, Lord Plunkett, (L. J.) 1837, Archbishop of Dublin, (L. J.) 1838, Lord Morpeth, (Sec.) 1839, Marquis of Normandy. 1839, Lord Viscount Ebrington. 1839, Gen. Sir T. Blakeney (L. J.) 1841, Lord Viscount Ebrington. 1841, Chief Justice Bushe, (L. J.) 1841, Earl De Grey. 1842, Earl De Grey. 1842, Sir E. Sugden, (L. L.) 1843, Earl De Grey.

"The warrants issued in Ireland do not exceed three per annum on the average; each warrant comprehends on the average about two persons. The only warrant which bears the signature of the late Chief Justice Bushe, one of the lords justices, was issued with a view to obtain a clue to a murder; but it appearing that the magistrate to whom it was sent had applied for it for another purpose, that of ascertaining the state of the country, this was not assented to, and the warrant was not acted upon. \* \* More than a third of the warrants concern Ribandism, which wore a peculiarly threatening aspect in one particular year. The letters in Ireland are not opened by the postmaster-general, but by a confidential clerk in the office of the chief-secretary for Ireland."

The committee submit their conclusions to the House. As to warrants in furtherance of criminal justice, averaging about six in the year, with no data as to their successful employment, they suggest a doubt whether it is worth while to continue the practice; although, on the other hand, public feeling is not much enlisted on that part of the

subject. The other class of warrants may have aided the executive government, especially in detecting the real strength of conspiracies and preventing exaggerated fears; but the number of such cases is small—annually about two, affecting about four persons. "The greatest number of warrants of this description issued in any year within the present century is about sixteen; extending in these cases to between forty or fifty persons. In addition to the argument derived from the smallness of the number affected, it must not be forgotten, that, after the publicity given to the fact that the secretary of state has occasionally recourse to the opening of letters as a means of defence in dangerous and difficult times, few who hereafter may engage in dangerous designs will venture to communicate their intentions by the medium of the post; and the importance of retaining the power as a measure of detective police will consequently be greatly diminished. The last argument, however, supposes that there is no absolute certainty that a letter may not be intercepted; and it may appear to some, that to leave it a mystery whether or no this power is ever exercised, is the way best calculated to deter the evil-minded from applying the post to improper uses. It must also be remembered, that if such a power as this were formally abolished, the question would not be left quite in the same condition as though the power had never been exercised or disputed: by withdrawing it, every criminal and conspirator against the public peace would be publicly assured that he should enjoy secure possession of the easiest, cheapest, and most unobserved channel of communication, and that the secretary of state would not under any circumstances interfere with his correspondence. . . . Under these circumstances, it will be for parliament to consider whether they will determine upon any legislative regulation; or whether they will prefer leaving the power on its present footing in point of law, in the hands of the secretary of state, to be used, on his responsibility, in those cases of emergency in which, according to the best of his judgment, its exercise would be sanctioned by an enlightened public opinion, and would appear to be strongly called for by important public interests."

The Select Committee of the Lords have also reported. Their report is much less full and explicit than the other; not exceeding a sixth in length, and hinting at scarcely anything that is not fully discussed by the Commons.

On the annual issue of the six warrants of the criminal class, they say—"It is known in some instances to have led to the apprehension and conviction of offenders, and to the recovery of property. It may seem that the issue of six or seven warrants annually, in proportion to the 30,000 or 40,000 criminals which take place in this kingdom, cannot be an efficient instrument of police: but on the other hand, the issue of six or seven warrants upon a circulation of 390,000,000 of letters cannot be regarded as materially interfering with the sanctity of private correspondence; which, with these exceptions, there is not the slightest ground to believe has been ever invaded."

On the annual issue of the state class of warrants, not exceeding two annually, the committee observe—"It does not appear that from any one of these letters specific knowledge of great importance has been obtained. The information, however, which has been derived from this source has

been regarded as valuable; and may have given better information upon danger apprehended in particular districts than could be derived from local observation, or than might be collected from the vague and exaggerated rumors which in periods of disturbance very usually prevail. It is the concurrent opinion of witnesses who have held high office, and who may be most competent to form a sound judgment, that they would reluctantly see this power abolished; and possibly it might be thought to be even more convenient and requisite in time of foreign war than it is in our present state of peace."

For the future, the committee give counsel somewhat vague—"The committee leave it to the legislature to determine whether this power shall continue to exist, and have discussed such rules as have been suggested as guards upon its future exercise,—namely, first, the concurrence of more than one of the high officers of state in the issue of each warrant; and secondly, a better and more detailed record than is at present kept of the grounds upon which each warrant is issued. They think that the responsibility will be more effective when resting upon the individuals who are mainly charged with the preservation of the peace and the prevention of crime in this country, than if it were divided with others; and a more detailed account than is already kept of the grounds upon which each warrant is granted would frequently have the effect of leaving in the office a grave accusation, without affording an opportunity of reply or defence."

#### SUN-SETTING.

Now, well performed the labors of the day,  
His journey run through heaven's expansive way,  
And round the earth his radiant glories spread—  
The Sun retires to old Tithonus' bed,  
To western worlds now rolls his orb of fire,  
And his bright beams by slow decays expire.  
Still through the atmosphere they freely glow,  
And all the west illumine with ruddy glow;  
Each vapory form, each lightly floating cloud,  
The various beams in glowing glories shroud.  
Their gilded edges here the streaks unfold,  
With jasper hues, or tints of burnished gold;  
The Tyrian purple here, sublime, is seen,  
There the bright emerald of purest green:  
Some clouds here edged with silver seem to shine,  
And others, like the ruby, glow divine.  
Th' enamelled skies the various colors show,  
Which grace the arch of Jove's celestial bow.

But earthly objects all these beauties share,  
And all the windows filled with radiance glare;  
Darkness begins the valleys to invade,  
And lofty objects send a lengthened shade:  
Now the Gloom trembles o'er the vales and floods,  
And the last sunbeams crown the lofty woods;  
Next on the towering hills the rays of light  
Fall faintly, and still play upon the sight.  
Last on the Alpine cloud-topped mountain's brow,  
The glittering rays reflect from ice or snow;  
Then gloomy Night assumes her wide domain,  
And o'er the world extends her sable reign.

*Massachusetts Spy.*

From the Liverpool Standard.

### A CHAPTER ABOUT AMERICAN ICE.

As we are henceforth to have this cooling luxury regularly supplied to us, and its great superiority both in clearness and thickness over the home article (owing to the precarious nature of our winters and other causes) is acknowledged by all who have tried it, a short notice of its uses, the manner of keeping it, and of cutting and securing it in America, may prove interesting to our readers.

Ice has become a great article of export from America. Sixty thousand tons are annually sent from Boston to southern parts, the East and West Indies, &c.; and as sawdust is solely used in packing, a large trade is also carried on in that article. The ice-houses, near the lakes and ponds, are immense wooden buildings, capable of holding 10,000 to 20,000 tons each; some of them, indeed, cover half an acre of ground. They are built with double walls,—that is, with an inner wall all round, two feet from the outer one; and the space between is filled with saw-dust—a non-conductor—making a solid wall, impervious to heat and air, and of 10 feet in thickness. The machines employed for cutting the ice are very beautiful, and the work is done by men and horses, in the following manner:—

The ice that is intended to be cut is kept clear of snow, as soon as it is sufficiently thick to bear the weight of the men and horses to be employed, which it will do at six inches; and the snow is kept scraped from it until it is thick enough to cut. A piece of ice is cleared of two acres in extent, which, at a foot thick, will give about 2000 tons. By keeping the snow off, it freezes thicker, as the frost is freely allowed to penetrate. When the time of cutting arrives, the men commence upon one of these pieces, by getting a straight line through the centre, each way. A small hand-plough is pushed along the line, until the groove is about a quarter of an inch in width, and three inches deep, when they commence with "the marker"—an implement drawn by two horses—which makes two new grooves parallel with the first, 21 inches, the gauge remaining in the first groove. It is then shifted to the outside groove, and makes two more. The same operation goes on, in parallel rectangular lines, until the ice is all marked out into squares of 21 inches. In the mean while the plough is following in these grooves drawn by a single horse, a man leading it; and he cuts up the ice to a depth of six inches. The outer blocks are then sawn out, and iron bars are used in splitting them. These bars are like a spade, of a wedge form. In dropping them into the grooves the ice splits off, and a very slight blow is sufficient to separate them; and they split easy, or hard, according to the weather in a very cold day. Ice is very brittle in keen frost; in comparatively softer weather it is more ductile and resistible.

Platforms, or low tables, are placed near the opening made in the ice, with an iron slide reaching from them into the water; and a man stands on each side with an ice-hook, very much like a boat-hook, but made of steel with fine sharp points. With these the ice is hooked with a jerk that throws it on the platform on the sides, which are of the same height. On a cold day everything becomes covered with ice, and the blocks are each

sent spinning along, although they weigh two cwt., as if they weighed only a pound. The slides are large lattice-work platforms to allow the ice to drain, and three tons can thus be easily run in one of them by one horse. It is then carried to the ice-houses, discharged upon a platform in front of the doors, and hoisted into the building by a horse. Forty men and twelve horses will cut and stow away 400 tons a day. If the weather be favorable, 100 men are sometimes employed at once; and in three weeks the ice crop, about 200,000 tons, is secured. Some winters it is very difficult to secure it, as a rain or thaw may come that will destroy the labor of weeks and render the ice unfit for market; and then it may snow and rain upon that, before those employed have time to clear it off; and if the latter freezes, the result is *snow-ice* which is of no value, and has to be planed off.

"The operation of planing proceeds in nearly the same manner as that of cutting. A plane gauged to run in the grooves made by "the marker," and which will shave the ice to a depth of three inches at one cut, is drawn by a horse, until the whole piece is regularly planed over. The chips are then scraped off. If the ice is not then clear, the work is continued until the pure ice is reached, and a few nights of hard frost will make it as thick below—inches for inches—for what has been taken off above.

The ice is transported on railways. Each ice-house has a branch railway from the main line: and is conveyed in properly constructed box-wagons to Boston—a distance of (as the locality may be) 10 to 18 miles. The tools, machinery, &c., employed, and the building the houses, and constructing and keeping up the railroads, &c., are very expensive; yet the facilities are such, through good management, that ice can be furnished at a very trifling cost per pound; and a failure of the ice crop in America would be a great calamity.

It would appear, that for the procuring, preserving, and use of this new article of import—though but *water* in its *natural* state in the frigid zones—a variety of mechanical and scientific operations are brought into play. The gauging, squaring, and (sometimes) the planing appear to belong to the joiner, aided by the mathematician; the ploughing to the agriculturist; the transport over land to the civil engineer; the import to our navigators; the preservation to our philosophers; and the use and economy to our medical men and our housewives.

The *Scotsman* announces, that Messrs. T. and H. Smith, of Edinburgh, have been making experiments to discover an antidote to prussic acid, and have succeeded. Iron, partly in a state of peroxide and partly of protoxide, administered to the person who has taken prussic acid, will combine with it in the stomach, and form the compound prussian blue, which is harmless. Such is the statement of the *Scotsman*; which does not give minute particulars. It is to be supposed that the antidote can be kept on hand, ready labelled, for prompt use; as prussic acid, when taken in such quantities as to be poisonous, does not usually leave much time to seek for "iron partly in a state of peroxide and partly in a state of protoxide"—if the distracted friends could recollect that periphrastic title.

From Chambers' Journal.

## BAPTISTE BROWN.

## AN INCIDENT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

It was my good fortune during one of my American wanderings, to fall in with Baptiste Brown, a famous trapper of the Rocky Mountains. Few men had seen more than he had of the wild life of the great prairie wilderness; he had hunted with the Shoshonies or snakes in the Bayou Salade, and the Bull Pen, as well as on the borders of Great Salt Lake: he had been chased by the Crows near the head waters of the Platte and Yellowstone rivers, by the Blackfeet on the Marias; but his recollections of adventures round Fort David Crockett, in Brown's Hole, were by far the most interesting to me, who had seen that curious locality. While relating his marvellous and soul-stirring narratives, his huge bulk appeared to dilate, he sucked furiously at his corn-cob pipe, and his animation was so contagious, that I fairly wished myself once more over the dreary desert which separated me from the place, and enjoying the hospitality of the St. Clairs and Robinsons. One of Baptiste's adventures with the Arrapahoe Indians was so characteristic and singular, that I give it in the order in which I received it.

The valley which is known as Brown's Hole is situated south of the Wind-river Mountains, on the Sheetskadee, or Prairie Cock river. Elevated several thousand feet above the level of the sea, only about fifteen miles in circumference, surrounded by lofty hills on every side, it is aptly, though not elegantly, characterized as a hole. The green and nutritious mountain grasses, the scattered thickets of cotton-tree, the elegant groves of willow, the rich and fertile soil of this sequestered vale, where vegetables are reared in profusion, are all nourished by the Sheetskadee, or, as some have it, the Green river, which enters the Hole from the north, leaving it by a pass similar to the vale of Tempe towards the south. The temperature is exquisite; hence hundreds of trappers make it their winter quarters. Indians, too, of all nations, but more especially the Arrapahoes, frequent it to trade with the white men. These Indians bear a better character than any others amid the red-skins of the Rocky Mountains; are brave, warlike and ingenious; hospitable to the last degree; and, unlike many of their brethren, own large numbers of horses, mules, dogs, and sheep. The dogs they fatten and eat; hence they are called dog-eaters, or Arrapahoes. Their blanket manufacture proclaims a great advance towards civilization; it being, however, a native, not an exotic art.

Now, amongst the damsels who came and located round about Brown's Hole, when the tribe paid their visit to trade with the white men, was a young and merry Indian girl, who, after one or two interviews, took forcible possession of Baptiste's heart. Nothing more common, and, according to the habits of the Rocky Mountains, nothing more in the course of things, than a union with the handsome red-skin. Many a man, of higher position in the world, had abandoned home, the appliances and arts of civilized life, to mate with a fair denizen of the wilds. Apart from women of their own color, the daring pioneers of civilization forget that they are white, which, considering the embrowning influence of exposure and the sun, is little to be wondered at. During a portion of the year, too, the various game are not to be hunted, and idleness is the order of the day: then the hunters

seek amusement in the wigwams and village greens of their dark neighbors, who differ much in their habits from those who have been expelled from their homes in the United States. The women dance here, and many a heart is lost to them while their bright bare heels foot the green; moccasins and leggins have to be made, and blankets wove, and the young trappers, like many an enamored one nearer home, linger round them while engaged in these duties, which they beguile and lighten with their rich and tender songs. It was upon one of these occasions that Baptiste first loved the young Arrapahoe. The plain course, then, was to win and wed her. But, alas! savage papas are wonderfully like certain papas in other places, though perhaps they are more open and matter-of-fact, since they require here a consideration in exchange, which consideration, being kept for the parent's use, must be of equal marketable value with the daughter. The usual course is to select your best horse, and leading it to the wigwam of your fair one's parents, there tie him to a post and walk away. If the horse, upon examination, be approved of, an interview ensues, and matters are soon brought to a final issue; while if, on the contrary, the girl should be considered more valuable than the horse, other presents are required ere the relatives can be induced to part with what is of goodly price. Many a rich white man has thus carried off the fairest girl of a tribe; and one instance has been known of seven hundred dollars being offered to a fortunate swain who had in his wigwam an Eutaw wife of great beauty; to his honor, be it said, the offer, though continually repeated, was never accepted.

Baptiste unfortunately had parted with all his hard year's earning ere his heart was taken by storm. Unluckily, he had spent them in those expensive enjoyments of spirits and tobacco, which bring so many of these stalwart and hardy frames to premature death. He had not, therefore, left himself wherewith to buy a horse, and without a horse no wife was to be had. The hunting season was over long since, and it wanted a month of the new time for starting. Baptiste, however, shouldered his rifle, and left the comforts and amusements of Fort David Crockett to seek the bear in his wildest haunts, the beaver in his dams, and the bounding elk on his grassy plains, hoping to raise, by his laborious prosecution of the chase, the means of winning his loved one from her parents.

The labor of many days brought to the trapper's cache, or hiding-place for skins and furs, a goodly supply. Otters were trapped, beavers caught, deer shot, and success appeared crowning the indefatigable exertions of my friend Baptiste. In the pursuit of game he wandered over much ground, but once loaded, he came back with his pack to the hiding-place, and depositing his treasures at head-quarters, started off once more. Three weeks and more were passed in this fashion, when, following a new path, the adventurous trapper entered a deep and woody glen that evidently led to an open plain where game might very probably be found. Pushing through thicket and brier, cutting his way even by means of his hunting-knife, Baptiste at length burst from the cover of the wood, and stood on the edge of the open glade. An exclamation of surprise followed this action, and after slowly raising his eyes for an instant, the trapper backed into the wood, and there paused to reflect. To explain his conduct, we must glance at a peculiar custom of the Arrapahoes.



No young man, though his father were the bravest chief of the tribe, can range himself amid the warriors, and be entitled to marry or enjoy other rights of citizenship, until he shall have performed some act of personal daring and intrepidity, or be sprinkled with the blood of his enemies. In early spring, therefore, all the young men who are of the proper age band themselves together, and take to the woods in search, like the knight-errants of old, of adventure and peril. Having found out a secret and retired spot, they collect together poles of from twenty to thirty feet in height, and lashing them together at top, form a huge conical hut, with the addition of branches and leaves. A green buffalo head, kettles, scalps, blankets, and a white buffalo hide, are then suspended inside as offerings to the Great Spirit; after which certain incantations are performed, the first of which is smoking the medicine pipe. One of the parties fills it with tobacco and herbs, places upon the top a coal from the fire in the Spirit's mystic lodge, inhales the smoke, and expels it again through his nostrils. The ground is then touched with the bowl, and with various other minor ceremonies the pipe goes round the lodge. Many days of feasting and dancing pass ere they are ready for the campaign; at length, however, they abandon the hut, and death is the sure portion of him who shall be known to enter or otherwise desecrate it in their absence.

Upon one of these mystic lodges it was that Baptiste had suddenly stumbled, and various were the reflections suggested in his mind by the accident. Within the lodge were articles doubtless more than sufficient to purchase the necessary horse, but Baptiste had too much honor to think of robbing the red-skin temple. There is an intuitive respect for religion—a governing principle of right in the minds of these rude men, which is not the least singular of their peculiarities. Still, my friend was sorely tempted: "It looked so plaguy like thrown afore my path, I could n't hardly say no," was his remark; besides that, he recollected the time when a poor white trapper, being robbed of his poncho at the beginning of winter, made free with a blanket found in one of the Arrapahoe lodges. Upon being brought before the elders, charged with the sacrilege, his defence was, that having been robbed, the Great Spirit took pity on his defenceless condition, and pointing out his blanket, bade him clothe himself. "The Great Spirit has an undoubted right to give away his own property," was the decision; and the trapper was freed. Still, Baptiste shook his head, and was about to move away, when a hand was laid on his shoulder behind, and an Indian warrior in his war-paint stood before him. The greeting of the wanderers was cordial and friendly, for the youth was the brother of the trapper's love, and Baptiste Brown had given him, the previous season, the handsomest tomahawk pipe in the tribe.

"My white brother is very wakeful; he rises early."

The hunter laughed, and, indeed, almost blushed, as he replied, "My wigwam is empty, and I would make it very warm for the sister of my Unami. He will be a great warrior."

The young brave shook his head gravely, as he pointed to his belt, where not a scalp was to be seen, and said, "Five moons have gone to sleep, and the Arrapahoe hatchet has not been raised. The Blackfeet are dogs, and hide in holes."

Without adding anything to this significant hint, that none of the young men had been able to fulfil their vows, the young chief led the way to the camp of the Arrapahoe war party. Baptiste, glad to see the face of a fellow-creature, followed the footsteps of the Arrapahoe, which were directed from the lodge towards the glen which the trapper had already traversed. In the very centre of the woody defile, and within twenty feet of where Baptiste had passed, was the Indian camp, where the hunter was cordially received, and invited to share the meal which the party were about to partake. Nothing loath, the keen air of the mountains having inspired a wonderful appetite, the request was complied with, and various huge slices of buffalo were despatched by Baptiste, who then smoked a pipe with his friend, and heard from him the history of the failure of the expedition. A short time passed, and certain signs made Baptiste somewhat uncomfortable. It was apparent the Indians were whispering something of interest concerning him, and, after a short pause, a hot discussion was on foot, in which the young chief joined. To use the words of the narrator of the tale, "they all agreed that his white skin indubitably indicated that he belonged to the great tribe of their natural enemies, and that, with the blood of a white upon their garments, they would have fulfilled the terms of their vow, and could return to their friends and tribe. But a part of them seriously questioned whether the sacred names of friend and brother, which they had for years applied to him, had not so changed his natural relationship to them, that the Great Spirit, to whom they had made their vow, had sent him among them in the character which they themselves had given him—as a friend and a brother. If so, they reasoned that the sacrifice of his life would only anger the Spirit, and by no means relieve them from the obligation of their vow. Another party reasoned that the Spirit had sent this victim among them to test their fidelity to him; he had indeed been their friend; they had called him brother; but he was also their natural enemy; and that the great one to whom they had made their vow would not release them at all from their obligations if they allowed this factitious relation of friendship to interfere with obedience to himself. The other party rejoined, that although the trapper was their natural enemy, he was not one within the meaning of their vow; that the taking of his life would be an invasion of its sacred obligations, a blot upon their courage, and an outrage upon the laws of friendship; that they could find other victims, but that their friend could not find another life." To the consternation of Baptiste, these reasons did not appear to have their due weight with the majority, who, eager to regain their homes, and probably their loves, were bent on sacrificing him in fulfilment of their engagement. Seeing this, the young chief, and friend of our hardy trapper, rose, and waving his hand, intimated his intention to speak. "The Arrapahoe is a warrior; his feet outstrip the fleetest horse; his arrow is as the lightning of the Great Spirit; he is very brave. But a cloud is between him and the sun; he cannot see his enemy; there is no scalp in his wigwam. The manitou is good; he sends a victim, a man whose skin is white, but his heart is very red; the pale-face is a brother, and his long knife is turned from his friends the Arrapahoes; but the Spirit is all-powerful. My brother," pointing to Baptiste, "is very full of blood; he can spare a



little to stain the blanket of the young men, and his heart shall yet be warm. I have spoken." As the trapper expressed it, the proposal was "considerable agin the grain;" but he felt that the young chief had saved his life. Loud acclamations followed the speech; many of these most clamorous against the trapper, being only actuated by the earnest desire of returning home with their vow accomplished, when all would be received into the list of warriors, and each of the young men would have a wigwam, a wife, and all the honors which accrue to an Indian father of a family. A flint lancet was now produced, the white man's arm was bared, and the blood which flowed from the slight wound was carefully distributed and scattered over the garments of the delighted Arrapahoes. The scene which followed was entirely unexpected on the part of my poor friend Baptiste Brown. Quite satisfied that their vow of shedding an enemy's blood had been fulfilled, the Indians were all gratitude for being removed from the horns of a dilemma which had lasted for five months; and to testify their gratitude in a substantial form, each man sought his pack, and laid at their white brother's feet, one an otter-skin, another a beaver, another a bear or buffalo, and so on, until his riches in furs far outstripped his most sanguine expectations. The young chief stood looking on, and when the rest had successively honored their guest, advanced, leading by its bridle a magnificent saddle-horse and a sumpter-mule, (doubtless a stray one from a trader's flock,) and handed them to Baptiste. To refuse would have been against the etiquette of the desert, and, besides, our friend was too alive to the advantages which would accrue to him, to be any other than thankful. Rising therefore with a grim smile, he said, speaking in the Arrapahoe tongue, "A friend of mine was marching from St. Louis to Fort Bent, and of course he crossed the trail of the Cumanches. Well, one day a party of them Indians came upon him, and having looked at him for about ten minutes, seized him, and dragging him to a pool, thrust his head into the water several times. Failing to obtain their object, they plastered his hair with mud, and, washing it out again, were at length satisfied that it really was red, and not dyed. Delighted with so extraordinary a prize, they denuded his head, and having given him a dozen horses in exchange, very politely sent him on his way. Now, my friend used to say that he wished he had a few bushels more of the article, since it went off so well; and I, like him, wish I had more red water in my veins, since you find it so very valuable." The Arrapahoes, who had seen red hair on others besides Brown himself, listened gravely, and when he had done, gave an expressive "hugh!" after which they broke up their camp, and were soon lost to the trapper's view in the arches of the forest. Baptiste, who felt weak, mounted his horse, after loading the mule, and made the best of his way to the cache, where he remained some days. At the end of a fortnight, restored to his usual health, the trapper took his way to Brown's Hole. So early in the season, his furs obtained high prices, and having bartered them for knives, beads, powder, ball, &c., a few days brought him to the Arrapahoe village. The horse was considered a fair exchange for the maiden, and from that day the wigwam of his red-skin bride, in Old Park, on Grand River, was the head-quarters of Baptiste Brown, the hardy trapper of the Rocky Mountains.

From a London paper.

#### THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

'T is night—the combat's rage is o'er;  
The watch-fires blaze from hill to hill;  
The bagle note is heard no more.  
But all is solemn, hush'd, and still!  
Save where some faint and mournful tone  
Swells on the midnight breeze, a dying moan.

How chang'd the scene, where morn beheld  
A gallant host in bright array;  
While martial notes exulting swell'd,  
To cheer the brave on danger's way;  
And hope and valor bade the pulse beat high,  
Thrill'd the warm heart and fixed the kindling eye.

Now the pale beams, by moonlight shed,  
A field of blood disclose,  
Where, on their chill and lowly bed,  
The martyr'd brave repose,  
And the dead calm, the desolate suspense,  
With nameless horror chills the shuddering sense.

Thousands are here who sprung to arms,  
When the shrill clarion pealed the strain,  
By danger's call, or glory's charms,  
Ne'er to be rous'd again.  
E'en now, while shades and stillness reign,  
A viewless band are near—the spirits of the slain.

Whence came that deep tremendous sound!  
Whence broke the flash intensely bright,  
Bursting the midnight calm profound!  
A cannon peal disturbs the night:  
'T is past, and deeper is the gloom,  
And all again is silent as the tomb.

Glancing by fits on shiver'd steel,  
A quiv'ring light the moonbeam throws,  
And through the broken clouds reveal  
Full many a sight of death and woe;  
Gleaming on pallid forms around,  
Stretch'd on the soldier's bier, the cold and dawy ground.

Midnight and death o'er all the soil  
A fearful deep repose have spread;  
Worn with long hours of martial toil,  
The living slumber with the dead,  
Nor hear the wounded faintly sigh,  
Nor dream of those who round them bleed and die.

Rest, slumberers, rest!—the morn shall wake  
And ye to arms again shall rise!  
Your sleep the clarion call shall break,  
And life and hope shall fire your eyes—  
But, oh! what thousands strew the battle plain,  
Whom day-spring ne'er shall wake, nor war note  
rouse again.

**SINGULAR ACCIDENT.**—A few days ago, as the guard of the Kendal mail coach was on his way to Whitshaven, one of the "winged tenants of the air," of the moth species, and of considerable size, struck his ear with such violence that it completely buried itself in the inner cavity of that organ. No assistance could be obtained, and in this uncomfortable situation the guard reached Whitshaven, when a surgeon dislodged the intruder, which he found completely buried in the sufferer's head.

## THE SECULARITY OF MISSIONS.

THE secularizing influence of property and organization for despatch of business is not confined to Established Churches. The purest Voluntary Church cannot escape it; the missions to the heathen bear witness to its influence. Wherever there is permanent organization—an annual revenue and annual expenditure—a separate class of secular agents grows up; and they, and sometimes others of ostensibly spiritual functions, combine to instil a worldly spirit into the whole body, or at least to make the spiritually-minded unconsciously more or less subservient to their selfish objects.

The difficulty which the Missionary Societies have had to struggle against the land-sharking propensities of their ministers and catechists in the colonies, and the occasional demission of the spiritual character by missionaries rather than part with the lands they had purchased from the natives at a nominal price, prove our position to a certain extent. But the readiness with which missionary agents exchange their pastoral for diplomatic functions affords a still more striking illustration of it. At this moment we have no fewer than three government officials abroad to whom the missionary character has been a stepping-stone to political employment. The missionary Gutzlaff has been converted into government-interpreter, and quasi superintendent of police, at Hong-kong; the missionary Pritchard has been converted into a British consul at Otaheite; and the missionary Clarke has been constituted protector of the aborigines, or minister of state for the native department, in New Zealand. The elevation of a foreign adventurer and a couple of mechanics to official rank and high salaries is enough to attract a whole host of mercenaries into the employment of the missions. They will look forward to the same opportunities of cutting out work for themselves, and the same zealous patronage from the managers at home, and regard the appointment of catechist as a better introduction to a snug place under government than even a clerkship in a government office.

It leaves an unfavorable impression of missions as a school of diplomacy, that all the appointments above enumerated have been productive of, or at least mixed up with, transactions which have occasioned much annoyance to individuals and serious embarrassment to the country. Gutzlaff has been more or less identified with almost every step that awakened the jealousy of the Chinese government and led eventually to the opium war; Clarke has been mainly instrumental in producing that state of affairs in New Zealand which occasioned the Wairao massacre; and it will not be the fault of the orators of the London Missionary Society if Pritchard do not become the cause of war between France and Great Britain.

For the political influence and misdirected activity of the missionary bodies government is greatly to blame. The meddling of missionaries abroad in matters beyond their sphere has been encouraged to supply the deficiencies of government. The power of affiliated bodies spread through every province of the empire, continually appealing to the prepossessions of an estimable portion of the community by the press or public meetings, collecting and dispensing annually revenues to the amount of hundreds of thousands, has made the legislature and the executive quail before it. Missionary zeal has been affected as a passport into parliament; and

the government offices have been crammed with the offspring of the agents of missionary societies. Government—all our ministers for many years back—have been little better than tools to the secularity of missions. The influence of the traders on the missionary sentiment is not confined to the departments already specified; or rather, they are naturally leagued with all the traders, whatever their designation, on the religious sentiment of the country. They are part and parcel of that fraternity which has been allowed almost to ruin our tropical colonies by their rash and blundering plan of negro emancipation, and which only last year caused the rejection of the education-clauses in the factory bill. They are, in fact, an intriguing, worldly-minded hierarchy, as bigoted and domineering in their sectarianism as the Romish hierarchy in its palmiest days.

The eyes of the public are opening to its real character. The war-howl raised by the missionaries at Leeds and Finsbury, and this week at Exeter Hall, will assist the unmasking. The usual oratorical device of prefacing warlike appeals by professions of a love for peace were resorted to; but war was the undisguised alternative of all the speakers—an armed intervention between France and Otaheite—a war to arrest the progress of Roman Catholic missionaries in the Pacific.

These revelations of the real character of the traders upon religious professions ought to encourage government, as its experience of the danger of giving way to them ought to instigate it, to shake off their yoke. Within his proper sphere, there cannot be a more amiable or useful character than the missionary. It may not be possible for him to make Christians of savages, to the extent his enthusiasm persuades him; but, by habituating them to the observance of forms, and by familiarizing them with doctrines and histories in which there is a pure and elevating sentiment, which will dawn more and more upon every succeeding generation, he is sowing the seeds of a civilization, the full fruition of which is reserved for a distant era, and at the same time he is taming the savage, and making him a safe companion. While the missionary confines himself to his spiritual office—be he the most illiterate mechanic ever selected for the task—it is Christianity that speaks in and through him, and its influence is for good. But when he takes upon him to supersede the colonist, and to affect the state-minister of some barbarian chief, or to conduct negotiations with foreign states, he is abandoned by the Power whose altar he has deserted, to his own rude and ignorant impulses; and his meddling is pregnant with mischief. The British government is bound to watch over and protect its missionaries with a jealous care so long as they remain within the sphere of their proper duty; but it is equally bound sternly to check and restrain them whenever they are discovered tampering with secular affairs.—*Spectator*.

AN old house in Essex-street, Whitechapel, which was once the residence of the Earl of Essex, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, was demolished this week, to make room for improvements. Another old building in the same neighborhood, once the occasional residence of Elizabeth, is soon to share a like fate. This decayed palace was recently a common lodging-house, where beds were let at threepence a night.

From Chambers' Journal.

## FOWNES' PRIZE ESSAY—CHEMISTRY, AS EMBODYING THE WISDOM AND BENEFICENCE OF GOD.\*

THIS essay springs from a private endowment under the care of the Royal Institution. The author is Mr. George Fownes, chemical lecturer in the Middlesex Hospital. We are now familiar with books tracing divine wisdom and beneficence in physics, physiology, and the mental constitution of man. Mr. Babbage has called even the unpromising subject of mathematics into the same field. But this, as far as we are aware, is the first systematic attempt to draw inferences of design from the chemical constitution of the earth and its inhabitants. The book is a very able one, and, as a virtue which we know will be a great further recommendation, it is short.

Mr. Fownes starts by explaining that in the earth, its atmosphere, and inhabitants, there are but fifty-five simple (undecomposed) substances or elements, of which, however, only a few are in any considerable amount. Oxygen and nitrogen, (forming the atmosphere,) hydrogen, (forming, with oxygen, water,) the non-metallic body silicon, the metals aluminium and calcium, and in a less proportion potassium, sodium and iron, may be said to constitute the bulk of the inorganic materials, subjected to our observation. Another, carbon, is the principal constituent of all organic bodies. Mr. Fownes' first object is to trace the constituents of vegetable and animal bodies back into the inorganic world (the dust of the earth) out of which they have been formed; finding potash, for instance, in the felspar, one of the materials of granite and phosphorus, a large constituent of our bones, in porcelain clay and other substances. "The whole subject," he says, "of the formation of cultivable soils, and their distribution over the earth's surface, is replete with interest and instruction. Every earthquake which has in bygone times fractured and dislocated the solid strata, every flood which has swept over the ancient continents, every change of level which has elevated the bed of the ocean or depressed the land beneath its surface has contributed more or less to bring about that mixture of materials—sand, clay, and calcareous matters—which now form the earth's upper covering—the fruit-bearing soil, the inexhaustible source of prosperity and strength. Surely it is not too much to infer that all these things had reference to that future condition of the earth when it should become the habitation of beings capable of appreciating the wonders around them, and deriving mental support and guidance from the contemplation of these wonderful provisions, while enjoying with thankfulness the physical comforts to which they give rise."

Mr. Fownes then traces the course of certain of the solid substances of the globe, as washed down by running waters into the sea, which forms a great depository for them. The salt of the sea—whence is it derived? Entirely from the land, out of which it is carried by rivers. The ocean must needs be salt, for it is the ultimate recipient of all such matters. And lakes that have no outlet, as the Aral and the Dead Sea in Judea, are salt for the same reason. It becomes interesting to ascertain the uses of these foreign substances in the sea. "It is highly probable that the iodine of sea-

water is connected, in some way, with the well-being of submarine vegetation, that it forms an indispensable component of the food of these plants. It is difficult to account, on any supposition, for its constant occurrence in certain of them. They appear to have the power of seeking out and appropriating to themselves the almost infinitesimal quantity of iodine which analysis indicates in seawater. Again, the lime-salts have their use, and a most important one it is. Shell-fish and coral-polyps depend upon them for the material of their curious structures. It is very possible, also, that what we are accustomed to call impurities in ordinary water, may be of great service to the living system. These matters are admitted to exercise an influence upon the body in particular states of disease; and if so, it is unlikely that they should be altogether inactive in health. Pure, distilled water, even after long exposure to the air, is exceedingly rapid and disagreeable to the taste, which may be taken as a sort of indication of its unfitness for ordinary use."

The chemistry of the atmosphere presents a very striking example of what can scarcely be considered in any other light than design. The gases composing the atmosphere are, as is well known, not chemically but only mechanically combined. They have, however, a surprising tendency to a mutual diffusion, inasmuch that if a jar of carbonic acid gas be brought into connexion with one of hydrogen, a gas twenty times lighter, the communication being by a tube, and if the heavy gas be placed lowest, nevertheless, in a little while, a complete mixture of the two takes place. Now, see how important is this law of gaseous diffusion. Carbonic acid gas is expired in great quantities by animals: it is prejudicial to human life: if it were to have the least tendency to stagnate near the ground, it would work dreadful effects wherever great multitudes of animals were assembled. Large cities and crowded rooms would be scenes of extensive destruction. Diffusible as it is throughout the other two gases composing the atmosphere, it is comparatively harmless. The benefit is equally clear with regard to these two gases. Were these to obey the law of gravity, they would arrange themselves in two layers of unequal thickness, the oxygen below, and the nitrogen above. "In such an order of things, animal existence would be out of the question: an atmosphere of pure oxygen is as fatal to life as one destitute of that element; all the phenomena of combustion and oxydation generally would be exalted tenfold in power and energy; in fact, the present arrangement of nature could not be maintained in its integrity a single hour. The equable diffusion of vapor of water through the atmosphere is no less important than that of the carbonic acid. In many warm countries, during a great part of the year, rain seldom or never falls, and it is only from the copious dews deposited in the night that vegetables derive the supply of moisture required for their growth, and to sustain them, by the cooling effects of evaporation, from the scorching rays of the noonday sun. Were the invisible, elastic steam, disengaged from the surface of the sea, or other large bodies of water, not subject to the diffusive law in question, it is probable that other and very different phenomena would be observed."

We have not room to follow Mr. Fownes into his very interesting speculations on vegetable and animal chemistry, but may present a few of his observations on the complicated processes which ever

\* Churchill, London: 1844.

go on within our bodies. After showing how carbon and hydrogen are burned in the blood—not, as hitherto supposed, in the lungs, but in the capillaries, to which, according to Liebig's theory, the oxygen is carried by the iron in the blood—he pronounces, as a fact of which there can no longer be any doubt, "The internal capillary combustion is the source of animal heat. Thus much," says he, "for the body. Every part where blood-vessels are to be found, every part where nervous influence is perceptible, every organ, every tissue, muscle and brain, and nerve, and membrane, waste away like a burning taper, consume to air and ashes, and pass from the system rejected and useless; and where no means are at hand for repairing these daily and hourly losses, the individual perishes—dies more slowly, but not less surely, than by a blazing pile. He is, to the very letter, burned to death at a low temperature: the various constituents of the body give way in succession. First, the fat disappears: this is the most combustible, but at the same time the least essential. It is sacrificed; then the muscles shrink, and soften, and decay. At last, the substance of the brain becomes attacked, and madness and death close the scene. 'This is starvation.'"

After details showing the adaptation of the chemical nature of food, both vegetable and animal, to the chemical nature of the bodies of the animals by which respectively these kinds of food are devoured, Mr. Fownes goes on to say, "The bodily frame and constitution of the human race have been so adjusted as to admit of the maintenance of life and health under a variety of circumstances truly surprising. Extremes of heat and cold, of moisture and dryness, are borne with impunity so long as the habits and mode of life of the individual remain in accordance with his physical condition."

"In tropical countries, where the high temperature of the air, and the abundance of aqueous vapor it contains, develop to the utmost the resources of vegetable life, the amount of personal labor required for self-support is extremely trifling. The heavy and laborious culture of the temperate regions, the unceasing tillage of the soil so necessary with us, are altogether uncalled for. In those smiling regions of almost perpetual sunshine, where the teeming earth gives its increase with the least possible toil on the part of the cultivator, and all Nature invites to repose and indolence, the energies of the mind itself are unstrung by the removal of that sharp spur of necessity which goads men to the task of labor, until exertion becomes a habit, which carries them onward beyond their immediate wants, and impels them to seek the permanent improvement and exaltation of their state. The sustenance furnished to the human race by a wise and bountiful Providence, has been so adjusted *chemically* to this condition of things, as involuntarily to excite in the observer the deepest feelings of admiration and gratitude."

"Where the temperature of the air approaches within a few degrees that of the body, the generation of animal heat by the burning of organic matter in the blood may be reduced in amount. Where muscular power and motion are less required and less employed, the waste of the body is diminished in the same ratio; a comparatively small quantity of food, both for fuel and for nutriment, is in such a case required. The stomach, however, must be filled, the uneasy sensation of want must be removed; and this has been done. In the rice, and fruits, and other products of the

countries in question, we find a food extremely agreeable to the taste, but possessing little sustaining power; much of it is mere water, and the solid portion itself is chiefly made up of neutral, non-azotized bodies, containing oxygen and hydrogen in the proportions to form water; bodies which, in burning, furnish far less heat than those in which carbon and hydrogen greatly predominate. The azotized portion of the food of hot countries is always very small in comparison with the rest; it is, however, sufficient for the purpose of repairing the trifling daily loss the body sustains. The desire for animal food is very slight, and often is altogether absent."

"The North American hunter lives wholly upon flesh; he patiently follows the footmarks of his game through the wild woods, for days together, until he finds an opportunity of surprising it, fasting meanwhile, or, at best, subsisting on a few scraps of dried meat; rivalling the beast of prey in his power of endurance—in his quick yet stealthy step, and in the searching glance of his eye; careless alike of frost and heat, sleeping on the bare ground, a thin blanket or a buffalo robe his only protection. It is his food which enables him to do and to suffer all this—to bear exertions which would destroy him were he not supported from within by a kind of nourishment so concentrated in its form as to supply abundantly during the period of repose the losses of bodily substance, the deficiencies occasioned by change of matter, and even to render the exertions themselves, violent and continued as they are, actually sources of pleasure."

"It is not by any peculiarity of physical constitution that the Indian is enabled to bear hardship, and fatigue, and privation, which to us appear extraordinary: the European, under similar circumstances, and *under a similar regimen*, exhibits the same remarkable powers. The hunters and trappers, employed by the fur companies of British America, lead a still harder life. These men are, as is well known, accustomed to disperse themselves, often singly, along the rivers and streams, the haunts of the beavers and other animals they seek to capture; a rifle and flint and steel their only household goods, without shelter in the midst of a trackless wilderness, often suffering the extremities of cold and hunger, subsisting entirely on the flesh of the creatures they succeed in taking, and this for months together, until each has collected the number of skins he deems sufficient to repay his labor, or the fast-falling snows of approaching winter drive him to seek the protection of the trader's fort."

"And yet, this wild existence is said to possess a charm of its own, powerful enough to bind to the end of their days those who have once practised it: the unbroken solitude of the lake and the river, the freedom of the desert, and even the very dangers of the pursuit, have their own peculiar attraction. The men themselves, when not cut off prematurely by starvation, or any other of the common accidents of this life, or murdered by the Indians whose vengeance they have provoked by their aggressions, live to old age, exempt from a host of sorrows and afflictions known to a more luxurious race; and perhaps, on the whole, enjoy as much real happiness as commonly falls to the lot of man."

"Take again the condition of the Esquimaux in his hut of ice-blocks or drift-wood, his only food the seal and the walrus, which he spears with his bone-pointed weapon, from a little frail coracle of

skins. The air is cold enough to freeze quicksilver; he wraps himself in his dress of furs, and forth he goes with perfect impunity, and the cold of the shore of the frozen sea affects him less than that of a chilly January day does the Englishman by his warm fireside. Yet the Esquimaux has no fireside; he cooks his food by the heat of a lamp fed with oil, the product of the chase; his country produces no fuel, and he cannot think of devoting the few fragments of wood, brought by the ocean-currents from more favored climes, which he finds upon the sea-beach, to this purpose: they are far too valuable to be so employed. How, then, it may be asked, is he capable of supporting this intensity of cold? The peculiarity of his food furnishes the reply.

"We are accustomed to look with horror and disgust at the food of these poor people, as we in our ignorance and presumption dare to call them; to commiserate those who, as our northern navigators relate, prefer a piece of tallow-candle, or a draught of train-oil, to the fare of an English man-of-war; but a little more consideration might perhaps show us that the blubber and fat of the arctic cetacea and fish, the only food the inhabitants of these countries can obtain, really constitute the only sort of food which could enable them to bear up against the extremities of cold to which they are subject. There is no other substance but fat, and that in very large quantity, which would answer the purpose required. It is a substance exceedingly rich in hydrogen, and in the body eminently combustible; weight for weight, it will generate a far larger amount of heat, when burned in the blood, than anything else which can be taken as food. It will be wiser, then, instead of condemning, as filthy and abhorrent, the tastes and propensities of the Esquimaux, to consider them as a special adaptation, by an unspeakably benevolent Providence, of the very wishes and inclinations of the individual to the circumstances of his life.

"But this is not all: the same individual who, when in a warm or temperate climate, craves a large proportion of bread and vegetable food, and turns with aversion from fatty substances, experiences, when transported to the frozen regions of the north, a complete revolution in his tastes and desires. Nothing will then satisfy him but fat: the flesh of deer, fish, to be acceptable, must be loaded with fat; he takes delight in sucking the marrow from the bones; nothing in the shape of grease comes amiss to him; he longs for it, he desires it as much as he formerly loathed it. But this new, this induced state, only lasts as long as his mode of life requires; removal to a milder region restores, to a very great extent, the first condition.

"This is no imaginary statement; it is perfectly authentic, and serves to place in a novel and striking point of view the power of accommodation to circumstances possessed by man."

We conclude with a few remarks, in which we can most cordially concur with our intelligent author. "In whatever light we consider these matters, the argument of benevolent design and contrivance, deduced from the obvious facts themselves, remains unaltered. The care and beneficence of the Creator is not less shown in the connexion he has established between physical and moral health. The labor which a man is obliged to exert to procure for himself the necessities of life, is not less essential to the maintenance of a healthy tone of mind than of a sound and active

condition of the bodily organism. No evil can be greater than the rust, alike of body and soul, which results from inactivity. The state of labor is the very condition of enjoyment,—not, indeed, the excessive and slavish toil to which a very large portion of mankind have, by a most unfortunate combination of circumstances, been reduced, but that moderate and well-regulated labor of mind and body which conduces so much to the welfare of both, and which would be, under more favorable auspices, fully sufficient to impart comfort and abundance to all. If men only knew and felt how inseparably their own individual happiness is connected with the welfare and prosperity of their species; if those who have intellect, and power, and wealth at their disposal, could only be persuaded to thrust aside the petty jealousies and cares, the idle parade and prejudices of society, and join heart and hand in the great work of human improvement, how much might be effected! How much happier, and how much better all might become if a sound and universal spirit of philanthropy were once awakened, capable of embracing within its pale all orders and conditions of men, considering them, as they really are, the children of one common Parent, bound together by the ties of brotherhood, each having a special duty assigned to him to perform, not independently of, but in conjunction with, the rest, and exciting all to render each other mutual assistance in surmounting the difficulties and trials of this life of discipline and pupillage."

#### BENNIE MINORIE—ANECDOTE OF SLEIGHT-OF-HAND.

ABOUT forty-five years ago a poor man, usually, though fictitiously, called Bennie Minorie, perambulated the south of Scotland with a rascal show-box, by which and a few sleight-of-hand tricks he made a living. Many a simple farm-house in Peebles and Selkirkshires retains agreeable recollections of the visits of this innocent old man, whose kindness to children and general simplicity of character made him a favorite with old and young. The writer of this anecdote remembers well his coming occasionally to his father's house in a border county, and there amusing the inmates for an afternoon with his show and his feats of legerdemain.

One of Bennie's chief tricks was an exhibition of three pieces of wood like barrels without ends, which were strung like beads upon a double piece of whip-cord. When he held the ends of the cord firmly in his hands, he defied any one to take the barrels from off the cord without breaking the strings; but when another person held the ends of the cords, he caused the barrels to fly off the strings as if by magic. The thing appeared to those unacquainted with it to be impossible, but nevertheless it was quite simple to those who knew the secret of the puzzle.

This trick of the "sour-milk barrels" Bennie Minorie taught to a brother of the writer, then a boy of ten years of age. This youth in time went to sea, and, after a service of about twenty years, attained the command of a merchant-ship. It happened one day, while the ship was at Messina taking in a cargo for South America, that a native juggler made his appearance among the shipping in the port. He carried a basket containing trinkets of various sorts, which he sold to the crews of the

vessels in the harbor; and he, besides, drew considerable sums of money from the wondering sailors, by exhibiting to them a great many sleight-of-hand tricks. Amongst others of his performances, the captain of the British ship was surprised to observe the identical feat of Bennie Minorie's "sour-milk barrels," which the old man had taught him in his youth among the heath-clad hills of Scotland. Not one of the many ship-masters and sailors of the different nations present, could understand the juggler's puzzle, or imagine how the barrels could be taken off the cords without breaking them.

The juggler, like all others of his calling, went strutting about in the crowd, boasting and magnifying his extraordinary dexterity. The captain, recollecting distinctly all the particulars of the same puzzle which Bennie Minorie had taught him, stepped forward to the bombastical conjurer, and feigned to wonder at the extraordinary powers which he showed in his art. The juggler, with great arrogance, at once challenged the captain, or any man in all Sicily, to take the barrels from the cords. The captain, still pretending to be entirely ignorant of the trick, said he thought the thing might be possible, although it appeared to be very difficult. The gasconading conjurer instantly said he would wager his whole basketful of trinkets, worth several pounds, that the captain could not take the barrels from the cords. The captain, with feigned hesitation and apparent fear, took the bet, engaging to pay *twenty dollars* against the basket in case of failure. The twenty dollars were immediately lodged in the hands of a third party, at the request of the juggler, that his prey might not escape him. The gentleman in whose custody the money was placed for security, with other on-lookers, was astonished at the simplicity of the captain, and tried to dissuade him from foolishly throwing away his money to a professed trickster, being quite sure he would lose the bet. The captain, however, persisting in his resolution, commenced handling the barrels in a very awkward manner, as if he had been completely ignorant of the trick. This only produced a smile of contempt, and increased the confidence of the self-sufficient man, who now thought himself quite sure of the twenty dollars. But on the captain again putting his hands upon the barrels and cords in a more easy and confident manner, as if familiar with the trick, the juggler's countenance instantly fell. He perceived the trap laid for him, and exclaimed, "My basket is lost." The captain, after some flourishes with his hands, as if he had been an adept at the juggling trade, immediately uttered the mysterious puzzle, to the great amusement of the bystanders, and infinite mortification of the poor juggler. The captain immediately ordered one of his crew to carry the basket on board his ship and secure it in the cabin.

The bombastical conjurer was now completely chap-fallen. Another basket of merchandise was not easily to be obtained; and, besides, the crowd present burst out a-laughing at his embarrassment, and at seeing the biter so effectually bitten. After keeping the basket for some time in his possession, the captain returned it to the humble necromancer, warning him at the same time to be more cautious in future, and not again to peril his whole fortune and fame upon a single throw of chance. The captain only retained a tooth-brush or other trifle out of the basket; and the juggler was so much pleased and gratified at his wares being returned to him, that he pressed the captain to accept

of some articles of more value than the tooth-brush, but which he declined to receive.

The necromancer now spoke to the captain in a familiar, friendly, and subdued tone, as if he had met with a brother magician, and wished to try him with more of his sleight-of-hand feats; but the captain, being only in possession of the single one of "the sour-milk barrels," declined having anything further to do with him. The transaction produced considerable interest at the port of Messina, and was the topic of general conversation for some time.—*Chambers' Journal*.

#### THE TAHITI QUESTION.

Now that the excitement is no longer fed by questionings and answerings in the French Chambers or the English Parliament, the tone of the Parisian press has become more subdued in reference to the affair of Tahiti. The matter has now, we hope, a chance of reasonable adjustment, for M. Guizot is no longer compelled to give an account of his intentions and proceedings, day by day, to the French people, while the English cabinet is also spared the necessity of giving public utterance to sentiments, which, however proper they may be, were taken advantage of in France, to add to the irritation that already existed there.

Negotiations are now going on between the two governments, with the view of ascertaining the true merits of the question; and it is perhaps, fortunate that, on a closer examination of the facts, they seem to have been so gross towards this country, that it is impossible for M. Guizot to withhold the reparation that is required. We cannot doubt that, as far as the Tahiti affair is concerned, there will be no rupture between England and France, but it ought to become a very serious consideration with the French minister how he allows the peace of Europe to be placed in constant jeopardy by suffering authority to remain in the hands which know not how to make a proper use of it. There will be endless trouble in repairing the breaches occasioned by the Dupetit Thouarses, the Bruats, and the D'Aubignys, if such men are permitted to exercise any power that may be wielded so injudiciously as to cause dissension between their own and foreign governments. Prevention, in matters of this kind, is far easier and much safer than cure, and we trust that M. Guizot will take care for the future whom he suffers to be intrusted with positions of so much responsibility that peace or war depends on the mode of filling them.—*Atlas*, August 17.

**SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SCYTHES.**—A correspondent informs us, that a Mr. J. Rowland, farmer, of Clotton, near Tarporley, has this year adopted the novel experiment of plucking up his oats by the roots, in preference to making use of any article connected with husbandry for that purpose.—*Chester Courant*.

**A VALUABLE DOG.**—The *Sydney Herald* contains an advertisement for the sale of a dog, trained to take the entire charge of 2000 sheep. The advertiser warrants him to perform faithfully the duties of a shepherd, take the flock out at sunrise, and bring them safe home at sunset; and to look well after the lambs. He is also said to be a good night watchman.

From Chambers' Journal.

## BRIDGET PATHLOW.

To work out an honest purpose, in spite of opposition, misfortune, penury, taking no heed of scorn, no heed of ridicule; to say that you who now despise shall yet respect, you who scorn shall yet have benefit; to say these things and do them, is to present human nature in a form which sooner or later must obtain universal sympathy. In this virtue a world of hope lies hidden, even for the meanest; for, in being honest to ourselves, we create a power of honestly serving others.

In the town of Lincoln there lived some years ago a man of the name of Pathlow, who, having served in the army, had retired at the close of the war upon a small pension. He belonged to what is commonly called a good family, was proud of this relationship, and having dissipated his little patrimony, and made an ill-assorted marriage, had entered the army, not with the desire to serve, but as the only means he had of finding to-day or to-morrow's bread. After many struggles between poverty and pride, debt and disgrace, he settled in Lincoln, when he was some years past middle life. Here the old course was run. Fine houses were taken, fine appearances made; but these, unlike the three degrees of comparison, did rather begin with the largest and end with the smallest; so that, when our tale commences, the fine house in the finest street, had dwindled into a mean habitation, that could only boast its neighborhood to the minster, where, shadowed by some antique trees, and within sound of the minster's bell, it was the birth-place of Bridget Pathlow.

There were two brothers several years older than Bridget, born before Pathlow had settled in Lincoln, and on whose education he had spent all available means; for, as he had great promises from great relations, he destined them to be gentlemen. Besides these two, Bridget had another brother some years younger than herself, who, being born like her during the poverty and ill-fortunes of the parents, was looked upon with no favorable or loving eye.

Whilst the elder brothers were better clad, well taught, inditing pleasant epistles to far-off relations, poor Tom and Bridget Pathlow were the household drudges. To do dirty work, to repel needy creditors, to deny with the prompted lie, to steal along the streets, and, with the heart's blood in her face, to hear the unpaid tradesman dishonor her father's name; to sit by the fireless hearth, or by the window to watch her father's return, who, urged for money, would perhaps keep from home whole nights, having first told Bridget that he should not return alive; to watch through those hours of mental pain, and yet in this very loneliness, in these childish years, to have one never failing belief of being by self-help not always so very sorrowful or so despised, surely made this young child no unworthy dweller under the shadow of the olden minster. Tom was not half so resolute as Bridget, nor so capable of endurance.

The elder brothers left home when Bridget and Tom were not more than eleven and eight years old. No love had been fostered between these elder and younger children; yet in the heart of Bridget much was garnered. Now that they were alone, the children were more together, the household drudgery was shared between them, as well as the cares and sorrows of their miserable

home, and the stolen play round the minster aisles, where many, who despised the parents, said kind words to the children. Designing her for some humble employment, where the weekly gain of two or three shillings would supply the momentary want, Captain Pathlow (as he was called) denied Bridget any better education than such as was afforded by a school, the weekly fees of which were sixpence; but she had a kind friend in an old glass-stainer, who lived hard by, and another in his son, a blind youth, who was allowed to play upon the minster organ. As a return to this poor youth for some few lessons in organ-playing, Bridget would carry home each evening the key of a little postern door (which a kind prebend had lent him,) and by which private access was gained to the cloisters. So often did Bridget carry back that key, that at last, becoming a sort of privileged person, she was allowed to come through the garden, which, shadowed by the cloister walls, lay pleasant before the prebend's quaint study window. The old man, looking up often from his book, and remembering that in Lincoln her father's name was linked to all meanness and disgrace, would wonder to see her push back from the overhanging boughs the ripe apples, or the luscious grapes, untouched, untasted; so, judging from small things, he took to heart that this poor Bridget had a touch of nobleness about her. From this time he observed her more narrowly. Hurrying across the garden, she yet always lingered (particularly if the shadows of evening were low) to look at one piece of wood-carving, which, projecting from the old cloister wall, looked in the waning light like the drooping ivy it mimicked. One night the old man questioned her, and said he should like to be her friend, to have her taught, to serve her.

"I thank you much, sir," said she, "but if —" she stopped abruptly.

"If what, Bridget?"

"If I could sew or earn——" she stopped again.

"Well," said the old man smiling, "I see you are a good girl, Bridget. There are, if I remember what my housekeeper said, six Holland shirts to make, which——"

"I will do them. To-morrow night I will come; for I have a purpose to serve, which will make me work with a ready finger."

She was gone before the old man could answer. The morrow and the morrow's night saw that poor child plying the quick needle, whilst brother Tom guarded the chamber door, lest a gleam of the candle should betray the solitary and hidden task.

Unknown to Bridget the worthy prebend made to Captain Pathlow an offer of serving his child. But this offer was repulsed with bitter scorn. "He had rich relations," he said, "who could serve Bridget, without her being a pauper. For the rest, no one had a right to interfere."

Bridget was henceforth forbidden even to quit the house. But the six fine Holland shirts were at length completed and carried home; Tom returning the happy bearer of a bright shining piece of gold. This was soon laid out. In what? Bridget knew best, for she still worked on by night.

Returning home late one evening, the father observed the gleaming light from the lone garret window, and creeping upon the two children unseen, not only paralyzed them with fear, but held-



ing in the candle's flame the diligent work of many weeks, the fruition of that child's earliest desire, that fruit of an honest purpose—no dainty piece of needlework was it, but the drawn image, leaf by leaf, of the curious carving—burnt it to ashes.

"If you can work," he said fiercely, "there are milliners in Lincoln who want errand girls. Ha! ha! two shillings a-week will add ale to our night's meal!"

The girl was only saved from this destiny by the arrival one Saturday, during dinner time, of a very large letter sealed with black, which, being opened, was found to have come from the elder brother, who, stating the death of an uncle, advised that Bridget should be sent immediately upon a speculative visit to the widowed aunt. This was food of a right kind to Pathlow; he began its digestion immediately. "You must say good words for us, Bridget—good words. Hint that a suit of clothes, or a five pound note, will be acceptable to me, and a new silk gown to your mother; and, in short, anything."

The girl's few miserable clothes were soon packed within one narrow box, a letter written to the guard of the coach, which was to convey her from London into the western provinces, to say that her relation would pay at the end of the journey. Dear Tom parted with a copy on paper of that rare carving, laid secretly on the prebend's reading desk, and on the morrow after the letter came, Bridget saw the last glimpse of Lincoln minster. Her eldest brother—he who had written the letter—lived in London, a gay, apparently rich, gentleman, studying, it was said, for a physician, if study he ever did; but as Bridget had been forewarned not to make her appearance at his lodgings during the day, she was forced to stop till night came within the garret chamber assigned to her at the inn where the coach had stayed. With that apology for a trunk—small as it was, it would have held the wardrobes of three Bridgets—mounted on the burly shoulders of a herculean porter, the girl found her brother's home. She had expected to see rich apartments, but none so rich as these, where, surrounded by all the semblance of aristocratic life, her brother lay stretched upon a sofa sipping his wine, and reading the evening paper.

"Well," was his greeting, "you're come;" and then he went on with his paper.

These words fell chill upon the girl's heart; but she knew she was his sister, and she knelt to kiss him. "Dear Richard, dear brother, I have so counted on this hour. They all send their love; Tom, and Saul, and ——"

"There, that'll do. Go and sit down. These things are low; you must forget them all. But, laugh! how you're dressed! Did any one see you as you came in?"

The answer was satisfactory: so the reading went on.

"You must forget these Lincoln people altogether," he said after a while; "you are going to be a lady, and the memory of poverty sits ill upon such. Mind, I warn you to have a still tongue. For the rest, make yourself comfortable; say black is black, and white white. A very good maxim, I assure you, for a dependent."

"Can happiness come from such belief, or future good?" asked Bridget. "Can——"

"There, that'll do; I never discuss points with children. Talk the matter over with the next maid-servant, or reserve it for private meditation when you are upon the top of the coach."

Bridget had little to say after this, and a late hour of that same night found her journeying to the western province, where her widowed relation dwelt. At length, on the second morning after leaving London, she found herself in a country town, in a gay street, standing upon a scrupulously clean step, knocking upon a very bright knocker, not only for her own admittance, but for that of the scantily-freighted box. A demure-looking servant appeared, who, taking in to her mistress the introductory letter which the elder Pathlow had indited, being, as he had said, the fishing-hook whereby to catch the fish, left the Lincoln girl to a full hour's doubt as to whether she should have to retrace her way to Lincoln, or be received as the poor dependent. It seemed that her unexpected arrival had created much discussion; for loud voices were heard in a neighboring parlor. The dispute, rising into a storm, was only stayed by Bridget's being ordered into the presence of the bereaved widow, who, being of substantial form, sat in a capacious chair, with a plentiful flow of lawn before her weeping face. She was surrounded by several relatives, each of whom had children to recommend; but wishing to exhibit her power, and triumph over their greedy expectations, she rose, and throwing herself upon the astonished girl's neck, made visible election of a dependent. Foiled in their purpose, the relations disappeared. The widow, like a child pleased with a toy, made for a while much of the poor Lincoln girl: old dresses were remodelled, old bonnets cunningly trimmed, bygone fashions descanted on, till, to crown the whole, the girl wished back her Lincoln rags, rather than walk the streets to be gazed at by every passer-by. In this matter there was no appeal; there never is against dogged self-opinion or selfish cunning. Pleased with having one on whom to wreak a world of spite, the widow soon changed her first show of kindness to taunts, reproaches proportionate to the loneliness and dependence of the child. Months went by without one solitary gleam of happiness, for books or learning were forbidden; added to all this, too, were perpetual secret letters from her home, urging her to send money. But there was no meanness in Bridget; she could endure, but not crave unworthily. Things had gone on thus for a twelve-month, when one winter's day the widow came back, after a week's absence, a gay bride, and that same night Bridget was sent back on her way to Lincoln, with five shillings in her pocket over and above the coach hire.

Bridget had a fellow-passenger, who, having travelled far, and being young, and troubled with a child, was much pleased with the thousand little kindnesses that the girl performed, so that before the journey to London was ended, a vast friendship was established between them. They parted with much regret; for, to one like Bridget, so lonely, so destitute of friends, the mere semblance of kindness was a treasure in itself. She had sat some time in the office waiting for the Lincoln coach—not without comfort, for the book-keeper had stirred up the office fire, and, suspecting her scanty purse, had supplied her with a glass of warm ale and a toast—when a pale but respectable-looking man entered, and saying that he was the husband of Bridget's fellow-passenger, had come to offer her the comfort of his home for a day or so, as a return for her kindness to his wife and child. After some little deliberation Bridget accepted the offer, for she dreaded to return home without having written to say that she was coming;



so an hour afterwards Bridget sat with a baby on her knee by the side of her fellow-passenger, in a comfortable second-floor room in a street leading from Long Acre. Never was such a tea prepared as on this memorable night, never such a hearth, never such a baby, never such a happy young wife, never such a wondering Bridget; for here seemed the visible presence of all riches her heart had ever craved; here, in this working-chamber of a Long Acre herald-painter. Here, too, without wealth, was the power of mind made visible; here, in this chamber of the artisan. A few cheap books nicely arranged, a few prints, rich pannelled escutcheons, and cunning tracery, that brought to mind old things in Lincoln minster, covered the walls. These things stood out like the broad written words of hope and perseverance.

Bridget had never been so happy. On the morrow a letter was despatched; but the answer was one of bitter reproach, harsh threats. It bore no invitation to return; and when it said that Tom had left Lincoln, Bridget had no desire to do so. The stay of a few days was lengthened into one of months; for when her good friends knew her history—all of it, saving her love of art—they could but pity, which pity ripening into estimation as her character became more known, turned friendship into love. We draw no romantic character, but one of real truth. Bridget was the busiest and cheerfullest; up early, so that the hearth was clean, the breakfast ready, the baby neatly dressed; and this not done for once, but always; so that Bridget became a necessary part of the household in Long Acre. By and by, when she was found to possess an aptitude for drawing, the artisan set busily to work, and by the evening fire paid back, in teaching, her honest service. An up-turned cup, a book, a jug, were drawn; and when these were perfect, things of greater difficulty were sketched. Her progress was but slow, yet so perfect, that in a few months' time she was a real help to her master; and when he fell into bad health, and had to work at home, she assisted to bring bread to that poor household. The artisan grew no better, but lingering week by week in a consumption, was each day less able to perform the work which, being of a rare and delicate kind, his master would intrust to no other hand.

One week (the week before he died) a crest of rare device had to be painted on the pannels of a rich city merchant's carriage. No hand could execute it like that of the dying man; but his hand was past work, though the mind could still invent; and Bridget who knew that but for this work being done no bread could come, knelt, and by his bed earned what was last eaten by that dying man. The work excelled the master's hope; he wondered more when, with that artisan's last breath, he learned the act of mercy, how done and by whom. Bridget respiced good fruit: when she had lost one friend, when his widow and child had left London for the country, the good old master coachmaker took Bridget home into veritable Long Acre itself. He was not rich; but paying Bridget for all her services, she had money wherewith to take new lessons in art—to begin the learning of wood-engraving, in which she afterwards rarely excelled—to lay by four bright gold pounds, as the means of seeing Lincoln once again. They had never written to her from home, never for years; but still her heart clung to those old memories which had encompassed her childhood.

She was now seventeen. It was a bright May

morning when she travelled onward to the minster town. How her heart beat audibly when, by the waning evening light, the home even of that miserable childhood was seen again. Lifting the latch, she stole into the house; but no happy voice, no greeting met her ear: all that was said was, "Well, you're come at last." But by and by, when it was hinted that the larder was empty, and the relic of those four bright pounds were seen, more civil words were heard, which, warming into a full tide of kindness, lasted, veritably lasted, till the last shilling was spent; then—then laughing her poverty to scorn, she was ordered to travel back to London in the best fashion she could.

The good old prebend was absent from Lincoln; so it was only from poor blind Saul she could borrow a scanty sum, which sum was the more needful, as she had to travel out of the high road to a little town where her dear brother Tom now lived. He had run away from home soon after Bridget had left, and after many ups and downs in those few years, was now become half clerk, half servant in the house of a country attorney. His nature was more passive than that of Bridget, more yielding, less energetic: having been from childhood weak in body, he had scarcely bettered his condition in changing one scene of drudgery for another. In the little parlor of the country inn his long sad tale of passive suffering was told to the sister's ear. If she wept, it was but for a moment; then talking cheerfully of what the future should be—how they would work together, how they would be dear friends, how they in London would have one common home, and asking nothing from the world, still pay to it one never-failing debt of cheerfulness and sympathy; how they would do all this they said so many times, that the supper grew cold, and poor feeble Tom laughed outright. They parted that summer's night; there was comfort when Bridget promised that a letter should come soon. She did not even hint the joy that should be in it.

Once more in London, she began that very week to build a home for Tom. By a little help from her Long Acre friends she procured some few pupils, whose parents being ambitious to adorn their parlor walls at the cheapest rate, had their children initiated into the mysteries of art at sixpence the lesson. Sixteen lessons a-week made eight shillings—little enough to exist upon; but it yet hired a room and bought bread, and something like the consciousness of independence. At night, too, there were hours to work in—and then the practice of wood-engraving went nimbly on.

In returning home once a-week from a distant part of London, Bridget had to pass in an obscure street an old bookstall. She sometimes stopped to look upon it; she always did so when she had seen upon it an old thumbed copy of Bewick's British Birds. In those rare tail-pieces, that never were surpassed, one who knew all the difficulties of the art found infinite delight. She was observed one evening by a gentleman who had come up to the bookstall some minutes after Bridget; like her, too, he was curious in art, and wondered what this young poor-clad female could find of interest in one or two small pictured pages, not hastily turned over, but dwelt upon long, minute after minute. He followed, but her light step soon left him far behind: he came again—there she was, on the same day week, with that same old thumbed Bewick. Weeks went by in

this manner, till the stall-keeper, remembering her often-seen face, bid her "buy, or else not touch the books again;" and Bridget, creeping away like one guilty of a misdeed, saw not that the curious gentleman had bought the books, and now followed her with speedy foot. This time he might have found her home, but that, in a street leading into Holborn, some papers fell from the little roll of drawings she carried; he stooped to pick them up—in the moment of glancing at them she was lost to sight.

Now that night-labor had made her somewhat proficient in the art, she tried to get employment; but for weeks without success. Specimens sent in to engravers were returned, letters to publishers unheeded; letters or specimens from Long Acre were of a surety inadmissible. The master who had taught her was dead. At last there was pointed out to her an advertisement in one of the daily papers, that engravers upon wood were wanted for the designs of a cheap publication. There was reference to a person of whom Bridget had heard; so, sending first for permission, she was introduced to the advertiser. A subject for illustration was chosen, and a pencil placed in her hand. When the design came out visibly from the paper, the advertiser, shaking his head, said he would consider. This consideration took some weeks; meanwhile a sleepless pillow was that of poor Bridget. At last the answer came; he would employ her, but at a very moderate remuneration. Yet here was hope, clear as the noonday's sun; here was the first bright-beaded drop in the cup of the self-helper; here was hope for Tom; here matter for the promised letter. The work done, the remuneration coming in, the fruition came; new yet humble rooms were hired, second-hand furniture bought piece by piece; and it was a proud night when, alone in her still chamber, the poor despised Lincoln girl thanked Heaven for its holy mercy.

The proverb tells us that good fortune is never single-headed. On the morrow—it was a wet and rainy day—Bridget, in passing into Spring Gardens, observed that the stall of a poor lame apple woman had been partly overturned by some rude urchin. She stopped to help the woman, and whilst so doing, a very fat old gentleman came up, and looking, very quietly remarked in a sort of audible whisper to himself, "Curious! very curious! this same very little act of mercy first introduced me to my excellent Tom: ay! ay! Tom's gone; there is n't such another from Eastcheap to Chelsea."

The name of Tom was music to Bridget's ears. The old gentleman had moved away; but following quickly, Bridget addressed him.

"I have a brother, sir, whose name is——"

"Tom," interrupted the old gentleman; "find me my Tom's equal, and I'll say something to you. Here is my address." He thrust a card into Bridget's hand, and went on. Here was a romantic omen of good for Tom.

That same night the letter was indited. Two days after, the country wagon deposited Tom in the great city. An hour after, he sat by Bridget's hearth.

"This night repays me for all past sorrow," said the sister, as she sat hand in hand by her brother's side. "Years ago, in those lonely winter nights, something like a dream of this same happy hour would come before me. Indeed it did, dear Tom."

Each thing within those same two narrow rooms had a history; the cuckoo clock itself would have furnished matter for a tale; the six chairs and the one table were prodigies.

On the morrow, Tom, guided by the address, found out the office of the fat old gentleman, who, being a bachelor and an attorney, held pleasant chambers in Clement's Inn. Whether induced by Tom's appearance or his name, we know not, but the old gentleman, after certain inquiries at the coachmaker's in Long Acre, took Tom for his clerk at the salary of six shillings a-week.

We must now allow weeks to pass by. In the meanwhile Bridget's work increased, though not the money paid for it. Yet out of these same earnings a small sum was laid by, for what our Lincoln girl breathed to no living ear. About this time better work was heard of, but application for it, through the person who employed her, failed; how, she knew not. If I had a friend, she said, I might succeed; and though Richard has passed me in the streets unheeded, still I will make one last appeal to him. She went, not in rags, but decently attired.

"That you are rich, and above me in circumstances, I know, Richard," she humbly said; "hitherto you have scorned to own one so poor; but as I have never wronged you or your name, you will perhaps say that I am your sister?"

"I made your fortune once," he bitterly answered; "of your *honest purposes* since then I know nothing. For the rest, it is not convenient for a man in my condition to have pauper friends—you have my answer."

"Brother," she said, as she obeyed the haughty gesture that signaled her to leave the room, "may you regret the words you have so harshly spoken. For the rest, believe me I shall yet succeed, in spite of all this opposition."

The peace of Bridget's home was now broken by weekly letters from Lincoln for loan of money, which applications being successful for a few times, only made the letters more urgent and pressing in their demands.

Some months after Bridget's interview with Richard, there sat one winter's evening in the study of a celebrated author three gentlemen. The one was the author himself, as widely known for his large human loving heart as for the books he had written. He had now been for some days translating a child's story from the German, a sort of spiritual child's book, like the *Story without an End*.

"Were this book illustrated by one who had the same self-helping soul as its author, the same instinctive feeling," said the translator to one of his friends, "it would indeed be priceless. I have sometimes thought none but a woman could catch the simple yet deep maternal feeling that lies in these same pages; but where is——"

"There is a woman capable of this," said one of the friends, turning to the author; "beyond all doubt capable. Look here."

He drew forth from a pocket book the very papers which two years before Bridget had lost.

"You say true," answered the translator; "but what is this; it seems like the copy of some carved foliage, some——"

"This must be Bridget's," interrupted the other guest, leaning across the table with anxious face (for it was no other than the minster prebend;) "I see it is; yes, yes, a copy of the antique carving from the minster wall. Good things have been

said in Lincoln of this Bridget, but the father would never tell where she was."

The enthusiastic old gentleman now entered into a long detail of Bridget's youth, which, coupled with the other gentleman's story, left no doubt that the peeper into the thumbed copy of Bewick and the Lincoln girl were one and the same.

Next day anxious inquiries were set on foot respecting Bridget, but without effect. Then weeks went by, and in the meanwhile the German book could find no fit illustrator. But at last the woodcuts in the cheap periodical for which Bridget engraved were remarked upon. The man who had the name of being both the artist and engraver was applied to, and he agreed to furnish the desired illustrations. A few were sent in, surpassing the author's hopes; but a stray leaf, a graceful touch, brought to memory the hand of Bridget. Yet she could not be heard of, though the old Lincoln gentleman was indefatigable in his inquiries.

At length one night the prebend and his friend were returning along the Strand in a westerly direction, when by St. Clement's Daines they observed a very fat old gentleman creeping slowly along the pavement, whilst a diminutive youth kept watch and guard, now right, now left, as either side seemed likely to be jostled by some rude passer-by.

"You shall go no further," at length said the old gentleman, stopping short; "not an inch farther. Go! give my love to your sister, you dog, and say that I have to thank her for introducing to me a second incomparable Tom."

But the boy was so far incomparable, that, being wilful and obstinate, he would see the old gentleman safe within New Inn, which was near at hand; and the friends, waiting outside, stayed till the boy returned, for his voice had brought to the prebend's ear that of Bridget. They followed him into Long Acre, up two pair of stairs, where, lifting the latch, the prebend beheld the same Bridget whom he had known at Lincoln, while his companion recognized, in the same person, her whom he had followed years ago. A good fire burnt upon the hearth, Tom's tea ready, his shoes and his coat by the fire; for the night was wet, and Bridget herself busily at work upon the illustration of the German story. Happy was the meeting between the old man and her he almost thought his child; strange the feelings of the gentleman who had bought the thumbed Bewick, and hoarded those poor drawings. We have not room to tell the joy of that night.

From this hour Bridget had worthy friends. The morrow brought the sister of the one who had remembered Bridget at the bookstall. He was the same rich city merchant who so unknowingly had praised Bridget's first work and act of mercy. When he heard from the worthy coachmaker that story—when he knew from Tom what a sister Bridget was—when the old prebend said so many kindly things, no wonder that admiration ripened into love. By the hand of his sister (who was his housekeeper) all manner of graceful acts were performed, all manner of good fortune offered; but nothing could shake Bridget's self-helping resolves, no promises induce her to quit poor, humble, trusting Tom: the only help she asked was that of work to be done. The excellent prebend, returning to Lincoln, spoke much of Bridget, which good report of fortune coming to her father's ears, he presently resolved (as his wife was now dead) to make one home serve for himself and Bridget.

So coming to London, he was soon comfortable; exacting money, craving for delicacies, not caring how they were to be procured, till their once happy home became one of misery to Tom and Bridget.

Months went by, often during which it was mercy to escape to the home of her kind city friends, even for a few hours. The house that they occupied in summer-time—it was now that season—was situated a few miles from town, and here one evening the rich merchant asked Bridget to be his wife.

"You might live to regret marriage with one so poor as myself, sir," was her answer; "you who could ask the hand of ladies of wealth and beauty."

"Wealth of money, Bridget, but not with thy wealth of soul. Money is an advantage which the many have; but the heroism of self-help in women is rare, because few are so willing to be self-helpers. It is I who will be made rich in having you. I know that time would prove it. Come, my home must be yours."

Bridget did at last consent, but with a reservation which must be yet a secret. Whatever was its purpose, it was a resolve not to be shaken: but as time wore on, many were the protestations against this resolution. At length, after days and weeks of indefatigable labor, Bridget asked the old prebend and the merchant to meet her at the chambers of Tom's master. They did so. Tom was there as well as the fat old gentleman, the one looking sly because he knew the secret, the other wonderingly. The old gentleman signed some papers, which an old clerk attested; then Bridget, drawing forth a purse of gold, laid the fees upon the parchment of Tom's indenture as attested clerk.

"This was my reservation, this my secret. As I have now shown myself a humble loving sister of this dear Tom, so I am now willing to become the wife."

A week after, Bridget stood as the wife of the rich city merchant by the altar of Lincoln minster: and dear as the marriage-ring was on that day, was the gift of the old thumbed copy of Bewick's British Birds.

Habits of self-help, like all good things, are enduring. Bridget, as the wife and mother, is still the same, losing no opportunity of self-culture, no power of being the best teacher to her children.

Tom is at this time a quaint bachelor attorney, having succeeded to the snug practice of the fat gentleman. That there exists between him and Bridget a rare and enduring love, we need not make record.

Of the death of the father we need not speak. Over the selfishness, the pride of the elder brother, we will draw a veil, for the memory of good is better than the memory of evil. Bridget had triumph enough in the fruition of honest labor.

**DANIEL, THE DRAINER.**—Ireland, they say, requires, for the development of her resources, a thorough drainage. The Repeal Rent of Mr. Daniel O'Connell is stated by the *Dublin Evening Mail* as averaging from 50,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* a year. How can Ireland be drained more effectually!—*Punch*.

A Romish "cathedral," on a larger and more magnificent scale than any built in England since the Reformation, has been recently erected in Nottingham, and will be opened on Wednesday week. The Pontifical mass on that occasion will be presided over by Dr. Wiseman. Mr. Pugin is the architect.

*Puck's Reports to Oberon.* (One of the series called "Felix Summerly's Home Treasury.") London. Cundall.

FELIX SUMMERLY is a very pleasant and agreeable personage, and strings together many pleasant and agreeable tales. He has an estimable respect for fairy lore, and an amiable uneasiness lest it should be overwhelmed by juvenile books of travels. Appointing himself a sort of trustee to *Mother Goose*, he performs his duties with zeal and ability, and not only faithfully distributes the property she has bequeathed in the shape of divers tales to the parties beneficially interested—viz., the rising generation of England—but he does the thing in a handsome manner. His illustrations, which are lithographic imitations of the sepia style, with chalk lights, are bold and spirited, if the drawings be not always unexceptionable; nay, he sometimes goes to the first masters (*vide* his "Bible Events," illustrated by Hans Holbein) for designs. Then his type is good, and he puts a neat cover on his volumes, and altogether, he has started as pretty a series of children's books as any godmamma could wish to purchase at Christmastime. The little work before us is a selection of tales, certainly not showing the creative power of a Prometheus, a Frankenstein, or a Friar Bacon, but they are sufficiently novel for juveniles, and are marked by a kindly feeling. Disagreeable people are punished, pleasant folks are rewarded—such is the wholesome moral inculcated. Moreover, we stopped at some of the illustrations with pleasure. The frontispiece, representing Puck sitting on a great Freischützian Owl, with a not inelegant lazy-looking Oberon reclining in the background, is vigorous and fanciful, while the drawing appended to the "Eagle's Verdict" shows the hand of an artist.

Greatly were we shocked, however, when we had ended reading the gentle fictions and examining the "pretty pictures," to come to the "Original Announcement of the Home Treasury," which is stitched in at the end of the volume. There did we find a formal declaration of war against that respectable provider of information for children, Mr. Peter Parley. Felix Summerly not only expresses himself with considerable asperity on the books, "addressed after a narrow fashion, almost exclusively to the cultivation of the understanding of children," but he proudly declares that the character of his "Treasury" may be briefly described as "Anti-Peter-Parleyism." Now, we had thought otherwise of Summerly—our notions of Felix were essentially different. We represented him to our imagination as a man of a peaceful and tender temperament, living generally in a little world of his own, his heart beating high with *Cinderella* at the ball, or his eyes swimming with tears at the fate of *Red Ridinghood*, till he sunk to tranquil slumber—lulled by the nursery rhyme of his own editing. Occasionally, indeed, we knew he strayed into the actual world, but then, as we fondly dreamed, it was only to pencil handbooks to pleasant places, to tell us where the great vine stands at Hampton Court, and what we ought to think of Raffaele and Mantegna. But now we find he is one of bitter thoughts and severities. His books for children he declares shall have a polemic bearing, for they shall be characterized by "Anti-Peter-Parleyism." Surely, Felix, the world is big enough to hold Peter Parley and yourself too. It was found capacious enough to hold *Uncle Toby*

and the fly, as demonstrated by a philosopher of the last century, named Laurence Sterne.

The wrath of Felix is not confined to the purveyors of information for children; he is equally indignant with those who take a comic view of fairy literature, and "turn into ribaldry fairy tales hallowed to children's use." Nay, he has a parental reason for this hatred, as he has experience every day in his own family, that the "funny" vein of old fairy tales, and the non-creation of new ones, is "hurtful to children." Have, indeed, some infant Summerlys' morals been blighted by Mr. Albert Smith's comic words, or Mr. John Parry's comic music? We doubt it, Felix, for we know that fiction is your province.

Shun polemics, Felix, or some malicious person will change your name to "Infelix Winterly." Let Peter Parley tell his stories of foreign lands, if he pleases, and vent not your wrath on him that is droll about *Cinderella*. Go on editing your fairy tales in the style of your present publications, and you may be pretty sure of finding youthful readers, without troubling yourself about the channels for juvenile instruction which others are throwing open.

#### CLASSES OF NATIVE SOCIETY IN INDIA.

THE dark, slightly-formed being, with bare shoulders and crimson turban, perspiring under the weight of a handsome palankeen, chanting in parts a wild chorus as he goes, to alleviate the labor; the water-seller, driving before him a fat bullock, adorned with bells and necklaces, and bearing a goat's skin that oozes refreshment to the thirsty ground as he moves along; the sepoy, pressing forward to parade, neat and careful in attire, cheerful and smiling in his aspect; the brahmin, slowly returning from his river ablutions towards the temple; the salesman, bearing baskets of grain to supply his stall; the musician and the dancing-girl; the fruitseller and the toddy drawer; the gold-worker and the weaver of fine muslin—all are Hindus, of various castes, indeed, and different prejudices, but yet agreeing well in all that forms the great staple of opinion.

The tall Persian, with glossy beard and flowing robes, snow-white turban and yellow slippers, who passes by with solemn gait and downcast eye, a Chinese writing-case in his slender hand, the symbol of his calling;—the swarthy Arab, with checked kerchief on his head, and goat's-hair cloak cast carelessly over his usual vest, hurrying forward to the stables, intent on some fresh trick of jockeyship;—the Borah, bearing a basket on his head, whence peep forth books, bridles, and perfumes, and followed by a train equally laden, to each of whom one small blanket suffices for attire,—the bustling servant, cheapening fowls and pomellows;—the sleek and portly gentleman, ambling by on a richly-caparisoned and well-fed mare, his African slave running swiftly forward to clear the way;—these are Mahomedans, and differ little but in rank.

The native gentleman, simple in attire, but vigilant in observation, who dashes past in a well-appointed carriage of Long Acre build, accompanied by his youthful and intelligent-looking sons, the portly domestic, bustling along, with a shining chintz turban, and a Chinese umbrella to protect him from the noontide sun;—the fine-looking lads, strolling quietly along, each with his hand on his companion's shoulder, and a book beneath his arm, the handsome children, with large black eyes, and

skins almost fair enough for Europeans, that peep laughingly forth from the crimson hangings or the green venetians of a native carriage, drawn by a pair of sturdy and milk-white bullocks, adorned with embroidered housings and silver necklaces:—these are Parsees. The gentleman has probably left his country-house to consult a European lawyer in the town, while the children seek the environs, and the festive entertainment of a friend.

Again: here and there appears, marked like a blot among the rest, a thin, sallow, black-haired being, with a round white hat, puckered trousers, yellow waistcoat, and gilt watch-guard; he carries in one hand a small switch, and in the other a little bundle tied in his checked handkerchief, smoking a cigar as he strolls along. By his side is a short, stout woman, with coarse but curling black hair on her otherwise uncovered head; a gay petticoat, somewhat short, a crimson shawl, and a necklace of large blue beads, form her costume:—these are Portuguese, and of the rank commonly encountered.—*Mrs. Postans.*

#### A TASTE OF PUNCH.

"WITH VERDURE CLAD.—In Pennsylvania there is a detachment of Irishmen called "The Hibernia Greens." This would n't be a bad title for the contributors to the repeal fund.

EDUCATIONAL HANDKERCHIEFS.—We have seen with considerable satisfaction that the schoolmaster has been abroad even to the baudannas—or, in other words, that fine moral lessons are imparted through the medium of silk pocket handkerchiefs. Instead of the old unmeaning bird's-eye pattern, by which the *mouchoir* was formerly adorned, we have a series of highly finished designs illustrative of "great facts" in reading, writing, or arithmetic. Science of every description is now taught through the medium of the pocket handkerchief, and learning is thus thrust under the very nose of the public. Some were inclined to think that pocket handkerchiefs applied to science, would be the means of giving it a very severe blow; while others believed that the plan would be sure to succeed, for the public are easily led by the nose, and a great moral truth is never so well inculcated as when it is nicely wrapped up in the folds of a silk pocket handkerchief. It is true that philosophy is not a thing to be sneezed at, and the lights of the age might stand a chance of being snuffed out, if the pupils took snuff while using the handkerchiefs on which the glorious coruscations of the luminary in question might be emblazoned. We are, however, happy to find that the experiment is to be tried, and we are enabled to state that a primer has been prepared, in a series of two handkerchiefs, one in use and the other at the wash, according to the custom of most economical families.

A geography will be comprised in a set of four handkerchiefs, so that the student may wipe away the dust from his forehead with a map of his native land, and he will thus be able to keep England in his eye as long as he may find it convenient.

An arithmetical series will also be very interesting; and that this idea can be carried out is easily proved by the fact that the pocket handkerchief has often served for working various lessons in subtraction, some of which have required considerable ingenuity.

Law may also be inculcated in the same manner, and as it is often paid for through the nose, it

may surely be acquired through the pocket handkerchief. We understand that the series will be placed under the superintendence of the editor of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, who is likely to produce a dry soft article, extremely well adapted to the purpose.

THE BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP.—The Pennsylvanians have been shedding each other's blood. This is the last method they have adopted for "paying people off."

THE MINISTERS' HOLIDAY LETTERS.—The following holiday letter, written in consequence of the approaching vacation, has been forwarded by Sir Robert Peel to his Tamworth constituents, whom he has always regarded as his political parents:—

"MY DEAR PARENTS,

"I write with much pleasure to let you know that our vacation will commence next week, when I hope to see you in good health.

"I think you will be satisfied with my progress, and though I have not been fortunate enough to get many good marks, I have had a very few crosses.

"I have had some very hard French lessons in the course of the half year, and I have got a very difficult one for my holiday task, but I shall do all I can to beat Master Guizot.

"I have got on very well with my arithmetic, though at the beginning of the half year I had a good deal of trouble with compound fractions. I have thrown off weights and passed measures; but I have skipped corn-measure, because of its being so very difficult.

"My geography has given me a good deal of trouble, particularly India, which I nearly got punished for, through the fault of another boy named Ellenborough. But Ellenborough has been turned back; and now that he is out of the class, we go on a great deal better.

"I have not spent all my money, but have got a large surplus; which Mr. Bull, my master, says is much more praiseworthy than what was done by those naughty boys, Master Melbourne, Master Montague, and Master Russell, who spent all the money they had, and got into debt very much besides.

"In my drawing, I have done very little; but I have got a good many pretty designs, and I hope next half year to finish them.

"Our vacation will end at the usual period; and

"I remain, my dear parents,

"Your affectionate offspring,

"ROBERT PEEL."

FROM LORD ABERDEEN.

In order to show the proficiency he has acquired in French, Lord Aberdeen has written his holiday letter in that language.

"Mes chers Parents,

"Je suis heureux (I am happy) de vous dire, (to tell you,) que notre saintes jours (that our holy-days) sont bien près à la main (are very near at hand.) J'écris cette lettre (I write this letter) en Français (in French) en ordre de vous montrer (in order to show you) comme j'ai obtenu en avant (how I have got on) dans mon Français (in my French.) J'ai eu un dur tirage (I have had a hard pull) avec Maître Guizot, (with Master Guizot,) qui a essayé diaboliquement dur (who has tried deuced hard) d'obtenir le mieux de moi (to get the better of me.) Je crois, pas-avec-restant-debout (I think,

not-with-standing,) *que je serais un alhamette* (that I shall be a match) *pour lui* (for him.) *Il n'est pas allant* (he is not going) *de faire un fou de moi* (to make a fool of me.) *Il me prend pour une jean âne* (he takes me for a jackass,) *mais je suis rien de l'espèce* (but I am nothing of the sort.)

"*Toujours, mes chers parents* (always, my dear parents,)

"*Voire affectionné soleil*, (your affectionate son,)  
"*Doyen d'Aber* (ABERDEEN.)"

FROM SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

"MY DEAR PAPA AND MAMA,

"I am very glad to tell you that the holidays will begin next week.

"I am very sorry to say that my master, Mr. John Bull, is not pleased with me, and I have been in a great deal of disgrace about my letters.

"I hope when I go back to school I shall be a better boy, and I remain,

"My dear parents,

"Your undutiful, but repentant, child,

"JAMES GRAHAM."

THE PHILOSOPHER STONE.—There is a "CLUB DES INVENTEURS" just established at Paris, for the purpose of encouraging discoveries. Let us propose that the first premium be awarded to the person who discovers an article in the French press that is written with the least good feeling towards England.

THE TYPE OF A FRENCH PRINCE.—THE COMTE DE PARIS has a small printing-machine fitted up in his room. LOUIS PHILIPPE is determined his successor shall learn at an early age the necessity of having the press continually "under his thumb."

CAPTAIN PRUDENCE.—By the version given in the *Emancipation de Toulouse* of the late occurrences at Tahiti, we learn that the French vessel, the *Phaëton*, "passed along the coast on her return, throwing shells on all the houses within her reach." Gallant *Phaëton*!

Whilst, however, pursuing this generous mode of warfare, the heroes of the *Phaëton*—"perceived with astonishment two intrenchments, sufficiently capacious to shelter 200 combatants, whose heads appeared above the parapet. \* \* \* Some Europeans, who appeared to command them, came to the shore to challenge a landing. *Prudence commanded nothing should be done.*" Cautious *Phaëton*!

"Prudence commanded that nothing should be done." Prudence, then, was commanding-officer. Commend us to Captain Prudence. We must suppose, however, that whilst the *Phaëton* was throwing shells on the houses of the defenceless Tahitians, Captain Prudence was taking a nap in his hammock; the vessel being under the direction of Lieutenant Cruelty.

Captain Prudence, we find, was—"satisfied with sending them some broadsides, which appeared not to frighten them, as they did not stir."

Much, we apprehend, to the astonishment of Captain Prudence, who, no doubt, under similar circumstances, would have run away as fast as his legs could carry him.

A CHANCE LOST.—Mr. Punch, in respectfully congratulating his Royal Highness Prince Albert upon the birth of his royal son, cannot but point out with a mournful satisfaction a suggestion which was offered to the government by Mr. Punch himself.

Mr. Punch insinuated (as well as the delicacy

of the august subject permitted) the propriety that her Majesty should visit Ireland, and that an Irish prince be born there.

Had this humble suggestion been followed, the Duke of York would have been born in Dublin on the birthday of Daniel O'Connell.

And the little new-comer might have asked a holiday for the old one, and the Queen might have numbered one loyal Irish subject more.

HORRIBLE INMATE.—A gentleman in this city has a letter from his brother, dated at Isle Royal, in Lake Superior, detailing the following story. A man and his wife, a half-breed, were left on the island last fall by the locaters of copy-rights or leases, to keep good their possession. The Isle Royal is about twenty miles from the British Northern shore. It is about forty miles long, and but a few miles in width. This man and woman were the only inhabitants of this solitary land during the severities of winter. On the 5th of March the man died. The writer of the letter arrived there on the 27th of April, in an open boat, from Isle of Pointe. They found the woman still in the cabin where the two had lived, and the CORPSE OF THE MAN still in the bed where he died! The purity and cold of the atmosphere had prevented the decay of the body, and the lonely woman had been unable or unwilling to remove it. Nearly two months had she lived and slept in the same cabin with her dead husband, when the party arrived and buried it. The forms of a Christian burial were observed, although but one of the party understood the English language.

LAKE SUPERIOR is four hundred and ninety miles in length and seventeen hundred in circumference, being the largest body of fresh water known. It contains many islands; one of them, the Isle Royale, is one hundred miles in length and forty in breadth. Upwards of thirty rivers empty themselves into the lake. The country, however, about the whole region is said to be poor, and not very inviting to the emigrant. The emigration and improvements now in progress on the borders of the great inland sea, will at all events lead to the establishment of a few towns and villages on its borders. The land is not so good, it is true, as that on the other lakes, but it can be had cheap, and made to yield fair crops.

MAN AND HORSE KILLED BY BEES.—One day last week, a horse belonging to Mr. Uppinden, farmer, strayed from his yard into the garden of Mrs. Cox, adjoining, and kicked down a hive of bees, which instantly attacked him with great fierceness. The poor horse kicked and plunged violently, and a man named Blunt, a shepherd, who happened to be in Mrs. Cox's house, went to its rescue. He succeeded in getting hold of the horse, but had scarcely done so, when the bees attacked him, covering his head, face, and every exposed part of his body. It was in vain he strove to beat them off. Wet cloths were flung over him, and other appliances resorted to, but it was a long time before the enemy left him. The unfortunate man was conveyed to his home, but died on his way thither within ten minutes of the attack. The horse died the next evening. An inquest was held on the body of Blunt, and a verdict returned according to the circumstances. The deceased has left several children to lament his untimely end.—*Cambridge Independent*.

*The Wars of Jehovah.* By T. HAWKINS, Esq.  
Illustrated by Martin. Baileier. London.

MR. HAWKINS is a gentleman who has acquired some degree of fame by a work on the Ichtyosauri, which used to startle passers-by from the windows of the booksellers, in consequence of a large plate by Mr. Martin, in which the antediluvian monsters were represented, not in their fossil condition, but rejoicing in a state of hideous vivacity. Mr. Hawkins now comes before the public with an epic, kindred in subject to the warlike part of *Paradise Lost*, dedicating the same to the queen, in the hope that it will serve as a mark "for her Majesty's reign unto the latest posterity." That diffidence which has prevented the perfect development of many an exalted genius is, happily, no impediment to this author. He hopes that future ages will talk of the reign of Victoria I. as "the times of Thomas Hawkins."

Mr. Hawkins' poem is the darkest, without exception, we ever read. There is not an obscure passage in the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus* that is not light and easy in comparison. We unhesitatingly confess that we have read some of Mr. Hawkins' pages without more approach—we do not only say to the understanding thereof, but to the perception of the syntactical construction—than if we had pondered over Babylonish bricks. It has at times seemed to us as if primordial chaos would have sung such lays for the edification of night. As a trustee may be required to hand over to a *cestuy qui trust* some valuable document in a language whereof he is ignorant, so do we give our readers a specimen of the gigantic poem of Mr. Hawkins. *Sacrael*, an angel, delivers the following eloquent speech after the fall of *Lucifer*. *Gloriel*, we should premise, is another angel:—

Oh, angels, deem not thirst  
Of knowledge criminal, since one thereby  
Alas! is lost; the all-creator none  
Denying that he slake, where'er he will,  
Of the innumerable springs, *Gloriel*—  
As well as the arch-gerent, hath his faith  
Thereby enhanced. Beyond yon arch concave  
I, too, have soared, and depths as they are high  
Sounded abstruse, disputing till I failed,  
In dizzy sort returning back to God  
For my refreshment, upon bended knee,  
Asking the rule which never was refused.  
But this observe, knowledge the rule of life  
Serves not, and for its own particular sake  
Is worthless; the last problem in the school  
Is like the last mechanically solved;  
Practised the whole to the original  
We are returned, otherwise the arch  
To him the consequence. Ye cherubim,  
Contented with the alphabet, as blest  
Are ye as the archangels studious  
Of mightiest magnitudes, unto his cost  
A greater and with no advantage we.

Does any one of our readers understand the construction of the last four lines? If he do, we congratulate him. We are content to be ignorant and admire. By the way, we had forgot that Mr. Hawkins, in his "Advertisement," declares that a day is to be treated in this poem as if it were a thousand years; and that the word "earth" is to be considered as denoting not the globe in which we live, but the aggregated matter of our solar system when in a state of utmost expansion. Surely when we fly so high, we have a manifest right to forget such a human littleness as *Lindley Murray*.

He that would enjoy Mr. Hawkins' poem must be a tremendous scholar. All the mythologies must be at his fingers' ends,—the *Eddas* and the *Puranas* must alike have been mastered, with the whole dark mass of classic erudition. This epic bristles with allusions, like the elegies of *Propertius*, only they are sixty-fold more recondite.

Mr. Hawkins has a great dislike for common forms of expression; he likes to say "aurine" better than "golden;" the "firmamental" is in his eyes a better word than the "firmament;" the "constitutional" superior to "constitution." He also displays that cosmopolitan spirit, without which world-celebrity was never attained, by crossing the Atlantic for expressions, and we are regaled with the word "Britisher." It is by such means as these that language is enriched.

A list of objects, or proper names, following in uninterrupted succession, is, according to Mr. Hawkins' theory, most grateful to the poetical reader. We consider this specimen of its kind unique:—

Oh, fold mine eyes, *Calliope*! I scarce  
Endure thy catalogue,—*acanticone*,  
*Alalite*, *analcine*, *augite*, *bildstein*,  
*Botryolite*, *cornelian*, *celestine*,  
*Datolite*, *dypore*, *moonstone*, *pyrochlore*,  
*Plasma*, *prase*, *pyrope*, *quartz*, *scherbenkobalt*,  
*Sideroschizolite*, *sun-opallite*,  
*Talc*, *telluret*, *tincal*, *endellion*, &c.

Homer's catalogue of ships, and the list of nymphs in *Hesiod's Theogony*, are noble precedents for this sort of thing, as of course it would be cavilling to object that these were eminently connected with the subjects of which the old Greeks sung, while a list of minerals is not so essential to Mr. Hawkins' epic. If admired by the public, it will open a large and wide field for future epic writers, for we do not know a man who can write an auctioneer's catalogue, who may not be supposed to participate in such "divine fury."

Mr. John Martin has illustrated Mr. Hawkins' epic by eleven of his peculiar mezzotints, in which figures are but little thought of, and every attention is paid to flashy effect. We need not tell any one that the black masses predominate, and that the lights dart through them to make the gloom more horrible, just as a tolerably intelligible line in the epic occasionally breaks upon the sublimely obscure sentences, to render the obscurity more awful. Those who cannot recognize the close affinity between *Plate I.* and the whole of the epic, the same fruit of inspiration welling forth in the two sister arts—painting and poetry—have no feeling for this great literary event of the reign of Victoria.—*Atlas*.

FRENCH PRESS, AND THE TIMES.—One of the great defects of the French press (says the *Revue de Paris*) does not consist in its not having accredited correspondents in the principal cities and towns of foreign countries; it lies in its overlooking the valuable and often unknown information to be derived from the European press. The *Times*, for instance, is the best-informed journal published in the two hemispheres. It receives from *Marseilles* by special courier despatches from India long before they reach government. There is no large city in Europe or America in which it has not a correspondent—not one of those *Parisian correspondents*, who write from a *Divan* in the *Palais Royal* that which is passing in the *Divan* of *Constantinople*, but a real and well-paid representa-

*tive, who has nothing else to do than to procure intelligence and forward it regularly.*

These reflections were suggested to us a few days ago by the perusal of a letter, written from Algiers to the *Times*, and which was lost in the immense columns of that journal. The English correspondent gave curious details on our African possessions. He affirmed that the authority of France was extending and consolidating itself daily in the country—a fact, he observes, that the English will not credit.

Did our Parisian contemporaries pay the slightest attention to that letter? Have they a single correspondent in Algiers to furnish them with such intelligence? No; but, on the other hand, *they engage a special train to anticipate the ordinary mail, and to be able to inform Paris, France, and the whole world, twelve hours beforehand, that the late M. Lacoste was poisoned with arsenic, if, however, he did not die of hernia.*

**AMERICAN AND ENGLISH ACCIDENTS.**—One of the most characteristic features of an American newspaper is the blunt and philosophical conciseness with which it records those fatal casualties which generally form the staple of small paragraphs. Not a word of sympathy or gradual sloping towards the fatal catastrophe with which the English penny-a-liner usually breaks and softens down the sorrowful intelligence, but it is blurted out with an almost indecent parsimony of words, the only symptom of the writer possessing ordinary human feeling being the heading of the article, with the simple adjective "melancholy," and even this sparing tribute is a rare exception. Take the following for instance:—

"Sunday morning week, John Harriman was drowned in the Kennebec River, near the Arsenal at Augusta. He went in with others to bathe, but did not know how to swim."

Now, had it fallen to the lot of a cis-Atlantic reporter to record this occurrence, his relation of the fact would have been probably in this fashion:—

**FATAL ACCIDENT.**—On the morning of Sunday week, a young man named John Harriman proceeded with some of his friends to the Kennebec River, near the Arsenal at Augusta, for the purpose of bathing. It appears, however, that he was unable to swim, and having got out of his depth, the unfortunate young man sunk to rise no more. His body was shortly after recovered, and every effort made to revive him, but the vital spark was extinct. He was a young man of great promise, and the melancholy accident which so suddenly terminated his existence threw his parents into a state bordering on distraction.—*Atlas*.

#### RIGHT OF VISIT.

**THE LATE COURT-MARTIAL ON LIEUTENANT GRAY, R. N.**—The following despatch, addressed by the Earl of Aberdeen to Count St. Aulaire, will explain the circumstances under which the late court-martial was ordered by her Majesty's government:—

"THE EARL OF ABERDEEN TO COUNT ST. AULAIRE.

"*Foreign-office, June 23, 1843.*

"The undersigned, &c., has had the honor to receive the note addressed to him on the 2d instant by his Excellency Count St. Aulaire, &c., respecting the proceedings of her Majesty's ships

Bonetta and Spy, towards the French merchant vessel the Luis de Albuquerque, Captain Bellot.

"In that note his Excellency, referring to the statements contained in the enclosures to his Excellency's communication, informs the undersigned that he is directed by his government to require—first, that her Majesty's government will disavow the conduct of her Majesty's officers in searching the Luis de Albuquerque without warrants; and, secondly, that they will institute an inquiry into the irregular proceedings with which her Majesty's officers and men are charged, in order to ensure their punishment, if punishment should be due, and to prevent a recurrence of the irregularity complained of.

"With respect to the first point, the undersigned at once assures Count St. Aulaire that her Majesty's government have no intention to uphold or defend the conduct of any officer in her Majesty's service who shall search a French vessel without a warrant from the French government authorizing that step; inasmuch as her Majesty's government consider such a proceeding is not only not sanctioned by the treaties which exist between the two countries, but that it is in direct contravention of their spirit.

"With respect to the second request contained in the note of Count St. Aulaire, the undersigned begs to inform his Excellency that orders have been given to institute, without delay, a strict investigation into the conduct of the persons charged with committing irregularities on board the Luis de Albuquerque; and that if misconduct should be proved on the part of any person in her Majesty's service, it will be visited with proper punishment; and that measures will be taken to prevent its recurrence.

"The undersigned, &c.,

(Signed) "ABERDEEN.

"His Excellency Count St. Aulaire, &c., &c."

#### THE CASE OF LIEUTENANT GRAY.

We should be very glad to believe that it is not the policy of our government to truckle to that of France; but we really find it difficult to come to such a conclusion in the face of certain facts that have a directly opposite tendency. Lieutenant Gray was brought, a short time ago, to a court-martial, on the charge of having disobeyed orders on the coast of Africa, by causing a vessel to be searched which proved to be a French one, though there was every reason to infer at the time that the colors she displayed were not the proper ones. The verdict of the court-martial caused the greatest astonishment to all who heard the evidence; and, indeed, if the result of the trial is to guide our naval officers in the course they pursue, there is an end to all hope of the suppression of the slave-trade.

A vessel, having every appearance of one engaged in the nefarious traffic, was observed by Lieutenant Gray on the coast of Africa, and he accordingly gave chase to it. The French flag was hoisted, a manœuvre which he naturally believed to be a trick that is very commonly resorted to. He consequently caused the suspected vessel to be boarded and searched, when he discovered she was in reality French, but every appearance justified the presumption that she was actually fitted out for the infamous traffic of which Lieutenant Gray was employed in the suppression. Nevertheless, being unprovided with a French



warrant, he at once ceased from further interference when he found the vessel was really French. For this he was brought to a court-martial, and for this he was sentenced to a very severe reprimand.

Of course, it will be a matter of the utmost risk to search for the future any ship whatever which displays the French flag, an article which no slave vessel will hereafter go unprovided with. It is settled by an English court-martial that such is the inviolability of the flag of France, that no naval officer of Great Britain dare satisfy himself that it is not used as a cloak by those who have no right to it. If France herself had made such a demand in favor of her flag, we should have regarded it as a most unwarrantable assumption, to which England ought not to yield; but when an English court-martial volunteers to establish the principle of unqualified reverence being due, under all circumstances, to the flag of France, we scarcely know how to express ourselves on such a humiliating circumstance. It had been hinted that Lieutenant Gray was sacrificed by our government to the unreasonable arrogance of France, a supposition which was met by a strong and unqualified denial on the part of the ministry. What, however, is to be thought, when a correspondence comes to light, in which a demand is made by M. Guizot, and acceded to by Lord Aberdeen, that a court-martial shall be held with reference to the above affair, and that punishment shall be inflicted where it is merited! We see no reason why inquiry should not be sought on the one hand, and granted on the other; but suspicion is naturally awakened when it is denied that such a demand has been made, and it turns out that it has not only been made and acquiesced in, but that a verdict, which has astonished every one by its severity against a British officer, has been the result of the court-martial insisted on by the French government.—*Atlas*.

From the London Atlas.

#### MEDICAL REFORM.

THE ancient determination of Macbeth to "throw physic to the dogs," to the great annoyance of the medical gentleman attached to his household, appears likely to be carried into effect in modern times, by Sir James Graham, who is preparing a bill, which, to judge from the numerous complaints against it in all quarters, appears far more nauseous to the community, and especially the doctors, than their own physic.

As there is still some time before it will be brought forward, we hasten to lay before the public our own measures, which will be found, as they always are, to be the best. And we do this from a conviction of the great benefit which will accrue to everybody should our bill be adopted. We term it

#### AN ACT FOR AMENDING THE PRESENT STATE AND USAGES OF MEDICAL EDUCATION THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN.

Whereas, it having been discovered that the presumed imperfect state of the medical profession is the result of the ineffective and eccentric system of education pursued preparatory to entering into practice:

And whereas, it being proved by experience that the laudable advice as to their curriculum of study given to students by the professors in their intro-

ductory lectures, as well as the perusal of good books, and attentive imbibition of moral counsel goes equally in at one ear and out at the other;—in consequence, the whole course requires to be changed.

May it therefore please your Majesty that it may be enacted: *And be it enacted*, that no student of medicine be admitted to practise without complying with the clauses hereafter specified:—

*And be it enacted*, that on and after the first of October next no students walking the hospitals, which at present signifies walking anywhere else, be permitted to study anatomy, only at taverns of advanced hours, in the shape of chops, kidneys, and grilled bones. Nor shall demonstrations of muscular physiology take place under the piazza, upon emerging therefrom, instead of at the school, at 11 A. M.; nor shall botanical investigations be confined to subsequent vague and unsteady wanderings amongst the vegetables of Covent-garden market; neither shall the principles and practice of surgery be comprised in the fracture of knockers and dislocation of bell-pulls, or amputation of one's stick consequent thereon.

*And be it further enacted*, that in the dissecting-room no student shall make his "subject" assume a jovial and festive appearance, by the introduction of a short clay tube, of the species used for the inhalation of narcotic weeds, into his mouth, and a liquid measure of alloyed metal, to the extent of a quart, into his hand, each proceeding being manifestly unseemly. Nor shall industrious pupils be assaulted by cinders, masticated paper, and pieces of the aforesaid tubes, stealthily projected at them from hidden assailants; nor shall their cases of instruments be clandestinely removed during their absence, and delivered, for a small consideration, to the care of an avuncular neighbor: nor shall the proceeds of such deposit be spent in beer, of which the aforesaid industrious pupil shall be invited to partake, with great courtesy and warmheartedness, preparatory to his receiving the certificate of such transfer, in the shape of a small card, an inch square, with printing and writing thereon, by the penny-post, on arriving at home that evening.

*And be it further enacted*, that cribbage, odd man, and other games of chance, usually played during lecture, under cover of a Mackintosh hung over the desk in front, be entirely abolished; and that those going round the wards of the hospital with the medical officers be compelled to have some other object in view beyond winking at the female patients with comely faces and lace-bordered night-caps. Nor shall the students be permitted to execute cartoons with the burnt end of a walking-stick upon the ceilings, whenever it is practicable, embodying the supposed likeness of the Professor of Materia Medica; neither shall they engrave diagrams with a penknife upon the lecture-room desks, of an idle and vain tendency; nor carve mottoes thereon, in the same fashion, manifestly ill adapted for a drawing-room table or a young lady's album.

*And be it further enacted*, that rough coats, large buttons of penny-piece dimensions, broad brims to hats, and thick hooky sticks, be no longer standards of fashion among the students; nor shall walking six abreast in great thoroughfares, singing songs of all chorus and no words, be considered the "ticket;"—*ticket* being a synonym for style, mode, or distinguished manner; and being commonly superseded by the words, "the cheese,"

"the dodge," "the thing," "the mark," *cum multis aliis*.

And be it further enacted, that the skeleton, hung by a balance weight in the anatomical theatre, shall in future be sacred from all pleasant frivolities, such as tying his thumb to his nose by bits of ligature silk, articulating his legs to his shoulder blades, and hanging his arms to his hip-joints; decorating him with paper shirt-collars, and the waterproof blue capes of pupils from the country; seating him, in a pensive attitude, on the top of the stove, in the act of nasticating a piece of coke, or the handle of the short broom used to dust the preparations; or causing him to occupy the chair of the professor just before lecture: all such proceedings being calculated to throw doubts upon the popularly supposed gravity and ennobling tendency of a medical education.

And be it further enacted, that all jokes at the expense of the hospital functionaries, from persuading or bullying the messenger to ask for strawberry ice creams at the nearest ironmonger's, to sending the matron a barrel of oyster-shells, with the secretary's compliments, or an offer of marriage from the house-surgeon, be declared exceedingly improper.

Saving always, that the aforesaid students, with their accustomed sturdiness do not choose, under any circumstances whatever, to conform with the above regulations, under which circumstances, there is no other option than allowing them to go just as they hitherto have done.

Thus far, we present the reader with our ideas of what the Medical Education Bill ought to be. In our next, we may possibly give some additional clauses for reforming the usages and conventional habits of medical men when settled in practice.

LONDON ASSURANCE.—We copy the following modest advertisement from the columns of the *Times* of the past week. We beg our readers to peruse it attentively:—

"TO any MAN of FORTUNE wishing to travel, either for his health or his amusement.—Dear Sir: If you are in need of an agreeable, well-informed, and highly honorable man, who, being a skilful surgeon, could attend to your health, and, what is of as great consequence, by cheerful companionship make you forget that you have a single ailment in the world—one who, though not quite as rich as yourself, possesses equally as gentlemanly a feeling, yet who would have no objection to exchange with you the various benefits he could confer for liberal treatment at your hands, and to run with you half over the world, or to play a game at chess with you at your own home, or hunt or fish, as may be agreed on—should you like this frank and fair offer, (and you will never get such another,) reply to the following address as one honorable man should ever write to another, and you shall have no reason to repent having done so. I am, dear sir, your obedient servant, Medicus.—Address, &c. &c."

We do not give the precise address of the advertiser, or we should be liable to the duty, and also culpable for aiding such unparalleled effrontery. We already picture *Medicus* in our mind's eye: he is one of that dreary class of strugglers at vivacity whom the world knows as "capital fellows." He is "agreeable;" that is, he has been used to filling the post of buffoon of private life in the limited *coteries* of his connexion. He

is "well informed;" tact has supplied the place of education—the readiness of comprehension peculiar to his class enables him to answer remarks in random plausibilities. He is "highly honorable:" has there been a living man, since the self-torturing sophist of Geneva, who, blowing his own trumpet, would not claim to himself this attribute? Well can we imagine, from his vulgar letter—contemptible from its essence of familiarity—what sort of a travelling companion *Medicus* would be. He would poke his funniments into your ribs at the most inappropriate times, and drowning in his own pathos, clutch at the straws of thrashed-out jokes to buoy up his character of a "cheerful companion." It is evident he wants not a kindred spirit to elicit his humor: he knows not who may choose him, but he can be jocular to order like a writer of burlesque, or a contributor to a comic magazine. And then his versatility of social endowments. He can travel or play chess—hunt or fish, "as may be agreed upon." Rare union of tastes! Let him, in addition to this, study the lessening of expense to his employer—the "man of fortune" who takes him, as rich men of old did their paid fools and jesters—and propose the chasing of toads. The captured reptiles would form for him a cheap and appropriate nutriment.—*Atlas*.

CURIOSITIES FROM ICHABOE.—By one of the laborers belonging to the ship Bradshaw, lately arrived in this port from the island of Ichaboe, we have been favored with the inspection of some of the remains of those birds whose deposits now constitute so useful and profitable a commodity to the inhabitants of this country. There is the skeleton of the gannet bird, together with two eggs, in an excellent state of preservation, taken at a depth of 28 feet below the surface of the guano, where they have doubtless remained for hundreds of years. The eggs are about as large as those of the goose, and the bird resembles in size the same fowl. There is also the skin of one of the penguins, which has not been buried, and a specimen of the genuine, unadulterated manure. The skin much resembles that of the seal.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

INGENIOUS PIECE OF MECHANISM.—A very beautiful clock is to be seen in the shop of Mr. Johnson, watchmaker, High-street, Lincoln. It consists of a representation, in copper, of Frisbourg on the Rhine; below is seen the old road and bridge, on which luggage carts, coaches, and pedestrians, are travelling; an old water mill, which turns round also: above, on a suspension-bridge, carried from rock to rock, is a railroad, on which a passenger and luggage train are continually running; near one end of the bridge a windmill is at work. The houses, castle, &c., at Frisbourg are accurately copied, and on the castle front is the clock face. The clock goes for 21 days, and the hours are struck on a most musical-toned bell, resembling in tone our Great Tom of Lincoln—if, indeed, a comparison between bells, one so large and the other so small, may be allowed. Four tunes are also played—two pretty French airs, Jim Crow and Nix my Dolly Pals.

PROLIFIC WHEAT.—Mr. Stockford, of the Ox-Stalls Evesham, has this year grown some of a new wheat, called the "Baratta;" and last week on gathering a single stool or root, he found that it consisted of seven ears, each containing 80 corns, thus giving a produce of 560 from a single grain.—*Worcester Journal*.

## CURE FOR WITCHCRAFT AMONGST THE CAPTIVES.

THE Cape frontier papers relate a horrible instance of the manner in which witchcraft is treated by the chiefs of Caffria. In August, 1843, the chief Umkye, living in the neighborhood of Fort Peddie, was taken ill, and not speedily recovering, his council voted that he was suffering under witchcraft. A witch-doctor was employed, who indicated one of the favorites of the chief as the magician. He was accordingly seized, and sentenced either to "discover the bewitching matter," or to be put to the torture. As he could not do the first, he was about to be subjected to torment, when he escaped. "Another victim was soon selected by the doctor, said to be an accomplice of him who had made his escape. The executioners were more on the alert in this case than to allow of his escape. He was ordered home to dig up the bewitching matter; but failing to produce what was required, and denying his guilt, he was put to the torture. The act of laying the victim, in a state of nudity, in the burning sun, on his back, preparatory to the hot-stone and slow-roasting process, now took place, and a nest of black ants was strewn over the whole body. This put the poor victim to the most excruciating pain, and the torture was the greater from his being fastened by his hands, feet, and hair, to pins driven into the ground, and so unable to stir. In bringing him to the place of torture, he had been beaten most unmercifully; so much so, that his jawbone was broken, and the larynx severed, so that he no longer breathed through his mouth, but through the opening thus made in the windpipe. The natives themselves describe his appearance at this time as most horrifying. His tormentors, however, found in this circumstance an additional facility for torture, and they filled the wound in the throat and the mouth, &c., (which they had previously gagged) with the biting ants! Thus he lay tormented, and while they were procuring fresh ants, he sunk under his torture."—*Asiatic Journal*.

## NEY'S CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

BY CAPT. SIBORNE.

WHEN the tremendous cavalry force, which Ney had thus assembled, moved forward to the attack, the whole space between La Haye Sainte and Hougoumont appeared one moving glittering mass; and as it approached the Anglo-allied position, undulating with the conformation of the ground, it resembled a sea in agitation. Upon reaching the crest of the ridge, and regaining temporary possession of the batteries, its very shouts sounded to the distant ear like the ominous roar of breakers thundering on the shore. Like waves following in quick succession, the whole mass now appeared to roll over the ridge; and as the light curling smoke arose from the fire which was opened by the squares, and by which the latter sought to stem the current of the advancing host, it resembled the foam and spray thrown up by the mighty waters as they dash on isolated rocks and beetling crags; and as the mass separated and rushed in every direction, completely covering the interior slope, it bore the appearance of innumerable eddies and counter-currents, threatening to overwhelm and engulf the obstructions by which its onward

course had been opposed. The storm continued to rage with the greatest violence, and the devoted squares seemed lost in the midst of the tempestuous onset. In vain did the maddening mass chafe and fret away its strength against these impenetrable barriers, which, based upon the sacred principles of honor, discipline, and duty, and cemented by the ties of patriotism and the impulse of national glory, stood proudly unmoved and inaccessible. Disorder and confusion, produced by the commingling of corps, and by the scattering fire from the faces of the chequered squares, gradually led to the retreat of parties of horsemen across the ridge; these were followed by broken squadrons, and, at length, the retrograde movement became general. Then the allied dragoons, who had been judiciously kept in readiness to act at the favorable moment, darted forward to complete the disorganization and overthrow of the now receding waves of the French cavalry.

"The allied artillery had barely time to fire a few rounds into the retreating masses, when the enemy's formidable support rapidly advanced to renew the attack; and, as if it had been made aware that the right of the Anglo-allied line was the weakest part, from the want of a sufficient cavalry support, its efforts appeared particularly directed to that point. A body of heavy dragoons was drawn up in a line, and advanced up the ridge, leaving the Hougoumont inclosures immediately on its left. At this moment, however, Grant had most opportunely returned with the 13th light dragoons and 15th hussars from the extreme right; and instantly forming the 13th, which was the leading regiment, in line to the front, moved it up to the crest of the ridge, over which it gallantly charged and routed the French dragoons, driving them about three hundred yards down to the low ground near the north-east angle of the great orchard of Hougoumont. The 15th hussars were also formed to the front on the left of the 13th light dragoons, and charged a mass of cuirassiers, which was driven back a like distance, upon large bodies of cavalry. As these were observed commencing offensive operations, both in front and on the flank, the two regiments, first the 13th, and then the 15th, were compelled to retreat to the main position, and take post in rear of the squares; but this they did with so much order and regularity, that their presence and example imparted new life and confidence to the young Brunswickers, whose steadiness on the right of the line, had been severely tested in the course of the grand cavalry attack. Notwithstanding these reverses, and the decided failure of their former attempts, the French horsemen most gallantly and resolutely renewed their advance, and again plunged in masses, amidst the allied squares. Failing in their direct attack, they rode through the intervals between the squares in all directions, exhibiting extraordinary coolness and intrepidity. Some of the most daring approached close up to the ranks, to draw forth the fire from a square, and thus secure a better chance of success for the squadron prepared to seize the advantage and to charge. Small parties of desperate fellows would endeavor to force an opening at some weak point, by cutting aside the bayonets and firing at the defenders with their pistols; but the squares were proof against every assault and every stratagem. More cavalry crossed over the summit of the ridge; and the greater part of the interior slope occupied by the allied right wing seemed covered with horsemen

of all kinds,—cuirassiers, lancers, carabiniers, chasseurs, dragoons, and horse-grenadiers. The French, enraged at their want of success, brandishing their swords, and exciting one another by shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" reiterated their attacks, with redoubled but fruitless vigor. Like the majestic oaks of the forest, which are poetically said to strike their roots deeper and more tenaciously into the earth, as the fury of the storm increases, so stood the Anglo-allied squares, grand in the imposing attitude of their strength, and bidding defiance to the tempestuous elements by which they were assailed on every side. At length the attack evinced symptoms of exhaustion; the charges became less frequent and less vigorous; disorder and confusion were rapidly augmenting; the spirit of enthusiasm and the confidence of superiority were quickly yielding to the feeling of despondency, and the sense of hopelessness. The Anglo-allied cavalry again advanced, and once more swept the mingled host, comprising every description of mounted troops, from off the ground on which they had so fruitlessly frittered away their strength.

From the United Service Magazine.

#### NARRATIVE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF AN ARMED CONVOY IN THE BAY OF ROSAS.

In the latter part of the month of October, 1809, a squadron consisting of three line-of-battle ships—*Le Robuste*, of 80 guns, Rear-Admiral Boudin; *Le Lion*, 74, and *Le Borée*, 74, and two frigates, with a numerous armed convoy of store-ships and smaller vessels, were despatched from Toulon for the relief of the French garrison of Barcelona, at this time much distressed for want of necessary supplies. The British fleet was probably supposed by the enemy to be in Port Mahon, its customary harbor station; a look-out frigate or frigates being constantly stationed off Cape Sicie, to watch and report the movement of the Gallic fleet. Nothing was to be seen of our fleet from the signal stations on the French line of coast, and getting out of Toulon, probably in the night, and thus eluding the recognition of the British look-out ships, the above-mentioned squadron and convoy, deeming the coast to be clear, proceeded with imagined security to the westward. In this conclusion they were, however, destined to be deceived, and on arriving off Cape St. Sebastian, on the Spanish coast, with a fair wind to prosecute their onward course, they discovered, to their no very pleasant surprise, to leeward and ahead of them, the fleet of Lord Collingwood, who having received some intimation of an intended movement of the enemy to relieve Barcelona, had here taken up his cruising ground. They of course immediately hauled their wind, in the endeavor to escape, and were chased to windward by the fast-sailing line-of-battle ships of the British into the Bay of Cette, or, as it is more usually denominated, Gulf of Lyons; and so well were they followed, that two of their line-of-battle ships—*Le Robuste* and *Le Lion*—were finally driven on shore in the bottom of the bay, and burnt by their crews to prevent capture. The *Borée* and a frigate, fired on by the British line-of-battle ship *Tigre*, succeeded in gaining the port of Cette, but appeared to have grounded in the attempt to enter it. The convoy had dispersed. Several of them were captured by the British frigate *Pomone*, which being to wind-

ward, had been the first to desecry and give notice of the enemy steering down. Of the scattered remnant, eleven, including one large frigate-built store-ship, *La Lemproie*, armed with sixteen eight-pounders, and manned with 116 men, and three other national vessels—*La Victoire*, *Le Grandeur*, and *La Normande*, of from 10 to 14 guns—under favor of thick weather, found their way into the Spanish port of Rosas.

Ere these occurrences had fallen out, the *Apollo* frigate had been detached from the fleet on a cruise in the bay of Cette, when it happened that, while yet in total ignorance of the movements of the enemy, at about eleven in the forenoon, of a very hazy day, with a moderate breeze, a ship of the line was announced from the mast-head to be in sight, and in quick succession another and another. The number seen, all of the line, soon amounted to seven. They were standing in-shore, but one of the sternmost tacked and stood towards us, with signals flying, which the prevailing haze hindered us from making out, although well within signal distance. We had left the fleet cruising off Cape St. Sebastian, and had not the remotest suspicion that a strong force of the enemy had passed us in the bay, or that anything could have happened to place the whole or any part of our own fleet in the circumstances of position and locality in which we now encountered the ships in sight; and we therefore entertained no doubt as to their being part of the enemy's fleet, and that probably the haze alone prevented our seeing a larger number, or the whole of their ships. With this impression we made all sail from them to join the fleet off Cape St. Sebastian, with the intelligence we deemed in our possession respecting the enemy. The ship with the signals flying continued for some time to stand towards us, but finding the experiment useless, she again tacked to rejoin her companions. It need scarcely be remarked that we had been led to a conclusion the reverse of the true one—that the ships we had seen were the chasing British, desirous, as we were one of the fastest vessels of the Mediterranean fleet, of our assistance in arresting the progress of the flying French, then in sight of them, and whom they were pursuing inshore. Such are the mischances in war arising from slight incidents. We thus unconsciously proceeded on our way from the scene of action, and reached the fleet about ten o'clock at night, making, as we ran down to them, the night signals announcing the enemy, and causing them to clear for action. On communicating with the Admiral, the mystery was solved, and in another two days Rear-Admiral Martin, with the chasing squadron, returned to the fleet, with the news of the great, although partial, success of their enterprise, in the destruction of the French Rear-Admiral's ship and another of the line, and the varied dispersion of the rest, as above related.

So important a part of the convoy as had succeeded in getting into Rosas, and which doubtless contained a very large portion of the supplies destined for Barcelona, was not to be neglected. Accordingly, the signal was made for the *Tigre*, 80, *Cumberland*, 74, *Apollo*, 38, *Volontaire*, 38, *Torpaze*, 36, and *Philomel*, Scout, and Tuscan brigs, to close round the Admiral, and these vessels being placed under the orders of Capt. Hallowell, of the *Tigre*, made sail from the fleet, at the close of the day of the 30th October, to effect with all practicable promptitude the destruction of this remaining portion of the enemy. On getting inshore, however,

on the succeeding day, the state of the weather,—light airs with some swell,—would have prevented the ships from acting, had this been intended; they were, therefore, anchored in the bay, within sight of the enemy, and about five miles from the port of Rosas, and it was determined that the attack should be made in the night of the 31st, by the boats of the squadron, the squadron itself, with the exception of the brigs,—which were ordered to proceed inshore, to afford any required aid,—remaining at anchor in the position it had taken.

The night was moonless, starless, calm, as we marshalled the boats of the squadron in two compact lines abreast, and on the larboard side of H.M.S. Tigre. There is something inexpressibly grand in the aspect of a large man-of-war when seen at anchor on an open coast in such a night, and on such an occasion. Vast yet compact in her bearing, she lies like a giant on his quiet couch, in the might of silent power, brooding over some fearful deed. The boats completely armed and equipped, and furnished with tar-barrel staves, tarred junk, and other similarly-prepared combustibles for setting fire to the vessels of the enemy, were formed, as stated, into two divisions, each boat of each division having its painter, or head-rope, made fast to the stern of its next ahead. The first division, destined to attack the largest vessel, a frigate-built ship of 850 tons, was led by the boats of the Tigre; the second, destined to attack the remaining and smaller vessels, ten in number, was led by the boats of the Cumberland. The boats of the Apollo, being next in seniority to those of the Cumberland in this second line, followed next in its order. The scene of this armament, marshalled under the veil of night abreast of the noble ship, was solemn and impressive. Among the gallant spirits who formed the crews,—as usual in such cases, all volunteers,—some were certain to return no more to the noble vessels which constituted their ocean-homes; more would return scathed and wounded from the conflict. But, in the breast of the man-of-war's man, enthusiasm on the prospect of battle is ever found to be the absorbing sentiment. The incidents of strife and struggle, common to the element he contends with, doubtless induce the habit, and with it the delight and gratification, of surmounting danger. He thus imbibes a kind of salt-water instinct in favor of extremes, often exhibited both in peril and in mirth, and courts them with an avidity unknown to a tamer nature or a less venturesome existence. He is, moreover, at intervals subjected to a monotony which he longs to vary. Uniformity to him is dulness, from which his spirit rebounds, and loves to break in upon by novelty and incident, either fanciful or stern,—he glories in the grotesque or the fearful, the frolic or the fight.\* His hilarity, when once fairly let loose, beggars all other in its extravagant intensity,—his appetite for the conflict is no less engrossing and complete. The character of the man-of-war's man is thus, by habit, allied to the romantic; and it may, perhaps, be further observed, with reference to the present narrative, that there is a certain peculiar and chivalrous character attached to boat expeditions, which, in accordance with the tendency above mentioned, may be considered in

the light of an additional stimulus; volunteers being ever readily found to engage in the boldest and most desperate enterprises of this description.

Final instructions were now received, and the divisions slowly proceeded on their way inshore in the Bay of Rosas, and in the direction of the port of Rosas, which may be described as a small bay within the larger one, and on the eastern side of the latter. A death-like calm now reigned over the expanse of water, the dense darkness scarcely permitted vision at a distance of more than a few boats' lengths, and a solemn stillness, unbroken save by the distant murmurs of the slow-heaving swell, as it reached and split upon the small bays and inlets of the coast, and by the hushed and feebly-heard measured stroke of the muffled oar, noiselessly dipping in the passive element, combined to establish a settled and universal repose, and to call up a sentiment of peaceful meditation wholly opposed to our sanguinary errand. Thus silently and slowly the boats plied on in line abreast, that is, in two parallel lines, until, from the length of time which had passed without arriving at our destination, we thought we must have missed the harbor, and fallen upon some other part of the coast in the bay. During this interval we had of necessity conversed but little, and in under-tones;—many, and doubtless very various, were the themes of reflection indulged in, such as a similar experience can alone fully convey; but suspense now began to wield her painful sceptre over our cogitations. Should we find the enemy before daylight, and, if not, should we attack them under this disadvantage, or relinquish for another twenty-four hours the enterprise! To the latter alternative there were strong objections. The enemy might, under the apprehension of attack, unload a large part of their stores, which were destined, as we have stated, to relieve the French garrison of Barcelona.

Severe disappointment is at any time a painful sentiment, but in few instances is it more mortifying than in those connected with the baffled projects of war. Self-importance, as well as expectation, falls as from a height,—we feel robbed of the opportunity of a display of our patriotism and self-devotion, and sink on a sudden from the pinnacle of high pretension, and it may be of high feeling, to the level of ordinary thought. In a scene wherein the lowest justly deems himself important,—in which the most ordinary casket may disclose the fairest gem,—we have looked for some distinction, and are foiled by the hand of disappointment.

In this state of things we move to, and a jolly-boat was despatched ahead to grope inshore, and having endeavored to mark the object of our search, return with the news of success or failure. After some considerable interval the messenger returned, and reported that we were not far distant from the enemy, but that he feared that he had himself been discovered by the guard-boat of the latter. We rowed on—our course had been sure though slow—and now lofty spars were seen looming on the curtain of the sky, ere the hulls were visible. At last we were on them. "D'ou venez vous!" resounded through the port. The business was in hand. In the dead silence of night three deafening hurrahs now burst from the boats, which were echoed back with an awful depth and solemnity, and from a great distance from among the lofty hills which encompass the bay, and which recede from the shore far into the interior of the country.

\* It is recorded by Dr. Lind, in his work on the diseases of seamen, that the Mediterranean fleet became sickly, but that all vestige of this sickness suddenly disappeared under the excitement occasioned by the news that the enemy were at sea.

The British *hurrah* is a trumpet-tongued sound. When really associated with the grand in action, and not the mere mock thunder of small doings, few things partake more of the sublime than this shout of human defiance from the voice of a multitude. On the present occasion it arose with appalling effect from the robust lungs of the sons of ocean, amid a serenity so deep, so profound, that nature, sueing for repose, seemed to recoil at the shock—the thick darkness itself seemed to be cleft and shaken by the terrific shout. The effect was electric, and gave the enemy fair warning of the nature of the impending fray. La Lemproie now fired her broadside, the shot from which passed over the boats. She was shortly seconded by a fire opened from all the other vessels, from the citadel and Fort Trinidad, and by volleys of musketry from troops assembled on the beach. The bottom of the harbor, at this juncture, was lighted up all around by the rapidly succeeding flashes from the ships and the shore, and judging merely by the briskness and determination of the opening fire of the enemy, the fate of the attacking party would have appeared already pronounced. The first division of boats, in conformity with its destination, had now attacked La Lemproie, and the fire of small arms from assailants and assailed was seen playing vividly up and down her sides as the boats closed on her. In less than ten minutes she was boarded and carried, and soon after the reddening hue of her port-holes showed that she was on fire, and that the eager element was hastening from the centre to each extremity of her hull. In effecting the capture of this large vessel the fighting was severe. On the right of La Lemproie, as viewed from the shore, and nearer the citadel, the attack had also been begun. Several boats had rowed alongside and astern of a brig near the citadel, which made a spirited resistance. Great was now the din in this quarter, yet, amid the general noise of the surrounding scene, these partial sounds appeared quelled and subdued. When the attack on this vessel had already commenced, two or three boats came down upon her, firing musketry, to the manifest peril of friend as well as foe. They were of course unaware of the position of the boats that had preceded them. They were bailed to desist from firing, and soon joined their comrades. Between this brig and La Lemproie lay La Normande, mounting ten four-pounders, and manned with about fifty men. This vessel kept up an animated fire from guns and small arms, and to her, after a short interval, rowed the launch of the Apollo; but ere this was effected, in giving the citadel a return shot from her thirty-two-pounder carronade, our box of combustible tubes (used for priming by insertion in the touch-hole of the gun) was accidentally fired, and the tubes exploding, burnt and skipped about so fiercely as fairly to drive us out of the stern sheets of the boat, and endanger the explosion of our portable magazine, which would have blown us to atoms. We had to reload the carronade, and while thus occupied were saluted specifically by several shot from the broadside of La Normande, who was evidently observing our motions, and on whom, as just stated, we had determined to direct our efforts. On closely seeing her we found that she had a boarding-netting fixed which it was difficult to penetrate, and observed an individual from one boat, after fruitlessly endeavoring to cut through it, redescend to his boat. We now rowed to a position just abaft her larboard fore chains, and

while thus placed, immediately under her gun, muzzles, she discharged over us part of her broadside, which, low as she was, could not however be sufficiently depressed. An exchange from small arms now took place through her ports, and we finally brought our thirty-two-pounder to bear in an obliquely raking direction, and discharged it with round and grape, the muzzle almost in contact with her side. This fatal discharge swept her deck, and a shout was heard on board her, whether of surrender we knew not, but we immediately boarded on the bow. By this discharge the captain of La Normande lost his hand, and on boarding her the crew made no further resistance, but retired below as we advanced along the deck. The dead and wounded were lying about; one of the former was stretched on his belly across the breech of a gun at one of the ports where we had laid her aboard. The wounded were assisted below. Our boat had been the first to succeed in boarding this vessel, which had kept up a vigorous and determined resistance, firing on the previously captured vessels. Being now aided by other boats, we resolved to tow out the capture, and accordingly commenced this tedious operation under a galling fire of round and grape from two heavy guns of the citadel, which were discharged alternately at us and at some other boats engaged in towing out the brig above alluded to, which had also been captured. This brig had been perceived by us to be fast by a rope from her masthead to the shore, and we had hailed the captors to acquaint them with this circumstance, as we observed them towing in vain, and in ignorance of it.

Four of the captured vessels were about this period being towed out, and the harbor was now, in so dark a night, fearfully gleaming with the conflagration of the remaining seven. La Lemproie was blazing fore and aft, and from the main-deck to each masthead, while the flames ran along her yards to the extremity of each yard-arm; the conflagration, from the calm that reigned, rising perpendicularly, and presenting a regular and symmetrical outline. Sheets of vivid light from the burning vessel were thrown across the dark surface of the water, which, smooth as a polished mirror, reflected faithfully, when thus illumined, the play of the flames, and figures of boats and men, plying across the scene, were at intervals, by a stream of light, thrown out in strong and gigantic relief over the gleaming tide,—the men appearing the demons of the spectacle. The flaming masts of La Lemproie at last fell in succession over the side, her fore-yard having previously fallen square, and with an almost graceful descent, as if it had been lowered. She finally blew up with an explosion, that in one vast sheet of reddish light, accompanied by a loud but hollow and sepulchral shock, grasped the entire breadth of the harbor and was distinctly observed by the main body of the fleet at a distance of twenty miles or more, in the offing.\* Vast fragments of her timbers and scantling were driven upward with amazing force into the dark sky, in the condition of burning brands, which at last hovered and lingered in their aerial elevation like winged and animated things, until they again, at first slowly, and, as it were, reluctantly, descended to quench themselves in the liquid element beneath. The other six vessels also blew up in succession.

\* This vessel was reported to have had on board 400 barrels of gunpowder.

The illumination caused by the burning vessel, had latterly enabled the enemy distinctly to mark our movements, and direct their fire with considerable precision; and the boats were in turn so well covered with grape, that the oar blades were cut by the shot.

We gave way heartily at the oars. At last a light air sprang up off shore, which materially helped us, and by the aid of which, had it occurred a little sooner, the whole of the captured vessels might have been brought off. Trinity Castle, celebrated for its defence by Lord Cochrane, fired at us the last in our retreat, and struck the brig before-mentioned; but these distant salutes were felt by us in the light of parting compliments, which we scarcely cared to decline. Our object had been attained, and we were now close to the brigs of our squadron, which we before observed, had been stationed inshore to cover our retreat, and afford us any necessary assistance.

The morning had dawned, dim, gray, and serene, and with little of the cheerful presence of the sun, but mild and temperate, and clear enough to see all around with distinctness. The port which on the previous evening had worn the inspiring aspect of eleven armed vessels safely moored under the town and forts, now appeared naked, empty, and forlorn, with but one small craft remaining in it. They had been moored close to the shore, and lay cleared for quarters, and prepared for an attack; but our delay in reaching them had probably occasioned them to conclude that it would not take place at so late an hour in the night, or rather at so advanced an hour of morning, as that of between two and three, A. M.

The loss of the British, though sufficiently severe, was much under what might have been expected from the well sustained fire of the enemy at the onset. It consisted of sixteen killed, and fifty-four wounded. Night doubtless contributed mainly to this result. The French loss was believed to be far greater, but, most of the crews, including the wounded, having been sent ashore in their captured boats, could not well be ascertained.

From the Spectator.

#### ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

*The Wild Sports of Southern Africa*; being the Narrative of a Hunting Expedition from the Cape of Good Hope, through the territories of the Chief Moselekatse, to the Tropic of Capricorn. By Captain WILLIAM CORNWALLIS HARRIS, of the H. E. I. Company's Engineers on the Bombay Establishment. Fourth edition.

THIS handsome volume, with its numerous colored plates of wild animals, Hottentots, and the scenes and incidents of the author's adventures in the Zooloo country, presents a great contrast to the homely aspect of the original edition printed in Bombay, which we were the first, we believe, to bring before the reading public in England, in 1839. In this edition it has the outward attractions of an annual, while it possesses far more of inherent interest than those picture-books. The scanty costume of the ebony beauties of the kraal may disqualify it from figuring on the drawing-room-table; but the sportsman and naturalist will appreciate its striking delineations of the Zooloo chiefs, and the droves of strange beasts that people the hunting-grounds beyond Port Natal. The sale of three editions of the book proves the popularity of Cap-

tain (now Major Sir William) Harris' style and the exciting character of his lively narrative, for the amount of scientific information contained in this volume is small.

More full and scientific descriptions of the various creatures Sir William Harris met with, and larger and more elaborate delineations of them, are, however, to be found in a magnificent work that he has just completed, entitled *Portraits of the Game and Wild Animals of Southern Africa*. This folio volume, too, possesses pictorial attractions of no common kind, and exhibits the animals in their haunts in the desert, as sketched by the enterprising traveller on the spot. The completion of this costly undertaking has been retarded by the mismanagement of the party to whom the conduct of the work had been intrusted during the author's sojourn in Abyssinia; and since his return "the law's delay" has intervened to prevent its appearance. All obstacles have at length been overcome, and this superb supplement to the *Wild Sports of South Africa* is now before the public; but nothing short of a large sale can repay the heavy cost of its production.

*The Alphabet of Quadrupeds*, partly selected from the works of Old Masters, and partly drawn from Nature. (The Home Treasury.)

THIS pretty picture-book of beasts is designed to give the young readers a taste for art, and some acquaintance with the style of the Dutch painters, whose etchings of cattle and wild animals are copied in the prints. *The Alphabet of Quadrupeds* would have been more intelligible to the infant capacity had the pictures been as simple and distinct as the descriptions; and it is no disparagement to the old masters to say that there are moderns who would have sketched them with as much cleverness and greater accuracy. The etchings of Fraser Redgrave are as artistic as those of the Dutchmen, and the form and character of the animals more clearly delineated. The principal object of Mr. Redgrave was to exhibit the creatures themselves; that of the olden painters was to turn them to picturesque account; so that the talent of the Dutch masters militates against their success in impressing the minds of children. To appreciate their etching, the spectator should keep art in view rather than nature.

To solve our doubts, we impanelled a jury of juveniles; and this is a specimen of their judgment. Rembrandt's lion has a man's face; Albert Durer's rabbits are all ears; Teniers' monkeys are made to look like men; Karl Du Jardin's donkey is like a horse, and his pigs look dead; Adrian Vandeveld's sheep was mistaken for a cow; the dogs of Dirk Stoop and Le Ducq were declared to be too big; the "unicorn" was a puzzle; and Paul Potter's bull proved the only satisfactory representation. Mr. Redgrave was the favorite. We suspect the urchins are right.

*The Monastic Ruins of Yorkshire*, illustrated by a series of general Views, Plans, Sections, and Details, from Drawings made expressly for this work, by William Richardson, Architect. With an Introduction, and Historical and Descriptive Notices of each Ruin, by the Reverend Edward Churton, M. A. Lithographed by George Hawkins. Part II.

*The Zoology of the Voyage of H. M. S. Sulphur*. No. VI. Mollusca, Part I. By R. B. Hinds, Esq.



THE MINES IN CORNWALL.

*Transactions of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall.* Vol. V.

This volume is devoted to a consideration of several important matters connected with the mining operations of Cornwall, which are, in many respects, objects of interest.

The external features of these mining districts are peculiar; for although occasionally we see the machinery and the rubbish of a mine in the centre of a fertile spot, sterility in general marks the surface which covers mineral treasures. Moors, enlivened only by the furze and heath, or granite hills bare of vegetation, are most commonly the scenes of mining operations. The landscape, as nature left it, is one of desolation, but a productive mine is discovered, and the scene is changed. White-washed cottages thickly cover the soil—the transforming effects of industry; and vegetables for use, and flowers for ornament, grow in these cottage gardens. In the centre of this scene of life, the tall house, and its taller chimney, of the steam-engine, are seen employed in pumping the water from the depths of the earth—and near it another engine drawing the ores from the shafts, or perhaps the primitive horse whim, with the heavy rope twining around its wooden cage. On a near approach, life and bustle are immediately apparent. At the mouth of the *shaft*, men are waiting for the arrival of the *kibble* to the surface; the ore is carried off immediately to the *dressing-floors*, where young women and boys are employed in breaking up the large masses, whilst the task of selecting the pieces of ore from the matrix in which it is found, is performed by children. Thus, in the Cornish mines, are 30,000 persons employed, averaging 18,472 men, 5,764 women, and 5,764 children.

The Cornish miner is a fine native character. He is naturally brave and often reckless. He delights in overcoming difficulties—his patience and perseverance is of the most marked kind, and in many parts of the country, he has constructed works, which testify to his hardihood and determination. At Botallack Mine, which is worked for a considerable distance under the Atlantic Ocean, the miners were tempted to follow the ore upwards to the sea, but the openings made were small, and the rock being extremely hard, a covering of wood and some cement sufficed to exclude the water and protect the workmen from the consequences of their rashness.

Mr. Henwood, to whose papers the above volume is entirely devoted, thus describes a visit made by him and one of the mine captains, to a mine, in the same district with Botallack, and similarly situated:—

“I was once, however, underground in Wheal Cock during a storm. At the extremity of the *level* seaward, some eighty or one hundred fathoms from the shore, little could be heard of its effects, except at intervals, when the reflux of some unusually large wave projected a pebble outward, bounding and rolling over the rocky bottom. But, when standing beneath the base of the cliff, and in that part of the mine where but nine feet of rock stood between us and the ocean, the heavy roll of the large boulders, the ceaseless grinding of the pebbles, the fierce thundering of the billows, with the crackling and boiling as they rebounded, placed a tempest, in its most appalling form, too vividly before me to be ever forgotten. More than once doubting the protection of our rocky shield, we retreated in affright, and it was only after repeated trials that we had confidence to pursue our investigations. Almost all the mines in the parish of St. Just, near the Land’s End, are similarly situated, and the positions of several of the steam-engines are highly picturesque: perched on the verge, and even on the ledge of a tremendous precipice, they seem at the mercy of every storm, and to the beholder from beneath, they almost appear suspended in the air, and tottering to their fall.”

In one part of Botallack Mine, the laborers have to descend to the adit, or entrance to the mine, by ladders hung against the face of the cliff.

These laborers have, on some occasions, to endure extreme fatigue. In the deep copper mines of Gwennap, many men have to descend upwards of 300 fathoms, or 1800 feet, from the surface by ladders. This descent takes the miner one hour; he has then to labor from six to eight hours in a temperature of from 90° to 100°, breathing the noxious gases evolved from the explosions of the gunpowder used in blasting the rocks, and with a very insufficient supply of oxygen. After severe toil under these distressing circumstances, the already exhausted laborer has to exert the power of every muscle to drag himself from stave to stave upon the ladders, a task which even young men cannot perform in less than an hour and a quarter. In one of the mines of this district, (Tresavean,) by the liberal and praiseworthy exertions of one of the local institutions, a machine has been erected by which the miner passes to and from his labor without fatigue. This machine, by which upwards of one hundred men are enabled to descend, at the same time as the same number are ascending, takes a man to the bottom of this, the deepest mine in Cornwall, in twenty minutes, or brings him from the bottom to the surface in the same time. The good effects of this machine are already evident in the condition of the men; and although the construction of it, and the necessary preparations in the shaft for receiving it, entailed upon the adventurers an outlay of between three and four thousand pounds—the Polytechnic Society of Cornwall subscribing five hundred—the economy of time and strength has been found to be so great, that the adventurers are now deriving actual profit from the machine, which, greatly to the credit of their humanity, was constructed with a purely philanthropic object.

The great mining operations of the West are confined to the search for tin and copper. Mining for tin in Cornwall is of the remotest antiquity—and the singular excavations, called the “Devil’s Frying-pan,” near the Lizard Point—the “Land’s-End Hole,” at Tol-peden-Penwith—and the “Pit” in Gwennap, are undoubtedly the works of the ancient Britons. The Scilly Islands, upon which mining operations are not now carried on, appear to have been the Cassiterides, or Tin Islands, of the Romans; and there is every reason to believe that the only wealth which could have tempted Athelstane to these rocks of the Atlantic were their tin mines. Curious remains of old smelting works are frequently discovered in the valleys and sheltered spots. These are of the most primitive character, and it would be impracticable to smelt any metal in them which was more infusible than tin. These places are traditionally called Jews’ Houses. This fact, and that of the market-town of Marazion being still known among the country people by the name of Market-Jew, tend to establish the supposition, that the trade for this metal was entirely in the hands of the Jews.

It is only within the last century that copper ore has been sought for; the old Cornish miners, seeking eagerly for tin, threw the copper ores aside, and as they worked away the surface, if they came upon this valuable metal, they abandoned all further search. The hill on which Tresavean copper mine is situated, was worked over for tin, by the grandfather of some of the present proprietors, and abandoned because the copper spoiled the tin. This hill has been excavated most extensively since that time, for the former metal; and it has, for upwards of fifty years, afforded an abundant supply of the most valuable ore, realizing, in our own land, the dreams of the riches of Potosi, and is still unexhausted. It is the centre of a large industrious population; hundreds of families are dependent upon its buried treasures for their daily bread, whilst many owe their affluence to the same source.



The average quantity of ore raised in Cornwall annually, is—

	Tons.	£
Of copper ore 151,564, yielding of metal 12,042, value 897,358.		
Of tin ore .. 7,712		6,130
Of iron ore .. 40,660		461,700
Of lead ore .. 1,900		
Of manganese ore .. 5,000		
{ raised in large quantity in West Devon, }		40,000.

In addition to these minerals, 500 tons of arsenic are annually produced in Cornwall. The various improvements which have been recently introduced in smelting operations, have rendered the separation of silver from the galenas a work of profit. The mundics—sulphurets of iron—are becoming very valuable for their sulphur: and, in various parts of the county zinc, cobalt, antimony, bismuth, and nickel, are obtained. It is to be regretted, that the want of chemical skill on the part of those engaged in smelting operations has occasioned the abandonment, or nearly so, of the zinc ores of Cornwall, although exceedingly abundant; and that we should import immense quantities of that valuable ore, cobalt, from Saxony, whilst it lies in heaps, and is considered valueless in the mines of our own land. If a school of mines had been established in England, these, and many other valuable minerals, would have been long ago profitably worked. We hope that the success which has attended the establishment of the Museum of Economic Geology may lead to its extension, and that before long England may be able to boast of its national establishments, in which mineralogy, metallurgy, and mining are practically taught.

Tin is found in the granite districts, most of those primitive mountain ranges being traversed by tin *lodes*, or fissures, in which, mixed with quartz and other matters, this metal has been, by some secret operation of Nature, formed in large quantities. These *lodes* are now extensively worked, but, at the same time, search is made for this metal in the valleys, by what is called *streaming*. It is well known that, under some conditions, the granite is very readily decomposed. In the course of ages, the decomposed faces of the hills have been washed down by the storms, and this debris borne by the rivers, and gradually deposited in the valleys. This deposit is collected and washed—the tin which it contains, being from its greater specific gravity left behind, is thus collected. This *stream tin* is superior to the tin of the *lodes*—the sulphur and arsenic which contaminate the one not being found in the other. With this *stream tin*, gold is sometimes found, and at Carnon stream, pieces of native gold of considerable size have been discovered. Copper ore is found both in the granite and in the *killas* (clay slate) rocks. Any observer going over the great mining fields of Cornwall must notice that the productive copper mines are invariably just upon the junction of these two formations, and experience has shown that no very abundant supply of this mineral is to be expected from any district far removed from the line of junction. In the serpentine rocks of the Lizard Point, copper has been discovered, principally in masses, and in most cases in a state of very great purity.

The first paper in this volume is a memoir “On the Metalliferous Deposits of Cornwall and Devon.” In this, the principal communication made by Mr. Henwood to the Society, he has given the results of his examination of most of the mines in the district, which examination has been the labor of twelve years; consequently a great deal of very valuable matter has been brought together. We have descriptions, tabulated forms, and diagrams in great number; but, from a careful examination of these, and reference to other authorities, we could have wished that the indefatigable author had confined his observations to a narrower sphere. In diffusing his examination over so extensive a district, he has not been enabled to give that close attention to many of the most remarkable phenomena connected with the

formation of mineral lodes or veins, which they deserve. The *slides* and *heaves*—those ruptures of mineral veins which appear to indicate some great movement of the earth—have been, most of them, noticed, but, in many cases, from the superficial examination which Mr. Henwood has given them, he has come to certainly very incorrect conclusions—and his statements are frequently only in part correct—portions of the lode, which indicate a certain fact, being alone examined; whereas, if the examination had been carefully carried over every discovered part of the mineral deposit, the author's views would, there is no doubt, have been considerably modified. The laws which regulate the formation of mineral lodes, notwithstanding the very extensive observations which have been made, are still involved in obscurity. A certain degree of regularity has been found to prevail in the direction and dip of lodes, and also in those curious intersections which are technically termed *cross courses*. It would appear from the observations and experiments of Mr. Fox and of Mr. Henwood, that the electrical agent was in active operation, effecting the decomposition of masses of ore in some places, from which, by the infiltration of water, the metal is removed, leaving curious caverns, called by the miners *rags*, whilst it is again deposited in some remote fissure, in new forms, by the influences of the same principle. This subject has been rather extensively investigated by Mr. Henwood, but we must refer those who desire more information on this curious question to the volume itself.

Subterranean temperature has also occupied the author's attention, and he has a memoir on this subject. He has observed that at the same depths the granite rock is always colder than the slate rocks. It is also stated that “at all depths the rocks are warmer than the *lodes*, and the *lodes* than the *cross veins*,” this is so contrary to the impressions of all practical miners, and so much at variance with the results obtained by Mr. Fox, Prof. Forbes, and others, that we think there must be some error. Mr. Henwood states that “from the surface to 150 fathoms deep, the rise of temperature, for equal increments of depth, seems to be in a diminishing ratio; a fact previously known. But further observations disclose the curious, and it would seem anomalous circumstance, that at more than 150 fathoms deep the progression again becomes more rapid. Now Mr. R. W. Fox's observations, published in the Transactions of the British Association for 1840, give in round numbers,

A temperature of 67° at 59 fms. below the surface.	
“ “ 71° at 132	
“ and 80° at 239	
Being an increase of	
10° at 59 fms. deep, or 10 in 35·4 feet.	
of 10° more at 73 fms. deeper, or 19 in 48·8	
And of 10° “ 114 fms. still deeper, or 1° in 64·2	

The discrepancy between these results is very great; we at first were inclined to account for it from Mr. Henwood's having confined his observations entirely to the temperature of the water issuing from the rocks, which might accordingly as it percolated from above, or rose from a greater depth than the place from which it issued, represent the temperature of a situation far different. Mr. Fox's results were obtained from observations on thermometers placed in holes bored in the rocks; the temperature of the rubbish in the galleries of the mine and of the water being at the same time carefully ascertained. However, on going over the tabular results which Mr. Henwood has given, it does not appear to us that his position is borne out by them, if we take a fair mean of the whole, which is the only correct mode of arriving at the truth.

To all persons interested in the investigation of the great phenomena observable in the mineral kingdom, this volume will be of much value; whilst to the general reader it presents many points of interest.—*Athenæum*.

From Chambers' Journal.

## THE DISINTERRED.

Why from its sacred home  
 Bear the sordid dust?  
 Would ye, too, bid the winged spirit come  
 Back to a broken trust?

THE grave, the last resting-place of our "frail humanity," has been invested, by the common consent of mankind, with so much of sanctity, that its wanton desecration is always looked upon with horror; and even those disinterments which are sometimes, as in cases of suspected murder, necessary for the ends of justice, are generally conducted with as little publicity as possible. Exceptions, however, there are to this, as to most other prejudices and customs of society; and there are on record some disinterments so remarkable as regards the feelings that occasioned them, as to have become matters not only of history, but also of poetry, and that too of the highest order. Many have thrown the halo of poetic coloring round the romantic story of Inez de Castro, the unhappy lady of Portugal, who, being privately married to Don Pedro, the heir of the kingdom, was assassinated by the order of her royal father-in-law, as not being noble enough to share the power of his son. This occurred in 1355, and Don Pedro submitted in silence to the blow that thus ruined his happiness. For thirteen years, during the lifetime of his father, he took no measure of revenge, only brooding on his loss; but no sooner did the death of the king render his own power supreme, than he put to a cruel death the assassins of his wife, and issued orders for a splendid coronation in the cathedral of Santa Clara in Coimbra. There, at noonday, in the presence of the assembled chivalry and beauty of the land, all that remained of Inez de Castro, "his beautiful, his bride," was clad in purple and cloth of gold; a royal crown was placed on those hollow temples once so fair to look upon; she was raised high on a chair of state, and Pedro stood beside her, to see that none of the shuddering nobles failed to do homage by touching that fleshless hand. Time, place, and circumstance, all conspired to make the spectacle one of splendid horror. Never before nor since was the great lesson of the frailty of human life and the nothingness of earthly grandeur so sternly taught; for even he who had summoned this vast assemblage, that he might thus vindicate the fame of Inez and his own fidelity to her, was only mocked by the pageantry of the scene. It restored her to him, indeed, but not in the living and breathing loveliness which had first won his affections. He had avenged her death; he had made those haughty nobles, who feared degradation if she came to be queen over them, humble themselves before her dust. Still, the heart yearned for more; but all that remained for him to do was to restore his queen to the loneliness of the sheltering grave. She was re-interred with great state in the church of Alcobaca; and her tomb, rich in elaborate sculpture, and containing at a later period the remains of Don Pedro also, was long a shrine for the visits of pious or curious travellers. It was finally desecrated and destroyed by the soldiery during the Peninsular war.

The histories of Spain and Portugal, almost more than those of any other country, mingle with their records of campaigns, treaties, and insurrections, those traits of individual character and feeling which are of the deepest interest not only to the general reader, but to the student of human

nature. Beneath a proud and cold exterior, the Spaniard concealed a passionate tenderness and jealousy in love, and a lofty courage and honorable faith in arms, which made the national character, some three centuries ago, the *beau ideal* of European chivalry. Never were sovereigns more deservedly celebrated than Ferdinand and Isabella, who, by their marriage, and the subsequent expulsion of the Moors, consolidated the Spanish monarchy, and who were, moreover, the friends and patrons of Columbus; yet, fortunate as they were in all their undertakings, they could not escape a painful kind of misfortune—they were unhappy in their children. Their eldest son Juan, gave promise of much goodness, but he died just as he attained to manhood; their eldest daughter Isabella, beautiful and virtuous, died soon after her marriage to the prince of Portugal; their youngest daughter Catherine, married to our Henry VIII., deserved, for her many virtues, to have met more happiness than fell to her lot with her tyrant husband. Joanna, their second daughter, married to Philip of Austria, surnamed the Handsome, was unlike all her family; she neither inherited the talents and virtues of her illustrious mother, nor the worldly wisdom of her sagacious father; and she had no attraction of person or manner to compensate the deficiency. She was singularly wayward and imbecile, and her affections, for want of due regulation, annoyed the husband on whom they were indiscreetly and fitfully lavished. Philip was not only young and handsome, but gay and fond of pleasure; he disliked the haughty formality of the Castilian court, and treated the royal circle, including his wife, with an insolent indifference that offended the pride of the Spanish character, and awoke, in the bosom of Joanna, a jealousy that alternated with love and bigotry in directing her conduct. During the life of Isabella, the quarrels of the young couple, though frequent and violent, ended in reconciliations; for the queen, who was a true wife, a wise and affectionate parent, a kind mistress, and a judicious and warm friend, could bend all who came within her influence to her own will; but when death deprived Joanna of this best monitor, her capricious conduct entirely estranged the affections of Philip. As she was the next in succession to her mother, she was immediately declared sovereign of Castile; and after some delay, and in despite of opposition from her father, Philip was joined with her, and he assumed his new authority with an eager enjoyment that contrasted strongly with the morbid indifference of Joanna. Scarcely, however, was Philip seated on his so-much-coveted throne, scarcely had he taken his first draught of the intoxicating cup that seemed filled with happiness, when he was seized by fever; and in the very prime of manhood, just as he had attained the summit of power, after a few days of severe suffering, he died. Then came that "late remorse of love," which made the really injured Joanna forget all his unkindness and neglect; the shock was so severe and unexpected, that she could not at first be brought to comprehend that he was really dead; but when that was beyond all doubt, her mind, which had been long harassed by the conflict between love, jealousy, and a blind and bigoted religious belief, became absorbed with the one idea that he might be restored to life. Her confessor had told her of some monkish legend, which related, that even after fourteen years, by faith and prayer, a dead king had been restored to life, and she resolved to watch and

pray, that a similar miracle might be wrought on her behalf. Full of this hope, she looked, without shedding a tear, on the remains of her idolized husband; she suffered the royal obsequies to be performed with all the usual pomp; but, as soon as they were concluded, and the actors in the ceremony were all dismissed, she caused the body to be exhumed, and taken back to her own apartments. Yet even here, in her lonely vigil over the confined clay, she betrayed the same jealousy that had mingled with her love for him in his lifetime, and she suffered no female to approach the apartment. We, who now sit in judgment on her conduct, know that thus to feel and act was madness; but with the charity that is

"so holy in the heart,  
And gentle on the tongue,"

let us draw a veil over her infirmities, and pity her sorrows. Though quite incapable of exercising the functions of royalty, she would not relinquish her right to the sovereign power of Castile: she still watched and waited for the return of Philip, withholding for him the right to govern which had descended to their son, the well-known Emperor Charles V. This prince, though manifesting towards the close of life something of the superstitious melancholy of his mother's temperament, seems to have inherited the characteristics of his maternal ancestors, Ferdinand and Isabella; as if talent, like a vein of precious metal, could be lost for a time only to reappear, in another generation, with greater richness, brilliancy, and depth.

Great as are the diversities of human character, it is scarcely possible to find two individuals whose sex and station in life being the same, present so great a contrast to each other as Joanna of Castile, and Catherine II. of Russia. Both had sensible and highly-gifted mothers, who diligently superintended their education, to fit them for the sovereign stations they were expected to fill. Joanna's natural incapacity defeated her mother's care, but Catherine had superior talents, and profited by the instructions bestowed upon her. They were both married early; and while Joanna's misery arose out of her exceeding affection for the gay, careless, handsome Philip, Catherine's career of crime commenced in her aversion to the imbecile, ill-favored, brutal Peter; yet, offensive as were his habits, they form no excuse for the guilty ambition which led her to connive at, if she did not contrive, his murder. Scarcely could his body have been cold, when his murderers proclaimed her his successor: he was interred, after a short public exposure of his corpse to the gaze of the public, in a convent, and Catherine at once assumed all the powers of the imperial autocrat. For thirty-five years she retained this vast authority in her own hands, not even suffering her son Paul to enjoy any share of it, much less to ascend that throne, to which, at the completion of his minority, he had an undoubted right.

Unlike the weary, solitary widowhood of Joanna, Catherine spent her days in the bustle of the camp and the gaiety of the court, maintaining to the last day of her life her established habits of activity. After completing her seventieth year, she fell into a stupor or swoon, in which she remained thirty-seven hours, and then, uttering a fearful shriek, expired. It has been thought that she would, if her senses had returned after the first seizure, have named some other than her son as her successor, so great an aversion had she always seemed to en-

tertain towards him; but he was, as of right, immediately proclaimed czar. One of the first acts of his reign was to order the disinterment of the body of his father; he caused the coffin to be opened in his presence, and shed tears over the remains of his murdered parent. The coffin was then closed, a crown was placed upon it, and it was removed with great pomp to the palace, and thence to the citadel, the royal burying-place. The body of the empress had, in the mean time, been embalmed, and the two coffins were placed side by side. Separated for so many years, husband and wife met again—

"Where none had saluted, and none had replied:"

he from his mouldering rest and companionship with the worm, she from a long course of luxury and unbounded indulgence in vices that every law, social, moral, and divine, discountenances and forbids. One, by the royal mandate, watched over their solemn rest, a man of gigantic stature, with iron nerves; yet did he not tremble as he kept his vigil with the dead! He was more than suspected of being the murderer of Peter; but Paul could not so far outrage his mother's memory as openly to proclaim such a terrible fact; he therefore avenged his father by thus honoring his remains, and making Alexis Orloff, the reputed murderer, watch over and follow them to their tomb.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### SUNDAY IN LONDON.

THE devotion with which business is pursued in London has caused the Sunday to be most unfairly dealt with. The great bulk of the industrious classes find, or affect to find, that they must work from morning till night for six days, and then convince themselves that it is necessary to spend the Sunday entirely in recreation, for which they say they have no other time. It would probably be a new idea to many of them, if they were asked, "Why no other time?" or if it were pointed out that each day ought to have, to some extent, its own period of recreation. But, how far soever they may be in error on this point, the mode in which these classes do generally spend the Sunday is itself a fact in our social system not unworthy of notice. A few light pencillings on the subject may be listened to, where a downright sermon would be disregarded.

The streets of London always present a remarkably quiet and deserted appearance early in the morning, but on this day particularly so. All is still, save now and then when the steps of the distant policeman are heard breaking with their echoes the death-like silence of the streets, or when a party of anglers, principally young clerks and shopmen, pass by, yawning and half wishing that they had not got up quite so early, and carrying across their shoulders formidable instruments intended for the capture of roach and gudgeons, and large full-bellied baskets crammed with bread and meat, equivocal pork pies, and a bottle of beer. Now and then—but, I am happy to say, this has become comparatively a rare sight of late years—some mechanic, we may hope an unmarried one, who had been offering last night the first fruits of his week's wages at the shrine of Bacchus, comes staggering past. He is not sufficiently sober to know where he is going; but as he is not too drunk to walk, and does not make

any disturbance, the policeman takes no notice of him. The early breakfast stalls, that on other days are patronized by artisans on the way to their work, are not to be seen, or are confined to localities in which their custom is derived from those who reside in their immediate vicinity. The coffee-shops remain shut longer than usual, as mechanics, who form their principal frequenters, lie in bed a couple of hours later, as a rest from the toils of the past week, and a preparation for the fatigues of the ensuing day.

At seven o'clock the day may be said to commence. The shrill voice of the water-cress seller is heard—the small transactions of that trade confining it almost entirely to children and those who are too old for anything else. The other cries tolerated on Sunday morning are shrimps, dried haddocks, Yarmouth bloaters, mackerel, and the fruits of the season. It may be well, however, to say that the magnificent but ugly word bloater is applied to mere red herrings, and not to that incomparable dainty which swims in the sea only a few days before it comes on the table, and is only salted sufficiently to make it keep for that interval, and only smoked enough to tinge it with the color of virgin gold. The milk-woman now walks her rounds, clattering her tin cans, and singing out her musical cry. She is a stout, rosy-cheeked, good-humored Welsh or Irish woman, with a joke for the policeman, and for the servant-girl an inquiry after the health of her "young man." She is also the confidant of the whole neighborhood, and gives sage advice to the servant-of-all-work, who, disgusted with some inquiries that had been made after a shoulder of mutton which appeared but once at table, resolves to give that missus of hers warning this very blessed day. The chimneys begin to smoke, and the shops in the poor neighborhoods, that deal in the necessities of life, open one by one. Down the narrow courts, windows are thrown open to let the chimney draw; and in that nearest you, you hear the rattle of cups and saucers, and by and by the screams of a little boy who is undergoing an involuntary ablution. When the younger branches of the family are dressed, they are made to sit in a row on the door-step, so that they may be out of the way, and with strict injunctions not to play, lest they should spoil their dresses. Inside, the mother and elder daughters are deep in the mysteries of stuffing a leg of pork and the manufacture of an apple-pie; and the father, after being knocked about by everybody, and made a complete tool of—having alternately been set to hold the baby, and pare apples, and reach down sugar, and sharpen knives—at length indignantly retires to the street-door, where, with his coat off, and in a very white shirt and ditto trousers, and with the baby in his arms, he smokes his pipe and reads his Sunday paper, borrowed from the public-house, or one of the penny weeklies, purchased "out and out."

About ten o'clock the streets become fuller. Londoners have a strong regard for appearances, and those who perhaps do not visit a church from one year's end to another, are yet unwilling to exhibit their negligence to the public. During the hours of the morning service the streets are comparatively empty; all those who set out on their day's walk before dinner—who, however, form but a limited proportion of the pleasure-seekers—starting about this time. They generally consist of small parties who go down by railway or steamboat to Greenwich, carrying their

dinner with them in a basket, and dining under a chestnut-tree, spending their afternoon in visiting Shooter's Hill, riding on donkeys on Blackheath, or perhaps getting up, along with some other party, a game at kiss-in-the-ring. This is also the time chosen by the young shopkeeper, who, shutting his eyes to the expense, hires a gig for the day, and drives his lady-love to Harrow, Richmond, Tottenham, or some other favored place, where they dine at an ordinary; and after walking about in the neighborhood, return at six to tea, which is served with great dignity by the young lady, whose point of politeness is to thank the waiter separately for every service he performs. There is another class—patriarchal experienced men, knowing of the fact that simple and economical pleasures are often the best—who carry the whole of their family, and a friend or two besides, to Epping Forest, in a taxed cart drawn by a tall bony horse, well known in the neighborhood for the last dozen years, and generally supposed to possess unlimited powers of drawing. When this party has arrived at its destination, a large basket is unpacked, and a cloth spread on the ground, and they all fall upon the viands before them with hearty appetites and merry laughter, as safe from intruders as if they were in a balloon, although the place is within a few miles of London. After dinner a fire is made with dry sticks, and a small kettle of water is put on, which serves the double purpose of preparing the old gentleman's toddy and making tea for the ladies; and in the mean time the young folks stroll about, arm in arm, gathering wild flowers, and the old folks sit down together and prose. Others, with their dinner in a handkerchief, repair to Hampton Court, by means of a pleasure-van holding about two dozen persons, and for the trip there and back pay a shilling. The van is handsomely painted, the horses neatly harnessed, and the awning overhead protects the pleasers from the sun, admitting only the dust. In a very little while they are rumbled and tumbled into companionship. Perfect magazines of fun are these pleasure vans. Many an acquaintance begins in them which is destined to reach its climax at the altar, and only to terminate in the grave. These pleasers look down with a good-humored superiority on mere pedestrians, and many are the jokes and repartees bandied between the two as they pass.

Well, as has been said, it is ten o'clock. The main streets that lead out of town are thronged with pleasure-seekers, and in the poor neighborhoods the shops are open, and doing a great amount of business. Mrs. Smith, having resisted for some time the demands of the children for a pie, to their great glee at length gives in, and hurries out for green rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, and raspberries, or apples, according to the season, though with many misgivings in her mind, when she considers the quantity of sugar that will be necessary to make them palatable. Good managers put off the buying of their Sunday joint to this moment, in the hope that the butcher will sell his meat a halfpenny a pound cheaper rather than keep it till the next day; but they meet with the fate of most very good managers, and are often obliged to put up now with what they would have rejected last night. Little boys, with their jackets off, carry earthen dishes containing shoulders of mutton, with potatoes under them, to the baker's, feeling all the way in a state of nervous trepidation lest they should meet with some strong and unscrupulous

man who might not have such a dainty for his dinner. Behind comes a little girl who is intrusted with the pie, and who, on her return home, gives her mamma an account of what all the neighbors are going to have for dinner. It is astonishing how pre-arranging girls are, especially if they are the eldest in the family. Boys neither know nor care about anything that is not in some way or other connected with marbles or leap-frog, but we never knew a little girl who did not know the names of all the people in the street, and more of their affairs than could be gleaned from any other source.

The church-bells are now ringing, well-dressed people are walking along with a quiet and serious air, carrying prayer-books in their hands, and making Mrs. Smith wish that she had done all her marketing on Saturday evening, so that she might not have been seen before she had "cleaned" herself. The shops are all shut, and in a quarter of an hour the streets are comparatively empty. The cabmen, despairing of a fare for the next two hours, collect in groups opposite the coach-stand, and regale themselves with the feast of reason and the flow of soul, the public-houses being rigidly closed until one o'clock; while in St. Giles' and Seven Dials, Irishmen dressed in blue-coats with brass buttons, individually lean against posts, or, seated in rows on the curb-stone, smoke in a state of apathy, occasionally addressing some monosyllabic observation to one another, which is answered with a grunt of assent.

It is one o'clock, and Mrs. Smith is dressed, and nursing the baby; and Mr. Smith, having finished his second pipe, and read the paper through, advertisements and all, and having been put into a state of patronic dissatisfaction by the leading article, is indignant because he cannot think of anything to grumble at except the heat of the weather. The little Smiths are each of them seated on a chair, in order to preserve their muslin frocks and white trousers; but which, however, they are constantly leaving, in order to look if the people have come out of church, keeping their mother actively employed in reseating them. At last, however, the streets begin to fill as if by magic. The clock strikes one, and out the young Smiths rush to the baker's, without stopping for bonnets or hats. If they did not get there before anybody else, who knows that somebody might not make a mistake and take away *their* pie? Such things have happened before, and it is a remarkable fact that the person who makes the exchange has always the best of it. However, on this occasion it is all right. The pork is done well, and is encased in a coating of such delicious crackling; the potatoes are nicely brown, and soaking in fat; and as for the pie, it is the perfection of the baking art. It is a fine sight, too, to see the stout woman handing the dishes over the counter, and receiving the money with an air of cool unconcern, as if a gooseberry pie were an every-day occurrence, and a custard pudding a mere nothing; and it would be a surprising sight, too, to one who did not know that bakers live upon the steam of the good things intrusted in their hands. During the time the dinner has been sent for, Mr. Smith with his own hands has brought a pot of porter from the public-house at the corner, stopping every minute to drink a mouthful lest it should spill. On reaching home, he finds that his wife has laid the cloth with scrupulous neatness, bringing out to advantage the imitation ebony cruel frame that they have had

ever since their marriage, and the best knives and forks which had been a present from mother. The cloth is laid, too, on their best table, a small, round, unsteady, and indeed somewhat dispirited-looking article, made of walnut tree. It is certainly rather a hard squeeze, but the other table will not do for Sunday; and Mrs. Smith takes the youngest boy on her lap, and father one of the little girls, and thus they all manage, somehow or other, to get within reach of the dainties. We will not say anything about the dinner, farther than that it is treated in the style customary with Londoners, who consider it a Christian duty to eat as much as possible on Sunday; and it must be a good dinner too, even if they are upon short commons for the rest of the week to pay for it.

The dinner is over, the things are put away, and everybody is dressed, and anxious to go out. So Mr. Smith goes for the children's "shay" from the back-yard, and with some difficulty lugs it up the narrow steps, looking very red, and feeling very wretched from his having whitened his best coat against the wall, and received a blow on the shins from the handle of the chaise. However, he cools down when three of the children are inserted in the vehicle, and the party at length set out, three other children walking behind with his wife and the baby, while he himself draws the chaise, wrapped up in the enjoyment of a new clay pipe at least half a yard long, which he had hid away till now over the clock, to be out of the reach of the juveniles. Through the streets they go, Mrs. Smith screaming out every moment to the children to get out of the way of the carriages; and herself, by way of setting a good example, running every now and then under the very heads of the horses, as is the custom of all timid ladies. They cross the New Road, down which crowds of people are making for Regent's Park, to sit down on benches or lie on the grass, or form a circle round one or other of the many lecturers who there hold forth gratuitously; and perhaps after that to make a pilgrimage to Primrose Hill, from the top of which they see the panorama of the mighty city spread before them, with St. Paul's rising high in the midst.

Everything goes on pleasantly enough with our Smiths, who walk through Somers-Town, keeping on the shady side of the way; but it is quite a different affair when they get past Chalk Farm. The road here opens to the hot sun, and clouds of dust come darting down, then across and back again, like a playful kitten doing all the mischief it can out of pure fun. But the worst of it is the steep hill they have now to climb. Mr. Smith tugs and toils away, now stopping to dry the perspiration from his brow, and now giving vent to his feelings by reproaches levelled at his wife. He knew all along what it would be. It always happens so every Sunday; and his pleasure must be spoiled for a whole day, because she would insist on bringing the children. It was too bad—that it was. Now, Mrs. Smith possesses, as she herself affirms, the temper of a *hangel*, but to hear the way John went on would exhaust the patience of Job. Was n't it enough that she was worried to death by the baby, but he must begin to talk about *her* bringing the children, just as if he did n't propose it himself! But that was the way she was always treated; he was never contented and sociable like other men. Why did n't he take pattern by cousin Mary's! But just as she has reached this point, they arrive at a public house, in which Mr.

Smith proposes that they should rest for a short time, and as his wife is perfectly agreeable, they walk in. After sitting for some little while over a pint, who should they see coming in but young Thompson and his wife, a very respectable couple indeed, he being a first-rate turner, making, it is said, at least two guineas a-week. After expressing their mutual surprise at meeting, they all sit down together, and the two men begin to talk politics, and the ladies domestics. Mrs. Smith gives a complete history of the rise and progress of the hooping-cough with which little Johnny had been lately suffering, with an exposition of her particular mode of treatment, to all of which Mrs. Thompson listens with great interest, and treasures it up in her mind, as she herself has a baby of two or three months old. Having rested for some time, they start in a body, and as there are now two men to draw the chaise, they go on pleasantly enough, and at length, after several stoppages, arrive at the very top of Hampstead Heath.

On the side of a declivity on the heath there are a great number of tables and forms laid out on the grass, on which some washerwomen, who inhabit the cottages close by, provide the social meal for all such as are willing to pay ninepence a-head. To this spot our party repair, and after some discussion with an elderly female with regard to how many heads the young Smiths might be supposed to possess collectively, they sit down and take tea, remarking how very differently the beverage, as well as the bread and butter, tastes in the country. Even tea, however, will not stand more than three or four waterings at the most, and they at length get up and turn their faces homewards.

The heath is now rapidly becoming deserted, the only persons who seem inclined to remain being couples, who walk about slowly in the less frequented parts, and talk together in a low tone, and white gowns that are seen gliding like phantoms among the bushes, each with its Hamlet striving to muster courage to address it. The dusk of the evening is coming on, and the pleasure-seekers again return to the road, and now commences the least agreeable part of the day. From Hampstead to the New Road there is an almost solid line of human beings, some three miles long, enshrined in a cloud of dust. Every person is thirsty, but the public-houses are all full; and even if they were not, there are very few who have not spent their money at Hampstead. Of that mass of human beings—indeed of the whole population of London, whether seen in church or in the streets on this day—it is worthy of remark, that there is not one who is not well and comfortably dressed. In this respect we differ from most continental cities. The same feeling of pride that makes the Londoner fare well on Sunday at the expense of the rest of the week, causes him to dress well, and if he cannot do so, he remains a prisoner in his house all day.

Down the hill come the multitude, their feet sore with walking, their heads aching with the heat of the sun, combined, in many cases, with the potations they have been imbibing, their clothes discolored with the dust, and almost all of them either sulky, or venting their ill-humor on their friends. Our party, who half an hour ago were in such good spirits, are now quite the reverse. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are engaged in a not very amicable discussion, and the children are either asleep or crying, and their mother endeavors to silence them by a distribution of boxes on the ear, which, strangely enough, seems to have quite an opposite

effect. Those who can afford to ride are the only persons who enjoy themselves. One party comes tearing down the hill at full speed in a cab, making the women run screaming out of the way, and raising a cloud of dust that blinds everybody. Inside the conveyance are three couples, and three or four gentlemen are distributed on the available places on the roof, smoking cigars, and cutting jokes at the personal appearance of the passers-by. Just as the Smiths are entering London, the evening service of the churches is finished, and the different congregations come pouring out, neatly dressed, and with a quiet, serious air. The Smiths, with dirty faces, dusty clothes, and screaming children, hang down their heads abashed, and sneak home as quickly and quietly as they can, and quite worn out, go to bed with a mental resolution not to seek pleasure for the future in such a laborious manner. It is a curious fact, and one that shows how much better the pleasurable parts of past events are remembered than the disagreeable, that the Smiths, the very next Sunday, again go to the same place, spend the day in the same manner, and return with the same resolution, which is made only to be broken the next Sunday.

The streets in the mean time continue more or less crowded by the returning population till ten o'clock, when a sensible and remarkably sudden diminution in the numbers takes place. Almost all the families with children are by this time housed, and the warehousemen, shopmen, and shopwomen who live with their employers, disappear as the hour strikes, like so many apparitions. This abstracts at once the gayer part of the throng, including all the patent leather boots, gold (mosaic) headed canes, delicate colored silk gowns, barege shawls, and pretty bonnets, and with these accessories most of the gentlemanlike figures and coquettish ankles which throughout the day had thrown a strong dash of gentility upon the motley assemblage. The great lines of thoroughfare become more and more empty towards eleven, and in the back streets the neighbors who had congregated at the doors in little groups to talk over the events of the day, or to compensate themselves for having passed the Sunday at home by enjoying a look at the returning wanderers, vanish one by one into the interior of their domiciles. "Good night" is heard on all sides, mingled with the shutting of doors, the shooting of bolts, and here and there with softer adieus. By midnight the signs of the holiday are over.

Such are but a few traits of a vast subject, the full treatment of which might fill volumes. Enough, however, must have been done even in these light paragraphs, to indicate the unsatisfactory nature of the tradesman and workman's Sunday in London; that is, taking these classes generally, and acknowledging many exceptions. At best, a little amusement is obtained, or a brief unbending from tasks which press at all other times. The higher needs of our nature are left entirely ungratified. It may not, I humbly think, be amiss, while congratulating ourselves on the success of the nation generally in the pursuit of wealth, to remember the immense expense in various ways to a vast portion of the people at which that success is secured.

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*Hiring out Newspapers for perusal.*—The penalty for this very common and mean offence is £5, by the Act 29, Geo. III., c. 50.—*Atlas*.

From the Christian Observer.

#### THE HUGUENOT EMIGRANTS IN AMERICA.

THE perfidious and sanguinary persecutions of the Huguenots in France verified the ancient adage, that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. Thousands of their fellow-confessors, who shared their sufferings, but escaped with life, found their way to various countries, which offered them an asylum from popish tyranny and cruelty; and by their constancy and piety they edified the faithful, and renovated the zeal of many lukewarm Protestants. They carried with them useful arts wherever they went, and benefited the civil as well as the religious weal of the nations which hospitably received them. Saurin, Basnage and Claude, in Holland, were expatriated Huguenots; Romaine and Romilly, in England, were descendants of expatriated Huguenots; and in what Protestant country were not these victims of papal tyranny to be found! Some fled to the Cape of Good Hope, others to America, and great numbers to England, Holland and Germany. William of Orange manned his ships with them, and in one year raised three regiments from among them, who afterwards fought the battles of England, when he ascended the British throne. Thus France lost many of its bravest warriors, as well as of its most industrious artisans. One Vincent had employed five hundred workmen; the mayors of various towns complained that the emigrants had carried away commerce and manufactures with them; Rouen had lost its fabric of hats; Poitiers of druggets; and the silk trade of France had become located in Spitalfields, London; in which city so great were their numbers, that they had occasion for six churches. Such was the political policy, to say nothing of the wickedness, of religious persecution. In recently visiting Jersey and Guernsey, we found some worthy descendants of these holy confessors, who obtained a welcome refuge in the Channel Islands from the tyranny which oppressed them in the neighboring mainland.

The numbers who suffered from the first persecution till the Edict of Nantes, in 1598, and after the revocation of that edict, cannot be correctly computed. It has been estimated that seventy thousand perished in the massacre on the tide of St. Bartholomew, 1572; and the number of emigrants after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes has been reckoned at half a million. The horrors which ensued upon the revocation of that grant of toleration, furnish some of the blackest pages of human history. Property of every kind was plundered; children were torn from the arms of their parents; churches were profaned and razed to the ground; matrons and young women were abandoned to a licentious soldiery; men were imprisoned, scourged, condemned to the galleys, roasted at slow fires, and wounded with knives and red-hot pincers; faithful pastors were broken on the wheel, and the bodies of the sufferers were thrown naked to the dogs and wolves.

"*Herc*," says the eloquent Saurin, "we saw our persecutors drawing on a sledge the dead bodies of those who had expired on the rack. *There*, we beheld a false friar tormenting a dying man, who was terrified, on the one hand, with the fears of hell if he should apostatize, and on the other, with the fear of leaving his children without bread if he should continue in the faith; while *yonder* they were tearing children from their parents, while the tender parents were shedding more tears for the loss of their souls than for that of their bodies or lives." The reverend Claude says: "They cast some into large fires, and took them out when they were half roasted. They hanged others with long ropes under the arms, and plunged them several times into wells till they promised to renounce their religion. They stretched them like criminals upon the rack, and poured wine with a funnel down their throats, till being intoxicated they consented to turn Romanists."

But we will not dilate upon these scenes of horror: our present design being chiefly to introduce to our readers the faithful bands of French Protestants who found a shelter in what are now the United States of America, and whose history is not generally known. Dr. Baird has collected some interesting notices upon the subject, of which we shall avail ourselves in the following statement.

"In our American colonies," says Bancroft in his History of the United States, "they were welcome everywhere. The religious sympathies of New England were awakened. Did any arrive in poverty, having barely escaped with life, the towns of Massachusetts contributed liberally to their support, and provided them with lands; others repaired to New York. But a warmer climate was more inviting to the exiles of Languedoc, and South Carolina became the chief resort of the Huguenots. What, though the attempt to emigrate was by the laws of France a felony; in spite of every precaution of the police, five hundred thousand souls escaped from the country. The unfortunate were more wakeful to fly than the ministers of tyranny to restrain.

"We quitted home by night, leaving the soldiers in their beds, and abandoning the house with its furniture," said Judith, the young wife of Pierre Manigault; "we contrived to hide ourselves for ten days at Romans, in Dauphiny, while a search was made for us; but our faithful hostess would not betray us." Nor could they escape to the seaboard, except by a circuitous journey through Germany and Holland, and thence to England, in the depths of winter. "Having embarked at London, we were sadly off. The spotted fever appeared on board, and many died of the disease; among these our aged mother. We touched at Bermuda, where the vessel was seized. Our money was all spent; with great difficulty we procured a passage in another vessel. After our arrival in Carolina, we suffered every kind of evil. In eighteen months, our eldest brother, unaccustomed to the hard labor which we were obliged to undergo, died of a fever. Since our leaving France we had experienced every sort of affliction,—disease, pestilence, famine, poverty, hard labor. I have been six months without tasting bread, working like a slave; and I have passed



three or four years without having it when I wanted it. And yet,' adds the excellent woman in the spirit of grateful resignation, 'God has done great things for us in enabling us to bear up under so many trials.'

"This family was but one of many that found a shelter in Carolina, the general asylum of the Calvinist refugees. Escaping from a land where the profession of their religion was a felony, where their estates were liable to become confiscated in favor of the apostate, where the preaching of their faith was a crime to be expiated on the wheel, where their children might be torn from them to be subjected to their nearest Catholic relation,—the fugitives from Languedoc on the Mediterranean, from Rochelle and Saintonge and Bordeaux, the provinces on the Bay of Biscay, from St. Quentin, Poitiers, and the beautiful valley of Tours, from St. Lo and Dieppe, men who had the virtues of the English Puritans without their bigotry, came to the land to which the tolerant benevolence of Shaftesbury had invited the believer of every creed. From a land that had suffered its king in wanton bigotry to drive half a million of its best citizens into exile, they came to the land which was the hospitable refuge of the oppressed; where superstition and fanaticism, infidelity and faith, cold speculation and animated zeal, were alike admitted without question, and where the fires of religious persecution were never to be kindled. There they obtained an assignment of lands, and soon had tenements; there they might safely make the woods the scene of their devotions, and join the simple incense of their psalms to the melodies of the winds among the ancient groves. Their church was in Charleston; and thither on every Lord's day, gathering from the plantations on the banks of the Cooper, and taking advantage of the ebb and flow of the tide, they might all regularly be seen, the parents with their children, whom no bigot could wrest from them, making their way in light skiffs through scenes so tranquil, that silence was broken only by the rippling of the oars, and the hum of the flourishing village at the confluence of the rivers.

"Other Huguenot emigrants established themselves on the south bank of the Santee, in a region which has since been celebrated for affluence and refined hospitality.

"The United States are full of monuments of the emigrations from France. When the struggle for independence arrived, the son of Judith Manigault intrusted the vast fortune he had acquired to the service of the country that had adopted his mother; the hall in Boston where the eloquence of New England rocked the infant spirit of independence, was the gift of the son of a Huguenot; when the treaty of Paris for the independence of our country was framing, the grandson of a Huguenot, acquainted from childhood with the wrongs of his ancestors, would not allow his jealousies of France to be lulled, and exerted a powerful influence in stretching the boundary of the states to the Mississippi. On our north-eastern frontier state, the name of the oldest college bears witness to the wise liberality of a descendant of the Huguenots. The children of the Calvinists of France have reason to respect the memory of their ancestors."

The emigration of the Huguenots to America, is an interesting event in the history of that country. Even previous to the massacre of St. Bartholo-

mew's day, some of the Protestant leaders, whether from feeling their position to be even then intolerable, or from their anticipations of a still darker futurity, proposed to establish a colony and a mission in Brazil—the mission being the first ever projected by Protestants. The admiral of France, De Coligny, who was afterwards a victim in the St. Bartholomew's massacre, entered warmly into the undertaking, and Calvin urged it on, and selected three excellent ministers, who had been trained under his own eye at Geneva, to accompany the emigrants. The expedition (which set out in 1556) proved peculiarly disastrous. The commander relapsed to the Roman Catholic faith, and having put the three ministers to death, returned to France, leaving the remains of the colony to be massacred by the Portuguese. Nor did better success attend two attempts made by the good admiral to plant colonies in North America, the one in South Carolina, the other in Florida.

From the time of the siege of Rochelle to that of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, there had been a continual emigration of French Protestants to the English colonies in America, which after the last of these two events was greatly augmented, as is proved by the public acts of those colonies. The first notice of the kind to be found, is an act of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, in 1662, to this effect, "that John Touton, a French doctor and inhabitant of Rochelle, made application to the general court of Massachusetts in behalf of himself and other Protestants, expelled from their habitations on account of their religion, that they might have liberty to live there, which was readily granted them." In 1666, a grant of 11,000 acres was made to another company of French Protestants who had settled at Oxford, in the same colony. In that year, too, a French Protestant church was erected at Boston, which, ten years after, had the Rev. Mr. Daillé for its pastor. A century later, when the French Protestants had ceased to use the French language, and had become merged in other churches, their place of worship fell into the hands of some French Roman Catholic refugees.

In 1666, an act for the naturalization of French Protestants was passed by the legislature of Maryland; acts to the like effect were passed in Virginia in 1671; in the Carolinas in 1696, and in New York in 1703.

New York became an asylum for the Huguenots at a very early date; for even before it was surrendered to England, namely, about 1656, they were so numerous there that the public documents of the colony had to be published in French as well as in English; and in 1708, Smith, the historian of that colony, says, that next to the Dutch they were the most numerous and the wealthiest class of the population. From an early period they had in that city a church, which exists at the present day. Dr. Baird was informed that it has long been attached to the denomination of the



Protestant Episcopal Church, and has a Frenchman for its rector.

New Rochelle, about sixteen miles above the city of New York, on the East River, was settled solely by Huguenots from Rochelle in France, and the French tongue, both in public worship and common speech, was in use even until after the American revolution. There are many of the descendants of French Huguenots in Ulster and Dutchess counties, in the state of New York.

The Rev. Dr. Millar, professor of Church History in the theological seminary at Princeton, New Jersey, had the following interesting facts respecting the early inhabitants of New Rochelle communicated to him: "When the Huguenots first settled in that neighborhood their only place of worship was in the city of New York. They had taken lands on terms that required the utmost exertions of men, women, and children among them to render tillable. They were, therefore, in the habit of working hard till Saturday night, spending the night in trudging down on foot to the city, attending worship twice the next day, and walking home the same night to be ready for work in the morning. Amid all these hardships they wrote to France, to tell what great privileges they enjoyed."

In 1679, Charles II. sent, at his own expense, in two ships, a company of Huguenots to South Carolina, in order that they might there cultivate the vine, the olive, &c., and from that time there was an extensive emigration of French Protestants to the colonies. Collections were made for them in England in the reign of James II., and the English parliament at one time aided them with a grant of £15,000. In 1690, William III. sent a large colony of them to Virginia, in addition to which that colony received three hundred families in 1699, followed successively by two hundred, and afterwards by one hundred families more. In 1752, no fewer than one thousand six hundred foreign Protestants, chiefly French, settled in South Carolina, and above two hundred more in 1764.

In 1733, three hundred and seventy Swiss Protestant families settled in South Carolina under the conduct of Jean Pierre Pury, of Neuchâtel; the British government granting them 40,000 acres of land, and £400 Sterling for every hundred adult emigrants landed in the colony.

In some of the colonies, where an established church was supported by a tax, special acts were passed for relieving French Protestants from assessment, and for granting them liberty of worship. Thus, in 1700, the colony of Virginia enacted as follows: "Whereas a considerable number of French Protestant refugees have been lately imported into this his majesty's colony and dominion, several of which refugees have seated themselves above the fall of James' river, at or near the place commonly called and known by the name of the Monacan towns, &c., the said settlement be erected into a parish, not liable to other parochial as-

sessments." This exemption was to last for seven years, and was afterwards renewed for seven more.

These Huguenots, whenever sufficiently numerous, at first used their own language in public worship, and had churches of their own, until, with one or two exceptions, and those only for a time, they fell into either Presbyterian or Episcopal denominations. This must be taken as a general statement, for their descendants may now be found in almost all communions, as well as in all parts of the United States. Many members, too, of the Dutch reformed churches are descended from Huguenots, who had first taken refuge in Holland, and afterwards emigrated to America.

As the entire population of the American colonies amounted only to about two hundred thousand souls in 1701, more than forty years after the commencement of the Huguenot emigrations, a large proportion of that number must have been French Protestants, and Huguenot blood accordingly must be extensively diffused among the citizens of the United States at the present day. So large an accession of people, whose very presence in America proved the consistency of their religious character, and who were generally distinguished by simple and sincere piety, must have been a great blessing to the land of their adoption, especially to the southern states, where it was most required. Their coming to America, on the other hand, has been blessed, under God, to them and their descendants. Many of the first families in New York, Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas, as well as other states, are to be found among the latter, as may be seen in many cases from their names, although these have often been lost through intermarriages, or can with difficulty be recognized, owing to their being spelt as they are pronounced by Anglo-Americans. Some of the most eminent persons that have ever adorned the United States were of Huguenot descent. Such were no fewer than three out of the seven presidents of Congress, and in a sense of the whole nation, during the war of the revolution, namely, John Jay, Henry Laurens, and Elias Boudinot,—all excellent men. "No man in America," says Dr. Hawks, in his History of the Episcopal Church in Virginia, "need blush to own himself one of their descendants; for observation has more than once been made, and it is believed to be true, that among their descendants the instances have been rare indeed, of individuals who have been arraigned for crime before the courts of the country."

**IMPORTATION OF NEW ZEALAND WOOL.**—An importation of New Zealand Wool, the first, we believe, which has reached England, realized from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 7d. per lb. It is hoped that this is the beginning of an extensive trade in wool, an article which New Zealand is in so many respects so well suited to afford. Some specimens of fancy and plain wools imported from the island have been very generally admired and approved of.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

JUST as our last sheet is completed, the steamer of 4 September has arrived. We have no space remaining for more than a few extracts upon the question of War. Bell's Messenger is confident that all will be well, and that the alarm which has induced the "agricultural interest to act hastily in matters connected with their own interest," was not justified; although it aces, "with equal regret and surprise, that the price of our own stocks begins to be affected by the current alarm: large sums are sold out by country families, and serious interests will be affected unless the public mind is put at rest."

The fighting fuss is kept up, and is supplied with fresh fuel by the Prince De Joinville's bombardment of Mogador, Marshal Bugeaud's victory over the Morocco army, and the mutual taunts of French and English newspapers. The details of the attack on Mogador come slowly, because the English spectators had not so close and favorable

a view as at Tangier, while the official accounts of the French are meagre and dilatory; but enough is stated to show that the engagement was more important than that of Tangier: the Moors made a fiercer resistance, and the assailants, besides conquering that resistance, proceeded to take possession of the island that forms the port. The position of the island, which covers the town, may render its possession necessary to an effectual attack; but there is at least the appearance of a tighter grasp on the Morocco territory—one step forward towards that French occupation which has been declared a *casus belli*. A sometimes ministerial journal, indeed, which declared that the French might bombard Tangier but they would not dare to occupy it, is reconciled to the seizure of the island of Mogador by the necessity of the case; a line of sophisticating argument by which the French might be proved virtually to have forborne from occupying even Algiers. Nor has the inland frontier of Morocco been inviolate: Marshal Bugeaud has advanced within it, has routed a great army, and has seized not only a quantity of artillery, but the Imperial Prince's luggage. The French lost many men, but not nearly so many as

the Moors; and the Marshal's étui was not even in danger; so that the victory is quite unequivocal. All the while, there is no proof that the Moorish Emperor had really avowed himself ready to satisfy the demands of France, or that his fanatical subjects would let him do so if he would. It is still a question to be solved, whether Morocco can cease to resist its overwhelming enemy; and if so, whether France can ever retract while Abdel-Keder is at large; and again, if matters thus pursue their natural course, whether Europe may not be dragged into war, however reluctantly.

This is the theme in which journalists exult. To them, hungry for "subjects" in the dull autumnal season, this topic is a windfall. Military ardor is a chronic affection of the French journals; but the acute inflammation of some London papers almost surpasses the Gallie fever. The journalizing "Liberals" speak of war as the one thing to be thought of. The mere talk about it is very convenient just now for editors; it promotes activity in the journal-trade; a real war would be good for newspapers. Stung with anger at the noise and pother, a ministerial writer shrewdly guesses that it may be meant to promote some stockjobbing ends. Likely enough; but the "Liberals," as an opposition, have a particular purpose to serve. One paper, for instance, ridicules the notion of a contemporary already alluded to, that Mogador has not been occupied; hints that it *might* be made a *casus belli*; insists that the time has come to protest against the occupation of Morocco as well as Algiers; and, with the mocking word of "peace" paraded to save appearances, labors to show how facile war would be, and to taunt ministers into taking that short road out of difficulties. If the tory cabinet were jeered into it, the whigs would have a fine opportunity to cry out against that old tory mistake, and to offer to set the world to rights. No wonder that the whig journals provoke the war they affect to deprecate.—*Spectator*, 31 Aug.

The Times gives the following account of the attack on Mogador:—

"The only vessels which could enter the harbor were the Belle Poule frigate and the three armed brigs which had been prepared for that purpose. The fire was opened by the frigate on the morning of the 15th instant, and sustained for the whole day with unabated vigor. It was met [or rather anticipated before the ships had taken up their position] by a very severe fire from the batteries of the town and of the island at the mouth of the harbor; where it is said there were no less than 120 pieces of cannon, ably served by 400 or 500 of the best troops in the service of the emperor. The Belle Poule suffered severely from this prolonged engagement; and it appears that the effect of her fire and of the armed brigs was not sufficiently decisive to bring the affair to a conclusion. It was therefore determined by the Prince De Joinville to attack the islet, and to destroy the batteries upon it, or turn their guns against the city. This attack was made on the morning of the 16th, by 500 picked men, under the orders of Captain Duquesne (a descendant of the French admiral of that name) and Captain Bouet. The troops who were engaged in this enterprise, and who effected a landing on the islet, encountered a most furious and sanguinary resistance; and nearly half the number of the Moorish soldiers who formed the garrison perished on the spot with

their yataghans in their hands. The rest at last effected their retreat to a mosque situated in or near the water, where they capitulated. Meanwhile, the islet being occupied by the French, the works were in part dismantled and in part directed against the city. The work of destruction proceeded with frightful violence; the batteries on the shore were gradually silenced, and the walls of the town were reduced to ruins. A landing was effected by some parties of the French in ships' boats; and it is with great pleasure we record that by this means the British consul and some other British subjects, who had been detained in the city for the preceding five days by the authorities of the place, were rescued. They were conveyed by the boats of the Cassard, one of the French brigs, to the Warspite, which had followed the squadron to watch its operations; and they were received by the crew of that vessel with great enthusiasm, whilst, as we are informed, the band of the Warspite played the national airs of France.

"Terrible, in the mean while, was the fate of the devoted city. The inhabitants, to the number of 12,000 or 13,000, had already fled from it in all directions; but fled to dangers scarcely less formidable than the fire of the French vessels. The boats which had effected a landing on the mainland were recalled, but the natives of those inhospitable coasts and mountains completed what the enemy had begun. The Kabyles, descending from the hills, plundered the houses and set fire to the city in several places; and the desolation of Mogador was consummated by Mussulman hands.

"In these engagements the Prince De Joinville had lost a considerable number of men; Captain Duquesne was severely wounded, as well as several other officers; the ships, and especially the Belle Poule, had suffered severely. The French squadron, therefore, leaving a small force to maintain the blockade of the city, which had been reduced to a heap of ruins—a needless precaution—retired to Cadiz, and left the coast of Morocco."

As many suspected, Mehemet Ali has not abdicated, after all; and he was on his way back to Alexandria when we last hear of his movements. Whether it was an act of senile madness or a pretence; whether he was bewildered in brain with the wretched state of his finances, the misery of his people, or the simple advance of age; whether he had really discovered some treason against him; or whether he cunningly sought to raise a panic, the more easily to effect some *coup d'état* of cutting down official salaries for the benefit of the treasury,—whether any of these, or a score of other guesses, are right, there is no means of judging. For all his faults, everybody seems glad to have the old Pacha back again; and when calm is restored, perhaps the motive to the freak may come out.—*Spectator*.

NOTA BENE.—The Ioway American Indians, now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, belong to a tribe from the interior of the country, which is reported to be a very honorable race, being always honest in their dealings with strangers, and never breaking their faith when once it is pledged. They must not be confounded with the tribe of the I O U's, who are natives of Pennsylvania, and bear a very opposite character.—*Punch*.

From Chambers' Journal.

## THE EXHIBITION IN PARIS.

For part of the present summer Paris has been a scene of more than ordinary bustle. Strangers have flocked to it not only from all parts of France, but from England, Germany and other foreign countries. Hotels and lodging houses were for two months crammed with temporary residents; and such was the demand for accommodation, that the price of house-room rose to double and triple the usual amount. The cause of this excitement was an exhibition of articles produced by the arts and manufactures of France, which takes place once in five years, under the encouragement and patronage of royalty, and in which, as might be expected, something like a national interest is felt. Not to be behind in the general scramble of travellers from London, I got over to Paris about the middle of June, and had the pleasure of paying my respects to the exhibition some dozen times previous to its close. Exhibitions usually make but dull work in description; but this one, as a French exhibition presented to the consideration of Englishmen, and as an indication of the progress made by a rival nation in some of our own lines of exertion, may possess more than ordinary interest.

The weather, to begin with, was excessively hot. The sun beat down in his greatest fervor; in crossing the Place de la Concorde, I almost felt as if exposed to the heat of a furnace, and gladly hastened to seek refuge in the cool shade of the Champs Elysées. Many having followed the same impulse, I found streams of people pursuing their way beneath the trees towards the open glade in which the building for the exhibition has been erected. Emerging on the scene, we observe a large edifice, covering probably a hundred yards square, and rising to a height of sixty or seventy feet, with its glass-covered roof, therefore, nearly on a level with the tops of the tallest trees. Soldiers guard the various entrances, and over the principal, which faces the roadway to the Arc de l'Étoile, is conspicuously inscribed—"EXPOSITION DES PRODUITS DE L'INDUSTRIE NATIONALE."

Well may it be called national. The thing is on a gigantic scale, so as at once to impress us as something worthy of a great and aspiring people. England perhaps requires to give no such proof of its advance in the useful arts. The shop-windows of London are in themselves an Exposition; and the tokens of England's greatness in this line are scattered over the globe. The case is different with France, which, being a comparatively new country as regards the arts of peace, stands in need of some such means of collecting and exhibiting examples of its manufactures, and of showing by comparison what progress is from time to time made. A glance at the present vast assemblage of articles cannot fail to give a conviction that the French are not more eminent for their inventive facilities than their powers of imitation. Peace, and the gradual accumulation of capital, have latterly permitted them to make the most gratifying advances in the useful arts. That the policy of Louis Philippe has contributed to this result, no one will deny. Friendly to social advancement, and acquainted with the principles of mechanism and manufacture, as well as with the humanizing influence of commerce, he has had the advantage of living in an age when the human mind, disgusted with the empty results of a struggle for military glory, was disposed to something more

honorable and useful than war and its accompaniments. At the close of the last Exposition, in 1839, when the king assembled the exhibitors for the purpose of distributing honorary rewards, he said, "Accept my thanks; by your labors you protect and aid humanity; your talents, your success, tend to the melioration of all classes; and you thus fulfil the dearest wishes of my heart. Our progress, great as it is, will not stop here. To what extent it will go I know not. We will continue to respect the independence of our neighbors, as our independence is respected by them. No man can predict or estimate the impulse which our national genius will give to the conquests of industry—conquests which contribute to public wealth, which despoil no man, violate no rights, and which cause no tears to flow." Sentiments like these will be responded to by every friend of humanity.

Having made these general remarks, we may now enter the body of the building, and take a view of its contents. The difficulty, however, is to know which hand to turn to. The large square area is divided into long arcades or walks, parallel to and crossing each other at right angles, the whole interspersed with rows of pillars supporting the roof. The general aspect is that of an extensive and miscellaneous bazaar. Piled on counters along the sides of the arcades, the various classes of goods are arranged in regular order, those of every individual exhibitor being under the charge of a keeper—generally a young woman, who sits reading a book or newspaper within the velvet-covered railing which separates her stall from the broad thoroughfare in front. The ground throughout is floored, neat, and kept as cool as possible by constant watering. According to the catalogue, the number of kinds of articles exhibited is 3069, and the whole, if spread out in an even line, would extend over two or three miles. Within the vestibule stands a large, railed-in table, on which are divers clocks and automatic objects, that fix a constant crowd of admirers. Beyond this is the great central arcade, devoted to the exposition of iron and brass ware, engines, machines, and apparatus of different sorts. Taking this line of walk in preference to the others, the first objects that engage our scrutiny are those of miscellaneous hardware, such as pots, pans, knives, locks, scythes, iron castings, &c. In all these the French have made considerable advances, but it is evident they are still behind the English. At present there is a heavy duty on the importation of iron articles from England, which acts as a prohibition; and there being thus no competition, not to speak of the want of good examples to copy, the manufacturers are not forced to do their best. The door-locks and bolts of home manufacture remain a disgrace to France; and no Frenchman will use a native razor, and no Frenchwoman a native needle, who can get an English one. The specimens of iron castings in which ornament is a conspicuous element, strike us with a different feeling. Here we are decidedly excelled. M. André exhibits some articles of great elegance; among which I may mention his statues and candelabras, the latter highly tasteful. At the termination of the first walk, we arrive at a corner in which there is an extensive exhibition of apparatus for light-houses, executed by Lepaute, Rue St. Honore. A tall apparatus of brass wheel-work, surmounted by lenses revolving round central lights, rivets the attention of the visitor. I believe the French are

allowed to have carried the construction of lenses to a very high point, and in this respect have outstripped the English—not that we could not fabricate lenses as well and as cheaply as our neighbors, but to advances in this useful department of the arts a serious bar has been unwisely placed by the excise regulations, and I understand that it is now not unusual to procure the principal part of the apparatus of English lighthouses from Paris.

Next to this interesting group of objects we find a number of church-bells of different sizes; and passing them, in turning up another walk, we arrive at the machine department. Here there are many products of industry; iron turning-lathes, planing machines, cutting apparatus, steam-engines from one to a hundred horse-power, printing and paper-making machines; and spinning-frames for factories—all deeply interesting to Frenchmen as novelties in their country, but which are less or more familiar to the eye of an English visitor. An emigrant machine maker from Yorkshire, conversing with us on the merits of this part of the exhibition, observed that every machine was a copy from England and on the whole inferior to the original. I cannot say I saw any new piece of apparatus; and it struck me that the workmanship was not particularly well executed. In the smoothest work, for example, I noticed portions of rough iron, as if the material were unsound. Yet, laying aside critical fastidiousness, it might be allowed that many of the machines, including a very handsome locomotive, were as well executed as need be, and suitable for every practical purpose. These, however, like other iron products, are dearer in France than in England. A long arcade adjoining the machines is devoted to the exhibition of cooking and heating apparatus. Amongst the articles is everything likely to be required, from the *cuisine* of a small family, to the *fourneau economique* of a large hotel or restaurant, with novel processes for warming houses and manufactories. Compactness of construction seems the principal peculiarity in these branches of domestic apparatus. Some of the room stoves are elegant but expensive. Near these articles are several specimens of iron bedsteads, handsome, but fifty per cent. dearer than they could be made for in England. In the weighing machines much ingenuity has been employed. At a short distance from them we arrive at a great variety of articles in coarse stoneware, such as vases, statues, and flower-pots for gardens and green-houses. If as imperishable as they seem, they must be considered a pleasing accession to the ornamental arts. Adjacent is a large machine for making bricks on an expeditious and cheap scale. We have near this some pretty specimens of artificial marble in different colors, formed, I believe, of baked plaster of paris and alum, and though not calculated to resist the action of the weather, deserving of encouragement for use in lobbies, passages, and other apartments. Whilst in the moist state, it is susceptible of receiving any engraved design, and the indentations being filled up with a colored paste of the same composition, the whole when dry forms a beautiful substance, at one tenth of the cost of real marble.

The most prominent articles in the row next in order are specimens of carriages and harness. Stimulated by the many English equipages brought to Paris, the French have lately made the most marked progress in this department. The specimens before us are extremely elegant, being done up with splendid silk lining, and richly ornamented

with brass and gilding; but, after all, I thought them deficient in finish compared with the produce of Long Acre. In leaving the machine-room we pass an apparatus, of English invention I believe, for composing types, and which a female in attendance explains and puts in operation. As a curiosity, the machine is worthy of examination, but there are many difficulties in the way of its becoming practically useful.

On entering the gallery on our left, a new order of objects bursts on the sight. The first table we come to is loaded with a variety of crystal wares, cut, tasteful in design, and of divers colors, the produce of the famous glass-works at Choisy-le-Roi. I was informed that the reputation acquired by this manufactory, as well as the low price at which it is enabled to sell its articles, is due to Mr. Jones, an Englishman, who has the management of the stained-glass department. As in the case of lenses, already noticed, there are no fiscal arrangements in France to prevent improvement in the fabrication of tinted and gilt glass; hence the great advance in this department of art. Much of the produce of Choisy-le-Roi is exported to England and other countries. The stoneware of a common kind, of which there are numerous specimens, is as far behind that of Staffordshire as the colored crystal is in advance. The French, it appears, have yet had no Wedgewood; and though the products of Sévres excel as works of art, they exert no perceptible influence in improving ordinary domestic wares. The next articles in order are artificial diamonds and gems, done up as necklaces, bracelets, and other bijouterie. The brilliance and beauty of these objects could not, I think, be greatly surpassed by stones from the hand of nature. The most remarkable articles which fill up the remainder of the gallery are specimens of plate, in the form of dinner, tea, and coffee-services. A dinner-service, by Durand, claims special notice. The articles are elegant in design, and chased in the Cellini style. There are likewise some handsome specimens of the workmanship of Odiot, one of the first silversmiths in France. Lebrun, another of the same craft, exhibits some pretty silver articles, among which are four champagne vases, ordered by Baron de Rothschild, costing 5000 francs each. Next in order are specimens of plated articles, showing approaches to the English workman. The silver and plated spoons throughout are inferior. At a short distance from these specimens is an altar-piece, in good style, intended for a country church, and which is to cost 14,000 francs. The specimens of jewelry, both in solid gold and gilt, are, as might be expected, tasteful and beautiful, and so likewise are a number of articles in bronze. The candelabras of this material are elegant in pattern, but somewhat heavy. Of table-lamps there are many specimens, and in these great ingenuity has been displayed. Instead of burning oil, some are designed for self-generating gas from a mixture of turpentine and alcohol. They give, as I am told, a brilliant light, but are dangerous, and not economical. While on this subject, it is but fair to state, that for nearly all the improvements in lamps, from the time of Argand downwards, the English have been indebted to French inventiveness. At the present moment the English have still much to learn in this department. There are here lamps of an elegant description for the table, economical in their consumption, which are yet unknown in England.

We shall now take a turn down the arcade devoted to the exhibition of specimens of household furniture and musical instruments. In the furniture department we see nothing superior to the wares of a respectable London cabinet-maker, but much that is highly ornamental and elegant. A number of the articles, such as cabinets, secretaries, and small side-tables, are richly carved after old designs in the *renaissance*. A finely sculptured bookcase, calculated to hold 800 volumes, is charged 8000 francs. Two beautiful *buhl*-cabinets are offered at 9000 francs, and a highly ornamented table at 5000 francs. In looking through and admiring the numerous specimens of this class, I felt that there was a great deficiency in plain joinery—a department in which the French must still be pronounced a century behind the English. A clever door and window-maker would assuredly make a fortune in France. Near the articles of furniture are exhibited some specimens of stamped or embossed leather, resembling rich mountings for roofs, cornices of apartments, and other objects. In this department the English have lately made advances equally great with those of the French, as may be witnessed in the public exhibition of articles designed for the new houses of parliament in Westminster. In an analogous branch of art, the making of ornaments from peat, the French have, as I learn, made some remarkable discoveries well worth notice across the Channel. The peat, when taken from the bog, is reduced by beating to a fine pulp, and is then placed under a press, to force out all humidity except such as is necessary to keep it sufficiently moist to receive impressions in the mould in which it is placed. In this state it may be converted into ornaments of every kind, such as are made in embossed leather. Rendered firm by a solution of alum or other adhesive material, it forms flooring of a cheap and durable kind. Of billiard tables there are various specimens: one, rich and beautiful, is offered at 15,000 francs. There are some, however, at a fourth of the price; and we are informed that one of a cheap class was lately furnished by the same maker to Queen Pomare of Tahiti. A few of the slabs of these billiard tables purport to be of stone and iron—neither material an improvement on well-seasoned wood. From the billiard tables we turn to the pianos, of which there are numerous specimens by the most eminent makers of Paris—Erard, Pleyel, Pape, and Hertz. Several are in very finely carved cases, of handsome shapes. Of the tones, however, I can say nothing, and it would have been of no use trying them, for all delicate sounds would have been drowned in the loud blasts of a coarse-tuned organ which some one was playing at a few feet distance. Still further on, amidst rows of trombones, clarionets, flutes, harps, and other instruments, we find a person playing vigorously on a large keyed harmonicon, or some such instrument. Occasionally, also, as if to master these hostile sounds, there is sent forth from a corner a burst of martial music, performed by an automatic combination of trumpets, kettle-drums, and other instruments. It is impossible to get a look of this noisy apparatus, as it has attracted around it a large and admiring crowd. Carried away by these competing performances, the visitor is apt to overlook some plain and neat violins, manufactured at Mirecourt in the Vosges, a mountainous district in the east of France. Made by a rustic people, with moderate desires, and whose time is of little value, some of the violins of the

Vosges are sold at as low a price as three francs each. It is pleasing to know that there are men in the very heart of rural simplicity who turn their attention to the production of instruments of harmony. The facility with which the peasants of some countries practise the mechanical arts connected with music is marvellous. In Switzerland, the peasant, whilst watching his flocks, manufactures musical boxes; the serfs of Russia, in the depths of their forests, make flutes and hautboys, inlaid with the bark of different trees; and in the Tyrol, many of the best musical instruments are made by the peasantry.

The gallery into which we next direct our steps contains a large show of paper, bookbinding, leather, soap, perfumery, shoes, and other small articles. Paper for writing has latterly undergone great improvements in France, from the introduction of machinery and capital into the manufacture. The article paper is also generally cheaper than in England, in consequence of rags not being allowed to be sent out of the country. Of course, while this practice serves the paper-maker, it is nothing short of a tyranny on those who have rags to dispose of. The specimens of the finer sorts of leather are creditable to the skill of the French curriers. In this branch, also, they are ahead of the English. In the making of shoes, particularly those for ladies, the French likewise excel; but, stimulated by the large importations of shoes into England, our makers are now striving to rival the French workmen—a natural result of such national competition. It is curious to observe, that in this part of the Exposition are several specimens of wooden shoes or *sabots*—an article even so humble as this boasting of some improvements in its construction. Those exhibited are lighter and more neatly cut than usual, without, as is said, losing strength. Wooden shoes are universally worn by the peasantry and poorer classes of France and the Netherlands, and though, from their unyielding quality, they are not very convenient in walking, they are of great value in keeping the bare feet from the damp earth or cold floors. They are worn by many even of the higher classes over leather shoes, when going a short way out of doors, or when sitting at home. Strange, therefore, as French wooden shoes may appear, they are by no means deserving of that contempt which the English wits have poured upon them. Before joining in the ridicule, let us consider how much injury is done to health, how many consumptions promoted, by damp feet. That the use of wooden shoes in some situations—in earthen-floored cottages, for example—would prevent many chronic complaints, can scarcely be a matter of doubt.

I must pass over a vast number of articles, to notice which in detail would require a volume. Lace of the most beautiful sorts made into robes, pellerines, and other articles; brocades of silk and gold; carpets and rugs; dye stuffs; drugs; raw cotton, silk, and wool, in all stages of manufacture, attract our attention, one after the other, and bring us to the galleries devoted exclusively to the general products of the loom. In cotton yarn the French are still far behind, but their woollen manufacture is in a highly advanced state. In plain silks they have been rivalled by the English ever since the tissues of Lyons were permitted to come to England; but in the figured sorts the French are still observably in advance. In cotton fabrics they have made very considerable improvements within the last quarter of a century. The first

impetus to the French cotton manufacture was given by a person of extraordinary energy of character, Richard Lenoir. This man, the son of a poor peasant of Normandy, began life as a washer of glasses in a coffee-house, and by dint of saving and enterprise, rose to be one of the greatest manufacturers in France. His fortune, however, rested on a hollow foundation—Bonaparte's exclusion of English goods from France—and when this was modified by a more enlightened policy at the restoration, he could no longer compete in the market, and was reduced almost to beggary. Seven or eight years ago, the ruined manufacturer owed the bread he ate to the private subscriptions of a few friends, who had remained faithful to him in his calamity. He is now no more; but the spirit which he infused into French industry has survived him, and many of the manufacturers who have specimens of their productions in the present exhibition, began to realize fortunes when the crisis which destroyed Richard Lenoir had passed away.

Having walked down the long alleys of cloth of different descriptions, we are brought to the terminus of this vast collection; and making our exit, gladly seat ourselves outside under the refreshing shade of the Champs Elysées, and meditate on the singular spectacle which has for two long hours been engaging our attention. To those who may peruse the present imperfect sketch, without having seen the establishment to which it refers, I would wish to convey the impression, that the Exposition generally is highly creditable to the present state of French industry and talent. While in numberless instances the articles exhibited are inferior, or at least dearer, than those of English manufacture, it is equally evident, that in point of elegance and beauty of design the French are still considerably in advance of us. They clearly beat us in ornament. Some of the patterns of their higher classed laces and other tissues are among the finest products of taste. The establishment of schools of design will doubtless tend to improve our artisans in this respect; but a more general love of the beautiful would also require to be inspired in the minds of the people at large; and to all appearance an improvement is happily setting in this very desirable direction. Meanwhile, let us do an act of simple justice to our neighbors, and give them credit for their great and meritorious advances in the useful arts, demonstrated by the present national Exposition.

From the Christian Observer.

#### TWO SUNDAYS IN JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, June 3d, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—I can truly say that I never passed the great festivals of Whitsuntide and Trinity with higher pleasure than in the Holy City. None, I am sure, could behold unmoved the congregation wending their way to the little church; and when there, it is delightful to remark the extreme order and devotion with which the service is conducted. The singing is solemn, and the responses fervent. Collected from the East and West, the North and South, both Jews and Gentiles, descendants of Abraham after the flesh, and his children by faith, are there seen, side by side, worshipping the God of their fathers, and adoring Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote. Whitsunday was rendered doubly interesting from the confirmation of three converted Israelites—one female and two males.

One of the latter is a remarkably fine-looking Jew, with a most thoughtful countenance, whose stability has stood a severe test during a trying persecution. He retains his oriental costume, and was of course obliged to remove his turban during the imposition of hands. This is scarcely ever done, since in these countries, after the command of Moses, "they take their shoes from off their feet, when the ground on which they stand is holy." He has lately opened a small depot for Hebrew and German Bibles and Prayer-books, and has met with most unexpected success. Yesterday (Trinity Sunday) I witnessed the ordination of two deacons, who have been for awhile at Safet as missionaries to the Jews. They are devoted and zealous men, and moreover, as I learn, passed a most satisfactory examination for orders, which lasted three days. I need hardly say that the greatest solemnity pervaded the whole service; and the feeling was deepened at the recollection that from this spot, more than 1800 years ago, our blessed Lord sent forth his missionaries to preach to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Mr. Veitch, the chaplain, preached a most appropriate sermon from the last two verses in St. Matthew—which supplied matter alike belonging to Trinity Sunday and to the impressive service in which we were engaged. I thought these particulars might not be without interest to the readers of the Christian Observer. It has really been a most refreshing season here. Every morning, at seven, there is service in Hebrew, and every afternoon in English; and on Sunday afternoon in German. In haste, believe me, dear sir, truly yours,

VIATOR.

#### *Proceedings of the First Anti-State-Church Conference, held in London, April 30, May 1 and 2, 1844.*

THIS little volume contains a report of the proceedings of a three-days' meeting held in London by delegates from different dissenting congregations which are opposed to the union of church and state. The general object, according to their own account, which this Conference seeks to promote, is "to cure, were it possible, the great moral disease which, by the fretting and festering influence of the Establishment, has long been working down into the very heart of society. The remedies which a timid practice would apply are to be repudiated; because whatever falls short of effectual relief must not only be a mockery to hope, but in the end exasperate and confirm the evil. They are aware of the pain which a thorough probing of the wound, and a succession of smarting applications, may inflict, accompanied, it may be, with the temporary resentment of the sufferer; but nothing ought to prevent the fulfilment of a high and holy duty." The steps that have yet been taken appear to consist in holding six sittings, at which certain resolutions embodying the opinions of the Conference were proposed and carried, and six papers read, and "placed upon the records of the Conference." Of these resolutions and papers the publication before us consists; and the scope of the whole may be sufficiently understood by saying that they embody the principal objections that have been urged against an established church, with some smart enough remarks on the government patronage of different religions in our colonial dominions. The style and temper of the papers may be guessed from the extract already quoted.—*Spectator*.

From the *Athenaeum*.

*Poems.* By FRANCES ANNE BUTLER. Philadelphia, Penington; London, Wiley & Putnam.

WE have before given our decided opinion of Mrs. Butler's genius as a poet—that opinion at first cautiously expressed, but, on further evidence, strongly pronounced. There is a masculine strength and vigor in her verses, not a little remarkable in an age when men are proud to write effeminately, so delicately do they go, and so softly do they tread, like the Hebrew ladies of old, when they affect the poetic character. Many are the smooth, meaningless verses that are published; few that are rough and bristling with significance. An excessive polish has planed away the distinction between the strong and weak; and they both almost uniformly approach us in the same guarded and careful manner, as if they were afraid that nature should make herself be seen or heard. Nothing that Mrs. Butler has written is chargeable with this fault—she and Joanna Bailie have stood aloof from this trifling tendency—and, having studied under severe masters in the poetic art, have presented us with some stern efforts of hard thinking and robust feelings, which have occasionally startled the white-gloved critic of the modern school of maudlin minstrelsy, and alarmed not a few of its members with the reappearance of that sounder and healthier taste which made joyous the elder bards.

The poems before us are lyrical, descriptive, and didactic, with some few sonnets; but are all alike distinguished by an earnestness of purpose and energy of style. The following stanzas are perfect in their way:—

Oh! turn those eyes away from me!  
Though sweet, yet fearful are their rays;  
And though they beam so tenderly,  
I feel I tremble 'neath their gaze.  
Oh, turn those eyes away! for though  
To meet their glance I may not dare,  
I know their light is on my brow,  
By the warm blood that mantles there.

Nor are the following blank verses deficient in merit:—

#### A Wish.

Oh! that I were a fairy sprite to wander  
In forest paths, o'erarched with oak and beech;  
Where the sun's yellow light, in slanting rays,  
Sleeps on the dewy moss: what time the breath  
Of early morn stirs the white hawthorn boughs,  
And fills the air with showers of snowy blossoms,  
Or lie at sunset 'mid the purple heather,  
Listening the silver music that rings out  
From the pale mountain bells, swayed by the wind.  
Or sit in rocky clefts above the sea,  
While one by one the evening stars shine forth  
Among the gathering clouds, that strew the heavens  
Like floating purple wreaths of mournful nightshade!

Take now a specimen more tender in its tone and sentiment:—

#### On a Forget-me-not,

Brought from Switzerland.

Flower of the mountain! by the wanderer's hand  
Robbed of thy beauty's short-lived sunny day;  
Didst thou but blow to gem the stranger's way,  
And bloom to wither in the stranger's land!  
Hueless and scentless as thou art,  
How much that stirs the memory,  
How much, much more, that thrills the heart,  
Thou faded thing, yet lives in thee!

Where is thy beauty? in the grassy blade,  
There lives more fragrance, and more freshness  
now;

Yet oh! not all the flowers that bloom and fade,  
Are half so dear to memory's eye as thou.  
The dew that on the mountain lies,  
The breeze that o'er the mountain sighs,  
Thy parent stem will nurse and nourish;  
But thou—not e'en those sunny eyes  
As bright, as blue, as thine own skies,  
Thou faded thing! can make thee flourish.

Our next selection is a poem full of fancy, with a sweet under-current of feeling:—

#### On a Musical Box.

Poor little sprite! in that dark, narrow cell,  
Caged by the law of man's resistless might!  
With thy sweet, liquid notes, by some strong spell,  
Compelled to minister to his delight,  
Whence, what art thou? art thou a fairy wight  
Caught sleeping in some lily's snowy bell,  
Where thou hadst crept, to rock in the moonlight,  
And drink the starry dew-drops as they fell?  
Say, dost thou think, sometimes when thou art singing,  
Of thy wild haunt upon the mountain's brow,  
Where thou wert wont to list the heath-bells ringing,  
And sail upon the sunset's amber glow?  
When thou art weary of thy oft-told theme,  
Say, dost thou think of the clear pebbly stream,  
Upon whose mossy brink thy fellows play?  
Dancing in circles by the moon's soft beam,  
Hiding in blossoms from the sun's fierce gleam,  
Whilst thou in darkness, sing'st thy life away.  
And canst thou feel when the spring-time returns,  
Filling the earth with fragrance and with gloe;  
When in the wide creation nothing mourns,  
Of all that lives, save that which is not free?  
Oh! if thou couldst, and we could hear thy prayer,  
How would thy little voice beseeching cry,  
For one short draught of the sweet morning air,  
For one short glimpse of the clear azure sky?  
Perchance thou sing'st in hopes thou shalt be free,  
Sweetly and patiently thy task fulfilling;  
While thy sad thoughts are wandering with the bee,  
To every bud with honey-dew distilling.  
That hope is vain; for even couldst thou wing  
Thy homeward flight back to the greenwood gay,  
Thou'dst be a shunn'd and a forsaken thing,  
'Mongst the companions of thy happier day.  
For fairy sprites, like many other creatures,  
Bear fleeting memories, that come and go;  
Nor can they oft recall familiar features,  
By absence touched, or clouded o'er with woe.  
Then rest content with sorrow; for there be  
Many that must that lesson learn with thee:  
And still thy wild notes warble cheerfully,  
Till, when thy tiny voice begins to fail,  
For thy lost bliss sing but one parting wail,  
Poor little sprite! and then sleep peacefully!

The following "Fragment" is very beautiful:—

Walking by moonlight on the golden margin  
That binds the silver sea, I felt to thinking  
Of all the wild imaginings that man  
Hath peopled heaven, and earth, and ocean with;  
Making fair nature's solitary haunts  
Alive with beings, beautiful and fearful.  
And as the chain of thought grew link by link  
It seemed, as tho' the midnight heavens waxed  
brighter,  
The stars gazed fix'dly with their golden eyes,  
And a strange light played o'er each sleeping billow,  
That laid its head upon the sandy beach.  
Anon there came along the rocky shore  
A far-off sound of sweetest minstrelsy,  
From no one point of heaven, or earth, it came;  
But under, over, and about it breathed;



Filling my soul with thrilling, fearful, pleasure.  
 It swelled, as though borne on the floating wings  
 Of the midsummer breeze; it died away  
 Towards heaven, as though it sank into the clouds,  
 That one by one melted like flakes of snow  
 In the moonbeams. Then came a rushing sound,  
 Like countless wings of bees, or butterflies;  
 And suddenly, as far as eye might view,  
 The coast was peopled with a world of elves,  
 Who in fantastic ringlets danced around.  
 With antic gestures, and wild beckoning motion,  
 Aimed at the moon. White was their snowy vesture,  
 And shining as the Alps, when that the sun  
 Gems their pale robes with diamonds. On their heads  
 Were wreaths of crimson and of yellow fox-glove.  
 They were all fair, and light as dreams; anon  
 The dance broke off; and sailing through the air,  
 Some one way, and some another, they did each  
 Alight upon some waving branch, or flower,  
 That garlanded the rocks upon the shore.  
 One, chiefly, did I mark; one tiny sprite,  
 Who crept into an orange flower-bell,  
 And there lay nestling, whilst his eager lips  
 Drank from its virgin chalice the night dew,  
 That glistened, like a pearl, in its white bosom.

A piece called a sonnet, but only to be called  
 such by concession, has a strange and taking vio-  
 lence:—

Away, away! bear me away, away,  
 Into the boundless void, thou mighty wind!  
 That rushest on thy midnight way,  
 And leav'st this weary world, far, far behind!  
 Away, away! bear me away, away,  
 To the wide strandless deep,  
 Ye headlong waters! whose mad eddies leap  
 From the pollution of your bed of clay.  
 Away, away! bear me away, away,  
 Into the fountains of eternal light,  
 Ye rosy clouds! that to my longing sight,  
 Seem melting in the sun's devouring ray!  
 Away! away! oh, for some mighty blast,  
 To sweep this loathsome life into the past!

There is another sonnet which speaks trumpet-  
 tongued to young ambition:—

Thou poisonous laurel leaf, that in the soil  
 Of life, which I am doom'd to till full sore,  
 Spring'st like a noisome weed! I do not toil  
 For thee, and yet thou still com'st darkening o'er  
 My plot of earth with thy unwelcome shade.  
 Thou nightshade of the soul, beneath whose boughs  
 All fair and gentle buds hang withering,  
 Why hast thou wreath'd thyself around my brows,  
 Casting from thence the blossoms of my spring,  
 Breathing on youth's sweet roses till they fade?  
 Alas! thou art an evil weed of woe,  
 Watered with tears and watch'd with sleepless care,  
 Seldom doth envy thy green glories spare;  
 And yet men covet thee—ah, wherefore do they so!

Mrs. Butler, however, is indebted for much of  
 her vigor to her early sources of inspiration.  
 These she confesses in a poem entitled

#### A Promise.

By the pure spring, whose haunted waters flow  
 Thro' thy sequester'd dell unto the sea,  
 At sunny noon, I will appear to thee;  
 Not troubling the still fount with drops of woe,  
 As when I last took leave of it, and thee,  
 But gazing up at thee with tranquil brow,  
 And eyes full of life's early happiness,  
 Of strength, of hope, of joy, and tenderness.  
 Beneath the shadowy tree, where thou and I  
 Were wont to sit, studying the harmony  
 Of gentle Shakspeare, and of Milton high,  
 At sunny noon I will be heard by thee;

Not sobbing forth each oft-repeated sound,  
 As when I last talter'd them o'er to thee,  
 But uttering them in the air around,  
 With youth's clear, laughing voice of melody,  
 On the wild shore of the eternal deep,  
 Where we have stray'd so oft, and stood so long  
 Watching the mighty water's conquering sweep,  
 And listening to their loud triumphant song,  
 At sunny noon, dearest! I'll be with thee:  
 Not as when last I linger'd on the strand,  
 Tracing our names on the inconstant sand;  
 But in each bright thing that around shall be:  
 My voice shall call thee from the ocean's breast,  
 Thou'lt see my hair in its bright, showery crest,  
 In its dark, rocky depths, thou'lt see my eyes,  
 My form shall be the light cloud in the skies,  
 My spirit shall be with thee, warm and bright,  
 And flood thee o'er with love, and life, and light.

We have another "Promise," which speaks  
 more painfully:—

In the dark, lonely night,  
 When sleep and silence keep their watch o'er men;  
 False love! in thy despite,  
 I will be with thee then.  
 When in the world of dreams thy spirit strays,  
 Seeking, in vain, the peace it finds not here,  
 Thou shalt be led back to thine early days  
 Of life and love, and I will meet thee there,  
 I'll come to thee, with the bright, sunny brow,  
 That was hope's throne before I met with thee;  
 And then I'll show thee how 'tis furrowed now,  
 By the untimely age of misery.  
 I'll speak to thee in the fond, joyous tone,  
 That wooed thee still with love's impassioned spell;  
 And then I'll teach thee how I've learnt to moan,  
 Since last upon thine ear its accents fell.  
 I'll come to thee in all youth's brightest power,  
 As on the day thy faith to mine was plighted,  
 And then I'll tell thee weary hour by hour,  
 How that spring's early promise has been blighted.  
 I'll tell thee of the long, long dreary years,  
 That have passed o'er me hopeless, objectless;  
 My loathsome days, my nights of burning tears,  
 My wild despair, my utter loneliness;  
 My heart-sick dreams upon my feverish bed,  
 My fearful longing to be with the dead;  
 In the dark lonely night,  
 When sleep and silence keep their watch o'er men;  
 False love! in thy despite,  
 We two shall meet again!

Our next extract is named "The Vision of Life,"  
 a noble lyric:—

Death and I,  
 On a hill so high,  
 Stood side by side;  
 And we saw below,  
 Running to and fro,  
 All things that be in the world so wide.

Ten thousand cries  
 From the gulf did rise,  
 With a wild discordant sound;  
 Laughter and wailing,  
 Prayer and railing,  
 As the ball spun round and round.

And over all  
 Hung a floating pall  
 Of dark and gory veils:  
 'Tis the blood of years,  
 And the sighs and tears,  
 Which this noisome marsh exhales.

All this did seem  
 Like a fearful dream,  
 Till death cried with a joyful cry:

"Look down! look down!  
It is all mine own,  
Here comes life's pageant by!"

Like to a masque in ancient revelries,  
With mingling sound of thousand harmonies,  
Soft lute and viol, trumpet-blast and gong,  
They came along, and still they came along!  
Thousands, and tens of thousands, all that e'er  
Peopled the earth, or plough'd th' unfathomed deep,  
All that breath the universal air,  
And all that in the womb of Time yet sleep.

Before this mighty host a woman came,  
With hurried feet, and oft averted head;  
With accursed light  
Her eyes were bright,  
And with inviting hand them on she beckoned,  
Her followed close, with wild acclaim,  
Her servants three: Lust, with his eye of fire,  
And burning lips, that tremble with desire,  
Pale sunken cheek:—and as he stagger'd by,  
The trumpet-blast was hush'd, and there arose  
A melting strain of such soft melody,  
As breath'd into the soul love's ecstasies and woes.

Loudly again the trumpet smote the air,  
The double drum did roll, and to the sky  
Bay'd War's blood-hounds, the deep artillery;  
And Glory,  
With feet all gory,  
And dazzling eyes, rush'd by,  
Waving a flashing sword and laurel wreath,  
The pang, and the inheritance of death.

He pass'd like lightning—then ceased every sound  
Of war triumphant, and of love's sweet song,  
And all was silent.—Creeping slow along,  
With enger eyes, that wandered round and round,  
Wild, haggard mien, and meagre, wasted frame,  
Bow'd to the earth, pale, starving Av'rice came;  
Clutching with palsied hands his golden god,  
And tottering in the path the others trod.

These, one by one,  
Came, and were gone:  
And after them follow'd the ceaseless stream  
Of worshippers, who with mad shout and scream,  
Unhallow'd toil, and more unhallow'd mirth,  
Follow their mistress, Pleasure, through the earth.  
Death's eyeless sockets glar'd upon them all,  
And many in the train were seen to fall,  
Livid and cold, beneath his empty gaze;  
But not for this was stay'd the mighty throng,  
Nor ceased the warlike clang, or wanton lays,  
But still they rush'd—along—along—along!

Are not these lines "To the Nightingale," of  
the right sort!—

How passing sad! Listen, it sings again!  
Art thou a spirit, that amongst the boughs,  
The livelong day dost chaunt that wondrous strain,  
Making wan Dian stoop her silver brows  
Out of the clouds to hear thee? Who shall say,  
Thou lone one! that thy melody is gay?  
Let him come listen now to that one note,  
That thou art pouring o'er and o'er again  
Thro' the sweet echoes of thy mellow throat,  
With such a sobbing sound of deep, deep pain.  
I prithee cease thy song! for from my heart  
Thou hast made memory's bitter waters start,  
And filled my weary eyes with the soul's rain.

It is evident to us that Mrs. Butler is indebted  
to Dante as well as to Shakespeare and Milton, for  
the tone and temper of her poetic development.  
The volume before us strangely and strongly re-  
minds us of the stern, severe, and complete style  
which marks the lyrical and occasional verses of  
the great Italian bard. We recognize also, we

say it with regret, the same melancholy and sor-  
rowful spirit pervading and shadowing many of  
these poems. Minds that have been elevated by  
poetic associations are too apt to look upon that  
sorrow and suffering as a "fee grief" which is a  
"common" woe; and to resent that as an indi-  
vidual calamity, which is in fact the destiny of the  
race. Too much of this feeling perhaps is recog-  
nizable in the following verses:—

"*T is an Old Tale and often told.*"

Are they indeed the bitterest tears we shed,  
Those we let fall over the silent dead?  
Can our thoughts image forth no darker doom,  
Than that which wraps us in the peaceful tomb?  
Whom have ye laid beneath that mossy grave,  
Round which the slender, sunny grass-blades wave?  
Who are ye calling back to tread again  
This weary walk of life? towards whom, in vain,  
Are your fond eyes and yearning hearts upraised;  
The young, the loved, the honored, and the praised?  
Come hither:—look upon the faded cheek  
Of that still woman, who with eyelids meek  
Veils her most mournful eyes;—upon her brow  
Sometimes the sensitive blood will faintly glow,  
When reckless hands her heart-wounds roughly tear;  
But patience oftener sits palely there.  
Beauty has left her—hope and joy have long  
Fled from her heart, yet she is young, is young;  
Has many years, as human tongues would tell,  
Upon the face of this blank earth to dwell.  
Looks she not sad? 'tis but a tale of old,  
Told o'er and o'er, and ever to be told,—  
The hourly story of our every day,  
Which when men hear they sigh and turn away;  
A tale too trite almost to find an ear,  
A woe too common to deserve a tear.  
She is the daughter of a distant land;—  
Her kindred are far off;—her maiden hand,  
Sought for by many, was obtained by one  
Who owned a different birthland from her own,  
But what reck'd she of that? as low she knelt  
Breathing her marriage vows, her fond heart felt,  
"For thee, I give up country, home, and friends;  
Thy love for each, for all, shall make amends."  
And was she loved?—perishing by her side,  
The children of her bosom drooped and died;  
The bitter life they drew from her cold breast  
Flickered and failed;—she laid them down to rest:  
Two pale young blossoms in their early sleep,  
And weeping, said, "They have not lived to weep."  
And weeps she yet? no, to her weary eyes,  
The bliss of tears her frozen heart denies;  
Complaint, or sigh, breathes not upon her lips,  
Her life is one dark, fatal deep eclipse.  
Lead her to the green grave where ye have laid  
The creature that ye mourn;—let it be said:  
"Here love, and youth, and beauty, are at rest!"  
She only sadly murmurs, "Blest!—most blest!"  
And turns from gazing, lest her misery  
Should make her sin, and pray to heaven to die.

At other times, when the mournful truth is  
admitted as a general law, we are inclined to fear  
that it is received with rather too Promethean  
and rebellious a recognition. Take as an illus-  
tration—

*Lines on a Sleeping Child.*

Oh child! who to this evil world art come,  
Led by the unseen hand of him who guards thee,  
Welcome unto this dungeon-house, thy home!  
Welcome to all the woe this life awards thee!  
Upon thy forehead yet the badge of sin  
Hath worn no trace; thou look'st as though from  
heaven,  
But pain, and guilt, and misery lie within;  
Poor exile! from thy happy birth-land driven.

Thine eyes are sealed by the soft hand of sleep,  
And like unruffled waves thy slumber seems;  
The time's at hand when thou must wake to weep,  
Or sleeping, walk a restless world of dreams.

How oft, as day by day life's burthen lies  
Heavier and darker on thy fainting soul,  
Wilt thou towards heaven turn thy weary eyes,  
And long in bitterness to reach the goal!

How oft wilt thou, upon Time's flinty road,  
Gaze at thy far-off early days, in vain;  
Weeping, how oft wilt thou cast down thy load,  
And curse and pray, then take it up again!

How many times shall the fiend Hope, extend  
Her poisonous chalice to thy thirsty lips!  
How oft shall Love its withering sunshine lend,  
To leave thee only a more dark eclipse!

How oft shall Sorrow strain thee in her grasp,—  
How oft shall Sin laugh at thine overthrow—  
How oft shall Doubt, Despair, and Anguish clasp  
Their knotted arms around thine aching brow!

Oh, living soul, hail to thy narrow cage!  
Spirit of light, hail to thy gloomy cave!  
Welcome to longing youth, to loathing age,  
Welcome, immortal! welcome to the grave!

Similar feelings pervade an address "To a Star:"—

Thou little star, that in the purple clouds  
Hang'st like a dew-drop, in a violet bed;  
First gem of evening, glittering on the shrouds,  
Mid whose dark folds the day lies pale and dead,  
As through my tears my soul looks up to thee,  
Loathing the heavy chains that bind it here,  
There comes a fearful thought that misery  
Perhaps is found, even to thy distant sphere.  
Art thou a world of sorrow and of sin,  
The heritage of death, disease, decay;  
A wilderness, like that we wander in,  
Where all things fairest, soonest pass away;  
And are there graves in thee, thou radiant world,  
Round which life's sweetest buds fall withered,  
Where hope's bright wings in the dark earth lie buried,  
And living hearts are mouldering with the dead?  
Perchance they do not die, that dwell in thee,  
Perchance theirs is a darker doom than ours;  
Unchanging woe, and endless misery,  
And morning that hath neither days nor hours.  
Horrible dream!—O dark and dismal path,  
Where I now weeping walk, I will not leave thee.  
Earth has one boon for all her children—death:  
Open thy arms, oh mother! and receive me!  
Take off the bitter burthen from the slave,  
Give me my birth-right! give—the grave, the grave!

Other "Lines, in answer to a question," suggest, however, topics of consolation:—

I'll tell thee why this weary world messemeth  
But as the visions light of one who dreameth,  
Which pass like clouds, leaving no trace behind;  
Why this strange life, so full of sin and folly,  
In me awakeneth no melancholy,  
Nor leaveth shade, or sadness, on my mind.  
'T is not that with an undiscerning eye  
I see the pageant wild go dancing by,  
Mistaking that which falsest is, for true;  
'T is not that pleasure hath entwined me,  
'T is not that sorrow hath enshrined me;  
I bear no badge of roses or of rue,  
But in the inmost chambers of my soul  
There is another world, a blessed home,  
O'er which no living power holdeth control,  
Anigh to which ill things do never come,

There shineth the glad sunlight of clear thought,  
With hope, and faith, holding communion high,  
Over a fragrant land with flowers wrought,  
Where gush the living springs of poesy;  
There speak the voices that I love to hear,  
There smite the glances that I love to see,  
There live the forms of those my soul holds dear,  
Forever, in that secret world, with me.  
They who have walked with me along life's way,  
And severed been by fortune's adverse tide,  
Who ne'er again, through time's uncertain day,  
In weal or woe, may wander by my side;  
These all dwell here: nor these, whose life alone  
Divideth from me, but the dead, the dead;  
Those weary ones who to their rest are gone,  
Whose footprints from the earth have vanished;  
Here dwell they all: and here within this world,  
Like light within a summer sun-cloud furled,  
My spirit dwells. Therefore, this evil life,  
With all its gilded snares, and fair deceivings,  
Its wealth, its want, its pleasures, and its grievings,  
Nor frights, nor frets me, by its idle strife.  
O thou! who readest, of thy courtesy,  
Whoe'er thou art, I wish the same to thee!

The sonnet "To a Picture," is touched with the fervor and fancy of an Italian composition, though it is somewhat irregular in its structure:—

Oh, serious eyes! how is it that the light,  
The burning rays, that mine pour into ye,  
Still find ye cold, and dead, and dark, as night—  
Oh, lifeless eyes! can ye not answer me?  
Oh lips! whereon mine own so often dwell,  
Hath love's warm, fearful, thrilling touch, no spell  
To waken sense in ye!—oh misery!—  
Oh, breathless lips! can ye not speak to me?  
Thou soulless mimicry of life! my tears  
Fall scalding over thee; in vain, in vain;  
I press thee to my heart, whose hopes, and fears,  
Are all thine own; thou dost not feel the strain.  
Oh, thou dull image! wilt thou not reply  
To my fond prayers, and wild idolatry!

"A Lament for the Wassahiccon," is a lyric on a local theme made to read a universal lesson:—

The waterfall is calling me,  
With its merry gleesome flow,  
And the green boughs are beckoning me,  
To where the wild flowers grow:  
I may not go, I may not go,  
To where the sunny waters flow,  
To where the wild flowers blow;  
I must stay here  
In prison drear;  
Oh, heavy life, wear on, wear on,  
Would God that thou wert done!

The busy mill-wheel round and round  
Goes turning with its reckless sound,  
And o'er the dam the waters flow  
Into the foaming stream below,  
And deep and dark, away they glide,  
To meet the broad, bright river's tide:  
And all the way  
They murmuring say:  
"Oh, child! why art thou far away?  
Come back into the sun, and stray  
Upon our mossy side!"

I may not go, I may not go,  
To where the gold green waters run,  
All shining, in the summer's sun,  
And leap from off the dam below  
Into a whirl of boiling snow,  
Laughing and shouting as they go;  
I must stay here  
In prison drear;

Oh, heavy life, wear on, wear on,  
Would God that thou wert done!

The soft spring wind goes passing by,  
Into the forests wide and cool:  
The clouds go trooping through the sky,  
To look down on some glassy pool;  
The sunshine makes the world rejoice,  
And all of them, with gentle voice  
Call me away  
With them to stay,  
The blessed live-long summer's day.

I may not go, I may not go,  
Where the sweet breathing spring winds blow,  
Nor where the silver clouds go by,  
Across the deep blue sky,  
Nor where the sunshine, warm and bright,  
Comes down like a still shower of light;

I must stay here  
In prison drear;  
Oh, heavy life, wear on, wear on,  
Would God that thou wert done!  
Oh, that I were a thing with wings!  
A bird, that in a May-hedge sings!  
A lonely heather bell that swings  
Upon some wild hill-side;  
Or even a siffling, senseless stone,  
With dark, green, starry moss o'ergrown,  
Round which the waters glide.

However much the burthen and the mystery of  
the universe may press upon the soul of genius,  
its spirit is yet eminently and profoundly pious:—

*As Evening Song.*

Good night, love!  
May heaven's brightest stars watch over thee!  
Good angels spread their wings, and cover thee!  
And through the night,  
So dark and still,  
Spirits of light  
Charm thee from ill!  
My heart is hovering round thy dwelling place,—  
Good night, dear love! God bless thee with his grace!

Good night, love!  
Soft lullabies the night-wind sing to thee!  
And on its wings sweet odors bring to thee!  
And in thy dreaming  
May all things dear,  
With gentle seeming,  
Come smiling near!  
My knees are bowed, my hands are clasped in prayer—  
Good night, dear love! God keep thee in his care!

And out of the depth of its religious wisdom, it  
is enabled to estimate aright the visionary and the  
transitory in this world of mere appearances and  
shadows:—

*Written after spending a day at West Point.*

Were they but dreams? Upon the darkening world  
Evening comes down, the wings of fire are furled,  
On which the day soared to the sunny west:  
The moon sits calmly, like a soul at rest,  
Looking upon the never-resting earth;  
All things in heaven wait on the solemn birth  
Of night, but where has fled the happy dream  
That at this hour, last night, our life did seem?  
Where are the mountains with their tangled hair,  
The leafy hollow, and the rocky stair?  
Where are the shadows of the solemn hills,  
And the fresh music of the summer rills?  
Where are the wood-paths, winding, long, and steep,  
And the great, glorious river, broad and deep,  
And the thick copses, where soft breezes meet,  
And the wild torrent's snowy, leaping feet,

The rustling, rocking boughs, the running streams—  
Where are they all! gone, gone! were they but  
dreams?

And where, oh where are the light footsteps gone,  
That from the mountain-side came dancing down?  
The voices full of mirth, the loving eyes,  
The happy hearts, the human paradise,  
The youth, the love, the life that revelled here,—  
Are they too gone?—Upon Time's shadowy bier,  
The pale, cold hours of joys now past are laid,  
Perhaps not soon from memory's gaze to fade,  
But never to be reckoned o'er again,  
In all life's future store of bliss and pain.  
From the bright eyes the sunshine may depart,  
Youth flies—love dies—and from the joyous heart  
Hope's gushing fountain ebbs too soon away,  
Nor spares one drop for that disastrous day,  
When from the barren waste of after life,  
The weariness, the worldliness, the strife,  
The soul looks o'er the desert of its way  
To the green gardens of its early day;  
The paradise for which we vainly mourn,  
The heaven, to which our lingering eyes still turn,  
To which our footsteps never shall return.

Sorrow is knowledge; hear what it teaches:—

*Impromptu.*

Written among the ruins of the Sonnenberg

Thou who within thyself dost not behold  
Ruins as great as these, though not as old,  
Canst scarce through life have travelled many a year,  
Or lack'st the spirit of a pilgrim here.  
Youth hath its walls of strength, its towers of pride,  
Love its warm hearth-stones, hope its prospects wide,  
Life's fortress in thee held these one and all,  
And they have fallen to ruin, or shall fall.

Knowledge also is sorrow; understand them—  
from what humanity must suffer:—

*Lines, addressed to the Young Gentlemen leaving the  
Academy at Lenox, Massachusetts.*

Life is before ye—and while now ye stand  
Eager to spring upon the promised land,  
Fair smiles the way, where yet your feet have trod  
But few light steps, upon a flowery sod;  
Round ye are youth's green bowers, and to your eyes  
The horizon's line joins earth with the bright skies;  
Daring and triumph, pleasure, fame, and joy,  
Friendship unwavering, love without alloy,  
Brave thoughts of noble deeds, and glory won,  
Like angels, beckon ye to venture on.  
And if o'er the bright scene some shadows rise,  
Far off they seem, at hand the sunshine lies.  
The distant clouds which of ye pause to fear?  
Shall not a brightness gild them when more near?  
Dismay and doubt ye know not, for the power  
Of youth is strong within ye at this hour,  
And the great mortal conflict seems to ye  
Not so much strife as certain victory—  
A glory ending in eternity.

Life is before ye—oh! if ye could look  
Into the secrets of that sealed book,  
Strong as ye are in youth, and hope, and faith,  
Ye should sink down, and falter, "Give us death!"  
Could the dread Sphinx's lips but once disclose,  
And utter but a whisper of the woes  
Which must o'ertake ye, in your life-long doom,  
Well might ye cry, "Our cradle be our tomb!"  
Could ye foresee your spirit's broken wings,  
Earth's brightest triumphs what despised things,  
Friendship how feeble, love how fierce a flame,  
Your joy half sorrow, half your glory shame,  
Hollowness, weariness, and, worst of all,  
Self-scorn that pities not its own deep fall,  
Fast gathering darkness, and fast waning light,—  
Oh could ye see it all, ye might, ye might,

Cower in the dust, unequal to the strife,  
And die, but in beholding what is life.

Life is before ye—from the fated road  
Ye cannot turn : then take ye up your load.  
Not yours to tread, or leave the unknown way,  
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may.  
Gird up your souls within ye to the deed,  
Angels, and fellow-spirits, bid ye speed!  
What though the brightness dim, the pleasure fade,  
The glory wane,—oh! not of these is made  
The awful life that to your trust is given.  
Children of God! inheritors of heaven!  
Mourn not the perishing of each fair toy.  
Ye were ordained to do, not to enjoy;  
To suffer, which is nobler than to dare;  
A sacred burthen is this life ye bear,  
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,  
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;  
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,  
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win;  
God guard ye, and God guide ye on your way,  
Young pilgrim warriors who set forth to-day.

Having obeyed such teaching, and experienced  
such destiny, Mrs. Butler has at length earned the  
right to enforce this admonition :—

Struggle not with thy life!—the heavy doom  
Resist not, it will bow thee like a slave :  
Strive not! thou shalt not conquer; to thy tomb  
Thou shalt go crushed, and ground, though ne'er  
so brave.

Complain not of thy life!—for what art thou  
More than thy fellows, that thou shouldst not weep?  
Brave thoughts still lodge beneath a furrowed brow,  
And the way-wearied have the sweetest sleep.

Marvel not at thy life!—patience shall see  
The perfect work of wisdom to her given;  
Hold fast thy soul through this high mystery,  
And it shall lead thee to the gates of heaven.

We have now quoted enough to show the lofty  
and intellectual attributes of the poetess. After  
all, however, it is not the specific merit of these  
occasional pieces that attracts us, but the indica-  
tion that they give of powers, which, under proper  
discipline, are capable of yet better things; for  
we are not blind to the faults or deficiencies of the  
present productions, but accept them as earnest  
of richer treasures to be found in the mine from  
which they have been taken, and, we hope, yet to  
be presented to the public, with all the finish and  
elaboration of which they are worthy.

From the United Service Magazine—April.

#### REMARKS ON THE CONTEST NOW PENDING BETWEEN THE MONTE VIDEAN AND BUE- NOS AYREAN REPUBLICS.

BY AN OFFICER ON THE SPOT.

NOTHING surprises naval officers stationed in  
South America more than the extreme apathy  
shown by the legislature towards the affairs of  
these young republics; and whilst intelligence  
and information relative to Serbia or Greece are  
sought for with avidity, a deaf ear is turned to any  
one who tries to bring public attention to bear on  
the importance of these countries, and the oppor-  
tunity so providentially offered for pushing British  
manufactures in comparatively unknown channels.  
Enter into the society of well-informed London  
men, and make inquiries as to the state of any

particular part of south America, and you will be  
met by some such answer as "Really we do not  
know;" or, "In young countries changes and  
revolutions are so common, that it is impossible to  
understand them." This was my case before I  
left England; I sought information everywhere;  
I hunted up men who had formerly lived in this  
part of the world, and invariably received similar  
replies, and it is only since I arrived here that I  
have been enabled to form any opinion of the value  
of these republics to the trading and commercial  
community of England.

Many of your readers may not be aware that the  
two sides of the river Plate are in the hands of  
separate governments, styling themselves the Ar-  
gentine Republic and the Republic of the Uru-  
guay; and that between them a most sanguinary  
war is now raging, where the most horrible cruelties  
are committed under our eyes, and where the  
word quarter is unknown. It is difficult to arrive  
at the cause which produced this war, although it  
is certain that the government of Monte Video  
allied themselves with the French during their  
blockade of Buenos Ayres, and were left "in the  
lurch" when peace was concluded.

On referring to published documents, it appears  
that the British and French ministers plenipoten-  
tiary have repeatedly remonstrated on the continu-  
ance of a state of things so inimical to commerce,  
offering their good offices as mediators towards  
bringing about a peace; but that on the 16th De-  
cember last, after the loss of a battle, (Arroyo  
Grande,) which apparently placed the Banda Ori-  
ental, with its capital, Monte Video, at the dispo-  
sition of the Buenos Ayrean forces, the ministers  
plenipotentiary again interceded, making the fol-  
lowing peremptory demands :—

1st.—"An immediate cessation of hostilities be-  
tween the Argentine troops, and those of the re-  
public of the Uruguay.

2d.—"That the troops of the Argentine Con-  
federation—it being understood that those of the  
republic of the Uruguay shall adopt the same course  
—shall remain within their respective territories,  
and withdraw to them should they have passed  
their frontier."

The victorious army totally disregarded this en-  
ergetic remonstrance, and marched at once to the  
capital. Misled by the assurances of the foreign  
ministers, and supposing that such threats would  
not prove idle or be held out in vain, the government  
of Monte Video had hitherto neglected to provide  
the means of defence; but as the crisis became  
imminent, so rose the spirit of the inhabitants.  
In an incredibly short time they constructed a line  
of fortifications, and covered it with guns; most  
of which had been formerly used as lamp-posts,  
and were dug out of the streets. As quickly was  
a new army raised; a legion of three thousand  
French and two thousand Italians, besides the  
natives, bid defiance to the invaders, and their  
numbers were soon increased by two or three  
thousand negroes; who, in gratitude for an edict  
passed by the chamber of representatives, abolish-  
ing slavery forever, took up arms in the cause.  
All hope of success on the part of the Buenos  
Ayreans was soon over; they had no heavy artil-  
lery, were deficient in the requisites for conducting  
a siege, and were glad to retreat to a strong posi-  
tion, and confine themselves to a blockade by land,  
where they have remained during the last eight  
months.

Even this dilatory mode of warfare would have been in time successful, if a joint operation had been permitted by sea; for the Monte Videans have no vessels of war, and are utterly unable to contend with the four or five paltry small craft, which the Buenos Ayreans designate by the name of navy; when, fortunately for them, at this period the Alfred arrived, bearing the broad pendant of Commodore Purvis, who, acting in the spirit of the note of the 16th December, and, moreover, finding that the officer commanding the force was an Englishman, at once refused to allow the town to be blockaded.

A great question has been raised as to the propriety of the Commodore's adopting this line; but he never, it is believed, received contrary instructions from the minister, in default of which, he was clearly justified in obliging an Englishman in command of a foreign force to respect his queen's demands.

I moreover cannot discover that any precedent to the contrary can be cited, either in the times of Lord Cochrane or Admiral Guise. Was it reasonable to suppose that, in the absence of any instructions, he would allow a town, containing forty thousand European inhabitants to be starved? Besides, it was in some measure forced upon him; because the government declared their intention to expel from the town all foreigners who would not take up arms,—and where were they to go! For not one half could be received on board the ships of war.

Thus the war had been reduced to a system of guerillas, which on the aggregate has produced a large loss of life, without any *adequate advantage* to either party.

In the mean time, earnest appeals were made to the governments of France and England; all the advantages consequent on the independence of Uruguay were recapitulated; and secret offers tended to both for the cession of the whole province, rather than it should be allowed to fall under the despotism of the man who wields the power of the Argentine republic. Eagerly did they await the answer to these, and dreadful was the despair depicted upon the countenance of all, when it became known that the conduct of the two governments would be guided by a strict neutrality,—that intervention was out of the question, and that the blockade by sea would be allowed. All appeared to be over, when suddenly people were to be seen conversing in groups of twos and threes; and on the following day the enigma was solved by a declaration from the Brazilian minister, that he was instructed by his government, under no circumstances to allow the blockade; and that the Brazilian commodore had been furnished with orders to employ his force, if necessary, to prevent the interruption of vessels bearing the Brazilian flag.

That a strong feeling on the part of the English in favor of Monte Video does exist there is no doubt; and it becomes necessary to give a general outline of our reasons without embarrassing the subject with statistics and figures; which, however interesting they may be to the politician and merchant, are unnecessary for a proper conception of the whole subject.

A writer in Blackwood's Magazine of May last states that "an advantageous treaty of commerce" is formed "with the young and rising republic of Monte Video," and that in the event of the failure of the treaty with Brazil, it will secure

"easy access for British wares in the territory of Rio Grande, lying on the borders of the republic of the Uruguay, and far the most extensive, though not the most populous, of Brazilian provinces." This is very just, and well described, and is in itself a sufficient reason to induce us, now that the treaty has failed, to look with great suspicion upon an inimical government, who would by every means in their power interfere with our trade, cripple it with duties, and naturally endeavor to drive it back to Buenos Ayres. A glance at the map will show how effectually the Buenos Ayrean despot, Rosas, has excluded us from the commerce of the magnificent rivers discharging themselves into the Plate. Possessing the little island of Martin Garcia, which commands their embouchures, he claims to himself the sovereignty of these waters, and treats with contempt the longings of Paraguay and the countries watered by the Parana and Uruguay; and by the most cunning means has created a belief that their inhabitants are averse to foreign intercourse, and are desirous of remaining in the same state as when governed by Francia; and it is generally reported that the commissioner sent from England was impressed with these ideas; although I well know, on the best authority, that if the natives had dared to speak the truth, the very reverse is the case. Can any one wonder then, that with this before his eyes, and being guided by the past, the British merchant has a horror of falling under the sway of such a man?

A very contrary feeling has invariably actuated the Monte Videans. They are essentially a commercial nation,—they have encouraged the immigration of foreigners; by a, comparatively speaking, low tariff they have, in a short period, created an almost unheard-of trade; and by zealously adhering to a metallic currency they have inspired confidence in British merchants, and enabled them to give long credits, and conduct their commerce on a sure footing; nor was this all,—an opening was made, by the general security of the country, for agriculturists of small capital; and many English had begun to avail themselves of it, and embark in farms for breeding cattle, receiving as a return an enormous profit for their money. In fact, so evident were the advantages held out, that almost all the British houses established at Buenos Ayres had seen it for their interest to have connexions or branches at Monte Video.

The demands for British cloths, cottons, and all sorts of hardware, is immense; no foreign nation can compete with us in these articles; and even Manchester silks, although dearer than French, find a fair market here,—in fact, it would be endless to particularize any branch of trade; all would thrive with proper countenance and protection from the home government, and new markets would be substituted for those which have been swept away by the force of competition and the German league.

Again, bear in mind, that, if Rosas succeeds in grasping both sides of the Plate, it is effectually in his power to shut out the whole of our commerce, to reestablish which would first provoke an endless war, and cost an incalculable expense; whereas, quarrel when you may with Rosas, so long as Monte Video is independent, no sensible loss in trade would be felt.

But "a heavy blow and great discouragement" have been bestowed on the British merchants: confiding on the note of the 16th December, feeling assured that when the British lion shows his

teeth he is prepared to bite, they have advanced considerable loans to the *de facto* government, (and, mark, with the government with which we have negotiated a treaty,) and although it is but reasonable to suppose that future governments will be made responsible, still the payments will be by dribblets, and spread, like the everlasting Danish claims, over a series of years. Add to this the system of long credits, producing a train of outstanding debts, which can never be repaid, and the ruin of many is inevitable. If the strongest appearances of interference by England are to be considered as their excuse, these men are entitled to it; and those only are to blame who misled them with false and unjustifiable hopes.

These are some of the reasons why merchants and Englishmen on the spot embrace with ardor the Monte Videan cause. The hour of European interference must come, postpone it as you may; and far better would it have been, having already avowed our wishes, to have, in conjunction with France, boldly supported them, rather than have lowered the dignity of our flag by making a hostile declaration, and neglecting to employ adequate means for its support.

The naval forces on the east coast of South America are ample to have maintained the independence of the Uruguay; the very situation of the invading army placed it at our mercy, and it only required our intentions to be made known, and no general, with due regard to the safety of his communications, would have dared to remain in the position held by the invading army: without a blow our policy would have been accomplished. Occupy the river St. Lucee by our gun-boats, and the Buenos Ayrean army would have been totally isolated from all supplies of every sort or kind.

Having thus endeavored to assign some of the causes why the English are so much interested in the result, it may be as well to explain how Rosas has managed to throw dust in the eyes of her Majesty's minister at Buenos Ayres. To have marched an army, entirely composed of Buenos Ayreans, for the avowed purpose of occupying Monte Video, would have solved all; France and England never could have permitted it, and Brazil, alarmed for her boundary, would at once have declared war. He, therefore, placed a Monte Videan at the head of his army, declared that his only intention was to reinstate him in his presidential chair, and that being accomplished, the army would retire. Now, so understood this clearly, it may be as well to say a few words on this said General Oribe, according to the constitution of the country, formerly elected president of the republic, which situation he voluntarily abdicated before the customary term had expired.

He said in his note of resignation, dated 23d of October, 1838, that "being convinced that his remaining in power is the only obstacle in the way of restoring to it the peace and tranquillity which it so much needs, he comes before your honorable assembly to depose that authority which, as the organ of the nation, you had confided to him."

What right, therefore, has this man to intrude himself again on his country, and seek to recover that post which, by his own free will, he relinquished? Nor does he come at the head of a native army, or in any way divide the national opinion; he is neither more nor less than the tool of Rosas, placed there to blind the public eye, and give the struggle the character of a civil war, with which foreigners would, in reality, have no com-

cern, and is, of course, bound hand and foot to the Buenos Ayrean interest, and, so long as he might be at the head of affairs, would never dare to differ with his protector; so that, save and except in name, Monte Video might be considered to be no longer a separate state, but part and parcel of the Argentine Confederation. It is the full assurance of this that has driven the French and Italians to arms; they fight for the land of their adoption, and resist the strenuous endeavors of their ministers and consuls to induce them to depose their atlas. They recollect the maxim promulgated by Rosas on a former occasion, "Men do not make treaties with tigers, they set traps for them, and when they fall into them they kill them."

Strangers are much struck with the difference in the character of the two towns, Monte Video and Buenos Ayres. In the former all is gaiety and cheerfulness, the crowd of shipping lying in the port is a clear proof of the value of the trade, and the hum and bustle in the streets show its activity; here all is free, and the most opposite opinions are openly promulgated. Not so at Buenos Ayres. The extraordinary quietness of the town will first surprise him; he will meet every one wearing red hat-bands and the picture of Rosas, and underneath written, "Death to the savage Unitasias;" even the priests are not exempted from wearing this happy device, nor are the women permitted to tie their hair with any other color but red. Next he will probably meet a friend to whom he will loudly express his wonder, and then he will be at once stopped by "Pray, say no more, or you will compromise me; all here are spies, and I shall be a marked man for the Mashorca Club;" he will be awake in the night by the watchman crying the hour, accompanied by "Death to the savage, filthy Unitasias;" and when his bill is to be paid in the morning, he will be surprised by the frightful amount, until it is explained to him that the dollars are paper, and that, once worth 4s. 8d., now they are worth 8d.; and then he will understand how comfortable the merchant must feel, who, having sold his goods in the system of long credit, when probably the dollar was worth 9d. or 10d., is now to be paid in dollars worth only 8d.

One word on the Mashorca Club. As an Englishman, I fancied the club to be composed of gentlemen possessing political opinions, but I was soon undeceived, and learnt that the members are neither more nor less than hired ruffians in the pay of Rosas, and that they unscrupulously lap off the head of any one whom he may point out, and are not over ceremonious about the forms of a trial. Such is a brief outline of the state of society in Buenos Ayres, ruled by the most horrid despotism that can be imagined, far surpassing Francia in his worst days. Emboldened by the apparent apathy of Europe, they now threaten the lives of foreigners when opposed; and repeatedly during this war has the leading article of the government paper (*Gazeta Mercantil*) teemed with threats, that if England or France should not allow the blockade to be enforced on "the dirty, filthy Unitasias," the government might be unable to restrain the popular indignation; in other words, they would let loose their gang of murderers; and I find that our minister, in a note of 16th November, 1842, remonstrated officially, that a considerable assemblage of people, accompanied by persons in the military and civil employments of government, paraded the streets with military music; and at

midnight there were repeated the stern cries of "Death to foreigners, death to the Basques," on passing by the house of the French minister, Count de Luide. He then proceeds to say, "that this was permitted in the presence of persons in the employment of government."

And are we to remain passive spectators in this struggle? So, alas! it appears. Surely it only requires a faithful and true representation of affairs to be made public, to induce the government to use a moral interference in behalf of this republic, the child of their own creation.

Let it not be supposed, that by the occupation of Monte Video the struggle will be concluded, and that commerce will flow in its original channels; such an event will only prolong it. Notwithstanding their vicinity, descent, and language, no two nations on the face of the earth more cordially detest each other, than do these two republics. Peace, on the terms of foreign control and supremacy, can never be effected, and beyond the precincts of the town perpetual war would be carried on. How, then, is cattle to be raised, and the natural produce of the country cultivated? Throughout the land one general scene of pillage and devastation would ensue; the estanciero (or farmer) would be unable to dwell on his property; and the small quantity of cattle raised, would be seized by the army, and of course not paid for. The exports to England from this part of South America, consist entirely of hides, bones, oil, and tallow; and wonderfully favorable as this part of the country unquestionably is for breeding cattle, under such a state of things, an entire stop would be put to it.

I cannot do better than illustrate this subject by an event which has but recently occurred, and filled every breast with horror. A most respectable Englishman, of the name of Himes, resided on his property, thirty miles from a considerable town called Colonia: he had been a resident there forty years, was married to a woman of the country, and had, during many troubles, invariably remained neutral, and lived quietly and respectably; but he committed the monstrous fault of showing hospitality and kindness to British officers, whose duty might call them to Colonia; and as they are all favorable to the Monte Videoan cause, and as the town is in the hands of the Buenos Ayrean army, he soon became obnoxious to them. His house was consequently beset by regular soldiers, and himself and two servants murdered in the most barbarous way. Remonstrances, both on the part of the commodore and the minister at Buenos Ayres, were of course made, but were readily parried by excuses and assurances that every effort should be made to bring the offenders to justice, which, up to this moment, has not been successful. And this is the third murder of British subjects, all of which remain unrevenged. Who, therefore, would venture to dwell upon his property, and be placed at the mercy of men under no control, who make a toy of human life to sport with, as their passions may incline them?

A few words more on this curious trade. The value of the live bullock is about five shillings; but when killed, to so good an account do they turn the hide and bones, that in reality the buyer has the flesh for nothing; the hide is of course salted, then all the fat and grease is steamed into tallow; the oil is extracted from the bones, which are subsequently sent to England for manure. Of late years several emigrants have arrived here to

endeavor to establish sheep-farms, but they have proceeded on a wrong principle. Mutton in itself is of no value; the Gaucho will not touch it: he pronounces it tasteless, and devoid of sufficient nourishment to afford support, and oftentimes will throw a whole sheep into the fire of the oil and grease furnaces. Upon the wool, therefore, he entirely depends, and the profits on its sale are not sufficiently great to make an adequate return.

I am told by estancieros, that the gala day of the year, is "the cattle-marking." As the herds roam uncontrolled over an immense extent of ground, generally in company with others, this operation is liable to much abuse; and it is part of the law of the country that proper notice shall previously be given to the neighbors. When all are assembled, the process of "lassoeing" commences, and each animal is marked with the owner's device; and such perfect adepts are the Peons and herdsmen at recognising their own beasts, that although some thousands are to be marked, and selected from the general herd, they rarely make a mistake, and pitch upon a stranger.

Many sensible people, diving into futurity, have been led to imagine that before many years the independent department of Monte Video, and perhaps her neighbors, will be converted into a French colony; and indeed there are good grounds for so thinking. Their population amounts to 16,000, and this number has been annually much swollen by emigrants from the southern parts of France. The constitution declares every one to have the right of voting for a representative; and all foreigners can naturalize themselves. This alone renders such a body of men formidable; and by a recent act of the Chamber of Representatives, all who have taken up arms in behalf of the country, are entitled to a certain grant of land, which in a very clever paper drawn up by a Frenchman, and sent to France, is declared to be in the highest degree fertile, and admirably situated for colonial purposes; and when we bear in mind that the protectorate of the republic has been already offered to France, there is just cause to render us watchfully alive to any measures which may be adopted by that government. It is certainly true, that the capital of the country is entirely in the hands of Englishmen,—that these men trade on that capital,—are men of straw, and therefore borne down by English influence; so they may have been up to this time; but now they have learnt their weight, and been taught how to act in a body, they will not forget the French legion, or how to employ it to the best advantage. Moreover, the time may come when the Italians, who are even more numerous, may sigh for a government, and unite with the French to obtain a permanent peace. On these points we cannot be too watchful: it is of vital importance to England that the republic of the Uruguay should retain its independence; whether it may be menaced by France or Russia, should make little difference; the principle is the same: it is directly contrary to our interest that any power should hold this key of the Plate and its magnificent tributaries, powerful enough to close the navigation of these waters to British commerce; and, as I have said before, every hour that we withhold our veto, will bring in its train increased difficulties.

And here I shall take leave of the subject for the present, with a full intention to transmit, before long, a few more remarks on this part of South America, which is unfortunately as com-



pletely blotted from the notice of public men, as if such a country did not exist on the face of the globe.

— From the August No.

## No. II.

THE appearance of affairs in the Republic of the Uruguay has in no way changed for the better since my last observations on them. General Oribe still besieges Monte Video by land, and Admiral Brown, with the Buenos Ayrean squadron, does his best to reduce it by sea; and yet the war appears as far from a termination as ever. Abandoned by France and England, to whom Monte Video had successively clung for help, she has recently received the finishing stroke from the Brazilians, who, frightened as it were at their own shadow, hastily recalled their minister, because he had literally fulfilled their orders, and lost no time in making their excuses to Rosas, thus meriting the soubriquet by which they have so long been designated as the "Brava Gente." But in proportion to the gravity of these disappointments, has been the energy of its rulers; laying aside all attempts at concealment or duplicity, they published a manifesto, and made their exact state known to the public at large; they appealed to the courage, unanimity, and patriotism of their defenders, contrasting the advantages already promised to them at the conclusion of the war, with the vexations and taxes to which they would be subjected if their adversaries prevailed, and finally succeeded in producing a better feeling amongst the troops than had at any previous period existed.

No more convincing proof could be given of the talent of a government; to keep an army together composed of French, Italians, Negroes (formerly slaves,) and voluntary exiles from Buenos Ayres, is no easy task. Prior to the war, these men were exercising a peaceable and thriving trade, and as shopkeepers had an abhorrence of fighting; and even when they took up arms, they made a reservation that their services should be confined to the defence of the town, and that they should never be called upon to serve in the open country. At this moment they are taking their daily turn of duty at the outposts, and are engaged in a guerilla almost every morning. That the French troops should remain so united is certainly most extraordinary, for their admiral, Monsieur Massien de Clerval, has, in compliance with orders from France, insisted on their relinquishing their national tricolor cockade and colors, and their consul has endeavored to establish, that as they now serve under Monte Videan colors, they are no longer entitled to claim protection as subjects of France, and have entirely forfeited their nationality; and so anxious are the authorities to induce their countrymen to abstain from entering into the contest, that all those who do not belong to the French volunteers (as they are now called,) are daily relieved with money at the consulate, and powerful bribes are held out to induce the soldiers to desert.

There is one most extraordinary character in the army, who claims special mention, and who goes by the general cognomen of "Cockney Sam," and is of course an Englishman. This fellow commands a detached force of vagabonds, varying from fifty to seventy in number, of all countries. He lives at the outposts, occupies a house which he has barricaded, and which he holds unaided against the whole of the enemy's force, and although the outposts are always called into the town before dark, and he is in consequence thrown

entirely on his own resources, has in no one instance yet been obliged to retreat within the lines. The feats of gallantry he and his party perform are quite extraordinary, and "Don Samuel" is universally admitted to be the bravest man in the army. This man fights clearly for the love of fighting; he is subject to no control; in the middle of the night he has frequently opened his fire on a body three or four times as numerous as his own; heavy firing alarms the town; every one rushes to the lines, and after all it turns out to be Sam, who, by sending buglers in different directions, has led the enemy to employ a large detached force, and amongst whom he is making great slaughter. The pay he gets is a mere trifle, and as the booty is still less, I may fairly assume that, like many other Englishmen, (or I should say Irishmen,) he fights for fighting's sake. What brought this man to South America no one knows; prior to the war, he exercised the noble trade of "crimping," by which he gained a livelihood. He is short and sturdy, mild in his appearance and manner, and would certainly not lead one to suppose him so daring a fellow. And here I may be permitted to remark, by way of digression, that his mode of discipline amongst his band is most severe; corporal punishment is unsparingly administered, and submitted to by the volunteers, who consider it no permanent disgrace. Hear this, all ye abolitionists and theorists and speculators in the House of Commons; and I believe that if the votes of soldiers and sailors were taken, a large majority would be in favor of the continuance.

But before I quit the infantry of the army of Monte Video, I must not forget the black regiments. When a guerilla has been going on, it has frequently been my amusement to watch these sable gentlemen; they certainly are not the best of shots, but they amply make amends for their ignorance on that score by their extreme courage; nothing daunts them, forward they go, and never appear to consider the consequences. They are cheerful, contented, and happy, do as they are told, and are consequently capital cards in the hands of any general. Were the fate of this contest to depend upon the infantry, I should have no fear for the result; but unfortunately there is every reason to believe that, even if the now-dispersed squadrons of cavalry were joined together, General Oribe would numerically have the advantage.

The cavalry system of warfare is most curious; each soldier has five horses, and even then he is not certain of being well mounted in all parts of the country. The animals are never shod, and therefore those accustomed to the ground of grass provinces, when taken to the Minas province, abounding in sand and stone, soon become lame and perfectly useless. A knowledge of this influences a general in his dispositions; for where so much depends upon the horse, few lives are ever lost in an attack; but whenever the day turns against a party, the slaughter begins; no provision is ever made to secure a retreat,—so the swiftest horse overtakes the slowest, and the pursued is run through with a lance. In the practical knowledge of this sort of war, General Rivera is said to be preëminent, and has certainly the confidence of every man in the country; thoroughly acquainted with the ground, he performs the most extraordinary combinations, dispersing and reforming his men as circumstances may require; and when common repute proclaims Rivera annihi-

lated, he as suddenly appears at the head of a numerous body of cavalry, sprung, as it were, from the ground. A good horseman, brave and open in heart and purse, as ready to spend his money after a battle as he was before to accumulate it, kind and conciliatory in his manner, he unites in himself the qualities calculated to win the heart of the Gaucho, and, consequently, as long as he remains banished from power, or what he may imagine to be his proper situation, there will be no peace for the Banda Oriental.

I have seen one or two cavalry guerillas; they ride towards each other without any apparent order, and as they pass, fire their carbines from the hip; but little damage is of course done in this way, and the lance and sword appear principally used in the retreat; but if a man should fall wounded, and his comrades are hard pressed, they throw a lasso round him, one end of which has been previously made fast to the horse's girths, and off they gallop, dragging the poor wounded man along the ground at the best pace.

As long as the government *de facto* entertained hopes of assistance or interference from foreign nations, the war on their part was conducted on civilized principles, but now they appear to have thrown off all restraint, and to have abandoned themselves to the full swing of their natural ferocity. Then they endeavored to cajole observers with their superior progress in civilization; now their object appears to be to rival that enemy, whom they have so loudly abused, in atrocities. The last example, which occurred only two days ago, may suffice. In a guerilla, an officer fell wounded, with a ball in his breast; he was taken prisoner, and brought into the town, and the ball immediately extracted. The next day he went through the form of a mock trial, and was sentenced to be shot. Now this man had never borne arms on their side; it is true he was an Oriental, and belonged to the republic, but as he had not served in the army, he cannot be considered a deserter; and yet on that plea was condemned. The truth is, the victim was a rich tradesman, whose property it was of some importance for the government to get hold of. Was there ever such a refinement of cruelty as this? If the man was to be tried on a capital charge, why keep him so long in suspense, and in intense agony from his wound, instead of proceeding to his trial at once! Poor fellow, when his eyes were covered, there was no symptom of fear, but his countenance indicated the agony he was suffering from his wound. And there are thirty men-of-war lying before Monte Video, and such crimes and atrocities are permitted! How strange it is that the Spanish character appears everywhere to delight in blood. The cruelties of the war in the northern provinces of Spain rivalled the atrocities of this, and yet on both sides all is so well concealed under the cloak of politeness and refinement of manner.

As a contrast to the armies and their deeds, it is delightful to be able to speak in high terms of praise of the Buenos Ayrean navy, commanded by Admiral Brown, an officer well known to all naval men who have served in this part of South America since 1814. So long a residence amongst these savages appears in no way to have tinged the character of the old English sailor; as gallant in battle as he is merciful to the fallen foe, he never has forgotten the country that gave him birth, and, whatever may be his faults, merits, on that account alone, a full meed of praise. In a former

paper I alluded to the reign of terror at Buenos Ayres, to the system of espionage, and the total check given to the free expression of opinion. As a reward for long services rendered to the Argentine provinces, Admiral Brown was invited to a public dinner, where the horrible customary toast, "Viva la Republica—mueren los salvagios unitarios," was given; all filled, and drank it, except Brown, who, acknowledging the first part, "Viva la Republica," neatly added, that the world was big enough for all, and declined drinking the rest. No other man could, I am confident, be found in Buenos Ayres who would dare to follow his example.

He is now rapidly going down the vale of life, but it is to be hoped that he will leave some memoranda behind him, whereupon to frame a history of his times, which, from his having been necessarily much mixed up with most of the leading characters in the Plata provinces, would prove as interesting as instructive.

The present government of Monte Video has recently granted us a treaty for the exclusive right of steam navigation on the Uruguay, and there are men of capital now residing here who have purchased extensive tracts of forest, for the purpose of supplying wood as fuel, and who are ready to provide vessels, and embark in the enterprise, as soon as the state of the country may permit. One would imagine that this alone would induce us to use every exertion in behalf of Monte Video. Our treaty with Brazil expires in 1844, and at present there appears no prospect of our being able to conclude another on favorable terms; but by the free navigation of this river she is entirely at our mercy; our goods may be conveyed into the heart of Brazil free from any duty, and that country, with its immense extent of coast, would soon find that the expense of supporting a general system of coast-guard would prove far more ruinous than any apparent loss which might accrue from a relaxation of the tariff. Experience has long proved that with nations, as well as men, it is unadvisable to relinquish an alternative when trying to accomplish an end; and surely the rule is especially applicable to this country at the present moment.

Besides this, a man high in office, and in the confidence of General Oribe, assured me, only the other day, that one of his first acts on succeeding to power would be to conclude a treaty with Brazil for the delivering up political offenders on both sides; and as this measure is much more essential to the internal prosperity of Monte Video than Brazil, the latter country would not forget to insist on the Uruguay being closed,—a point which every one must see is of so much value to herself.

But let us leave the Banda Oriental for a time, and take a cursory view of the rivers which discharge themselves into the Plata, and the political and commercial consequences which might attach to them if the present restriction was removed, and their course thrown open to the navigation and trade of the world; and let me ask, are we, the inhabitants of the first commercial country in the world, to permit people barely merging from a state of barbarism to close the mouths of rivers leading from the Atlantic to the Cordilleras Mountains in the west, and almost joining themselves to the magnificent "Amazon" in the north! They produce lines of navigable waters, I may say unparalleled in the globe; and are we tamely to look on, and suffer a man who rules through the terror of the few, against the voice of the many, to exclude

commerce and civilization from the rich countries through which these waters run!

Dr. Francia no longer rules in Paraguay, and its people sigh for an outlet for the productions of that favored land. Seek for Paraguay on the map. See how surrounded it is by rivers; observe its latitude; and it requires but little consideration to discover that all the tropical productions will there be found: cotton, sugar, rice, and coffee would there, under proper management, make us perfectly independent of Brazil. This cannot, in my opinion, be too much dwelt upon. Open these rivers, as reason, justice, and humanity dictate, and the insolent slave-dealing "Brava Gente" is at your feet. Deeply to be lamented is it that amidst all the numerous theories, schemes, and speculations of the conscientious opponents of slavery, this idea has never struck them; and would that Lord Brougham could be persuaded to employ a little of his eloquence to enable the free-grown sugars of Paraguay to compete with the slave-grown sugars of Brazil. For internal American commerce Paraguay is preëminently situated; there is ten feet of water in the river at all times of the year far above Assumcion, and its forests abound with wood well calculated for ship-building. The best maté yerba is grown in this province, an article more extensively used in South America than tea in England.

The British government not long ago made an effort to conclude a treaty, or at all events to establish relations with Paraguay, and, according to general report, signally failed. Numerous causes are of course assigned by old residents in the country well acquainted with the habits of the people; and as there is a general coincidence of opinions on some of the leading points, we may fairly suppose that the aggregate of the whole is not very far from the mark.

Previous to the mission leaving Buenos Ayres it became, of course, necessary to solicit permission from the Dictator, General Rosas, and also to request assistance and letters of recommendation, both of which he professed himself ready to give. His principal minister advised our envoy to provide himself with some books written by a Frenchman, in the reign of Napoleon, for the avowed purpose of showing what he supposed to be the commercial ambition of England, and to disseminate them as he went along; moreover, it is generally believed that Rosas sent agents through the country to circulate all sorts of reports relative to the visit, and to inspire dislike and distrust on the part of those with whom he was likely to have communication. No better means could have been adopted to ruin the proceedings. The very name of Rosas is abhorred in Corrientes and Entre Rios, and so naturally he found himself shunned by all.

Some clever friends also advised the diplomatist to arm himself with vaccinating matter for the small-pox, which being administered to a few ignorant people, and having shown itself very freely, they took fright, and became effectually confirmed in the idea that his visit had no good object; and so, as he went along, he found himself received with common civility, coldly administered in as small portions as possible,—and nowhere did he succeed in obtaining practical information which could be turned to much account.

I learnt from good authority, also, that the personal manner of the agent was not calculated to forward his views in Paraguay. Secluded from the world for so many years, the Paraguayans en-

ertain a great distrust of all foreigners, are cautious and guarded in their advances, and expect a similar return on the part of the persons they are dealing with. Now, reports says that our countryman was possessed of that winning frankness of manner so admirably calculated to promote a feeling of confidence and regard towards a person in Europe, but tending to a directly opposite end in that country. Even in Monte Video this demeanor is much assumed; the man who considers himself of high merit, and who perhaps occupies an important situation, will generally be found silent and retiring in his habits, return monosyllables for answers, and looking out from under the corners of his eyes; and the more one travels into the interior the more evident is the assumption of what we should call mock-modesty. So the mission failed, and Rosas probably rejoiced in the full success of his stratagem. But even yet the measure was not complete; the question arose as to who had circulated reports injurious to the object of the expedition? and General Rosas had the unblushing effrontery to declare that his rival, Rivera, was the author; and it required no inconsiderable trouble for the head of the Monte Videan government to prove his innocence.

Let us not, however, despair; the knowledge of the cause of the late failure is half-way towards the success of any second attempt her Majesty's government may think proper to make. But they must lose no time; if Rosas succeeds in installing his lieutenant as president of the republic of the Uruguay, assuredly his next effort will be to annex Paraguay to the Argentine Republic. Visions of the magnificence of the Spanish viceroyalty are forever dazzling this man's mind; and so long as the finest province in this part of South America is independent, ambition will always attract him thither. Paraguay has sent ambassadors to Buenos Ayres to claim the recognition of their independence, and although no direct refusal has been given to their demand, the question has been evaded, and the ambassadors have returned unsatisfied; and Paraguay appears well aware of the fate which awaits her, for she is now busily occupied in training and forming an army.

Before quitting this province and its noble river, it is worthy of remark that the navigable Vermejo flows into the grand stream nearly at the boundary-line of Paraguay and Corrientes. At the present moment the trade on this branch would probably not pay the contingent expenses; nevertheless it should not be overlooked: the time will come when the valuable produce of the province of Salta will find its way to Europe by those waters, to say nothing of the temptation held out to adventurers to reopen mines which are now closed on account of the immense expenses attendant on the transit of the metal.

In the provinces of the southward a considerable number of our fellow-countrymen are settled on estancias, or farms; and if the country could be kept free from revolutions and wars, no safer or better speculation could be made,—the first outlay is all that is required, and nature does the rest. Give them peace and a free government, and these districts would become the fairest fields for settlers. Subject to fewer natural casualties than the sheep-breeders in Australia, possessing a finer soil, an easier and more accessible high-road for their produce, where could an Englishman establish himself with a better chance of success? But all, all is marred, by the restless ambition of the despot Ro-

was. A detachment of his army marches through your estanciero, and every head of cattle is swept off;—to whom are you to appeal for payment? Try you may, but not one farthing will you get. It is lamentable to witness such a system; and still worse to hear the ruler advocated as the only man who has power to govern the country, and maintain order and keep trade in its proper channels; as if anything would not be preferable to the decoy now adopted. By high-sounding words, and a concealment of facts, many have been persuaded to embark their capital in land, and have been ruined before the bitter truth broke in upon them. I do not believe that out of the whole mercantile body of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video six persons could be found to approve of the footing on which trade is carried on; and in all probability those six would be induced to give it their support from some interested motive. "How are you to coerce Rosas," say some, "or obtain a better government?" The situation of Buenos Ayres renders it inaccessible; your ships cannot get within five miles of the town, on account of the depth of water. If you will not venture on a land-expedition, how can England make an impression on Buenos Ayres?" And then they cite the length and inefficiency of the French blockade. It is heart-sickening to hear influential men talk in this way. Admitting all, the countenance of England to this tyrant is a disgrace to the country, and expense should not be thought of in such a case. But the truth is far from this supposition,—three steamers of light draught, (say ten feet,) and six or seven schooners, would suffice to shut up and out the commerce of Buenos Ayres. An English blockade is a very different affair from that of our neighbors; and I will answer for it that the word inefficiency would never again be mentioned. The whole trade would centre at Monte Video; and whilst the ruin of Rosas was progressing, the revenue and trade of England would not perceptibly suffer.

But, although I point out the means, I do not recommend violent and hasty measures. The man who acts as if he were the enemy of Europeans is a bully, and, like other gentlemen of that denomination, ever ready to draw in his horns when occasion requires. Speak out, and abandon a wavering policy, and he will speedily comply with our demands, and not oblige us to have recourse to extremities.

From Hood's Magazine.

#### THE BLIND BRIDE.

THE following poem derives its origin from a romance of real life, the scene of which is in one of our midland counties. A young lady of great beauty and accomplishments was suddenly deprived, by an inflammation, of the sense of sight. Nevertheless, instead of sinking, under so heavy a dispensation, into listlessness and melancholy, with an admirable spirit she retained her cheerfulness, and continued all her former pursuits, as far as the privation would allow. She continued to play, sing, walk, and even ride out on horseback—preserving a bright mind, amidst her darkness, and a happy countenance. Soon afterwards a gentleman returned from abroad, who had been the companion of her childhood—and her lover in her boyhood. Touched by the noble spirit with which she bore her calamity, and still retaining his old attachment to her, he offered his heart and hand for her acceptance—in spite of the urgent counsel of

his friends, and even the remonstrances of the lady herself. But he remained firm to his purpose: and the verses were composed, as if addressed by him to his Blind Bride.

Thou seest me not, my own dear bride;  
Yet bright thy smile, my Esperance,  
As when we sported side by side,  
Or mingled in our playmates' dance—  
Thy step, as then, is light and free,  
Thy stirrup firm and fearless still:  
Such power abides in constancy  
Of faith and hope, and steadfast will.

I loved thee then, my heart's first joy,  
I love thee now, and tenfold more  
Than when the saddened stripling-boy  
Left thee and thine, and England's shore.  
One lingering gaze behind I cast:  
Thy young eye watched me from the hill;—  
O had I deemed that look thy last!—  
But here thou art, and dearer still.

Thy mind's a kingdom all my own;  
And like the lark, in morning air,  
Thy playful voice, whose minstrel tone  
Can charm away my every care.  
The peace which pure high thoughts impart,  
The scents, the sounds of jocund earth,  
Are thine—and more than all, a heart  
That beats for thee and feels thy worth.

What though alike unmarked by thee  
The moonbeam and the noontide ray,  
'Tis mind, and heart, and converse free,  
Turn gloom to joy, and night to day.  
Then cheer thee, love; where'er we go,  
My step, my thought, shall wait on thine:  
Thy spirit, tried in weal and woe,  
My Esperance, shall strengthen mine.

ANOTHER WORD ABOUT BEES.—We have received the following letter from a correspondent, which tends to show that our ingenious little friends are not ashamed or afraid of the light shining on their works. Our correspondent's letter is dated, "Stopham, near Petworth, Sussex:—"

"Sir,—Observing in your last week's *Messenger* an article headed 'Culture of Bees,' wherein you quote an extract from a letter of a Mr. Huish, who states, 'that bees will only work in complete darkness, and that no man ever saw a bee make a cell, and that he would travel bare-footed from Horsham to Windsor to behold the spectacle,' I beg to inform you that there is now to be seen in a cottage garden in this parish, a swarm of these useful insects making their cells on the under side of the block of wood on which the last year's hive stands, having been *wholly exposed to the light* till within these last few days, when they have been sheltered from the rain by having a piece of sacking placed round them. They are very quiet, so much so as to allow a person to place his face within six inches of them whilst they are at work; and on my viewing them this morning, when the sacking was lifted up a wasp was observed stealing their honey. The goodwoman, to whose husband they belong, ran in doors for her scissors to catch the thief in the very act, but he was too nimble for her. I know not whether Mr. Huish is a resident of Horsham, whence he says he would travel bare-footed, &c., but if so, he will be pleased to find that Stopham is but 14 miles from there, being 4 miles east of Petworth."

From Hood's Magazine.

## LIFE IN THE SICK ROOM.\*

Of all the know-nothing persons in this world, commend us to the man who has "never known a day's illness." He is a moral dunce; one who has lost the greatest lesson in life; who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of humanity, the Sick Chamber. Let him be versed in mathematics, profound in metaphysics, a ripe scholar in the classics, a bachelor of arts, or even a doctor in divinity, yet is he as one of those gentlemen whose education has been neglected. For all his college acquirements, how inferior is he in wholesome knowledge to the mortal who has had but a quarter's gout, or a half-year of ague—how infinitely below the fellow-creature who has been soundly taught his *tic douloureux*, thoroughly grounded in the rheumatics, and deeply red in the scarlet fever! And yet, what is more common than to hear a great hulking, florid fellow, bragging of an ignorance, a brutal ignorance, that he shares in common with the pig and the bullock, the generality of which die, probably, without ever having experienced a day's indisposition!

To such a monster of health the volume before us will be a sealed book; for how can he appreciate its allusions to physical suffering, whose bodily annoyance has never reached beyond a slight tickling of the epidermis, or the tingling of a foot gone to sleep! How should he, who has sailed through life with a clean bill of health, be able to sympathize with the feelings, or the quiet sayings and doings, of an invalid condemned to a life-long quarantine in his chamber! What should he know of *Life in the Sick Room*? As little as our poor paralytic grandmother knows of *Life in London*.

With ourselves it is otherwise. Afflicted for twenty years with a complication of disorders, the least of which is elephantiasis—bedridden on the broad of our back till it became narrow—and then, confined to our chamber as rigidly as if it had been a cell in the Pentonville Penitentiary—we are in a fit state, body and mind, to appreciate such a production as *Mr. Moxon—not the Effervescent Magician*, but the worthy publisher—has forwarded with so much sagacity, or instinct, to our own sick ward. The very book for us! if, indeed, we are not actually the Anonymous of its dedication—the very fellow-sufferer on whose sympathy—"confidently reckoned on though unasked," the Invalid author so implicitly relies. We certainly do sympathize most profoundly; and as certainly we are a great sufferer,—the greatest, perhaps, in England, except the poor incurable man who is always being cured by *Holloway's Ointment*.

Enough of ourselves:—and now for the book. The first thing that struck us, on the perusal, was a very judicious omission. Most writers on such a topic as the sick-room would have begun by

recommending some pet doctor, or favorite remedy for all diseases; whereas the author has preferred to advise on the selection of an eligible retreat for laying up for life, and especially of a window towards that good aspect, the face of Nature. And truly, a long term of infirm health is such a very bad look out, as to require some better prospect elsewhere. For, not to mention a church-yard, or a dead wall, what can be worse for a sick prisoner, than to pass year after year in some dull street, contemplating some dull house, never new-fronted, or even insured in a new fire-office, to add a new plate to the two old ones under the middle window! What more dreadful than to be driven by the monotony outside to the sameness within, till the very figures of the chintz curtain are daguerreotyped on the brain, or the head seems lined with a paper of the same pattern as the one on the wall! How much better, for soul and body, for the invalid to gaze on such a picture as this:—

"Between my window and the sea is a green down, as green as any field in Ireland; and on the nearer half of this down, haymaking goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end, the one opening upon the river, and the other upon the little haven below the priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the prior's fish-pond, the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all summer, and half way into the winter. Over the ridge, I survey the harbor and all its traffic, the view extending from the light-houses far to the right, to a horizon of sea to the left. Beyond the harbor lies another county, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks, a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites; lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays; the sportsman with his gun and dog; and the washerwomen converging from the farm-houses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads, in company, to the village on the yet further height. I see them, now talking in a cluster, as they walk each with her white burden on her head, and now in file, as they pass through the narrow lane; and finally they part off on the village green, each to some neighboring house of the gentry. Behind the village and the heath, stretches the railroad; and I watch the train triumphantly careering along the level road, and puffing forth its steam above hedges and groups of trees, and then laboring and panting up the ascent, till it is lost between two heights, which at last bound my view. But on these heights are more objects; a windmill now in motion and now at rest; a lime-kiln, in a picturesque rocky field; an ancient church tower, barely visible in the morning, but conspicuous when the setting sun shines upon it; a colliery, with its lofty wagon-way, and the self-moving wagons running hither and thither, as if in pure wilfulness; and three or four farms, at various degrees of ascent, whose yards, paddocks, and dairies I am better acquainted with than their inhabitants would believe possible. I know every stack of the one on the heights. Against the sky I see the stacking

\* *Life in the Sick Room*. By an Invalid. Moxon.

of corn and hay in the season, and can detect the slicing away of the provender, with an accurate eye, at the distance of several miles. I can follow the sociable farmer in his summer-evening ride, pricking on in the lanes where he is alone, in order to have more time for the unconscionable gossip at the gate of the next farm-house, and for the second talk over the paddock-fence of the next, or for the third or fourth before the porch, or over the wall, when the resident farmer comes out, pipe in mouth, and puffs away amidst his chat till the wife appears, with a shawl over her cap, to see what can detain him so long; and the daughter follows, with her gown turned over head, (for it is now chill evening,) and at last the sociable horseman finds he must be going, looks at his watch, and, with a gesture of surprise, turns his steed down a steep broken way to the beach, and canters home over the sands, left hard and wet by the ebbing tide, the white horse making his progress visible to me through the dusk. Then, if the question arises which has most of the gossip spirit, he or I, there is no shame in the answer. Any such small amusement is better than harmless—is salutary—which carries the spirit of the sick prisoner abroad into the open air, and among country people. When I shut down my window, I feel that my mind has had an airing."

Here is another:—

"The sun, resting on the edge of the sea, was hidden from me by the walls of the old Priory: but a flood of rays poured through the windows of the ruin, and gushed over the waters, strewing them with diamonds, and then across the green down before my windows, gilding its furrows, and then lighting up the yellow sands on the opposite shore of the harbor while the market-garden below was glittering with dew and busy with early bees and butterflies. Besides these bees and butterflies, nothing seemed stirring, except the earliest riser of the neighborhood, to whom the garden belongs. At the moment, she was passing down to feed her pigs, and let out her cows; and her easy pace, arms a-kimbo, and complacent survey of her early greens, presented me with a picture of ease so opposite to my own state, as to impress me ineffaceably. I was suffering too much to enjoy this picture at the moment: but how was it at the end of the year? The pains of all those hours were annihilated—as completely vanished as if they had never been; while the momentary peep behind the window-curtain made me possessor of this radiant picture for evermore."

The mention of pictures reminds us of certain ones, and a commentary whence the reader may derive either a recipe, or a warning, as he desires to be, or not to be, an invalid for the remainder of his life. O! those beautiful pictures by our favorite Cuyp, with their rich atmosphere as of golden sherry and water! That gorgeous light flooding the wide level pasture,—clinging to tree and stone, and trickling over into their shadows—a liquid radiance, we used to fancy we could wring out of the glowing herbage, and catch dripping from the sleek side of the dappled cow! Sad experience has made us personally acquainted with the original soil and climate of those scenes, and has painfully taught us that the rich glowing atmosphere was no such wholesome aerial nectar as we sup-

posed, but a mixture of sunshine and humid exhalations, lovely but noxious—a gilded ague, an illuminated fever, a glorified pestilence,—which poisons the springs of life at their source. Breathe it, in bad health, and your fugitive complaints will become chronic,—regular standards, entwined in all their branches by the parasitic low slow fever of the swamp. In short, you will probably be set in for a long season of foul bodily weather, and may at once consult our invalid how to play the part in a becoming manner, and "enjoy bad health" with something of the cheerful philosophic spirit of the family man, who on being asked if he had not a "sick-house," replied "Yes—but I've a well staircase."

The first grand step towards laying up in ordinary is to get rid of the superb egotism and splendid selfishness of the condition. Lamb, in one of his essays, has vividly described the gloomy absolutism of the sick man, obsequiously waited on by his household slaves, eager to anticipate his every want and wish, and to administer to his merest whims and caprices. And, for a short reign, such a tyranny may pass, but the confirmed invalid must prepare for a more moderate rule; a limited monarchy instead of a despotism. It requires some self-sacrifice to renounce such autocratical power, and will need much vigilance to prevent a relapse. But who, save a domestic Nero, would wish to indulge in such ill behavior as the following, for a permanence?

"I have known the most devoted and benevolent of women call up her young nurse from a snatch of sleep at two in the morning, to read aloud, when she had been reading aloud for six or seven hours of the preceding day. I have known a kind-hearted and self-denying man require of two or three members of his family to sit and talk and be merry in his chamber, two or three hours after midnight: and both for want of a mere intimation that it was night, and time for the nurse's rest. How it makes one shudder to think of this being one's own case!"

It is rather difficult to believe in the habitual benevolence or considerateness of the parties who needed a broad hint on such matters; and yet real illness may make even a self-denying nature somewhat *exigant*, when mere fanciful ailments render selfishness so intensely selfish. Ask the physician, surgeon, and apothecary, and they will tell you, that for every hard-hearted medical man, who refuses or delays to attend on the urgent seizures and accidents of the poor, there are thousands of practitioners dragged from their warm beds at night, through wind, rain, snow, sleet, hail, and thunder and lightning—over heaths and through marshes, and along country cross-roads—at the risk of catarrh, rheumatism, ague, bronchitis, and inflammation—of falls, fractures, and footpads—on the most frivolous pretences that wealth and the vapors can invent. There is even a perversity in some natures that would find a dirty comfort in the muddy discomfort of an Esculapius soured in

provincial muck, like Doctor Slop, by an encounter with a coach-horse—for, what right has the physician to enjoy more bodily ease than his patient? For such a spirit we imperatively prescribe a chapter of "Life in the Sick-room," night and morning, until he learns, that the very worst excuse a man can offer for selfishness is, that he is "not quite himself."

There is, however, another peril of invalidism, akin to the "damning of sins we have no mind to," described in *Hudibras*;—

"We are in ever-growing danger of becoming too abstract,—of losing our sympathy with passing emotions,—and particularly with those shared by numbers. There was a time when we went to public worship with others,—to the theatre,—to public meetings; when we were present at picnic parties and other festivals, and heard general conversation every day of our lives. Now, we are too apt to forget those times. The danger is, lest we should get to despise them, and to fancy ourselves superior to our former selves, because now we feel no social transports."

True. We have ourselves felt a touch of that peril in our weaker moments—on some dull, cold, wet day, when our pores, acting inversely, instead of throwing off moisture, take in as much as they can collect from the damp atmosphere, well chilled by an easterly wind. At such times a sort of Zimmermannishness has crept over us, like a moral gooseskin, inducing a low estimate enough of all gregarious enjoyments, public meetings, and public dinners; and, above all, those public choruses on Wilhelm's method, at Exeter Hall. What sympathy can We-by-ourselves-We have with Music for a Million! But the fit soon evaporates, when, looking into the garden, we see Theophilus Junior, that second edition of our boyhood, in default of brothers or playmates, making a whole mob of himself, or at the least a troop of cavalry, commanding for the captain, huzzaing for the soldiers, blowing flourishes for the trumpeter, and even prancing, neighing, and snorting for all the horses! One dose of that joyous Socialism is a cure for our worst attack of the mopes. The truth is, an invalid's misanthropy is no more in earnest than the piety of the sick demon who wanted to be a monk, or the sentence about being weary of existence, to which Hypochondriasis puts a period with a Parr's Life Pill!

A more serious peril, from illness, concerns the temper. When the nerves are irritable, and the skin is irritable, and the stomach is irritable—not to be irritable altogether is a moral miracle; and especially in England, where, by one of the anomalies of the constitution, whilst a man cannot be tried twice for the same offence, his temper may be tried over and over again for no offence at all. Indeed, as our author says, "there are cases, and not a few, where an invalid's freedom from irritability is a merit of the highest order." For example, after soot in your gruel, tallow-grease in your barley-water, and snuff over your light pudding, to

have "the draught as before" poured into your wakeful eyes, instead of your open mouth, by a drunken Mrs. Gamp, or one of her stamp. To check at such a moment the explosive speech, is at least equal to spiking a cannon in the heat of battle. There is beyond denial an ease to the chest, or somewhere, in a passionate objurgation—"Swear, my dear," said Fuseli to his wife, "it will relieve you"—so much so, that a certain invalid of our acquaintance, doubly afflicted with a painful complaint, and an unmanageable hard-mouthed temper, regularly retains, as helper to the sick-nurse, a stone-deaf old woman, whom he can abuse without violence to her feelings.

How much better to have emulated the heavenly patience in sickness, of which woman—in spite of Job—has given the brightest examples;—Woman, who endures the severest trials, with a meekness and submission, unheard of amongst men, the quaker excepted, who merely said, when his throat was being cut rather roughly—"Friend, thee dost haggie."

It must not be concealed, however, as regards irritability of temper in the sick room—there are faults on both sides—captious nurses as well as querulous nurselings. Cross-patches themselves, they willingly mistake the tones and accents of intolerable anguish, naturally sharp and hurried, for those of anger and impatience—and even accuse pain, in its contortions, of making faces, and set up their backs at the random speeches of poor delirium! Then there are your lecturers, who preach patience in the very climax of a paroxysm, when the sermon can scarcely be heard, certainly not understood—as if a martyr, leaping mad with the toothache, could be calmed by reading to him the advertisement of the American Soothing Syrup! And then there is the she-dragon, who bullies the sufferer into comparative quiet! Not that the best of attendants is the smooth-tongued. Our invalid objects wisely to the sick being flattered, in season or out, with false hopes and views. As much panada, sago, or arrowroot as you please, but no flummery.

"Let the nurse avow that the medicine is nauseous. Let the physician declare that the treatment will be painful. Let sister, or brother, or friend, tell me that I must never look to be well. When the time approaches that I am to die, let me be told that I am to die, and when. If I encroach thoughtlessly on the time or strength of those about me, let me be reminded; if selfishly let me be remonstrated with. Thus to speak the truth with love is in the power of us all."

And so say we. There is nothing worse for soul or body than the feverish agitation kept up by the struggle between external assurances and the internal conviction; for the mind will cling with forlorn pertinacity to the most desperate chance, like the sailor, who, when the ship was in danger of sinking, lashed himself to the sheet-anchor because it was the emblem of Hope. Till the truth is known there can be no calm of mind. It is only after he

has abandoned all prospects of pardon or reprieve, that the capital convict sleeps soundly and dreams of green fields. So with ourselves; once satisfied that our case was beyond remedy, we gave up without reserve all dreams of future health and strength, and prepared, instead, to compete with that very able invalid who was able to be knocked down with a feather. Thenceforward, free of those jarring vibrations between hope and fear, relieved from all tantalizing speculations on the weather's clearing up, our state has been one of comparative peace and ease. We would not give one of our Pectoral Lozenges to be told, we are looking better than a month ago—not a splinter of our broken crutch to be promised a new lease of life—a renewal of our youth like the eagle's! Such flatteries go in at one ear, the deaf one, and out at the other. We never shall be well again, till broken bones are mended with "soft-sawder."

Are we, therefore, miserable, hypped, disconsolate! Answer ye book-shelves, whence we draw the consolations of Philosophy, the dreams of Poetry and Romance—the retrospections of History; and glimpses of society from the better novels; mirth, comfort, and entertainment even for those small hours become so long from an unhealthy vigilance. Answer ye pictures and prints, a Portrait Gallery of Nature!—and reply in your own tones, dear old fiddle, so often tuned to one favorite sadly-sweet air, and the words of Curran:

"But since in wailing  
There's nought availing,  
But Death unfailing  
Must strike the blow,  
Then for this reason,  
And for a season,  
Let us be merry before we go!"

It is melancholy, doubtless, to retire, in the prime of life, from the whole wide world, into the narrow prison of a sick room. How much worse if that room be a wretched garret, with the naked tiles above and the bare boards below—no swinging bookshelf—not a penny colored print on the blank wall! And yet that forlorn attic is but the type of a more dreadful destitution, an unfurnished mind! The mother of Bloomfield used to say, that to encounter Old Age, Winter, and Poverty, was like meeting three giants; she might have added two more as huge and terrible, *Sickness*, and *Ignorance*—the last not the least of the *Monster Evils*; for it is he who affects pauperism with a deeper poverty—the beggary of the mind and soul.

"I have said how unavailing is luxury when the body is distressed and the spirit faint. At such times, and at all times, we cannot but be deeply grieved at the conception of the converse of our own state, at the thought of the multitude of the poor suffering under privation, without the support and solace of great ideas. It is sad enough to think of them on a winter's night, aching with

cold in every limb, and sunk as low as we in nerve and spirits, from their want of sufficient food. But this thought is supportable in cases where we may fairly hope that the greatest ideas are cheering them as we are cheered; that there is a mere set-off of their cold and hunger against our disease; and that we are alike inspired by spiritual vigor in the belief that our Father is with us—that we are only encountering the probations of our pilgrimage—that we have a divine work given us to carry out, now in pain and now in joy. There is comfort in the midst of the sadness and shame when we are thinking of the poor who can reflect and pray—of the old woman who was once a punctual and eager attendant at church—of the wasting child who was formerly a Sunday-scholar—of the reduced gentleman or destitute student who retain the privilege of their humanity—of "looking before and after." But there is no mitigation of the horror when we think of the savage poor, who form so large a proportion of the hungerers—when we conceive of them suffering the privation of all good things at once—suffering under the aching cold, the sinking hunger, the shivering nakedness—without the respite or solace afforded by one inspiring or beguiling idea.

"I will not dwell on the reflection. A glimpse into this hell ought to suffice, (though we to whom imagery comes unbidden, and cannot be banished at will, have to bear much more than occasional glimpses;) a glimpse ought to suffice to set all to work to procure for every one of these sufferers, bread and warmth, if possible, and as soon as possible; but above everything, and without the loss of an hour, an entrance upon their spiritual birth-right. Every man, and every woman, however wise and tender, appearing and designing to be, who for an hour helps to keep closed the entrance to the region of ideas—who stands between sufferers and great thoughts, (which are the angels of consolation sent by God to all to whom he has given souls,) are, in so far, ministers of hell, not themselves inflicting torment, but intercepting the influences which would assuage or overpower it. Let the plea be heard of us sufferers who know well the power of ideas—our plea for the poor—that, while we are contriving for all to be fed and cherished by food and fire, we may meanwhile kindle the immortal vitality within them, and give them that ethereal solace and sustenance which was meant to be shared by all, 'without money and without price.'"

Never, then, tell a man, permanently sick, that he will again be a perfect picture of health when he has not the frame for it—nor hint to a sick woman, incurably smitten, that the seeds of her disease will flourish and flower into lilies and roses. Why deter them from providing suitable pleasures and enjoyments to replace those delights of health and strength of which they must take leave forever! Why not rather forewarn them of the Lapland Winter to which they are destined, and to trim their lamps spiritual, for the darkness of a long seclusion? Tell them their doom; and let them prepare themselves for it, according to the *Essays* before us, so healthy in tone, though from a confirmed invalid—so wholesome and salutary, though furnished from a Sick Room.



From Hood's Magazine

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE; A ROMANCE.

BY MR. HOOD.

"A jolly place, said he, said he, in days of old,  
But something ails it now: the spot is curst."

HARTLEAP WELL, BY WORDSWORTH.

## PART I.

SOME dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,  
Unnatural and full of contradictions;  
Yet others of our most romantic schemes  
Are something more than fictions.

It might be only on enchanted ground;  
It might be merely by a thought's expansion;  
But in the spirit, or the flesh, I found  
An old deserted mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man,  
A dwelling place—and yet no habitation;  
A house—but under some prodigious ban  
Of excommunication.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,  
Jarr'd by the gusty gales of many winters,  
That from its crumbled pedestal had flung  
One marble globe in splinters.

No dog was at the threshold, great or small;  
No pigeon on the roof—no household creature—  
No cat demurely dozing on the wall—  
Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirred, to go or come,  
No face looked forth from shut or open casement;  
No chimney smoked—there was no sign of home  
From parapet to basement.

With shatter'd panes the grassy court was starr'd;  
The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after;  
And thro' the ragged roof the sky shone, barr'd  
With naked beam and rafter.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

The flow'r grew wild and rankly as the weed,  
Roses with thistles struggled for espial,  
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed  
Had overgrown the dial.

But gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,  
No heart was there to heed the hour's duration;  
All times and tides were lost in one long term  
Of stagnant desolation.

The wren had built within the porch, she found  
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough;  
And on the lawn—within its turf mound—  
The rabbit made his burrow.

The rabbit wild and gray, that flitted thro'  
The shrubby clumps, and frik'd, and sat, and  
vanish'd,  
But leisurly and bold, as if he knew  
His enemy was banish'd.

The wary crow—the pheasant from the woods—  
Lull'd by the still and everlasting sameness,  
Close to the mansion, like domestic broods,  
Fed with a "shocking tameness."

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,  
side the water-hen, so soon affrighted;

And in the weedy moat the heron, fond  
Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,  
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,  
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if  
To guard the water-lily.

No sound was heard except, from far away,  
The ringing of the Whitwall's shrilly laughter,  
Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,  
That Echo murmur'd after.

But Echo never mock'd the human tongue;  
Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon,  
A secret curse on that old building hung,  
And its deserted garden.

The beds were all untouch'd by hand or tool;  
No footstep marked the damp and mossy gravel,  
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool,  
For want of human travel.

The vine unprun'd, and the neglected peach,  
Droop'd from the wall with which they used to  
grapple;  
And on the canker'd tree, in easy reach,  
Rotted the golden apple.

But awfully the truant shunn'd the ground,  
The vagrant kept aloof, and daring poacher;  
In spite of gaps that thro' the fences round  
Invited the encroacher.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

The pear and quince lay squander'd on the grass;  
The mould was purple with unheeded showers  
Of bloomy plums—a wilderness it was  
Of fruits, and weeds, and flowers!

The marigold amidst the nettles blew,  
The gourd embraced the rose bush in its ramble,  
The thistle and the stock together grew,  
The holly-hock and bramble.

The bear-bine with the lilac interlac'd,  
The sturdy burdock choked its slender neighbor,  
The spicy pink. All tokens were effac'd  
Of human care and labor.

The very yew formality had train'd  
To such a rigid pyramidal stature,  
For want of trimming had almost regain'd  
The raggedness of nature.

The fountain was a-dry—neglect and time  
Had marr'd the work of artisan and mason,  
And efts and croaking frogs begot of slime,  
Sprawl'd in the rain'd basin.

The statue, fallen from its marble base,  
Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage rotten,  
Lay like the idol of some by-gone race,  
Its name and rites forgotten.

On ev'ry side the aspect was the same,  
All ruin'd, desolate, forlorn, and savage:  
No hand or foot within the precinct came  
To rectify or ravage.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

## PART II.

O, very gloomy is the House of Woe,  
Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,  
With all the dark solemnities which show  
That Death is in the dwelling!

O very, very dreary is the room  
Where Love, domestic Love, no longer nestles,  
But smitten by the common stroke of doom,  
The corpse lies on the trestles!

But House of Woe, and hearse, and sable pall,  
The narrow home of the departed mortal,  
Ne'er looked so gloomy as that ghostly hall,  
With its deserted portal!

The centipede along the threshold crept,  
The cobweb hung across in mazy tangle,  
And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept,  
At every nook and angle.

The keyhole lodged the earwig and her brood,  
The emmets of the steps had old possession,  
And marched in search of their diurnal food  
In undisturbed procession.

As undisturbed as the prehensile cell  
Of moth or maggot, or the spider's tissue,  
For never foot upon that threshold fell,  
To enter or to issue.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted.

Howbeit, the door I pushed—or so I dreamed—  
Which slowly, slowly gaped—the hinges creaking  
With such a rusty eloquence, it seem'd  
That Time himself was speaking.

But Time was dumb within that mansion old,  
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners  
That hung from the corroded walls, and told  
Of former men and manners.

Those tattered flags, that with the opened door,  
Seemed the old wave of battle to remember,  
While fallen fragments danced upon the floor  
Like dead leaves in December.

The startled bats flew out—bird after bird—  
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,  
And seemed to mock the cry that she had heard  
Some dying victim utter!

A shriek that echoed from the joisted roof,  
And up the stair, and further still and further,  
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof  
It ceased its tale of murder!

Meanwhile the rusty armor rattled round,  
The banner shuddered, and the ragged streamer;  
All things the horrid tenor of the sound  
Acknowledged with a tremor.

The antlers, where the helmet hung and belt,  
Stirred as the tempest stirs the forest branches,  
Or as the stag had trembled when he felt  
The blood-hound at his haunches.

The window jingled in its crumbled frame,  
And through its many gaps of destitution  
Dolorous moans and hollow sighings came,  
Like those of dissolution.

The wood-louse dropped, and rolled into a ball,  
Touched by some impulse occult or mechanic;  
And nameless beetles ran along the wall  
In universal panic.

The subtle spider, that from overhead  
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,  
Suddenly turned, and up its slender thread  
Ran with a nimble terror.

The very stains and fractures on the wall,  
Assuming features solemn and terrific,  
Hinted some tragedy of that old hall,  
Locked up in hieroglyphic.

Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the  
doubt,  
Wherefore amongst those flags so dull and livid,  
The banner of the BLOODY HAND shone out  
So ominously vivid.

Some key to that inscrutable appeal,  
Which made the very frame of nature quiver;  
And every thrilling nerve and fibre feel  
So ague-like a shiver.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted;  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

If but a rat had lingered in the house,  
To lure the thought into a social channel!  
But not a rat remained, or tiny mouse,  
To squeak behind the pannel.

Huge drops rolled down the walls, as if they wept;  
And where the cricket used to chirp so shrilly,  
The toad was squatting, and the lizard crept  
On that damp hearth and chilly.

For years no cheerful blaze had sparkled there,  
Or glanced on coat of buff or knightly metal;  
The slug was crawling on the vacant chair.—  
The snail upon the settle.

The floor was redolent of mould and must,  
The fungus in the rotten seams had quickened;  
While on the oaken table coats of dust  
Perennially had thickened.

No mark of leathern jack or metal can,  
No cup—no horn—no hospitable token,—  
All social ties between that board and man  
Had long ago been broken.

There was so foul a rumor in the air,  
The shadow of a presence so atrocious;  
No human creature could have feasted there,  
Even the most ferocious!

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

## PART III.

'T is hard for human actions to account,  
Whether from reason or from impulse only—  
But some internal prompting bade me mount  
The gloomy stairs and lonely.

Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and cold,  
With odors as from bones and relics carnal,  
Deprived of rite, and consecrated mould,  
The chapel vault, or charnel.

Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding  
stress

Of ev'ry step so many echoes blended,  
The mind, with dark misgivings, feared to guess  
How many feet ascended.

The tempest with its spoils had drifted in,  
Till each unwholesome stone was darkly spotted,

As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin,  
With leaves that rankly rotted.

The air was thick—and in the upper gloom  
The bat—or something in its shape—was winging;  
And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,  
The Death's-head moth was clinging.

That mystic moth, which, with a sense profound  
Of all unholy presence, augurs truly;  
And with a grim significance flits round  
The taper burning bluely.

Such omens in the place there seemed to be,  
At every crooked turn, or on the landing,  
The straining eyeball was prepared to see  
Some apparition standing.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

Yet no portentous shape the sight amazed;  
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid;  
But from their tarnished frames dark figures gazed,  
And faces spectre-pallid.

Not merely with the mimic life that lies  
Within the compass of Art's simulation:  
Their souls were looking through their painted eyes  
With awful speculation.

On every lip a speechless horror dwelt;  
On every brow the burthen of affliction;  
The old ancestral spirits knew and felt  
The house's malediction.

Such earnest woe their features overcast,  
They might have stirred, or sighed, or wept, or  
spoken;  
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,  
The stillness was unbroken.

No other sound or stir of life was there,  
Except my steps in solitary clamber,  
From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair,  
From chamber into chamber.

Deserted rooms of luxury and state,  
That old magnificence had richly furnished  
With pictures, cabinets of ancient date,  
And carvings gilt and burnished.

Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art,  
With scripture history, or classic fable;  
But all had faded, save one ragged part,  
Where Cain was slaying Abel.

The silent waste of mildew and the moth  
Had marred the tissue with a partial ravage;  
But undecaying frowned upon the cloth  
Each feature stern and savage.

The sky was pale; the cloud a thing of doubt;  
Some hues were fresh, and some decayed and  
duller;  
But still the BLOODY HAND shone strangely out  
With vehemence of color!

The BLOODY HAND that with a lurid stain  
Shone on the dusty floor, a dismal token,  
Projected from the casement's painted pane,  
Where all beside was broken.

The BLOODY HAND significant of crime,  
That glaring on the old heraldic banner,  
Had kept its crimson unimpaired by time,  
In such a wondrous manner!

Over all there hung the shadow of a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

The death watch ticked behind the paneled oak,  
Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,  
And echoes strange and mystical awoke,  
The fancy to embarrass.

Prophetic hints that filled the soul with dread,  
But through one gloomy entrance pointing mostly,  
The while some secret inspiration said,  
That chamber is the ghostly!

Across the door no gossamer festoon  
Swung pendulous—no web—no dusty fringes,  
No silky chrysalis or white cocoon  
About its nooks and hinges.

The spider shunned the interdicted room,  
The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banished,  
And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom  
The very midge had vanished.

One lonely ray that glanced upon a Bed,  
As if with awful aim direct and certain,  
To show the BLOODY HAND in burning red  
Embroidered on the curtain.

And yet no gory stain was on the quilt—  
The pillow in its place had slowly rotted:  
The floor alone retained the trace of guilt,  
Those boards obscurely spotted.

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence  
With mazy doubles to the grated casement—  
Oh what a tale they told of fear intense,  
Of horror and amazement!

What human creature in the dead of night  
Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel distance!  
Had sought the door, the window in his flight,  
Striving for dear existence?

What shrieking spirit in that bloody room  
Its mortal frame had violently quitted!—  
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,  
A ghostly shadow fitted.

Across the sunbeam, and along the wall,  
But painted on the air so very dimly,  
It hardly veiled the tapestry at all,  
Or portrait frowning grimly.

Over all there hung the shadow of a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

From Hood's Magazine.

#### AN IRISH REBELLION.

It is impossible to divine for what reason all mention of the outbreak alluded to in the following letter has been suppressed in the daily papers of either kingdom; but whatever may have been the purpose of the journalists, the Rebellion described is, in the phrase of the *Times*, "A Great Fact."

"To Miss \* \* \* \* \* *Shrewsbury, Shropshire.*

"MY DEAR JANE,—This cums hopin your well and comfortable, which is more then I am or ever hope to be in this distracted country. Lord forgive me for repinin. But I wish I had married any wheres xcept to the Emerald Jem. My nerves is litterally shook to peaces, for won mite as well xpect to

sleep in Sow Ameriky without Rockin by earthquakes, as to live in Ireland without Agitashuns. Its always in Convulshuns like a teething Babby!

"Sich mobbins & publick meetins, & violent speechifyins witch encourages murderin English, & marchins & counter marchins, & bonfires without Guys to them—& blowin Horns, and Irish thretnin letters from men as cant rite to men as cant read. Sich squablins between Repeelers & No Repeelers, & Romans & Protestants, and exclusiv dealin, not like Mrs. Mullins at wist as used to deal all the Honners to herself, but not byin nuthin from noboddy except your own per-awashun. Sich searchin for Harms & many facterin Pikes and Repeel Wardins, & callin hard names, big Beggars, & mity big liers, and a surplus of rough uns, and a lion in blood Langwage & religun,—and as they've bilt a grate Hall for Irish Concilliashun there will be fighten of course. In witch case Lord help us, for when it comes to Battle royal, an Irish Justis always throws up his commission & his Hat along with it rather than keep the peace! O Jane never never never marry into Ireland. Singleness is better than Dublin.

"Thank goodness I'm not a Saxon but from Shropshire, or my days wouldn't be long in the Land. What the Saxons has dun to displease the Irish xcept desertin from Boney at the Battle of Lipsick is more then I know, but they are as bitter as Bark agin the hole race. This very bleesid mornin there was poor Patrick Maguire the tailor was shillallid almost into nine parts of a man for only havin a peace of cloth in his winder marked Saxony superfine. Its shockin to stir up sich nashunal anymosities between cristians. For my own part altho I am a English woman I dont hate Ireland and indeed was once quite attached to the country being stuck fast up to my middle in a Bog.

"Then theres party cullers. Sum of them runnin as mad as Orange as a bull at scarlet, because King William of Orange was a Dutchman and wanted to introduce Hollands instid of Wisky. And so they must upset poor Widder Grady & her baskit into the gutter for sellin Oranges instid of Greens & others agin cant abide Green—so you cant even suit your complexion xcept by goin in Newtral Tint like a Quaker. But that cums of leaving my own country for an Island surrounded as I may say with hot Warter and witch sum mornin I may get up and find repeeled off to the Continent and a next to France. Or wats was simpathisin off to Ameriky. But before sich a repeel I hope I shall be Repeeld to my grave! As may be I may be eithir pitch forked to deth by a Protistant rebel or shot by a Poppish one with a barrell of slugs. But who can expect behaving as armless as Doves as Doctor Watts says in a country where a Pigeon House means a place full of sogers.

"As to my Husband insted of bein a cumfit in my allarms hes quite the Reverse, wat with his repeel pollytics & his Irish blud which is so easy set up he never goes out to spend an evenin & meet his frends but I look to see him cum home with a black eye or a pugnashus Nose,—if he ant sent sudden to heaven with a holy Head. Witch is rather alarmin for if thats his Friendship wat will his love be if it ever cums to Blows. Praps its sumthing in the soil for they do say you may no a real Irish tater by its havin black eyes. How sumever fighten & shillallyin is meat & drink to the Natives. But its his pollyticks as scars me out of my sensis. O if you could only hear him

talk of goin to the Scaffeld as he will sum day without his Hod—& crackin every Crown in the World for the cause of Irish poverty he says is soverins raining over it, in short sich speeches as must be Ketchd up, for State Persecutions, if luckily there wasnt so menny all talking in the same stile, for Strong language is one of their Weaknesses. And witch is why they praps want to have a Parliment of their own, for as to the Hous of Communs they say theres nothin Irish about it xcept a Speaker as dont speak. And so I suppose they will have a Parliment in Collige Green, or else the Fifteen Akers witch is a better Place to pair off in. For you know theyre dredful Duelists & always so redly for challengin, if you only look hard at a deaf Irishman he considers it a callin out. Not but wat theyre a generus Pepel otherways as well as in fighting and would give away their last Rap in the world wether in munny or a stick, & whether a stick with a stick or with a pike. And I must say very gallant to the sects, even poor Thady when he's overcum by his Licker and sees dubble, Oh Nelly; says he, its a trate entirely it is to see two of your awate purty Faces insted of one. Witch is all very well in the way of complementin but whats it all Wuth when it cums to Pollyticks if he wants to repudiate me like an Amerikan Det, and repeel all Unions between the English & the Irish. But a Marriage is a Marriage, & nayther him nor Mister O Daniel O Connel with Mr. Ray and Mr. Steel into the Bargin can get quit of three Axes & the Halter. Witch reminds me of the prejudis agin English males, I mean to say the Crole Coaches. Wat I suspects they wants is busses to jine on to their Blunders. For theres shockin reports about a Genral risin with the lark some mornin in the disturbed distrix. I suppose the Peep o'day Boys, & sum plot gettin up. There certainly has been seizers of arms, & sum talk of Rebecca cummin over to giv lessons in levellin 'Pikes, & they do say theres an uncommun stickin of Pigs by way of practisin for civil War. Likewise Rock letters, & as to land you mite as well take Leasis of the Goodwin Sands. There is poor Patrick Dolan, but I must call him Pat in futer for they've burnt his rick. Well he's as good as kild, for he's a prescribed man. And all for wat? Why for havin a cow as wouldn't toss up with the Procter for the Tithes. To be shure as Thady says theres a Commisshun appointed to enquire how Irishmen hold their own, But wat's the use of a Commisshun to inquire out wat we all know beforehand namely that if so be every farmer in Ireland gives up his farm, the only Tenant left will be the Lord Left-tenant.

"What a friteful state of Things! Property not safe nor life nayther for if your kild the murderer always gets an Irish alibi witch is being in two other Places at the time. No law—no justis—no nothing. And in such an age as ours for all sorts of larning. Looking from England at Ireland, who would believe he sees the Eighteenth sentry enlightened by Gas! But sumboddy's cum—Sergeant Flanagan.

"O Jane, what news for the poor Ile of Hearin! I ort to say hes a Sergeant in the Constabulary Force and as sich knows everything—& he says theres a breaking out at sum place that begins with Killin; its only a small Villige, but you know very bad erupshuns begins with little spots. I was too flurrid to ketch the particlers, but theres a reglar rebellion, & Lord nose how many thowsand Irish all harmed with sithes a-going to take the

field. And theyre to take Dublin & to plow up the Fenix Park & repeal King William's statute, & raise the Pigeon House down to the ground. In short he says the Police apprehends everything thats bad. Theres news and Thady not come hom eyet! If he jines the disinfected I shall be miserable. I must go and look up Thady, so Adeu in haste,

"Your loving Sister,  
"ELLINOR \* \* \* \*"

"P.S. Thady is just come in dredfully up in spirrits, witch confirms the truth. He is as close as wax the about it, & only says its a grate Day for Ireland, but theres rebelling in his very looks, & the way he wistles & snaps his fingers, and walks up & down the room like Marchin & keeping step. He longs & means he does to jine in the skrimmage, & lord help him if he does wether he gets shot or slashed or took Prisonner for the Law never spares Inn Serjeants. If he does jine them I shall go mad. But wat am I to do for hes as willful & hobstinate as an Irish Pig, witch wont be driv in the right road & witch makes their Pork so dangerus to eat its so apt to go the wrong way.

"P.S.S. More allarms! Sich drummins & ffigin, and trumpiting, and prancing of horses, & rumbling of cannons, And Thady rubbing his hands & grinning & looking happy enuff to drive one delirius! O Jane, never marry into a civil warring Famaily! And wats wus, he wont listen to a janting Car to go off with the we're sitting as I may say on Barrils of Gunpowder & red hot Pokers!"

## No. II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"DEAR JANE,—This is to say I am safe & well. No thanks to the Rebeling for the very day after I rit my last it broke out. But Government having had timly notis the Military was all Mustard, and very strong. And no dout would have committed dredful shortor of the pore miss guided cretures, if they had n't been misgided themselves by a traterus wretch as undertook to lead them the rite road. Instead of witch he led them clean contrary into a peacable common full of geese & asses so that nothing actionable took place except givin the guide a sound floggin. If the sogers had quartered him on the spot it would have served him rite, But theank Provedins wat was ment for our ruin was our preservin! It seems wen the rebells come to Donny Brook they halted & drew up in order of Battel for a fite with the troops witch in course did not arise. You may gudge how that tride their Irish tempers & in partickler in such a famus spot for fiting and connected with Shillallyin Associations ever since the creation. So after waitin as long as they could and no signs of a skrimmage till their patience was wore out entirely with the disappointment, the Rebells fell a fiting among themselves, the rite wing agin the left, and then both jining together attackt the center boddy and gave each other sich routs and get so dissipated that they quite defeated themselves, and so there's an end of the Irish Rebellion. Praise goodness Thady was n't there, having a Job on a house top, and I took away the ladder.

"I am, dear Susan,  
"Your loving Sister,  
"ELLINOR \* \* \* \*"

From the Spectator.

## MRS. HOUSTOUN'S YACHT VOYAGE TO TEXAS AND NEW ORLEANS.

THE name of Houston will be as conspicuous in the annals of Texas as the names of Romulus and Numa in those of Rome, should Texas maintain an independent existence; but whether the husband of our fair and lively tourist is any connexion of the conqueror of Santa Anna and the president of the republic, we do not know. Mrs. Houston, however, is an Englishwoman, Mr. Houston a sportsman; and they determined to undertake a yacht voyage to the New World, the wife in search of health, and the husband of game. Accordingly, about the middle of last September, they started from Blackwall in the schooner Dolphin; encountered the usual gale "in the Bay of Biscay O;" called at Madeira, Barbadoes, and Jamaica; twice visited both New Orleans and Galveston, the seaport of Texas; made a steamboat trip up the Buffalo Bayou river, to Houston—a city that is to be; and looking in at Cuba and Bermudas as they returned home. This consummation occurred in May last; and now, in the two volumes before us, we have a very animated and pleasant account of what appears to have been a very pleasant excursion.

Much of the attraction of the book is undoubtedly to be ascribed to the lady; but something, we think, to the manner of locomotion. We have often noticed that any peculiarity in the mode of travelling gives a striking peculiarity to the narrative. Mounted on a sorry jade, urged to speed by a terrific whip, over tracks that seem impassable till they are passed, and riding every day "for dear life," a traveller with a Tartar courier seems the least likely person to accumulate striking materials for a book: yet all such journeys we have ever read are distinguished for animation and rapidity; even dull and commonplace tourists contrive to do something for the reader when they are fairly in the saddle. The genius of Mr. Wilde is rather inclined to the solid than the aerial; his mind is naturally directed to the useful amid the present, and to tangible facts among remains of the past: yet was his yacht voyage a lively and agreeable book. And the reason seems to be, that in yachting we direct ourselves only to the agreeable. Public conveyances and a regular land-journey present more variety, but much also that is disagreeable, and much that is monotonous—which in description is a good deal worse than the disagreeable. There is no dread of this in one's own schooner:

"We may roam through this world like a child at a feast,  
Who but sips of a sweet and flies off to the rest;  
And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the East,  
We may order our wings and be off to the West."

A calm is scarcely to be dreaded, by the reader; and a storm only gives variety to the description. The tourists, too, have better opportunities of seeing men and things; the style of "your own yacht" opens doors if not hearts, besides bringing a great many friends to see you on board.

In some sense the character of the subjects in Mrs. Houston's book may be dependent upon her yacht, but the manner in which they are presented is her own. This manner is feminine—with the lightness, the grace, the kindness, and the penetration in smaller things, that belong to woman. Even her faults have an attraction. Her conclusions are sometimes so insufficient, sometimes so obviously contrary to the premises on which she grounds them, that whilst her political, economical, and social views are frequently erroneous, they do not in the least excite that feeling of opposition which error mostly gives rise to; because they are so transparent they can deceive no one. Mrs. Houston left England opposed to slavery: she sees the negroes laughing over their work on the banks of the Mississippi, and among the sugar-crooks at New Orleans; or she observes the jollity and finery of the domestic slaves, and a half idiot put up to auction grinning at the panegyric of the auctioneer; and she jumps to the conclusion that slavery is not so bad a thing. The Texans seem to be a good-natured people as long as they are pleased; and they were very attentive to Mrs. Houston—a gallant innkeeper on the quay at Galveston knocked up an accommodation-ladder in a night, so that she might walk instead of climb up the side of the pier. Whether these traits of kindness, and the arts of some of the "smart" men of Texas, influenced her judgment, we know not; but she gives a view of Texan history and of Texan capabilities very different from what is entertained by the world at large. According to her account, Texas is the Promised Land—an earthly paradise for the emigrant; yet nearly all her facts contradict her conclusions. The country she has not seen is described in the style of an auctioneer's puff; but what she really did see is the reverse of paradise. At Galveston, the capital, the houses are built of wood supported on blocks; a very necessary precaution to guard against floods, the streets being sometimes overflowed, and always muddy whilst she was there,—changed in summer-time, we imagine, into dust. This mode of building, however, has its advantages. In the terrific winds that prevail at certain seasons, the wooden boxes are only blown over, without much damage. When the gale is passed, the city is "raised" again, and set upon its legs, the edifices little the worse for the capsize; which would not be the case with better-built houses, that might offer a bold but vain resistance to the hurricane, instead of falling flat at once like a prudent pugilist, and defying their antagonist to strike them when down. Within a range of sixty or seventy miles, the mainland coast is a flat of marsh and malaria, with their agreeable productions of death-bringing fever or health-destroying ague; mosquitoes, and every venomous reptile, from the ant to the rattlesnake, abound; and this was the state of the roads on the confines of "the better land" she was not to reach.

## INTERIOR COMMUNICATIONS.

The city of Houston was our head-quarters during our stay up the country; and greatly did we regret that the state of the prairie, owing to the constant and heavy rains, prevented our travelling as far as Washington, which city we had intended to have visited. The scarcity and indifference of the accommodations would not have deterred us from such an undertaking; but, in a country where roads do not exist, it is difficult not to lose one's way. The danger is considerably increased when the trail of previous travellers is obliterated by the rains; for *plumbing the track*, the Texan term for tracing a road, is at all times a slow and tedious operation. Between Houston and Washington there is a certain space of two miles, which, when we were in the country, was not traversed in less time than four hours, so deep was the mire.

Even at Galveston, the first city in the country, things do not seem vastly better for a little excursion.

## THE GALVESTON DRIVE.

The only "drive" is on the sea-beach; and a most beautiful beach it is—so hard and smooth, with its fine sand, that you scarcely hear your horse's foot fall, as he trots, or rather runs along, a light carriage behind him, and the broad prairie spreading far before. Occasionally you are—I was going to say stopped, but I should have been wrong: no one is stopped in this country by anything short of a bowie-knife or a rifle-ball; but your progress is delayed by an interesting bayou, through which you have to wade, or swim, as the case may be. There is neither time nor spare cash to erect bridges; and indeed, were the expense to be incurred, the probability is they would be washed away by the first rain, or by a more than usually high tide. Bridges, then, being out of the question, nothing is left you but to make the best of such means of transport as are within your reach. If you fortunately chance to meet with any person who has lately crossed, you ask, "Well, sir, is it swimming?" Should the answer be in the affirmative, and you happen to be on horseback, equipped for a journey, with your plunder (luggage) about you, you "up saddle-bags," and boldly plunge into the stream. Should your route lie along the shore, the safest plan is to go a good way out to sea—on, on—till you find yourself well out among the breakers. I confess that at first this struck me as rather an alarming proceeding: but in fact it is much the safest plan; there being always a bar of sand formed across the mouth of these bayous; and if you can hit that, the depth of water is much lessened.

Nor does there seem much in the social state of Texas to counterbalance the material evils. Mrs. Houston admits three drawbacks to British emigration,—a total insecurity of titles to land; the *smartness* of the Texans, who, when they deal with a Britisher, generally end by completely "shaving" him, that is, possessing themselves of all his substance; and the want of adaptability in the British character to qualify our settlers to meet the new and endless demands upon ingenuity. She says there are a great many lawyers in Texas, and a vast many laws—the Assembly having been industrious enough in this kind of work; but Mrs. Houston makes it a ground of panegyric that there is little law among them—which seems to be true enough.

## TEXAN MISDEMEANORS.

At present, however, the Texan people go on remarkably well with their primitive system of administering justice. During the months we remained in Galveston Harbor, there was no single instance of malicious crime—no street fights—no apparent drunkenness or tumult. It is true that on New Year's day one man was shot; and doubtless this fact would, to those ignorant of the details, furnish a strong argument in favor of the popular opinion of the prevalence of crime in Texas. The circumstances were as follows. Some children were quarrelling in the street; from words they came to blows; when their respective parents, who had been drinking together, thought proper to interfere: "I say, sir, you call your children away, sir!" This gentle remonstrance not being duly attended to, the speaker went forth with his rifle, and was in the act of presenting it at the head of his foe, (probably only as a means of intimidation,) when he received his death-wound from the other's pistol. No notice whatever was taken of this *misdemeanor*.

## GROUND FOR SHOOTING AT HOUSTON.

At seven o'clock in the morning we arrived at the pretty town of Houston; it is built on high land, and the banks, which are covered with evergreens, rise abruptly from the river. There are plenty of inns at Houston, such as they are; and we took up our quarters at the "Houston House," a large shambling wooden building, kept by a Captain or Colonel Baldwin, one of the most civil, obliging people I ever saw. We had a sitting-room which was weather-proof, though to keep out the intense cold was impossible. It was said that our landlord was anxious to add to the comforts of his house, but he had a great many bad debts: it was, he told us, a losing concern altogether; more went out than came in: and only that morning, having asked a gentleman to pay his bill, the reply was, "If you come to insult me again, sir, by—I'll shoot you, sir!"

The discrepancy between her particular facts and her large deductions is Mrs. Houston's weak point. In matters where the conclusion is contained in the single fact presented to her, her judgment is more to be depended upon. But description and sentiment are her forte; and the eye of the woman and the owner of the yacht often detect characteristic traits which had escaped the lords of the creation; so that some novelty is imparted even to her accounts of New Orleans. Take a few examples.

## AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

At New Orleans, I saw a gown of printed cotton, which had been purchased at one of the stores; the pattern was pretty, the price very moderate, and the colors indelible. The cheapness of the cotton I thought so remarkable, that I was induced to ask "whence it came!" The reply was, that it was of American manufacture. And so it was—and even I, unskilled as I am in commercial matters, was struck by the possible consequences of the perfection to which the Americans have brought their manufactures. I had never thought much on the subject; but I had always supposed that all kinds of cotton and woollen goods, besides iron ware, were imported into America from Eng-

land. To my great surprise, however, I found that nearly everything of this kind that we saw was of native manufacture, and that the prices of them were no higher than in England. It is a positive fact, and certainly an important one, that in the year 1826, one hundred and fifty millions of yards of calico were imported into the United States, and that last year the quantity was reduced to fifteen millions!

## CRIMPING AT NEW ORLEANS.

Merchant-ships at New Orleans generally have their cargo stowed by contractors, who are experienced in the business, and who employ blacks and Irishmen for the purpose. The affair being arranged in this manner, it becomes almost a desideratum with the captains of merchant-vessels to get rid of their hands as soon as possible. They are thus spared the trouble and expense of keeping them during the six weeks or two months that their ships remain in the harbor. When a vessel is ready to sail, the captain has recourse to what is called a crimp, of which there are plenty; and this individual undertakes to man the ship. At two or three o'clock on the morning of departure, the captain goes into the fore-castle, counts over the number of heads attached to so many drunken bodies, and finding the number stipulated for, he pays the agent the promised reward, and goes off as soon as he can.

The ship is, of course, immediately taken in tow by a steam-tug; and she is perhaps well out of the river before her heterogeneous crew are roused from their deep sleep of intoxication. One can fancy the absurdity of the waking-scene. Each man having been, probably, in a state of perfect unconsciousness when taken on board, finds a difficulty in comprehending his situation.

## MEN'S DRESS AT NEW ORLEANS.

I remarked how closely those whom I met or passed resembled each other. It is difficult to mistake a Yankee for the inhabitant or native of any other country. They are almost all closely shaven—not a vestige of beard or whisker is left; and then their garments are all so precisely the same, I felt I should never be able to distinguish one man from another. I could not at first comprehend why all the male inhabitants looked so precisely like figures made on the same model: but my lengthened drive through the streets enlightened me. Outside a great many of the "notion" stores, I saw just such figures hanging up—coat, pantalon à sous pied, in short the whole outward man. There was this difference—and he it remarked, it is an essential one—the latter were men of straw. Such cannot be said of the wealthy merchants of New Orleans. The fact is this—there are no working-tailors at New Orleans, and every article of dress comes ready-made from the Northern States. There are merchant-tailors in plenty; and if the traveller in New Orleans is in want of a suit of clothes, he must, if of the masculine sex, betake himself to one of these gentlemen, and he will be forthwith fitted with anything he may happen to want. "*Pants*" are daily announced, as a cargo just arrived "by the ——— from New York:" the latter city evidently has the responsibility, of setting the fashions to the élégants of the other cities of the Union. These garments being all of the same color and fashion, fully accounts for the similarity of the appearance of the inhabitants.

From Hood's Magazine.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DREAM.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

JAMES O'LEARY was a schoolmaster of great learning, and still greater repute; his school was the most crowded of any school within fifty miles of Killgubbin—yet he modestly designated it his "Small College"—and his pupils "his thrife of boys." O'Leary never considered "the Vulgarians"—as he termed those who only learned English, writing, and arithmetic—worth counting. No boy, in his estimation, merited naming or notice until he entered Virgil; he began his school catalogue with "the Vargils;" but was so decidedly proud of "the Homarians," that he often regretted he had no opportunity of "taking the shine out of thim ignorant chaps up at Dublin College" by a display of his "*Gracians*"—five or six clear-headed, intelligent boys, whose brogues were on their tongue; whose clothes hung upon them by a mystery; and yet, poor fellows! were as proud of their Greek, and as fond of capping Latin verses, as their master himself.

James O'Leary deserved his reputation to a certain extent, as all do who achieve one. In his boyhood he had been himself a poor scholar, and travelled the country for his learning; he had graduated at the best hedge school in the kingdom of Kerry, and at one time had an idea of entering Maynooth; but, fortunately or unfortunately, as it might be, he lost his vocation by falling in love and marrying Mary Byrne, to whom, despite a certain quantity of hardness and pedantry, he always made a kind husband, although Mary, docile and intelligent in every other respect, never could achieve her A, B, C; *this* he was fond of instancing as a proof of the inferiority of the fair sex. James looked with the greatest contempt at the system adopted by the national schools, declaring that Latin was the foundation upon which all intellectual education should be raised, and that the man who had no Latin was not worthy of being considered a man at all.

Donnybeg, the parish in which he resided, was a very remote, silent district—an isolated place, belonging chiefly to an apoclectic old gentleman, whose father, having granted long leases on remunerating terms, left him a certain income, sufficient for himself, and not distressing to others. The simple farmers had so long considered Master O'Leary a miracle, and he confirmed them in this opinion so frequently, by saying in various languages, what they had not understood, if spoken in the vernacular, that when a national school was proposed in the parish by some officious person, they offered to send up their schoolmaster, attended by his Latin and Greek scholars—tail fashion—to "bother the board." This threw James into a state of such excitement, that he could hardly restrain himself; and indeed his wife does not hesitate to say, that he has never been "right" since.

The old landlord was as decided an enemy to the national school system as James himself; and the matter dropped without O'Leary's having an opportunity of "flooring the board," which he bitterly regrets. James, for many years after his establishment at Donnybeg, was exceedingly kind to the itinerant class, of whose merits he was so bright an example; for a long time his college was the refuge of every poor scholar, who received gratuitous instruction from "*the Master*," and the

attention and tenderness of a mother from "*the Mistress*." This generosity on the part of James O'Leary increased his reputation, and won him a great many blessings from the poor, while pupils thronged to him from distant parts of the kingdom—not only the itinerant scholar, but the sons of snug farmers, who boarded in his neighborhood, and paid largely for the classics, and all accomplishments. This, James found very profitable; in due time he slated his house, placing a round stone as a "pinnacle" on either gable, representing, the one the terrestrial, the other, the celestial globe; he paved the little court-yard with the multiplication table in black and white stones; and constructed a summer-house, to use his own phrase, on "geometrical principles," whose interior was decorated with maps and triangles, and every species of information. If pupils came before, they "rained on him" after his "*Tusculum*" was finished; and he had its name painted on a gothic arch above the gate, which, such was the inveteracy of old habits, always stood open for the want of a latch. But somehow, though James' fortunes improved, there was something about his heart that was not right; he began to consider learning only valuable as a means of wealth; he became civil to rich dunces, and continually snubbed a first-rate "*Gracian*," who was, it is true, only a poor scholar. This feeling, like all others, at first merely tolerated, gained ground by degrees, until Master O'Leary began to put the question frequently to himself—"Why he should do good, and bother himself so much, about those who did no good to him?" He had never ventured to say this out aloud to any one, but he had at last whispered it so often to himself that one evening, seeing Mary busily occupied turning round some preparation in a little iron pot, reserved for delicate stir-a-bout, gruel, or "*a sup of broth*,"—which he knew on that particular occasion was intended for the "*Gracian*," who had been unwell for some days,—after knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and closing and clasping his well-thumbed Homer, he said, "Mary, can't ye sit still at the wheel, now that the day's a'most done, and nature becomes soporific?—which signifies an inclination to repose."

"In a minute, dear; it's for poor Aby—he's sick entirely, and has no one to look to him—the place where he lodges has no convayniance for a drop of whey—and if it had, they've nothing to turn it with, and nothing to make it of,—so I'll sit down at onct."

"Then why don't you sit down at onct?"—[A corruption of "at once," means, at this moment—it is the present tense—now—instantly.] "Why do you sit—wasting your time—to say nothing of the sweet milk—and the?"—he was going to say "the sour," but was ashamed, and so added, "other things—for one who does no good to us?"

"No good to us!" repeated Mary, as she poured off the whey, keeping the curd carefully back with a horn spoon. "No good to us, dear?—why, it's for Aby—the What is it you call him—Aby Gradus! No; Aby the Gracian—your top-boy—as used to be—he that his old grandmother—(God help us! he had no other kith or kin)—walked ten miles, just to see him stand at the head of his class, that she might die with an easy heart—it's for him, it is —"

"Well," replied the Master, "I know that, I know it's for him—and I'll tell you what, Mary, we are growing—not to say ould, but advancing to the region of middle life—past its meridian, in-



deed—and we can't afford to be throwing away our substance on the like of Aby—"

"James!" exclaimed Mary.

"Ay, indeed, Mary, we must come to a period—a full stop, I mean—and"—he drew a deep breath, then added—"and take no more poor scholars!"

"Oh, James, don't say the likes o' that," said the gentle-hearted woman, "don't—a poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with him—I never miss the bit I give them—my heart warms to the soft homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door a'most opens of itself to let them in."

"Still we must take care of ourselves, woman, dear," replied James, with a dogged look. Why the look should be called "dogged," I do not know, for dogs are anything but obstinate, or given to it; but he put on the sort of look so called; and Mary, not moved from her purpose, covered the mouth of the jug with a huge red apple potato, and, beckoning a neighbor's child, who was hopping over the multiplication table in the little court-yard, desired her to run for her life, with the jug, while it was hot, to the house where Aby stooped that week, and be sure tell him he was to take it after he had said his prayers, and while it was screeching hot. She then drew her wheel opposite her husband, and began spinning.

"I thought, James," she said, "that Abel was a strong pet of yours, though you've cooled to him of late—I'm sure he got you a deal of credit."

"All I'll ever get by him."

"Oh, don't say that! sure, the blessing is a fine thing—and all the learning you give out, James, honey, doesn't lighten what you have in your head, which is a great wonder. If I only take the meal out of the losseset, handful by handful, it wastes away, but your brains hold out better than the meal: take ever so much away, and there's the same still."

"Mary, you're a fool, aggra!" answered her husband—but he smiled. The schoolmaster was a man, and all men like flattery, even from their wives.

"And that's one reason, dear, why you can't be a loser by giving your learning to them that wants it," she continued—"it does them good and it does you no harm."

The schoolmaster made no answer, and Mary continued. She was a true woman, getting her husband into a good humor before she intimated her object.

"I've always thought a red head lucky, dear."

"The ancients valued the color highly," he answered.

"Think of that, now!—and a boy I saw to-day had just such another lucky mole as yourself under his left eye."

"What boy?" inquired the master.

"A poor fatherless and motherless craythur, with his Vosters and little books slung in a strap at his back, and a purty tidy second shute of clothes under his arm for Sunday. It put me in mind of the way you told me you set off poor scholaring yerself, darlin'!—all as one as that poor little boy, barrin' the second suit of clothes."

"What did he want?" inquired O'Leary, resuming his bad temper, for Mary made a mistake in her second hit. She judged of his character by her own. Prosperity had rendered her more thoughtful and anxious to dispense the blessings she enjoyed, but it had hardened her husband.

"Just six months of your taching to make a man of him, that's all."

"Has he money to pay for it?"

"I'm sure I never asked him. The thrifle collected for a poor scholar is little enough to give him a bit to eat, without paying anything to a strong<sup>\*</sup> man like yerself, James O'Leary;—only just the ase and continent it brings to one's sleep by night, and one's work by day, to be after doing a kind turn to a fellow-christian."

"Mary," replied the schoolmaster, in a slow and decided tone, "that's all botheration."

Mary gave a start—she could hardly believe she heard correctly; but there sat James O'Leary looking as hard as if he had been turned from a man of flesh into a man of stone. Under the impression that he was bewitched, Mary crossed herself; but still he sat there looking, as she afterwards declared, "like nothing."

"Father of Mercy!" she exclaimed, "spake again, man alive! and tell us, is it yerself that's in it!"

James laughed; not joyously or humorously, but a little, dry, half starved laugh, lean and hungry—a niggardly laugh; but before he had time to reply, the door opened slowly and timidly, and a shock of rusty red hair, surmounting a pale acute face, entered, considerably in advance of the body to which it belonged.

"That's the boy I told you of," said Mary. "Come in, *ma bouchal*; the master himself's in it, now, and will talk to you, dear."

The boy advanced his slight, delicate form, bowed both by study and privation, and his keen penetrating eyes looking out from beneath the projecting brows which overshadowed them.

Mary told him to sit down; but he continued standing, his fingers twitching convulsively amid the leaves of a Latin book, in which he hoped to be examined.

"What's your name?—and stand up!" said the master, gruffly.

The boy told him his name was Edward Moore.

"What do you know?" He said, "he knew English and Voster†—a trifle of Algaabra and Latin—and the Greek letters—he hoped to be a priest in time—and should be," he added confidently, "if his honor would give him the run of the school, an odd lesson now and agin—and let him pick up as much as he could." "And what," inquired O'Leary, "will you give me in return?"

"I have but little, sir," replied the boy, "for my mother has six of us, paying to one, whose face we never see, a heavy rent for the shed we starve under. My father's in heaven—my eldest sister, a cripple—and but for the kindness of the neighbors, and the goodness of one or two families at Christmas and Whitsuntide, and, above all, the blessing of God—which never laves us—we might turn out upon the road—and beg."

"But all that is nothing to me," said O'Leary, very coldly.

"I know that, sir," answered the boy; yet he looked as if he did not know it; "though your name's up in the country for kindness, as well as learning; but I was coming to it—I have a trifle of about eighteen shillings—besides five, which the priest warned me to keep, when I went for his blessing, as he said I might want it in case of sickness; and I was thinking, if yer honor would take ten out of the eighteen, for a quarter, or so,

\* Rich.

† Voster's Arithmetic.

I know I can't pay ye'r honor as I ought, only just for the love of God, and if ye'd please to examine me in the Latin, his reverence said, I'd be no disgrace to you."

"Just let me see what ye've got," said the schoolmaster. The boy drew forth from inside his waistcoat the remnant of a cotton night-cap, and held it towards the schoolmaster's extended hand; but Mary stood between her husband and his temptation.

"Put it up child," she said; "the mather does n't want it, he only had a mind to see if it was safe,"—then aside to her husband—"Let fall ye'r hand, James, it's the devil that's under ye'r elbow keeping it out, nibbling as the fishes do at the hook; is it the thin shillings of a widow's son you'd be afther taking! It's not yerself that's in it at all;"—then to the boy—"Put it up, dear, and come in the morning." But the silver had shone in the master's eyes through the worn-out knitting, the "thin shillings," as Mary called them, and their chink aroused his avarice the more. So, standing up, he put aside his wife, as men often do good counsel, with a strong arm, and declared that he would have all, or none, and that without pay he would receive no pupil. The boy, thirsting for learning, almost without hesitation, agreed to give him all he possessed, only saying, that "the Lord above would rise him up some friend who would give him a bit, a sup, and a lock of straw to sleep on." Thus the bargain was struck, the penniless child turned from the door, knowing that, at least, for that night, he would receive shelter from some kind-hearted cotter, and perhaps give in exchange tuition to those who could not afford to go to the "great master," while the dispenser of knowledge, chinking the "thin shillings," strode towards a well-heaped board to add thereto the mite of a fatherless boy. Mary crouched over the cheerful fire, rocking herself backwards and forwards, in real sorrow, and determined to consult the priest as to the change that had come over her husband, turning him out of himself, into something "not right."

This was O'Leary's first public attempt to work out his determination, and he was thoroughly ashamed of himself; he did not care to encounter Mary's reproachful looks, so he brought over his blotted desk, and sat with his back to her, apparently intent on his books; but despite all he could do, his mind went wandering back to the time he was a poor scholar himself, and no matter whether he looked over problems, or turned the leaves of Homer, there was the pale, gentle face of the poor scholar, whom he had "fleeced" to the uttermost.

"Mary," he said, anxious to be reconciled to himself, "there never was one of them poor scholars that had not twice as much as they purtended."

"Was that the way with yerself, avick?" she answered. James pushed back the desk, flung the ruler at the cat—bounced the door after him—and went to bed. He did not fall very soon asleep—nor when he did, did he sleep very soundly—but tossed and tumbled about in a most undignified manner,—so much so that his poor wife left off rocking, and, taking out her beads, began praying for him as hard and fast as she could; and she believed her prayers took effect, for he soon became tranquil and slept soundly: but Mary went on praying; she was accounted what was called the steadiest *hand* at prayers in the country, but, on this particular night, she prayed on without stopping,

until the gray cock, who always crowed at four, told her what the time was, and she thought she might as well sleep for a couple of hours; for Mary could not only pray when she liked, but sleep when she pleased, which is frequently the case with the innocent-hearted. As soon, however, as she hung the beads on the same nail that supported the holy water cross and cup, James gave a groan and a start, and called her—"Give me your hand," he said, "that I may know it's you that's in it." Mary did so, and affectionately bade God bless him.

"Mary, my own ould darling," he whispered, "I'm a grate sinner, and all my learning is n't—is n't worth a brass farthing." Mary was really astonished to hear him say this. "It's quite in airnest I am, dear, and here's the key of my little box, and go and bring out that poor scholar's night-cap, and take care of his money, and as soon as day breaks intirely, go find out where he's stopping, and tell him I'll never touch cross nor coin belonging to him, nor one of his class, and give him back his coins of silver and his coins of brass; and Mary agra, if you've the power, turn every boy in the parish into a poor scholar, that I may have the satisfaction of teaching them, for I've had a DREAM, Mary, and I'll tell it to you, who knows better than myself how to be grateful for such a warning,—there, praise the holy saints! is a streak of daylight; now listen, Mary, and don't interrupt me.

"I suppose it's dead I was first, but, any how, I thought I was floating about in a dark space—and every minute I wanted to fly up, but something kept me down—I *could not rise*—and as I grew used to the darkness, you see, I saw a great many things floating about like myself—mighty curious shapes—one of them, with wings like a bat, came close up to me, and, after all, what was it but a Homer; and I thought may-be, it would help me up, but when I made a grab at it, it turned into smoke; then came a great white-faced owl, with red bothered eyes, and out of one of them glared a Voster, and out of the other a Gough, and globes and inkhorns changed, Mary, in the sight of my two looking eyes into vivacious tadpoles, swimming here and there and making game of me as they passed—oh, I thought the time was a thousand years, and everything about me talking bad Latin and Greek that would bother a saint, and I, without power to answer or to get away. I'm thinking it was the schoolmaster's purgatory I was in."

"May be so," replied Mary, "particularly as they would n't let you correct the bad Latin, dear."

"But it changed, Mary, and I found myself, afther a thousand or two years, in the midst of a mist—there was a mistiness all around me—and in my head—but it was a clear, soft, downy-like vapor, and I had my full liberty in it, so I kept on going up—up for ever so many years, and by degrees it cleared away, drawing itself into a *bohreen* at either side, leading towards a great high hill of light, and I made straight for the hill; and having got over it, I looked up, and of all the brightnesses I ever saw, was the brightness above me the brightest; and the more I looked at it the brighter it grew, and yet there was no dazzle in my eyes, and something whispered me that that was heaven, and with that I fell down on my knees and asked how I was to get there; for mind ye, Mary, there was a gulf between me and the

hill, or, to speak more to your understanding, a gap; the hill of light above me was in no ways joined to the hill on which I stood. So I cried how was I to get there. Well, before you could say twice ten, there stood before me seven poor scholars, those seven, dear, that I taught, and that have taken the vestments since. I knew them all, and I knew them well. Many a hard day's work I had gone through with them, just for that holy, blessed pay, the love of God—there they stood, and Abel at their head."

"Oh yah mulla! think of that now, my poor Aby; did n't I know the good, pure drop was in him!" interrupted Mary.

"The only way for you to get to that happy place, mather dear,' they said, 'is for you to make a ladder of us.'

"Is it a ladder of the —"

"Whisht, will ye," interrupted the mather. 'We are the stairs,' said they, 'that will lead you to that happy mansion—all your learning of which you were so proud—all your examinations—all your disquisitions and knowledge—your algebra and mathematics—your Greek—ay, or even your Hebrew, if you had that same, all are not worth a *traneen*. All the mighty fine doings, the greatness of man, or of man's learning, are not the value of a single blessing here; but we, mather jewel, we are your CHARITIES; seven of us poor boys, through your means, learned their duty—seven of us! and upon us you can walk up to the shining light, and be happy forever.'

"I was not a bit bothered at the idea of making a *step ladder* of the seven holy creatures, who, though they had been poor scholars, were far before myself where we were now; but as they bent, I stepped, first, on Abel, then on Paddy Blake, then on Billy Murphy; but any how, when I got to the end of the seven, I found there were five or six more wanting; I tried to make a spring, and only for Abel I'd have gone—I don't know where—he held me fast. O the Lord be merciful! is this the way with me after all," I said. "Boys—darlings! can ye get me no more than half way after all!"

"Sure there must be more of us to help you," makes answer Paddy Blake. 'Sure ye lived many years in the world after we left you,' says Abel, 'and, unless you hardened your heart, it isn't possible but you must have had a dale more of us to help you. Sure you were never content, having tasted the ever-increasing sweetness of seven good deeds, to stop short and leave your task unfinished! Oh, then, if you did, mather,' said the poor fellow, 'if you did, it's myself that's sorry for you.' Well, Mary, agra! I thought my heart would burst open, when I remembered what came over me last night—and much more—arithmetical calculations—when I had full and plinty, of what the little you gave and I taught came to—and every niggard thought was like a sticking up dagger in my heart—and I looking at a glory I could never reach, because of my cramped heart, and just then I woke—I'm sure I must have had the prayers of some holy creature about me to cause such a warning."

Mary made no reply—but sank on her knees by the bed-side, weeping—tears of joy they were—she felt that her prayers had been heard and answered. "And now, Mary, let us up and be stirring, for life is but short for the doing of our duties. We'll have the poor scholars to breakfast—and darling, you'll look out for more of them.

And, oh! but my heart's as light as the down of a thistle, and all through my blessed dream."

### *First Ideas of Number for Children. First Ideas of Geography for Children.*

Two tiny publications, addressed to parents; showing them how they may instruct children at an early age in the elements of number and geography, without the formality of teaching. The principle is to possess the child with an idea of the *thing* before he is taught its *sign*. His toys and any familiar objects, varied by the more agreeable spectacle of *one, two, or three* apples or pears, are used in order to familiarize him with numbers; and a walk in the country is made use of to impress him with some of the leading divisions of land and water. A little at a time, thoroughly learned, is the fundamental maxim: the first lesson of number does not advance beyond "*number one*."—*Spectator*.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF PICTURES.—A large package of pictures was lately burnt without apparent cause, while in the course of being transported on the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway. The incident suggests to us to remark, that there is considerable reason for believing oil-paintings to be amongst the articles liable to spontaneous combustion. In the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, January, 1821, is a communication from Mr. James Gullan of Glasgow, stating the following facts:—"Having sold a respectable spirit-dealer a parcel of sample-bottles, I sent them to him packed in an old basket, the bottom of which was much broken. To prevent the bottles from falling through, I put across the bottom of the basket a piece of old packing-sheet, which had lain long about the warehouse, which was an oil and color one, and was besmeared with different kinds of vegetable oil. About six or eight weeks after, the gentleman informed me that my oily cloth and basket had almost set his warehouse on fire. The basket and cloth had been thrown behind some spirit-casks pretty much confined from the air, and about mid-day he was alarmed by a smell of fire. Having moved away the casks in the direction where the smoke issued, he saw the basket and cloth in a blaze. This fact may be a useful hint to persons in public works, where galipoli, rapeseed, or linseed oils are used in their manufactures, as it is an established fact, (though not generally known,) that these vegetable oils used on cloths, yarn, or wool, in the process of dyeing, and confined for a time from the open air, are very apt to occasion spontaneous fire." Floor-cloth, and rags used in cleaning oil, are mentioned by Mr. Booth, lecturer on chemistry, as amongst forty various articles ascertained to be liable to spontaneous combustion; and there was an instance of this phenomenon at Lyons in 1815, where the material was cloth containing oil. Oil pictures being an association of oil with cloth, and nearly the same substance as floor-cloth, and this consideration being taken in connexion with the actual burning of a package of pictures without any external cause that could be detected, we can scarcely doubt that spontaneous ignition may befall this class of works of art. The knowledge of this fact, if it be one, cannot but be of importance to the public, both as suggesting precautionary measures, and preventing blame being cast on parties not fairly liable to it.

From the Gallery of Portraits.

## FOX.

**THE** Right Honorable Charles James Fox was third son of the Right Honorable Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, and of Lady Georgina Caroline Fox, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. He was born January 24th, 1749, N. S.

Mr. Fox received his education at Eton; and the favorite studies of the place had more than ordinary influence over his tastes and literary pursuits in after-life. Before he left school, his father was so imprudent as to carry him to Paris and Spa. To his early associations at the latter place may be ascribed that propensity to gaming, which was the bane of two-thirds of his life. As the present article is not designed to be a mere panegyric, we abandon the indulgence of this fatal passion to the severest censure that can be bestowed upon it by the philosopher and the moralist: but justice demands it at our hands to say, that after the adjustment of Mr. Fox's affairs by his friends, personal and political, he resolutely conquered what habit had almost raised into second nature, and abstained from play with scrupulous fidelity. It may further be remarked, that while the paroxysms of the fever were most violent, his mind was never interrupted from more worthy objects of pursuit.

The following anecdote will show the divided empire which discordant passions alternately usurped over his heart. On a night when he had sustained some serious losses, his deportment assumed so much of the character of despair, that his friends became uneasy: they followed him at distance enough to elude his observation, from the club-house to his home in the neighborhood. They knocked at his door in time, as they thought, to have prevented any rash act, and rushed into the library. There they found the object of their anxiety stretched on the ground without his coat, before the fire: his hand neither grasping a razor nor a pistol, but his eyes intently fixed on the pages of Herodotus. The old historian had engrossed him wholly from the moment when he took up the volume, and the ruins of his own air-built castles vanished from before him, as soon as he got sight of the venerable remains of the ancient world.

At Oxford Mr. Fox distinguished himself by his powers of application, as well as by the intuitive quickness of his parts. On quitting the university, he accompanied his father and mother to the south of Europe. Not finding a good Italian master at Naples, he taught himself that language during the winter, and contracted a strong partiality for Italian literature. In a letter from Florence to Mr. Fitz-Patrick, he conjures that gentleman to learn Italian as fast as he can, if it were only to read Ariosto; and adds, "There is more good poetry in Italian than in all other languages I understand put together." At a later period of life, if we may judge from the tenor of his correspondence with eminent scholars, he would have transferred that praise from the Italian to the Greek tongue. At this time he was very fond of acting plays, and was in all respects the man of fashion. Those who recollect the simplicity, bordering on negligence, of his outward garb late in life, will smile at the idea of Mr. Fox with a powdered toupee and red heels to his shoes, the ~~here~~ of private theatricals. During his absence,

in 1768, he was chosen to represent Midhurst, and made his first speech on the 15th April, 1769. According to Horace Walpole, he spoke with violence, but with infinite superiority of parts.

Circumscribed as we are as to space, we shall not follow Mr. Fox's subaltern career in the House of Commons. It was his breach with Lord North that raised him into a party leader. He had previously formed an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Burke. He began by receiving the lessons of that eminent person as a pupil; but the master was soon so convinced of his scholar's greatness of character, and statesman-like turn of mind, that he resigned the lead to him, and became an efficient coadjutor in the Rockingham party, of which, in the House of Commons, he had almost been the dictator. The American war roused all the energies of Fox's mind. The discussions to which it gave rise involved all the first principles of free government. The vicissitudes of the contest tried the firmness of the parliamentary opposition. Its duration exercised their perseverance. Its magnitude and the dangers of the country called forth their powers. Gibbon says, "Mr. Fox discovered powers for regular debate, which neither his friends hoped nor his enemies dreaded." The following passage, from a letter to Mr. Fitz-Patrick, written in 1778, illustrates his honorable and independent character: "People flatter me that I continue to gain rather than lose estimation as an orator; and I am so convinced this is all I ever shall gain (unless I choose to be one of the meanest of men,) that I never think of any other object of ambition. I am certainly ambitious by nature, but I have, or think I have, totally subdued that passion. I have still as much vanity as ever, which is a happier passion by far, because great reputation, I think, I may acquire and keep; great situations I never can acquire, nor, if acquired, keep, without making sacrifices that I will never make." In the summer of 1778, he rejected Lord Weymouth's overtures to join the ministry, and took his station as the leading commoner in the Rockingham party, to which he had become attached on principle long before he enlisted permanently in its ranks. The conspicuous features of that party, and of Mr. Fox's public character, were the love of peace with foreign powers, the spirit of conciliation in home management, an ardent attachment to civil and religious liberty.

The day of triumph came at last, when a resolution against the further prosecution of the American war was carried in the Commons. The King was compelled, reluctantly, to part with the supporters of his favorite principles, and had nothing left but to sow the seeds of disunion between the Rockingham and Chatham or Shelburne party, united on the subject of America, but disagreeing on many other points both of external and internal policy. In this he was but too successful. We have neither space nor inclination to unravel the web of court intrigue; but we may remark that Lord Rockingham's demands were too extensive to be palatable: they involved the independence of America, the pacification of Ireland, bills for economical and parliamentary reform, to be brought into Parliament as ministerial measures. But the untimely death of Lord Rockingham frustrated his enlightened and enlarged designs, by dissolving the ministry over which he had presided. Mr. Fox has been blamed for the precipitancy of his resignation. The tone of sentiment in a letter before

quoted will both account and apologise for the rashness if it were such ; and it is obvious that the sacrifice of personal feeling, or even of political consistency, could not long have deferred it, amidst the cabals and clashing interests of party. Mr. Fox's policy was to detach Holland and America from France, and to form a continental balance against the House of Bourbon. Lord Shelburne's system was to conciliate France, and to treat her allies as dependent powers. Lord Shelburne had the ear of the King. He strengthened himself with some of the old supporters of the American war, to fill the vacant offices, and made Mr. Pitt, just rising into eminence, his Chancellor of the Exchequer. There were now three parties in the Commons ; the ministerial, the Whig or Rockingham, and the third consisting of those members of the late war ministry who had not been invited to join the present. A coalition of some two of these three parties was almost unavoidable : the public would have most approved of a reunion among the Whigs ; but there had been too much of mutual recrimination and dispute to admit of reconciliation. Nothing, therefore, remained but a junction of the two parties in opposition. A judicious friend of Mr. Fox said, "that to undertake the government with Lord North, was to risk their credit on very unsafe grounds. Unless a real good government is the consequence of this junction, nothing can justify it to the public." Popular feeling was strongly against this coalition, mainly on account of some personal acrimony vented by Mr. Fox, in the boiling over of his wrath during the American contest, which seemed to bear upon the moral character of his opponent. It is to be considered, however, that the most amiable persons, if enthusiastic, are apt in the heat of passion to launch out into invective far more violent than their natural benevolence would justify in their cooler moments. The question on which Mr. Fox and Lord North had been so acrimoniously opposed, had ceased to exist : and perhaps there existed no solid reason against the union of the two parties. But the measure was almost universally believed to arise from corrupt motives : it afforded a fine scope for satire and caricature ; and these have no small influence upon the politics of the multitude. And while the people were displeased, the King was decidedly unfriendly to the administration which had forced itself upon him. He considered the Rockingham party as enemies to his prerogative, as well as friends to American independence. He was forced to take them in, but resolved to throw them out again. The unpopular India bill, which Mr. Pitt afterwards adopted with some modifications, furnished the opportunity. The offence taken by the people against the coalition, made them lend a ready ear to the charge of ministerial oligarchy : the King disguised his sentiments till the last moment, procured the rejection of the bill in the Lords, and instantly dismissed his ministers.

The coalition was still in possession of the House of Commons ; but the voice of the people supported the minister, a dissolution was resorted to, and the will of the King was accomplished.

From 1784 to 1792, Mr. Fox was leader of a powerful party in the House of Commons, in opposition to Mr. Pitt. The Westminster Scrutiny, the Regency, the abatement of Impeachments by a dissolution of Parliament, the Libel Bill, the Russian Armament, and the Repeal of the Cor-

poration and Test Acts, were the topics which called forth his most powerful exertions. His force as a professed orator was conspicuously displayed in Westminster Hall, on the trial of Warren Hastings ; but the triumph of his talents is to be found in those masterly replies to his antagonists, in which cutting sarcasm and close argument, logical acuteness and metaphysical subtlety were so combined, as to surpass all that modern experience had witnessed. The constitutional doctrines of Mr. Fox on the Regency question were much canvassed, and, by many, severely censured. The fact was, that the case was new ; provided for neither by law, precedent, nor analogy. Lord Loughborough first suggested the Prince's claim of right ; and it was hastily adopted by Mr. Fox, who had returned from Italy just as the discussion was pending. Mr. Fox's Libel Bill places him among the most constitutional of our legislators. He saved his country from an unnecessary, unjust, and expensive war, by his exertions on occasion of the Russian Armament.

The controversy on the Test and Corporation Acts has lost its interest, from having since been satisfactorily set at rest. But as, in a sketch like the present, we have more to do with the character of Mr. Fox's mind than with his political history, we will here introduce an anecdote which the writer of this life heard related many years ago, by Dr. Abraham Rees, well known both in the scientific world, and as a leading divine in the dissenting interest. We have already spoken of the intuitive quickness of Mr. Fox's parts ; and the following anecdote will set that peculiarity in a strong light.

On the day of the debate, Dr. Rees waited on Mr. Fox with a deputation, to engage his support in their cause. He received them courteously : but, though a friend to religious liberty, was evidently unacquainted with the strong points and principal bearings of their peculiar case. He listened attentively to their exposition, and, with an eye that looked them *through and through*, put four or five searching questions. They withdrew after a short conference, and as they walked up St. James's Street, Mr. Fox passed them booted, as going to take air and exercise, to enable him to encounter the heat of the House and the storm of debate. From the gallery they saw him enter the House with whip in hand, as just dismounted. When he rose to speak, he displayed such mastery of his subject, his arguments and illustrations were so various, his views so profound and statesman-like, that a stranger must have imagined the question at issue between the high church party and the dissenters to have been the main subject of his study throughout life. That his principles of civil and religious liberty should have enabled him to declaim in splendid generalities was to be expected ; but he entered as fully and deeply into the fundamental principles and most subtle distinctions of the question, as did those to whom it was of vital importance, and that after a short conference of some twenty minutes.

The French revolution is a topic of such magnitude, that we can only touch upon Mr. Fox's opinions and conduct with respect to it. After the taking of the Bastille, he describes it as "the greatest, and much the best event that ever happened in the world : all my prepossessions against French connections for this country will be at an end, and indeed most part of my European system of politics will be altered, if this revolution has the

consequence that I expect." But it had not that consequence; and his views were completely changed by the trial and execution of the King and Queen of France. But because he did not catch the contagious disease, made up of alarm and desperate violence, which involved his country in a disastrous war, he was represented as the blind apologist of injustice and massacre, as the careless, if not jacobinical spectator of the downfall of monarchy. Mr. Burke was the first to quarrel with Mr. Fox, and this quarrel led to the temporary estrangement from him of many of his oldest and most valuable friends. But "time and the hour" restored the good understanding between the members of the party, with the exception of Mr. Burke, who died while the paroxysm of Antigallican mania was at its height.

Mr. Fox opposed to the utmost the war, into which the minister was unwillingly forced. But as his passions became heated, and the difficulties of his situation increased, Mr. Pitt adopted all Mr. Burke's views, and the rash project of a *bellum internecinum*. Both the public principles and the personal character of Mr. Fox were the subject of daily calumnies; and the warmth of his early testimony in favor of the French revolution was continually thrown in his teeth, after the 10th of August, the massacres of September, and the success of Dumourier. But his whole conduct during this struggle was clear and consistent. At the dawn of the revolution, he felt and spoke as a citizen of the world; but he was the last man alive to have merged patriotism in the vague generalities of universal benevolence. When his own country became implicated in the strife, he no longer felt and spoke as a citizen of the world, but as a British statesman; and endeavored to persuade his countrymen, not for French interests but for their own, to stand aloof from continental politics, relying, for the maintenance of a proud independence and dignified neutrality, on their insular situation and their wooden walls. His advice was not listened to, and his mind grew indispensed towards public business. He says in a letter, dated April, 1795, "I am perfectly happy in the country. I have quite resources enough to employ my mind, and the great resource of literature I am fonder of every day." After making a vigorous, but unsuccessful opposition to the Treason and Sedition bills, he and his remaining friends seceded from parliament. He passed the years from 1797 to 1802, principally in retirement at St. Ann's Hill; and they were the happiest of his life. His mornings passed in gardening and farming, his evenings over books and in conversation with his family and friends. During this period, his attention was much given to the Greek Tragedies and to Homer, whom he read not only with the ardent mind of a poet, but with the microscopic eye of a critic. His correspondence with an eminent scholar of the time was full of sagacious remarks on the suggestions and explanations of the commentators, as well as on the text of the poem. At this time also he conceived the plan of that history of which he left only a splendid fragment in a state fit for publication. He had been diligent in collecting materials, and scrupulous in verifying them. His partiality for the Greek classics followed him into this pursuit, and probably retarded his progress. He is considered to have taken for his model Thucydides, a writer strictly impartial in his narrative, grave even to severity in his style. He went to Paris with Mrs. Fox in the summer of

1802, partly to satisfy their mutual curiosity after so long an estrangement from the Continent, but principally for the purpose of examining the copious materials for the reign of James II., deposited in the Scotch college there. Every thing was thrown open to him in the most liberal manner, and, as the unflinching friend of peace through good and evil report, he was received with enthusiasm both by the people and the government. He had several interviews with Bonaparte: the chief topics of their conversation were the concordat, the trial by jury, the freedom, amounting in the opinion of the First Consul to licentiousness, of the English press, the difference between Asiatic and European society. On one occasion he indignantly repelled the charge against Mr. Windham, of being accessory to the plot of the *infernal machine*, alleging the utter impossibility of an English gentleman descending to so disgraceful a device. During his stay in France, he visited La Fayette at his country seat of La Grange.

Our limits will not allow us to enter, ever so cursorily, into his political career after the renewal of the war. His advice was wise, and consistent with himself; but it was not accepted. The King's dislike of him was not to be overcome. The death of Mr. Pitt, however, made the admission of Mr. Fox and the Whigs, in conjunction with Lord Grenville, a matter of necessity. Mr. Fox's desire of peace induced him to take the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and, before his fatal illness, he had begun a negotiation for that main object of his whole life, with every apparent prospect of success. The hopes entertained from his accession to power were prematurely cut off; but his short career in office was honorably marked by the ministerial measure, determined on during his life, and carried after his decease, of the abolition of the Slave Trade.

The complaint of which he died was dropsy, occasioned probably by the duties of office, and the fatigue of constant attendance in the House of Commons, after the comparative seclusion and learned ease in which he had lived for several years. He expired on the 13th of September, 1806, with his senses perfect and his understanding unclouded to the last.

We conclude this brief account of Mr. Fox with the character drawn of him by one who knew him well, and was fully qualified to appreciate him,—Sir James Mackintosh.

"Mr. Fox united, in a most remarkable degree, the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men and the most vehement of orators. In private life he was gentle, modest, placable, kind, of simple manners, and so averse from dogmatism, as to be not only unostentatious, but even something inactive in conversation. His superiority was never felt but in the instruction which he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preference usually directed to the more obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity and amenity which flowed still more from the mildness of his nature, than from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe. The pleasantry perhaps of no man of wit had so unlabored an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from his mind, than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all his contemporaries distinguished by wit, politeness, or philosophy; by learning, or the talents of public life. In the course of thirty years he had

known almost every man in Europe, whose intercourse could strengthen, or enrich, or polish the mind. His own literature was various and elegant. In classical erudition, which by the custom of England is more peculiarly called learning, he was inferior to few professed scholars. Like all men of genius, he delighted to take refuge in poetry, from the vulgarity and irritation of business. His own verses were easy and pleasant, and might have claimed no low place among those which the French call *vers de société*. The poetical character of his mind was displayed by his extraordinary partiality for the poetry of the two most poetical nations, or at least languages of the west, those of the Greeks and of the Italians. He disliked political conversation, and never willingly took any part in it.

"To speak of him justly as an orator, would require a long essay. Every where natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manners. But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. He forgot himself and everything around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and conviction. He certainly possessed above all moderns that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence, which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenean speaker since the days of Demosthenes. 'I knew him,' says Mr. Burke, in a pamphlet written after their unhappy difference, 'when he was nineteen; since which time he has risen, by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw.'

"The quiet dignity of a mind roused only by great objects, the absence of petty bustle, the contempt of show, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness and downrightness, and the thorough good nature which distinguished Mr. Fox, seem to render him no unfit representative of the old English character, which if it ever changed, we should be sanguine indeed to expect to see it succeeded by a better. The simplicity of his character inspired confidence, the ardor of his eloquence roused enthusiasm, and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. 'I admired,' says Mr. Gibbon, after describing a day passed with him at Lausanne, 'the powers of a superior man, as they are blended, in his attractive character, with all the softness and simplicity of a child: no human being was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood.'

"The measures which he supported or opposed may divide the opinions of posterity, as they have divided those of the present age. But he will most certainly command the unanimous reverence of future generations, by his pure sentiments towards the commonwealth; by his zeal for the civil and religious rights of all men; by his liberal principles, favorable to mild government, to the unfettered exercise of the human faculties, and the progressive civilization of mankind; by his ardent love for a country, of which the well-being and greatness were, indeed, inseparable in his own glory; and by his profound rever-

ence for that free constitution which he was universally admitted to understand better than any other man of his age, both in an exactly legal and in a comprehensively philosophical sense."

**THE PORCELAIN TOWER AT NANKING.**—A British officer obtained some particulars and a printed paper from a person in charge of the above edifice, of which the following is a translation. It exhibits in a striking manner the gross credulity and superstition of the Chinese. Subjoined is an extract from the literal translation:—

"After the removal of the imperial residence from Nanking to Peking, this temple was erected by the bounty of the Emperor Yung-lo. The work of erection occupied a period of 19 years. The building consists of nine stories of variegated porcelain, and its height is about 350 feet, with a pinnacle of gilt copper at the summit. Above each of the roofs is the head of a dragon, from which, supported by iron rods, hang eight bells, and, below, at right angles, are 80 bells, making in all 152. On the outside of the nine stages there are 128 lamps; and below, in the centre of the octagonal hall, twelve porcelain lamps. Above they illuminate the thirty-three heavens, and below, they enlighten both the good and the bad among men. On the top are two copper boilers, weighing 1,200 lbs., and a dish of 600 lbs. weight, placed there in order constantly to avert human calamities.

"This pagoda has been the glory of the ages since Yung-lo rebuilt and beautified it; and, as a monument of imperial gratitude, it is called the 'Temple of Gratitude.' The expense of its erection was 2,485,484 Chinese ounces of silver, equivalent to 150,000l. sterling.

"There are in this pagoda, as a charm against malignant influences, one carbuncle; as a preservative from water, one pearl; from fire, one pearl; from wind, one pearl; from dust, one pearl; with several Chinese translations of Sanscrit books relating to Buddha and Buddhism."

Lecompte, in his Journey through China, says, "The wall at the bottom is at least twelve feet thick. The staircase is narrow and troublesome, the steps being very high; the ceiling of each room is beautified with paintings, and the walls of the upper rooms have several niches full of carved idols. There are several priests or bonzes attached to the building, to keep it in order, and illuminate it on festival occasions. This is effected by means of lanterns made of thin oyster shells, used by the Chinese instead of glass. These are placed at each of the eight angles, on every story, and the effect of the subdued light on the highly reflective surface of the tower is very striking and beautiful."

**THE TRADE IN GUANO.**—We are glad to learn that tonnage is in brisk demand at Liverpool. The desirable change is attributed to the success of the guano trade. The import of this new article of commerce has given a large amount of employment to shipping, which promises to increase. Whole cargoes of the article are readily sold on arrival, and it cannot be obtained in sufficient quantity to supply the market. Shipping is said to have advanced within the last month 10 per cent.



From Hood's Magazine.

## NATURE AND ART.

THE following correspondence is submitted, without comment, to the reader; who must discover for himself to which of our Art-Unions it refers. Perhaps it applies indirectly to all picture lotteries and raffles for engravings, in which the very best designs are left at the mercy of chance.

No. 1.

To R. A. BRUSH, Esq., LONDON.

SUR,—About the Hart Unnion. Accordin to yure advice I tuck out for my Prize that are grate Pictur as was in the Xibition and am sorry to say It dont give sattisfaction to nobody, nayther to self and family or any Frend watsumever. Indeed sum pepel dont scrupple to say Ive been regularly Dun in ile.

The fust thing I did on its arrival were to stick it up in the back Parler verry much agin my Missis, who objected to its takin too much of her room, which she likes to have to herself. Howsumever there it were and I made a pint to ax every boddy, customers, & nabers, to step in & faver with their oppinions And witch am concernd to say is all unanimus Per Contra, And partiekly Sam Jones the Hous Painter whom ia reckond a judge. As youd say if youd seed him squinnin at it thro a roll of paper like one of the reglar knowin wuns I see at the Nashunal Gallery. Besides backin & backin furdur & furdur off to get the rite Distance as he said, till he backt into the fire. Whereby he says theres not a room in the hole Premisis big enuff to get at the focus. And sure enuff the nigher you look into it the furdur youre off from diskivcring the meanin. And my Missis objects in to-to to landskips in doors witch sounds resonable and agreable to Natur only it would spile in the open air. So wat to do with the Pictur lord nose. Why Id better have had a share in the Boy's Distributing, with a chance of gittin a hactive one, to go round with the Tray.

As for Dadley, he wout have it at no price—not even for a sign—for says he theres no entertanement in it for man or horse. And witch I am almost convarted to myself, arter lookin at it for three Days runnin. So you see it dont impruve on acquaintance. Rigshy the Carpenter is of the same mind as the others; He have wun a Prize himself, that are Print as you see in every House I goes to, like the Willer patten chaney Namely the yung Female with the Liou walkin into the Cottage—why he don't walk into her & the old oman too is astonishin.

Well, there it is in the littel back parler, & as Jones says, "bein kill'd for want of space," & advises to stick it in the slortorous, But witch I cant spare for a Pictur Gallery.

As such havin follerd your proffeshional advice witch makes you responsibel for the same Beg to know wether the Pictur cant be took back at a reduced Wallyation Or by way of swop for the same length & Bredth, by the foot square, of little paintings In witch case Sporting subex would be preferd. Or would be agreable to take out the Amount in sammily likenesses, includin my grey mare.

Hopin for the faver of an erly reply I am

Sur

Your verry humbel sarvent  
ROHARD CARNABY.

No. 2.

(THE ANSWER.)

SIR,

In reply to your communication I beg to state, that having afforded you the benefit of my professional knowledge and experience in the selection of a picture, I am quite as deeply concerned as I ought to be that the result has not proved satisfactory to yourself, Mr. Jones the house painter, and the rest of the provincial connoisseurs.

As to taking back the picture, under any of the arrangements you propose, it is quite out of the question; and indeed altogether inconsistent with the rules and views of a society expressly instituted for the encouragement of a taste for the Fine Arts.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &amp;c.

R. A. BRUSH.

No. 3.

To MR. BRUSH.

SUR,

Am sorry you decline to take the Pictur off my hands havin proposed such Fair Terms. As to my encouragin a taste for the Fine Harts, as my missis say, its my biessess to encurrege a taste for fine meat Witch is the fact. And as such ort praps to have confined my attentions to butcherin Whereby I mite sit cumfitable in my own parler But a 200 ginny Pictur, and a greasy blue jacket & red nite cap don't match no how. Howsumever I shant put in agin At least not till sich time as theres a Hart Union for Hagriculture & a raffle for a Prize Ox.

I remane

Sur

You verry humbel sarvent,

RICHARD CARNABY.

P. S. Since ritin the abuv, Jones have found a customer, on condition of paintin some animals into the landskip, whereby the Pictur stands a chance of showing off, on the outside of a Wild Beast Carrywan.

From Hood's Magazine.

## A CHILD OF SORROW.

DURING the late festive season,—when those who thought at all, reflected that, eighteen hundred and forty-three years ago, the religion of the heart, bringing peace and good-will on earth, came to soften the rigor of the religion of form,—a little girl, not six years old, had been observed by a lonely lady, sitting day after day on the step of a door opposite to her house. It seemed to belong to nobody; but, at a certain hour, there it was, wrapped in an old shawl, crouched on the cold stone, and rocking itself pensively backwards and forwards, more like an ailing old woman than a child. Other children played around it, but this melancholy little being mingled not in their sports, but sat silent and solitary.

Soon afterwards it was seen to peep about the area of the lady's house, and look wistfully at the kitchen windows. The lady, who was kind to children, thought that the little girl might be trying to attract her notice, opened the door suddenly, and offered it some gingerbread. When the door opened, there was a strange, eager expression in the child's eyes; but when she saw the lady she looked scared and disappointed. The kind voice



and manner soon reassured the startled child, who thankfully took the offering, broke it up into little bits in her hand, and carried it to the door-step opposite, where she again took up her station. Another child, seeing the gingerbread, came up to the solitary infant, who gave the new-comer some, and, by her gestures, the lady thought that she was informing the other child whence the gift came. After waiting a considerable time without eating her gingerbread, the poor little girl rose dejectedly and went away, still looking back at the house.

A day or two afterwards, the same child was seen lingering about the pavement near the area, and holding out a bit of sugarcandy in its tiny fingers through the rails.

The lady, who thought that the child was come to offer it out of gratitude for the gingerbread, went down into the area; but, as soon as she appeared, the child ran away. Soon again, however, the child was at its old station, the door-step opposite. The lady had mentioned this to her only female servant as very odd, but received no observation in reply.

One morning the door was opened to receive a piece of furniture, and the same child again suddenly appeared, and advanced stealthily towards the door. The lady, who was near, said, "I see you!" when the child immediately retreated to her door-step.

"This is very extraordinary," said the lady to her servant; "I cannot make out what that child wants."

"Madam," said the servant, bursting into tears, "it is my child."

"Your child!—But go, bring her in. Where does she live?"

"With my sister, and she goes to school. I have told her never to come here; but the poor thing *will* come every bit of playtime she gets. That day you thought she was offering you some sugarcandy, I had been to the school and given her a penny; when school was over, she came to give me a bit of the sugarcandy she had bought. Oh, ma'am, have mercy,—forgive me! Do not send me away!"

The lady, who had known adversity, and was not one of those rigidly righteous people who forget the first principles inculcated by the divine Author of the Christian creed, looked grave, it is true, but did not shrink from the lowly sinner as if she had the plague, although she had become a mother before she had been made a wife, by the gay cavalier who had deceived and forsaken her. Nor did she turn her out upon the wide world, in the virtuous sternness of her indignation. To the great horror of some of her neighbors she told her servant, that her child might come to see her every Sunday, beginning with the next. When the child, who was no longer the moping creature which it had been before it was admitted to the mother, heard this, she immediately and anxiously inquired, "How many days and nights is it to Sunday?"

Some may sneer at this; to me there is something painfully affecting in the quiet, subdued demeanor of this offspring of shame, timidly watching to obtain a glimpse of her who had borne it, at an age when happier children are never without those greatest of enjoyments, the caresses of a mother. Think of the misery of this poor child, driven, from the mere instinct of longing for its parent, to the staid demeanor of age, whilst the

other merry little ones were sporting around it. Think what she must have suffered, as she gazed, day after day, at the frowning door, that shut out more than all the world's value to her. Think of the suffering mother, dreading to lose, with her place and character, the means of supporting her hapless, prematurely old infant.—Oh, man, man, thou hast much to answer for!

From Hood's Magazine.

LIFE'S COMPANIONS—BY CHARLES MACKAY.

WHEN I set sail on Life's young voyage,

'T was upon a stormy sea;

But to cheer me night and day,

Through the perils of the way,

With me went companions three;

Three companions kind and faithful,

Dearer far than friend or bride,

Heedless of the stormy weather,

Hand in hand they came together,

Ever smiling at my side.

One was Health, my lusty comrade,

Cherry-cheek'd and stout of limb;

Though my board was scant of cheer,

And my drink but water clear,

I was thankful, blessed with him.

One was mild-eyed Peace of Spirit,

Who, though storms the welkin swept,

Waking, gave me calm reliance,

And though tempests howled defiance,

Smoothed my pillow when I slept.

One was Hope, my dearest comrade,

Never absent from my breast,

Brightest in the darkest days,

Kindest in the roughest ways,

Dearer far than all the rest.

And though Wealth, nor fame, nor Station,

Journey'd with me o'er the sea;

Stout of heart, all danger scorning,

Nought cared I in life's young morning

For their lordly company.

But, alas! ere night has darken'd,

I have lost companions twain;

And the third, with tearful eyes,

Worn and wasted, often flies,

But as oft returns again.

And, instead of those departed,

Spectres twin around me flit;

Pointing each with shadowy finger,

Nightly at my couch they linger;

Daily at my board they sit.

Oh, alas! that I have followed

In the hot pursuit of Wealth;

Though I've gained the prize of gold,—

Eyes are dim, and blood is cold,—

I have lost my comrade, Health.

Care instead, the withered beldam,

Steals th' enjoyment from my cup;

Hugs me, that I cannot quit her;

Makes my choicest morsels bitter;

Seals the founts of pleasure up.

Ah! alas! that Fame allured me,

She so false and I so blind,

Sweet her smiles, but in the chase

I have lost the happy face

Of my comrade, PEACE OF MIND;

And instead, REMORSE, pale phantom,

Tracks my feet where'er I go;  
All the day I see her scowling,  
In my sleep I hear her howling,  
Wildly flitting to and fro.

Last of all my dear companions,  
Hope! sweet Hope! befriend me yet!  
Do not from my side depart,  
Do not leave my lonely heart  
All to darkness and regret!  
Short and sad is now my voyage  
O'er this gloom-encompass'd sea,  
But not cheerless altogether,  
Whatsoe'er the wind and weather,  
Will it seem if bless'd with thee.

Dim thine eyes are, turning earthwards,  
Shadowy pale, and thin thy form;—  
Turned to heaven thine eyes grow bright,  
All thy form expands in light,  
Soft and beautiful and warm.  
Look then upwards! lead me heavenwards!  
Guide me o'er this darkening sea!  
Pale Remorse shall fade before me,  
And the gloom shall brighten o'er me,  
If I have a friend in *Thee*.

From Hood's Magazine.

#### GAUTIER'S TRAVELS IN SPAIN.

SINCE Inglis' clever tour, and a spirited work from the pen of an American naval officer,—both of which date from a dozen years back,—there has been no book of any mark written about Spain. Narratives of the war we have had in abundance; and, once or twice a cautious tourist, landing at Cadiz or some other safe port, has entered the country just far enough, and remained just long enough, to pick up a few erroneous notions of Spain and Spaniards, which have afterwards helped to fill the pages of a fashionable post octavo. But neither from details of the endless guerilla-fighting and throat-cutting, which appear to have become the natural element of the inhabitants of the Peninsula, nor from the superficial and condescending glances of tourists of the silver-fork school, can one form any just idea of the real state of Spanish habits and society, in both of which, it may reasonably be supposed, that changes worthy of note have taken place during ten years of civil war and revolution.

Englishmen are not generally timid travellers when a field for observation is opened to them. It is always easy to find persons willing to explore African deserts, American prairies, or Asiatic jungles, and write about them afterwards; yet no one apparently has of late thought it worth while to risk an encounter with the knives and blunderbusses of Spanish banditti and *facciosos*, for the sake of what might be learnt in a country which is unquestionably indebted, for the interest attaching to it, more to the associations it calls up, and its own natural beauty, than to any qualities of its present degenerate inhabitants. The deficiency, however, has been recently supplied—to readers of French at least—by the pen of M. Theophile

Gautier, an author of considerable talent, and holding no mean rank in the corps of French literati. Under the fantastical but not inappropriate title of "*Tras los Montes*," he has put forth two volumes, which, to our thinking, combine all the requisites of a very admirable book of travels.

Frenchmen are generally good travellers. By this we do not mean that they travel much or far, but well, and with advantage to themselves. Of twenty persons whom you meet out of their own country, one only shall be a Frenchman, more than half the others English, the remainder Russians, Germans, Poles, and Americans. Yet the chances are, that, out of those twenty persons, the Frenchman will be the one who has the best opportunities of observing the habits and manners of the nations he visits. This is easily explained. The English travel in too great a hurry, are too exclusive, too shy, too fearful of unwittingly compromising themselves by contact with persons who are not quite up to their standard of gentility. They attach great importance to going to the best and most correct hotel, and to seeing all that Mr. Murray's guide-books say ought to be seen; some of them also spend a good deal of time in devising how they shall avoid being cheated; (and those it is, by the bye, who are generally cheated the most;) but they seldom think of looking for anything that is not set down for them by the aforesaid guide-books; they rarely go off the beaten track, seldom show a disposition to cultivate the society of foreigners, and when they reside for any time in one place, are too gregarious *inter se*, too apt to form themselves into a sort of Britannic phalanx, from the formal and bristling aspect of which, the often kindly and well-disposed aborigines recoil in dismay. How different are Frenchmen in this respect! Wherever they go, they seem to glide easily and naturally into the habits and society of the people amongst whom they find themselves; doing at Rome as Romans do, accommodating themselves to national peculiarities, and generally proving themselves possessors of the grand art of making themselves liked. We have met Frenchmen travelling in countries where certainly their nation was in no good odor; in parts of Germany, for instance, and in Spain; but we observed that in spite of any dislike or even hatred existing to the French as a nation, they were generally popular as individuals. Frenchmen are usually much more agreeable and good natured people out of their country than in it, (in this respect, as in many others, being exactly the converse of the English,) and their freedom from anything like formality or bashfulness, added to a certain pleasant *enjouement* of manner, partly natural to them and partly assumed, often procures them admission into the society, and consequent facilities of observing the domestic life and habits of the nations they visit.

M. Gautier has evidently good travelling qualities: he sets out on his journey with a disposition

to be pleased, and displays throughout its whole duration a *bonhomie* and a freedom from prejudice which we have rarely seen surpassed. He one day, and in an unguarded moment, as he tells us, uttered the imprudent words, "I should like to go to Spain." Some of his friends who overheard him, repeated this expression, with slight variations, and in two or three days' time he was accosted by everybody he met, with the question, "When are you going to Spain?" A week later it was still worse. "I thought you were at Madrid," was the salutation of one acquaintance. "What! back already!" cried another. M. Gautier saw plainly that he was ostracized; that his friends considered they had a claim upon him for an absence, and that go he must. With some difficulty he obtained a three-days' respite, and at the expiration of that time, found himself rattling along the Bordeaux road.

Having undertaken the task, our traveller perforce accomplishes it with the best grace imaginable. He sees Spain, not by a visit to some of its seaports, or most accessible towns, or even by a run up to Madrid and back again, but by going right through the country, from the Pyrenees to the pillars of Hercules; diverging from the straight route when he finds motives for such divergence, and returning to France through Valencia and Catalonia. He has scarcely entered the Peninsula, when, after describing some trifling local peculiarities, he gives us his profession of faith as a tourist.

"It is at the risk of appearing too minute," he says, "that I give you this description; but the difference between one country and another consists exactly in those thousand little details which travellers are too apt to neglect; while, on the other hand, they busy themselves with all kinds of political and poetical considerations and dissertations, which they might write just as well by their own firesides."

M. Gautier makes but few and short halts upon the road from the French frontier to Madrid, and at first appears rather disappointed in what he sees. The truth is, that his imagination had been too busy, and it is only when he gets to Andalusia that his expectations seem to be fully or nearly realized. He grumbles at the want of *local coloring*, of that originality which he had anticipated in everything Spanish, and is disposed to quarrel with the very first inn at which he passes a night, because the sheets and bed-curtains are clean, the floors scoured, the chambermaids tidy and well-kept lasses. To a man who had been expecting a *posada à la Orreantes*, reeking with garlic, swarming with fleas, and occupied by muleteers and Maritornes, the disappointment must certainly have been a cruel one. On getting into Castile, however, he finds some compensation in the increasingly Spanish character of the country and its inhabitants.

"Between Pancorbo and Burgos we passed several half-ruined villages, which appeared parched

—almost calcined—by the sun. I doubt if Decamps, the painter, ever encountered, during his rambles in the heart of Asia Minor, anything more burnt and tawny, more crumbling and decayed, than these wretched collections of hovels. Wandering about among their dilapidated walls, were a few jackasses, of that philosophical and contemplative aspect peculiar to the Spanish donkey, who is fully aware of his own utility, considers himself as part of the family to which he belongs; and, moreover, having read Don Quixote, assumes an additional degree of importance, on account of the possibility of his being lineally descended from Sancho's celebrated Dapple. Besides the asses, the only living things visible were some magnificent dogs of various breeds; amongst others, several enormous greyhounds, such as one seen introduced in the paintings of Paul Veronese and Velasquez; and here and there a group of peasant children, whose eyes sparkled, like black diamonds, through their filthy rags and long tangled hair."

Between Valladolid and Madrid the diligence stops for dinner at Olmedo, which was once a town of some importance, but is now in ruins, its fortifications crumbling and overgrown with ivy, its houses for the most part uninhabited, and the grass growing in the streets. This is only one out of hundreds of Spanish towns that are now the abode of the bat and the owl. The depopulation of the Peninsula has been frightful. In the time of the Moors Spain reckoned thirty-two millions of inhabitants, which are now reduced to less than eleven millions.

While waiting for dinner M. Gautier is witness to a characteristic trait.

"In the room in which dinner was laid out, a fine robust-looking woman was walking up and down, carrying on her arm an oblong basket, covered with a cloth, out of which there proceeded at intervals little plaintive cries and whinnings, not unlike those of a very young child. This puzzled me a good deal, because the basket was so small that any infant contained in it must have been a Lilliputian phenomenon, fit only to exhibit at a fair. The riddle, however, was soon solved. The nurse—for such she was—sat down in a corner, took a little coffee-colored dog out of her basket, and began very gravely to suckle this extraordinary nursing. She was a peasant woman, from the province of Santander, and was proceeding to Madrid, where she was engaged as wet-nurse. Fearful of being disqualified by the interval between leaving her own infant and joining her foster-child, she had provided herself with this canine substitute."

Our traveller's first care, on reaching Madrid, is to procure tickets for the next bull-fight, which is to take place in two days' time; two days that appear terribly long to the impatient Frenchman and his companion, who are perfectly mad after all that is national and characteristic. Their impatience, however, is the more excusable, as Madrid is in most respects a very uninteresting capital. Barcelona is, or at least was, before it became the fashion to bombard it, a far more agreeable city, and the officers of the royal guard, who in time of peace were only quartered in Madrid and Barcelona, usually preferred the latter garrison.

The day of the *Toros* at length arrives, and we are sorry that our limits will not allow us to give M. Gautier's very graphic and interesting account of a bull-fight, in which fourteen horses are slain, one bull killing five of them. Judging from the enthusiasm shown by all classes, there is no danger of bull-fighting going out of fashion in Spain. It is an amusement too congenial to the tastes and character of the people to be relinquished. M. Gautier is rather shocked at the cruelty of the sport, and at one or two little things that occur; such as a horse walking about with its entrails dragging on the ground, and other similar incidents; but notwithstanding this, we observe that during the whole time he is in Spain he never misses an opportunity of witnessing a bull-fight. In that he resembles nearly all the persons we know who ever have seen one. The first time they may feel sick and disgusted, but nevertheless there is a sort of fascination in the sight which is sure to draw them back to the circus.

The Prado, the Escorial with its eleven hundred windows, the Puerta del Sol, and all the other lions in and near Madrid having been visited, M. Gautier starts for Toledo. The Puerta del Sol, or Gate of the Sun, by the bye, is no gate at all, but the wall of a church with a yellow sun painted upon it, and an open space in front upon which the Madrid idlers and newsmongers assemble. A pretty numerous class they must be, considering that it is thronged from eight o'clock in the morning. On this square or plaza, more plans of campaign have been arranged since the commencement of the civil war than would have furnished fifty generals for fifty years; more changes of government decided on than have occurred since Spain was a Christian land; ministers dismissed, generals superseded, battles fought and victories gained, by the dozen, weekly. Day after day, there they stand, these Castilian gossips, the eternal cloak thrown over the shoulder in its never-varying folds, the cigarette between their saffron-colored forefinger and thumb, emitting lies and smoke with nearly equal diligence.

Toledo seems to interest our traveller a good deal, and he visits it very minutely, although terribly afflicted by the nature of the pavement, which is composed of small pointed stones; rather obnoxious to the soles of feet accustomed to the modern refinements of wood and asphalt. The heat, too, is terrible, and the consequent thirst so insatiable, as to make it necessary to establish a chain of waiters from the pump to the parlor, to pass perpetual water-jugs for the relief of the suffering foreigners. From M. Gautier's description of what he saw at the cathedral, it would appear, that, in spite of the numerous invasions and revolutions of the last fifty years, Spain has still jewels and riches remaining for the decoration of her saints and altars.

"In one of the sacristies is kept the treasure belonging to the cathedral, consisting of magnificent capes of brocade, cloth of gold, and silver damask,

the most beautiful laces, shrines of enamel, gigantic silver candlesticks, embroidered banners. In another apartment is preserved, in drawers and chests, the wardrobe of the Virgin Mary; and certainly no queen of ancient times—not even Cleopatra herself, who drank pearls—no empress of the Lower Empire, nor duchess of the middle ages—nor Venetian courtesan of Titian's day, could boast of such magnificent jewels and sumptuous apparel, as Our Lady of Toledo. They showed us some of the dresses:—there was one of them of which it was impossible to tell the material, so completely covered was it with wreaths and arabesques of the finest pearls; some of them of an enormous size and value; and, amongst others, several rows of black pearls, of extraordinary rarity and beauty. Whole constellations of stars and suns, all of precious stones, decorated this extraordinary robe, which was so brilliant as to dazzle the eyes. Its value was estimated at several millions of francs."

We are not informed by what miracle all these riches escaped the clutches of the French, at the time of the Peninsular War; or of Carlists and Christians, during the late struggle. Their safety is probably to be attributed more to the care with which they were concealed in the hour of danger, than to any particular respect entertained either by French or Spanish armies for Nuestra Señora de Toledo.

From Toledo M. Gautier proceeds to Granada, that great point of attraction to travellers in Spain. He makes some acquaintances on the road, and on arriving at his destination, is introduced by them to various families, who invite him to their houses. Spanish society is very accessible to any foreigner who shows a disposition to avail himself of it, and to enter cordially and frankly into the cheerful, easy, pleasant tone of their tertulias, the greatest charm of which is the total absence of ceremony.

"It is impossible to be more cordially and hospitably welcomed than we everywhere found ourselves. At the end of five or six days, we were on an intimate footing with several families, and, according to the Spanish custom, they designated us by our Christian names, and we were at liberty to use the same familiarity, both with the men and the ladies—a freedom which is perfectly compatible with the most polite manners and respectful attentions. Every evening we were at tertulias, from eight o'clock till midnight. The tertulia is usually held in the *Patio*, which is a sort of inner court, found in most houses in the south of Spain, paved with flags of stone or marble, surrounded by columns of the same material, supporting a gallery, and refreshed by a fountain in the centre. Around the basin are arranged boxes containing flowering shrubs and orange trees, on the leaves of which the water-drops fall with a plashing noise. Six or eight lamps are fastened along the wall; settees and chairs of straw or reeds serve for seats: a guitar or two, the pianos in one corner, a card-table in another, complete the furniture.

"Each guest, on entering, goes to pay his respects to the lady of the house, who offers a cup of chocolate, which is usually refused, and a cigarette, which is often accepted. He then joins one of the groups scattered about the patio. The older persons play at cards: the young people chat, flirt,

or amuse themselves with different *jeux de société*, of which the Spaniards have an immense variety. If the conversation languishes, one of the men takes up a guitar and begins singing some comical Andalusian song, intermingled with *ay!* and *ola!* and accompanied with a scratching at the strings and a beating of time with the palm of the hand on the wood of the instrument. Or, perhaps, a lady sits down to the piano, plays something of Bellini's, who appears to be the favorite composer in Spain, or sings a ballad by Breton de los Herreros, the great song-writer of the day. The evening is often concluded by a little impromptu ball, where unfortunately they dance neither jota, fandango, nor bolero—those dances being now left to the servant girls and gitanas; but quadrilles, rigodoons, and waltzes. Once only, at our earnest entreaty, the two daughters of the lady at whose house we were, danced a bolero; but they first carefully closed the windows and doors of the patio, so afraid were they of being overheard and accused of bad taste, or laughed at for dancing a national dance. The Spaniards of the present day look vexed—almost angry—if you talk to them about cachucas, castinets, majos, manolas, monks, contrabandistas, and bull-fights; though, at the bottom of their hearts, they have a very great liking for all those truly national and characteristic things; but, if you talk of them, they ask you if you think they are not as advanced as you are in civilization. So deplorably has the mania of imitating English and French customs penetrated everywhere. I allude, of course, to the classes *soi disant* enlightened, which inhabit the towns.

The dancing over, you take your leave with *à los pies de vmd.*, at your feet, to the ladies, and *beso à vmd. la mano*, I kiss your hand, to the master of the house. To this they reply, by wishing you a *Buenas noches*, and kissing your hand, (verbally,) concluding with a *hasta mañana*, till tomorrow, which implies an invitation to return. The Spaniards know perfectly well how to unite politeness and good breeding with familiarity. Even the peasants and the lowest classes of the people are of an urbanity amongst themselves, which is in prodigious contrast with the brutality of our lower orders; to be sure, an offensive word might chance to be answered by a stab, which is always a check to too great license of speech. It is to be observed that French politeness, formerly proverbial, has totally disappeared, since the custom of wearing swords has been discontinued. The laws against duelling will end by rendering us the most ill-mannered people on the face of the earth."

M. Gautier's book is full of details of this kind; to our taste highly interesting. He remains a considerable time at Granada; visits the Alhambra repeatedly, and gives a very admirable description of what most struck him there. He also explores the gitaneria, or quarter inhabited by the gipsies. Here is a life-like fragment.

"Some of the deserted and half-ruined streets of the Albaycin are inhabited by the richer classes of gipsies, whose habits are less wandering than those of their poorer brethren. In one of these narrow streets we saw a little girl about seven or eight years old, entirely naked, practising the dance called the Zorongo upon a pavement of small, sharp stones. Her sister, a wan and meagre-looking girl, with a complexion like a citron

and eyes that literally seemed to gleam, was crouched upon the ground, a guitar upon her knees, twanging a most monotonous melody with her thumb. The mother, richly dressed, and with numerous strings of glass beads round her neck, beat time with her blue velvet slipper, which she contemplated with infinite complacency. The attitudes, contrasts, and extraordinary coloring of this group rendered it a subject worthy of the pencil of Callot or Salvador Rosa."

Before leaving Grenada, which he evidently does with regret, M. Gautier gives us the summary of his observations on the character of its inhabitants. What he says on the subject would apply equally well to a large portion of Spain, especially the southern provinces.

"Life in Grenada has little variety: the amusements are not numerous, nor the resources for passing the time great. The theatre is shut in the summer: bull-fights do not occur regularly; there are no casinos or public establishments, and the foreign newspapers are only to be seen at the lyceum, the members of which occasionally hold meetings, at which they sing, read poetry, and act plays usually written by some young author belonging to the society.

"Everybody seems to busy himself most conscientiously in doing nothing: the cigarette, the composition of couplets and epigrams, intrigues and card-playing, fill up the time. One does not see that restlessness, that desire for action and change of place which characterizes nations farther north. The Spaniards are great philosophers, in their own way: they attach scarcely any importance to the wants of material existence, and what is called comfort is entirely indifferent to them. The thousand factitious wants created by northern civilization appear to them puerile and imaginary. Not having to defend themselves continually against climate, the enjoyments of the English *home* are without attraction for them. What does it matter whether doors and windows close exactly, to people who would often be too happy to pay for a draft of air? Favored by a splendid climate, they are able to reduce existence to its simplest form; their sobriety and moderation in everything are productive of great liberty and independence; in short, they have time to live. A Spaniard cannot see any wisdom in working for more than he actually wants for the moment. The artisan who has earned a few reals, throws his embroidered jacket on his shoulder, takes his guitar, and dances and amuses himself till the last maravedi is expended; then he begins to work again. With three or four halfpence a day, an Andalusian can live as well as he desires to do; for that sum he has excellent white bread, an enormous slice of melon, and a little glass of aniseed; for his lodging he has his cloak, the arch of a bridge, or the portico of a house.

"To a person arriving from Paris or London—those two whirlpools of feverish activity and excited existence—the way of living at Granada is the most extraordinary of all contrasts; a life of perfect leisure, entirely filled up by lounging, conversation, music, dancing, and the siesta. He is astonished at the calm happiness, the tranquillity expressed on every countenance. No one has that busy, anxious, hurried look which one continually encounters in the streets of Paris. Every one, on the contrary, goes leisurely along, choos-

ing the shady side of the road, stopping to talk with his acquaintances, and evidently in no haste to get to where he is going. The certainty of not being able to earn money extinguishes all ambition: no career is open to young men, the most adventurous of whom go to Manilla or the Havana, or enter the army, although, in the latter case, they often, owing to the wretched state of Spanish finances, remain whole years without getting any pay. Convinced of the fruitlessness of exerting themselves, they for the most part do not take the trouble to pursue an object which they know to be unattainable, but pass their time in an agreeable *farniente*, which is favored by the beauty of the country, and the genial warmth of the climate.

"I was not able to discover any symptoms of Spanish pride. Nothing is so little to be depended upon as the character popularly attributed both to nations and individuals. I found the Spaniards, on the contrary, very simple and affable in their deportment. Spain of the present day is the true country of equality—if not nominally, at least in fact. The beggar lights his *papelito* at the Havana cigar of the nobleman, who allows him to do so without the least affectation of condescension; the *marquesa* or *condesa* smiles as she steps over the bodies of the ragged *canaille* who are sleeping on the steps of her house; and on a journey she will not hesitate, if necessary, to drink from the same glass as the *zagal* who drives, or the *escopetero* who escorts her carriage. Foreigners have much difficulty in accommodating themselves to this kind of familiarity, especially the English, who are in the habit, when at home, of having their letters brought to them on plates, off which they take them with tongs. One of these estimable islanders going from Seville to Xeres, sent his *calesero* to dine in the kitchen of the inn, which is contrary to the usual custom in such cases. The *calesero*, who in his heart thought he was doing a heretic an honor by sitting down at the same table with him, made no remark at the time, dined, and resumed his journey. When he got to about three or four leagues from Xeres, in a sort of desert, full of briars and pitfalls, he very coolly took the Englishman by the collar and pitched him out of the carriage. 'There!' said he, 'you did not think me, Don Balbino Bustamante y Orozco, worthy to sit at your table; in my turn I don't think you worthy to sit beside me in my *calesin*. Adios.' And he drove on, leaving the unfortunate traveller to find his way to Xeres on foot.

"I give the preceding remarks as my impressions on what must strike every traveller who makes some stay in the country. There are, of course, many Spaniards who are active and laborious, and who seek with eagerness to attain the usual ends that men follow up in other countries; but these will be found to be the exceptions to the rule."

This singular picture of a state of things, which Englishmen can hardly imagine, is certainly not in favor of the regeneration or improvement of Spain. It is the natural result of the long duration of party strife. Where a man knows that he is exposed any day to see his house plundered by the undisciplined troops of some new pretender or rebel *junta*, or himself forced into exile by the advent of a fresh political faction to power, it discourages

him from investing either abilities or capital in a pursuit or profession. The Spaniard hides his money in a snug corner, or places it in foreign securities; but he is fond of his country, and cannot make up his mind to leave it, in spite of its unsettled and unprosperous state; so there he remains, living on from day to day, smoking his cigar, eating his *puchero*, and shrugging his shoulders at passing events.

At Malaga M. Gautier, as usual, pays a visit to the arena, and there has an opportunity of seeing the celebrated Montes, the Bayard of the bull-ring, the first *torero* of the day, who happened to be starring there, just as a popular actor might do in France or England. At the risk of extending this paper to an unreasonable length, we must give a few anecdotes of this modern gladiator, with which we will conclude our extracts.

"Montes is a native of Chiclana, near Cadiz. He is a man of forty to forty-five years of age, a little above the middle height, of grave aspect and deportment, deliberate in his movements, and of a pale olive complexion. There is nothing remarkable about him, except the quickness and mobility of his eyes. He appears more supple and active than robust, and owes his success as a bull-fighter to his coolness, correct eye, and knowledge of the art, rather than to any muscular strength. As soon as Montes sees a bull, he can judge the character of the beast; whether its attack will be straightforward or accompanied by stratagem; whether it is slow or rapid in its motions; whether its sight is good or otherwise. Thanks to this sort of intuitive perception, he is always ready with an appropriate mode of defence. Nevertheless, as he pushes his temerity to fool-hardiness, he has been often wounded in the course of his career, to one of which accidents a scar upon his cheek bears testimony. Several times he has been carried out of the circus grievously hurt.

"The day I saw him his costume was of the most elegant and costly description, composed of silk of an apple-green color, magnificently embroidered with silver. He is very rich, and only continues to frequent the bull-ring from taste and love of the excitement, for he has amassed more than fifty thousand dollars; a large sum, if we consider the great expenses which the *matadores* are put to in dress, and in travelling from one town to another, accompanied by their *quadrilla* or assistant bull-fighters. One costume often costs fifteen hundred or two thousand francs.

"Montes does not content himself, like most *matadores*, with killing the bull when the signal of his death is given. He superintends and directs the combat, and goes to the assistance of those who are in danger. More than one *torero* has owed him his life. Once a bull had overturned a horse and rider, and, after goring the former in a frightful manner, was making violent efforts to get at the latter, who was sheltered under the body of his steed. Montes seized the ferocious beast by the tail, and turned him round three or four times, amidst the frantic applause of the spectators, thus giving time to extricate the fallen man. Sometimes he plants himself in front of the bull, with crossed arms, and fixes his eyes upon those of the animal, which stops suddenly, subjugated by that keen and steadfast gaze. Then comes the torrent

of applause, shouts, vociferations, screams of delight; a sort of delirium seems to seize the fifteen thousand spectators, who stamp and dance upon their benches in a state of the wildest excitement; every handkerchief is waved, every hat thrown into the air; while Montes, the only collected person amongst this mad multitude, enjoys his triumph in silence, and bows slightly, with the air of a man capable of much greater things. For such applause as that, I can understand a man's risking his life every minute of the day. It is worth while. Oh! ye golden-throated singers, ye fairy-footed dancers, ye emperors and poets, who flatter yourselves that you have excited popular enthusiasm, you never heard Montes applauded by a crowded circus.

"Occasionally it happens that the spectators themselves beg him to perform some of his feats of address. A pretty girl will call out to him, 'Vamos! Señor Montes, vamos, Paquirro;' (which is his Christian name,) 'you who are so gallant, do something for a lady's sake; *una cosa*, some trifling matter.' Then Montes puts his foot on the bull's head, and jumps over him; or else shakes his cloak in the animal's face, by a rapid movement envelopes himself in it so as to form the most graceful drapery, and then, by a spring on one side avoids the rush of the irritated brute.

"In spite of Montes' popularity, he received, on the day on which I saw him, rather a rough proof of the impartiality of a Spanish public, and of the extent to which it pushes its love of fair play towards beasts as well as men.

"A magnificent black bull was turned into the arena, and from the manner in which he made his entrance, the connoisseurs augured great things of him. He united all the qualities desirable in a fighting bull: his horns were long and sharp; his legs small and nervous, promising great activity; his large dewlap and symmetrical form indicated vast strength. Without a moment's delay he rushed upon the nearest *picador*, and knocked him over, killing his horse with a blow; he then went to the second, whom he treated in like manner, and whom they had scarcely time to lift over the barrier, and get out of harm's way. In less than a quarter of an hour, he had killed seven horses: the chulos, or footmen, were intimidated, and shook their scarlet cloaks at a respectful distance, keeping near the palisades, and jumping over as soon as the bull showed signs of approaching them. Montes himself seemed disconcerted, and had once even placed his foot on the sort of ledge which is nailed to the barriers at the height of two feet from the ground, to assist the bull-fighters in leaping over. The spectators shouted with delight, and paid the bull the most flattering compliments. Presently, a new exploit of the animal raised their enthusiasm to the very highest pitch.

"The two *picadores* or horsemen were disabled, but a third appeared, and, lowering the point of his lance, awaited the bull, which attacked him furiously; and, without allowing itself to be turned aside by a thrust in the shoulder, put its head under the horse's belly, with one jerk threw his forefoot on the top of the barrier, and with a second, raising his hind quarter, threw him and his rider fairly over the wall into the *corridor* or passage, between the first and second barriers.

"Such a feat as this was unheard of, and it was rewarded by thunders of *bravos*. The bull remained master of the field of battle, which he paraded in triumph, amusing himself, for want of better

adversaries, with tossing about the carcasses of the dead horses. He had killed them all; the circus stable was empty. The *banderilleros* remained sitting astride upon the barriers, not daring to come down and harass the bull with their *banderillas* or darts. The spectators impatient at this inaction, shouted out '*Las banderillas! Las banderillas!*' and '*Fuego al Alcalde!*'—to the fire with the Alcalde; because he did not give the order to attack. At last, on a sign from the governor of the town, a *banderillero* advanced, planted a couple of darts in the neck of the bull, and ran off as fast as he could, but scarcely quick enough, for his arm was grazed, and the sleeve of his jacket rent by the beast's horn. Then, in spite of the hooting of the spectators, the Alcalde ordered Montes to despatch the bull, although in opposition to the laws of *taumachia*, which require the bull to have received four pairs of *banderillas* before he is left to the sword of the *matador*.

"Montes, instead of advancing as usual into the middle of the arena, placed himself at about twenty paces from the barrier, so as to be nearer a refuge in case of accident; he looked very pale, and without indulging in any of those little bits of display, the sort of coquetry of courage, which have procured him the admiration of all Spain, he unfolded his scarlet *muleta* and shook it at the bull, who at once rushed at him, and almost as instantly fell, as if struck by a thunderbolt. One convulsive bound, and the huge animal was dead. The sword had entered the forehead and pierced the brain; a thrust which is forbidden by the regulations of the bull-ring. The *matador* ought to pass his arm between the horns of the beast and stab him in the nape of the neck; that being the most dangerous way for the man, and consequently giving the bull a better chance.

"Soon as it was ascertained how the bull had been killed, a storm of indignation burst from the spectators; such a hurricane of abuse and hisses as I had never before witnessed. Butcher, assassin, brigand, thief, executioner, were the mildest terms employed. 'To the galleys with Montes! To the fire with Montes! To the dogs with him!' But words were soon not enough. Fans, hats, sticks, fragments torn from the benches, water jars, every available missile, in short, was hurled into the ring. As to Montes, his face was perfectly green with rage, and I noticed that he bit his lips till they bled; although he endeavored to appear unmoved, and remained leaning with an air of affected grace upon his sword, from the point of which he had wiped the blood in the sand of the arena.

"So frail a thing is popularity. No one would have thought it possible before that day, that so great a favorite and consummate a bull-fighter as Montes would have been punished thus severely for an infraction of a rule, which was doubtless rendered absolutely necessary by the agility, vigor, and extraordinary fury of the animal with which he had to contend. There was another bull to be killed, but it was José Parra, the second *matador*, who despatched it, its death passing almost unnoticed in the midst of the tumult and indignation of the spectators. The fight over, Montes got into a *calesin* with his *quadrilla*, and left the town, shaking the dust from his feet, and swearing by all the saints that he would never return to Malaga."

And here we must conclude our notice of this very agreeable book, although we had marked many other passages for extract. M. Gautier is

evidently a man of observation and judgment; and he, moreover, betrays, in the course of his descriptions and investigations, a knowledge of the history of the scenes he visits, and a strong feeling for art and poetry. He would have written an amusing work on a far less interesting country than the one through which he has been recently travelling.

#### CHEAP COPYRIGHT BOOKS.

We have pleasure in adverting to the several publishing enterprises now on foot for the wider diffusion of original or copyright books. The portion of the public which we address cannot, we believe, be over-informed with regard to the means which exist for becoming possessed of a collection of books—a personal or family library—consisting not of works in an antiquated taste, which they would little regard, but of books by modern and living authors, communicating knowledge in its most approved forms, or conveying such productions of fancy as the feelings of breathing men can respond to. Foremost in the list stands Mr. Murray's *Home and Colonial Library*, commenced in the latter part of 1843, and of which eleven volumes have already made their appearance. There has been, in our opinion, no "library" comparable to this. It seems to us fully to realize for the first time the magnificent idea of the Czar Constable, as described in the life of Scott, and to be what his *Miscellany* unfortunately failed to be, in consequence of the erroneous typographical arrangements. Here (speaking roundly) what Constable gave in two volumes at seven shillings, is given in one at half-a-crown. And the books—in consequence of Mr. Murray's extensive possessions of literary property—are all of first-rate character. Borrow's Bible in Spain, one of the most original and interesting books of personal narrative in our language; Miss Rigby's delightful letters from the Baltic; and Irby and Mangles' *Travels in the Holy Land*, are examples of the books of recent date. Drinkwater's *History of the Siege of Gibraltar* is an instance of copyrights of older standing. Of books altogether original—an element requiring critical management, but of great importance—we have as yet but one example; a most spirited, amusing, and instructive narrative of personal adventure in Western Barbary, by Mr. Drummond Hay, son of the consul at Tangier. The quantity of paper and print given in such a case is less than in the reprinted books; but still the fact shines clear, that a book which in ordinary circumstances would be published at twelve or fourteen shillings, and addressed of course only to the affluent classes, is in this mode presented at half-a-crown, so as to be accessible to a vastly larger body of people. We sincerely hope that this scheme will meet with the large encouragement which it so richly merits.

Mr. Knight's *Weekly Volumes for all Readers* is a more daring scheme, and one which it will be more difficult to conduct successfully, in as far as it demands a quicker supply of material, and proposes to be more original. The publisher has, however, large stores at command, including an unprecedented quantity of available illustrations in wood. A volume of two hundred and forty pages—albeit these are small—at one shilling, is a genuine bargain; so much so that one feels unavoidably some concern respecting the publisher's

profit. The first publication is a life of William Caxton, the early English printer, by Mr. Knight himself—an exceedingly pleasing volume, though hardly, we would fear, suitable to the taste of the large body appealed to. The second is a tasteful selection from the papers in the *Lowell Offering*—an annual, as many of our readers are aware, produced by the factory girls of the chief manufacturing town in America. For rural book-clubs, and the libraries connected with regiments, prisons, &c., a series of good books in this form would be highly appropriate; and the *Weekly Volume* will serve the end, and obtain the success, if its materials shall be found adapted to popular taste; upon that all will depend.

It may not be inappropriate here to remark, that the earliest cheap editions of classical English books were Cooke's, published about the close of the last century in sixpenny numbers, each embellished with a tasteful copper engraving. Many men now in middle life must have agreeable reminiscences of the weekly treat furnished by the paternal generosity which had enabled them to become subscribers to Cooke's editions. Thereafter, Walker's and Sottaby's editions of the *British Classics*—rival series of identical form, and that rather too small and of too minute typography, yet withal neat—contended for patronage, and met a large sale. In the same taste was Dove's series, published about seventeen years ago. Somewhat earlier, Mr. Limbird, a bookseller in the Strand, produced a series of cheap classics in octavo, double columns, the most economical form in which books can be published. They were homely in style, but, as far as we are aware, they had the merit of being the first of their genus. In similar taste were Jones' editions of the classics, a series which included, however, a more voluminous class of books. The publication of cheap reprints had experienced a lull of several years, when, in 1836, we commenced those styled *People's Editions*, which, meeting with decided success, brought several similar series into the field, including the elegant one of Mr. Smith of Fleet Street. The impulse thus communicated was also the means of inducing several publishers, as Messrs. Whittaker & Co., Mr. Murray, and Mr. Moxon, to present various copyright books in their possession in a similar form. Great benefit has thus been conferred upon the public. Modern books are no longer exclusive to the rich. Tradesmen and artisans may now possess themselves of little libraries, which shall include some of the best productions of contemporary talent. It is at the same time worthy of notice, that the vast sale of these cheap reprints, in addition to the large quantities of cheap periodical works, has not been attended by any diminution of the number of new publications. The number of distinct books published for the first time in 1842 was 2193, whereas the number in 1832 was only 1525, the aggregate value or selling prices in the two cases being respectively £968, and £807.

After all, is the diffusion of literature at, or even near its ultimatum? We greatly suspect not. Suppose there is so large a sale as thirty thousand for either Mr. Murray's or Mr. Knight's series, what is it in comparison with the millions of the population of this land! Only one person in a thousand has a book. Grant that three hundred thousand cheap sheets are circulated weekly, only one person in a hundred has a sheet. There is surely much yet to be done to bring a healthy and



acceptable literature to all doors. And for this purpose we state, as our deliberate opinion, that the abolition of the duty upon paper and the unrestricted importation of rags from all parts of the world, are necessary. The paper being the principal material, upon its cheapness almost everything depends. There is on this subject a prevalent fallacy, to the effect that the reduction to be accomplished by these means is so small on the few sheets constituting a book, that it would not tell. And it is pointed out that the taking away of the duty would not lower the price of any existing periodical. It is not considered how greatly the price of a paper affects a cheap work, or how, while existing works remain priced as before, the savings thus effected, and the temptation of a cheaper article are apt to engender new speculations, in which the benefit of the reduction is fully realized by the public.

From Hood's Magazine.

#### THE FIRST VALENTINE.

THE matron brought a casket fair  
To show the laughing girls;  
Her early jewels treasured there,  
And all her bridal pearls.  
But much they marvelled, one and all,  
What wondrous chance had placed  
Among such precious things a scroll  
By youthful fingers traced.  
For many a quaint and fair device  
Illumed that fairy page,  
That well might charm a maiden's eyes,  
But not the glance of age.  
And yet the matron said, "Though rare  
The gems that round it shine,  
They ne'er can claim such love and care  
As my first Valentine.

"It was the hand of love and faith  
That penned the gentle words,  
Whose music woke, like summer's breath,  
My young heart's hidden chords.  
But oh! the world's gold parted us,  
For in my kindred's view,  
It made all lovely furrowed brows,  
And gray locks golden too.  
The curls were dark and long that won  
My youth's enchanted gaze;  
But none can tell what fortune shone  
Upon their after days:  
Yet now, when youth and love are o'er,  
And age hath silvered mine,  
Life hath no treasure valued more  
Than my first Valentine.

"For still it seems the only wreck  
Of all my perished youth,  
That brings unchanged, unblighted back,  
Its early love and truth:  
And oft from friendship false or chill,  
From many wastes of care,  
My soul hath turned to find a rill  
Of purer waters there.  
Oh! blessed be the saving art,  
That keeps untarnished still  
The hidden jewels of the heart,  
Through years of change and ill!  
For oft our best affections round  
Such frail memorials twine,  
With memory's brightest tendrils bound,  
Like my first Valentine.

FRANCES BROWN.

*Stranorlar, January 10th, 1844.*

**VEGETABLE PHENOMENON.**—In the garden of W. Grimstone, Esq., of the Herbarry, Highgate, is now to be seen a pea-plant in full bearing, which is remarkably illustrative of the great length of time the germinating property can continue in seeds. This plant was produced from one of three peas presented to the above gentleman by J. T. Pettigrew, Esq., surgeon, of Saville-row, having been taken by the latter and the authorities at the British Museum from one of the vases recently extracted from an Egyptian sarcophagus, and where, according to computation, the vases with their contents must have remained for no less a period than 2844 years. The vases contained a large quantity of dust, supposed to be the decomposition of a number of grains of wheat, vetch, and other peas. Some of the grains of wheat have been sown and found productive, but the vetch peas have not germinated; the other pea, resembling the British culinary pea, has in the above instance been tried effectually. The three peas were placed by Mr. Grimstone's gardener in a hot-bed, and watched with great care. After some time one only was found to sprout: it gradually increased in height, growing like a sprout, and finally burst forth a beautiful white bloom, with green stripes, having only four petals; (an English pea having five;) at the end of each are three singular fangs. Each flower was of a bell-shape, something like a convolvulus, but not so large, from the centre of which the pods have shot forth, and are now 19 in number, and fit to gather, and they are in shape something between our marrowfat and scimitar peas. They have of course not been tried, but it is believed they are suitable for culinary purposes, judging from the blossoms having been white. Mr. Pettigrew, and several eminent botanists, scientific and other gentlemen have seen this vegetable phenomenon, and take great interest in it.

**THE ABOLITION OF IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.**—The above act, which received the royal assent on Friday by commission, came into operation on Saturday, when a number of debtors who had been imprisoned in the different metropolitan prisons for debts under 20*l.* were liberated. The sheriffs of London and Middlesex, as well as of Surrey, have given directions to the keepers of the respective gaols in the county not to take in any person whose debt is under the sum stated in the act. By the operation of this act one of the gaols will be entirely abolished, at the same time effecting a saving to the City of London of between 400*l.* and 500*l.* a-year. The prison alluded to is the Borough Compter, situate in Mill-street, Tooley-street, the establishment of which consists of a chaplain, governor, matron, and turnkeys, while the class of persons committed were those taken in execution under process from the Borough Court of Requests on tally bills. Strange as it may appear yet it is no less true, that within the last seven years there have only been three persons confined within the walls of the above prison, whose debt, on which the arrest was founded, exceeded 20*l.* Some idea of the immense number of persons summoned to these minor courts, may be formed when it is stated that the fees to the two clerks of the Borough Court of Requests exceed 1200*l.* annually, which are paid by the unfortunate debtor. As the law of arrest is thus abolished, summonses will, of course, decrease. It is said that those persons whose vested rights have been injured by the new act intend to apply, as the town clerks of the old corporations did on the passing of the Reform act, for compensation.

## ANOTHER NOTICE OF LORD MALMESBURY.

[We make a second notice of the Correspondence of Lord Malmesbury, by taking part of an article in the *Athenæum*.]

JAMES, the first Earl of Malmesbury, who died in the year 1820, was, in anxious and troubled times, one of those shrewd, active, and intelligent watchmen abroad, who are so important to the governing power at home, for detecting the springs of continental political movement, and conducting into its hands some of the threads of European intrigue. For thirty years of his life, he was engaged in important diplomatic services, without being ever committed to the dissensions of party politics at home. The nature of such employment was eminently agreeable to his temper and talents; and his partizanship was too undecided to make the vicissitudes of ministry at home interfere with its indulgence. Under successive administrations, he retained his representative character, always earnest about the work which he had in hand, and meeting, at all times, the approbation of the ministers whom he served. His professed politics were those of a moderate whig; and he was amongst those who, with the Duke of Portland, abandoned Fox, when that minister declared in favor of the French republic. He lived to survive many of those with whom he had acted,—long enough to see the complete temporary triumph of those principles which had long directed the former policy of this country—it may be, nevertheless, to question their soundness—though not long enough, by a few years, to witness their subversion. His diaries and correspondence form a publication of considerable interest; to which the editor contributes nothing more than a short memoir, and a few connecting remarks, linking together dates and transactions, and forming a sort of head-notes to the text.

Though Lord Malmesbury was, in a great measure, the architect of his personal fortunes, yet a solid and favorable foundation had been laid for them by his father—a distinguished scholar, known for his “*Philosophical Treatises*,” and his grammar, “*Hermes*,”—the friend of Handel, who bequeathed to him his manuscript operas,—and, ere he died, a lord of the treasury, and secretary and comptroller of the queen’s household. To this father, he delights on all occasions to refer the successes of his future life:—

“To my father’s precepts and example I owe every good quality I have. To his reputation, to his character, I attribute my more than common success in life. It was these that introduced me with peculiar advantage into the world; it was as his son that I first obtained friends and patrons. I had nothing in myself, (and I speak at the distance of thirty-five years,) not from affected modesty, but from a powerful recollection of what there was to entitle me to notice. Once, indeed, placed in a conspicuous and responsible situation, I was anxious to act becomingly in it; and even here, I recur with pleasure to the same grateful source; for

while my father lived (which was during the first twelve years of my public life) the strongest incentive I had to exert myself was in the satisfaction I knew he would derive from any credit I might acquire, and the many and distinguished honors I have since received have suffered a great diminution in my estimation from his being no longer a witness to them.”

After leaving Winchester and Oxford, Mr. Harris was sent to study at Leyden; and at this period began the journals, which he appears to have kept with great diligence ever afterwards. Our editor’s extracts, however, commence at a later period, during a tour which his ancestor undertook in various parts of Europe, including a visit to Berlin and Warsaw, during the reigns of the Great Frederick, as he is called, and the unfortunate Stanislaus Augustus. To the multitude of anecdotes, which history, biography, and memoir of every kind, have contributed to the picture of the former monarch’s remarkable character, the present columns make some curious additions:—

\* \* “As proofs of his meanness, one might cite the smallness of his pay to all about his court, and employed by him; but above all, the economy that is attended to in all manner of festivities given at his expense. On these occasions, he suffers no one to interfere, but orders everything, down to the quantity of wax candles, himself. I had frequent opportunities of observing this at the feast given in honor of the Prince of Dessau’s marriage, at which I was present. All the apartments, except those immediately dedicated to supper or cards, were lighted by one single candle. The supper itself was badly served, and without dessert—the wines bad, and the quantity of them stinted. I asked, after dancing, for some wine and water, and was answered, ‘The wine is all gone, but you may have some tea.’ \* \* I saw the king, myself, directing his servants in the lighting up the ball-room, and telling them where, and how, they should place the candles. While this operation was performing, the queen, the royal family, and company, were waiting literally in the dark, as his majesty did not begin this ceremony till supper was finished, and no one dared presume to give orders to have it done. \* \* The hatred between the late kings of Prussia and England began by the quarrel they had when boys, and was carried on with the greatest inveteracy, on both sides, to the day of their deaths. George called Frederick ‘*Mon frère le Sergent*,’ and Frederick, George ‘*Mon frère le maître-à-danser*.’ When the king of Prussia was on his death-bed, and was surrounded by his queen, his sons, &c., he asked the priest, ‘Must I, to go to Paradise, forgive all my enemies?’ On receiving for answer that without it, it was impossible, he turned round to his queen, and said, ‘*Eh bien donc, Dorotheë, écrivez, à votre frère, dites lui que je lui pardonne tout le mal qu’il m’a fait. Oui, dit-il, dites lui que je lui pardonne, mais attendez que je sois mort.*’” [Well Dorothy, write to your brother, and tell him that I forgive him all the injury he has done me. Yes, said he, tell him I forgive him, but wait till I am dead.]

On this visit to Warsaw, Mr. Harris had an opportunity of making an intimate acquaintance with the high and endearing character of the King

Stanislaus, and was a sympathizing witness to those humiliations which were gradually preparing the final extinction of the nationality of Poland. The Diet was, at this time, overawed by the Russian troops, and forced by violence into the adoption of suicidal measures, which were made the pretext for demanding others :—

“ Prince Repnin, the Russian ambassador, plays a much greater part at Warsaw than the king. It fell in my way to be almost every day in his company; and the tone he takes is so high towards the men of the first distinction, and of such an overbearing gallantry towards the women, that it is quite shocking. In the delegation, he orders with the most despotic sway, and immediately silences any one that presumes to speak against his will, by saying that such is not the pleasure of the empress; she will have it otherwise. He treats all in the same cavalier manner—even the king. I was the unfortunate go-between to them, at a masquerade at Prince Radzivil's, concerning dancing. His majesty had a mind to stay till the room wherein we had supped was cleared, &c., it being larger, before he began to dance. Prince Repnin was more impatient, and was for immediately beginning in another. The king desired me, on my telling him that the dance was going to begin, to say to Repnin that he chose to wait till a larger apartment was prepared. Repnin told me, by way of answer, to say to the king, ‘ *Cela ne se peut pas, et s'il ne vient pas, nous commencerons sans lui.*’ [That cannot be, and if he do not come we shall begin without him.] The consequence of which was, his majesty quietly coming to dance.

\* \* Instances of the omnipotence of the Russian ambassador offer themselves every day. At the prime's, it was a question of some of the ancient Polish monarchs, who being driven from their own kingdom, were obliged, by way of support, to exercise some trade—one particularly, who, for a while, was a goldsmith at Florence. The present king, discoursing on this topic, said, ‘He should be extremely embarrassed if he was to be put to the trial, as he knew no way of getting his livelihood.’ ‘*Pardonnez, Sire,*’ said the ambassador, ‘*Votre Majesté sait toujours très bien danser.*’

\* \* I have frequently known the players delay beginning the play, because this great ambassador was not arrived, even when his majesty has been waiting in his box near an hour.”

The following is a fine picture—a fitting companion to the king's; and both represent subjects of that class, on whom the gods are said to look down with peculiar favor :—

“ Prince Czartoriski, great chancellor of Lithuania, and eldest uncle to the king, was destined by the empress to be crushed; and she had, through her ambassador, signified to him that if he did not lay down his charge, and retire *à ses terres*, he should be tried, condemned, and executed. His answer was, ‘*Je n'ai pas reçu mon emploi de sa Majesté Impériale, ainsi elle me pardonnera si je ne veux pas m'en défaire à sa requête. Je suis vieux, très vieux, et elle me fera très peu de mal en m'ôtant le peu de jours qui me restent. Mais j'ai trop de soin de ma gloire, pour ternir la veille d'une vie qui, j'ose le dire, a été passée sans tache, au service de ma patrie, par un acte, que le monde, avec raison, condamnera comme lâche et intéressée.*’

[I did not receive my commission from her imperial majesty, and therefore she will pardon me if I do not lay it down at her request. I am old, very old, and she will not do me much harm in taking away the few days which remain. But I value my character too much to tarnish the close of a life, which I am bold to say has been passed without blemish, in the service of my country, by an act which the world would rightly condemn as cowardly and selfish.] In consequence of this manly answer, the ambassador told him he must prepare for his destiny; that at the approaching diet his trial would come on, and that he might easily foresee his fate; that, however, from his great rank and known honesty, he would not seize his person till that time, and that he advised him, in the interim, to settle all he could to the advantage of his family. During this interim, I dined with him more than once, and it was a pleasing sight to behold with what fortitude and magnanimity he bore his fate. Sitting at the head of a long table, surrounded by his family and friends, and doing its honors with the same cheerfulness and cordiality as if nothing had befallen him, addressing himself to each of his guests with the greatest ease and good humor, inquiring of the strangers the difference of the manners, customs, &c., of their respective countries, and of his countrymen little interesting facts relative to his own. Never absent, nor buried in thought, and still doing, as a chancellor, his business, with the same exactitude as before. All this, I say, would, at any time, have been striking in a man near fourscore; but when one adds, that this old man, when he did so, was, in a manner, under condemnation, it makes the circumstance still more to be admired. The king's great humanity saved him; for, though Czartoriski had opposed him strongly, yet, on this occasion, his majesty interested himself so warmly for him, and made such a point of getting his pardon, that the empress at last granted it him.”

In 1768, Mr. Harris was appointed secretary of legation, under Sir James Gray, the British minister at the court of Madrid; and, in August, 1769, was left there *chargé de affaires*. Here he was called upon suddenly to undertake, upon his own responsibility, the affair of the Falkland Islands; and gave, in his promptitude, firmness, temper, and sagacity, the earliest proofs of those diplomatic capacities, which were not afterwards suffered to rust, for want of exercise. The successful issue of this negotiation obtained for him the rank of minister-plenipotentiary, at the early age of twenty-four; and in the following year he was appointed minister at the court of Berlin. His principal occupation, here, was to watch the progress of that partition scheme, which dismembered Poland, and is the most atrocious act of political profligacy on the page of modern history. Mr. Harris' sagacity divined, with remarkable acuteness, what was going on, and he kept his court unceasingly informed of all he knew, and all he suspected. Yet, not a voice was raised for the unhappy victim of these burlgarious intrigues,—which reflect infinite discredit on more parties than an Englishman likes to reckon. Lord Suffolk, the foreign secretary of the day, was inquisitive enough—but no remon-

stances escaped his official lips, during the ripening of the crime,—and, on its perpetration, he is content to pronounce it a “curious transaction.” His answer to the declaration of dismemberment, made to him by the ministers of the three robber-powers, ventured upon nothing stronger than the following :—

“Le Roi veut bien supposer, que les trois Cours sont convaincues de la justice de leurs prétentions respectives, quoique Sa Majesté n'est pas informée des motifs de leur conduite.” You will observe (he says, to Mr. Harris) on the terms in which I express myself, that, though this mode of expression was preferable to an absolute silence, the utmost caution has been used not to convey any favorable sentiments of a transaction, which, from its inconsistency with national equity and public honor, must engage his majesty's disapprobation; though it has not been so immediately interesting as to deserve his interposition.”

The following anecdote of one of Frederick's generals is characteristic :—

“You have heard of the famous General Zedlitz; he owed his fortune to an anecdote which came to my knowledge only a few days ago. When simple lieutenant, he happened to be near his Prussian majesty on a bridge which crossed the Oder. The king asked him, if both the avenues of the bridge were possessed by the enemy, what he would do to disengage himself. Zedlitz, without making an answer, immediately leaped his horse over the rails into the river, and, notwithstanding its breadth and rapidity, swam safe ashore. The king, who took it for granted, he must be drowned, on seeing him come towards him said, ‘Monsieur le Major, je vous prie de ne plus faire de coups pareils.’”

Mr. Harris left Berlin, in the autumn of 1776; and, in the following year, was sent as minister to the court of the Empress Catherine II., at Petersburg. “Here,” says the noble editor, “he had to struggle against the implacable enmity of Frederick to England and our ministers, and with the empress' false professions of friendship for a country, which she was rejoiced to see occupied, and occupying France in a hot war, while she matured her projects against Turkey.” During the whole of his lengthened residence in this country, he was engaged in an unsuccessful attempt to effect a change in the composition of the European alliances; and of the war system which had so long predominated at home, one painful and degrading consequence was, the suppliant attitude in which it brought us before this haughty and debauched woman. England cuts but a sorry figure in these pages, notwithstanding the skill and character of her negotiator. Abundant materials did he find, here, for the exercise of his ingenuity and penetration. Diplomacy—at no time a very stately game, dealing too much in bye-play and reservations to be ranked in the highest class of intellectual exercises—becomes repulsive and hopeless, amid the intrigues, hypocrisies and vanities of a profligate court like Catherine's. All the envoy's

acuteness served only to warn him of deceit, but not to read its ciphers. It is no reproach to any man, that he could not steer his way through the holes and corners of such a diplomacy as the Russian,—full of pit-falls, and passages returning upon themselves, and alleys winding away in circles.

On Sir James Harris' return from St. Petersburg, he was appointed, by Mr. Fox, to the Hague, in the hope, says the noble editor,—

“That he would banish the harsh feelings retained by the republic towards England, after the severe lessons we had taught her during the last war; and that the English party, which were identified with the Stadtholder, might recover from the patriots and French faction the ascendancy they had lost. The Bourbons had been, and were still, playing the blind and desperate game against us in Holland, which they had successfully used in America; and encouraged the Dutch democrats with money, and promises to establish a pure republic independent of the Stadtholder. They hoped thus to render the states a French province. Our object was to fortify the national independence of Holland under its ancient constitution, and recover her friendship and alliance. In this trial of skill, we were completely victorious, mainly owing to the boldness and ability of Sir J. Harris, who may be said to have created, fostered and matured a counter revolution in the states, which restored to the Stadtholder his power, to England her ally, and left nothing for the king of France but the deeper infection of those dangerous doctrines, which his ministers, in their eagerness to spread them amongst his enemies, received into the vitals of his kingdom, to burst forth for its destruction in 1789. History affords no instance of a political retribution so rapid and so crushing.”

Having rescued the Stadtholder and Holland from subjection to France, by a plan wholly his own, conducted with great spirit and perseverance, and exhibiting him in the most conspicuous exercise of his powers of observation and combination, he effected a treaty between England and Holland and England and Prussia, was made ambassador at the Hague, and created Baron Malmesbury in 1788. In no part of his services, does he appear in a character so energetic and enterprising as in this Dutch revolution; (for it was little less;) and his despatches on the subject are full of interest, but do not readily admit of extract, save on a larger scale than our space permits.

The special missions mentioned in the title page will, we suppose, furnish the subject of future volumes, and with a detached anecdote or two we must conclude :—

“The king asked Woronzow, the late chancellor of Russia, why the Jews were not tolerated at Petersburg. The other, after having taken some time to consider, very gravely answered, ‘Sire, parcequ'ils ont crucifié notre Seigneur.’”

At Dresden :—

“When it was told the king that we had taken Quebec, he turned about to Sir Andrew Mitchell, who was near him, and said, ‘Est-ce vrai qu'à la fin vous avez pris Quebec?’ ‘Oui, Sire,’ said Sir

Andrew, 'par l'aide de Dieu.' 'Comment,' dit le Roi, 'le bon Dieu est-il aussi de vos alliés ?' 'Oui, Sire, et c'est le seul à qui nous ne payions pas de subsides,' answered Sir Andrew."

"The queen very unfortunate in her great marshals; the present Watersleben, a most empty fellow; on presenting you he tells you, 'Peut-être sa Majesté vous parlera, en ce cas-là il faut lui répondre, et n'oubliez pas toujours de faire une révérence.

*The Jesuits and their Mission to Chiquitos in South America*—[*Die Jesuiten*, &c.] By MORITZ BACH. London, Williams & Norgate.

THE enterprise of the Jesuits in South America has still considerable interest for those who would investigate the principles of missionary operations. It is worse than useless to turn any such accounts as those in the tract before us to a partizan purpose, either on one side or the other. The philosopher, in studying the principles which have assisted or hindered the progress of humanity, will know nothing of party names. Such words as "Jesuit," "monk," or "heretic," will not suffice with him, either to justify or to condemn the principles to which they may be attached.

The pamphlet before us by no means proves the writer to be a philosopher, though he is not, exactly, a common partizan. He seems to pride himself on being a pure man of fact, observing outward and visible signs, and eschewing all discussion of principles. Thus, says he, "in the days of the Jesuits, houses were better built, fields were better cultivated, the people were better clothed, fed, and instructed:—therefore, the sway of the Jesuits was salutary, and their expulsion from the country was a great evil." But while the author is decidedly in favor, not only of the objects, but also of the *modus operandi* of the missionaries, his narrative has still an air of impartiality, as it not only describes, *con amore*, the beautiful phenomena produced by the skill and labor of the Jesuits among the Indians of Chiquitos, but fairly exposes in some instances, the insecure basis of credulity and superstition upon which arose,

"As with the stroke of an enchanter's wand,"

a hasty structure of civilization among the children of the forest. These three points are made clear enough:—first, that a considerable degree of civilization was rapidly produced among the Indians by the Jesuits—secondly, that, in a very great measure, this amelioration was founded rather upon superstition than upon rational conviction—and thirdly, that, on the expulsion of the missionaries, it rapidly passed away. Now our author never intimates any connection between the second and the third of these observations, but chooses to account for the speedy decay of the civilization of Chiquitos entirely by a change of government, without any consideration of its own intrinsic defects.

Some of his readers will be inclined to think

that, whatever oppressive measures may have attended the banishment of the missionaries, a well-founded civilization would not so soon have passed away, even under the most unfavorable circumstances. It may be said, the Indians had to pass through the childhood of civilization under the Jesuits; but the question remains, was there any progression towards manhood! Our author, who has had considerable opportunities of observing the actual state of the Indians of Chiquitos, and tracing the vestiges left by the missionaries in various parts of the country, professes to tell a plain story of facts, without entering upon any discussion of the two opposite principles upon which missionary enterprise may be conducted—one allowing and the other disallowing that mode of action which has been viciously styled "pious fraud." The temptation to adopt this artifice must be great for all who would exercise a speedy influence upon the savage mind; but we would maintain that truth, fairly though slowly unfolded, has power to command the reverence and obedience even of the savage mind, while even the savage is still further degraded by subjection to any authority not founded in truth. But we must give a few short extracts from the pamphlet; and, first, we may notice the circumstances which favored our author's observations.

I have lived eight years in the province of Chiquitos, and am secretary of the newly established province of Otquis in the south of Chiquitos, of which I gave a description some years ago. For twenty years I have lived in South America, and have become acquainted with Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso, the Peruvian departments, Lima, Arequipa, Puno, and Cuzco, nearly the whole of Bolivia and the Brazilian provinces, Matagrosso, Goyaz, San Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, and Minas Geraes. The information which I have gained during my travels through these parts of South America, and, especially, during my residence in Chiquitos, as well as from the study of old books and manuscripts which I have found, half-decayed, in the sacristies of the churches, has given rise to the following observations respecting the missions of the Jesuits in Chiquitos.

Here is a specimen of an ecclesiastical drama in Chiquitos:—

In San Xavier I was present in the church during the representation of "Christ Betrayed." When the preacher arrived at a certain part of his discourse, a wild outcry was heard outside of the church, and, suddenly, twelve Indians, with fierce visages and clothed in a wild fashion to represent Jews, burst into the congregation. The first carried a ladder, the second a cock, the third a spear, the fourth a sword, the fifth a scourge, the sixth a gun, the seventh a crown of thorns, the eighth a cross, the ninth a shell of *chicha*, (for vinegar,) the tenth a hammer and nails, the eleventh some ropes, and the twelfth, who represented Judas, had a monstrously long nose, and carried a bag full of stones, instead of silver pieces which he swung boastfully around his head. The music struck up a gay measure, and the twelve Jews danced round the scaffold on which stood the figure of Christ,

amid the beating of drums, the blowing of horns, and growling like that of bears. The women and children who were present screamed; the men stared in amazement; the Spaniards laughed; and the preacher, louder than all the rest, went on in his discourse. At last, Judas danced alone awhile, then approached the scaffold, and struck his bag of supposed money as hard as he could upon it. Immediately his accomplices threw their cords about the scaffold, took it upon their shoulders, and danced away with it out of the church. At this crisis the church presented a scene of horror and amazement: the women screamed as if possessed, and tore out their hair; the men seemed desperate, and ready to rush upon the pretended Jews, had they not been held back by the church officers. I actually felt anxious for myself, while one of my companions, who sat beside me, crept under the seat, and another ran away as fast as he could. The preacher, meanwhile, like another St. Peter, hurled fiery denunciations against the traitorous Jews.

Of the accuracy of the writer's stories we can only judge by the general tone of honesty that runs through his pages, and the substantial agreement between his narrative and the accounts we have gathered from other sources. But there is room still for a more studious investigation of the relics of the ephemeral civilization in Chiquitos than Moritz Bach was disposed to bestow upon them. His account of the present condition of the Indians is unfavorable; but in the following paragraph, we think, we can find a natural connexion between the exotic virtues of former days and the degeneracy of the present day:—

In former days, (under the Jesuits,) when the Indians were better disciplined, stolen goods were often restored to their owners. Then the thief would bring to the priest, secretly, a knife, for instance, and receive absolution of his crime; and the priest would restore the knife to its rightful owner with these words, "God gives you your knife again on condition that you forgive the thief." At present stolen goods are never restored. \* \* \* The Indian of Chiquitos is a sluggard; he will allow the heavy rains to pour through the roof of his hut before he will move himself to repair it. He is a thief, and teaches his children to steal: when one of them brings home his first booty, his parents exclaim with pleasure, "ane apanacos!" (he is clever!) He is a miserable Christian, full of superstitions, goes from confession as from a tavern, loves mass for the sake of the music, church festivals for good fare and dancing, and believes in witches and ghosts; he is a liar, a bad father, son, brother, and husband, and a slanderer. But when the hour of life is spent, and death knocks at the door of his hut, he receives the call with a stoicism which would do honor to a Socrates: the greatest pains extort no cries from him, he receives the holy sacrament, lies down quietly, and dies with all the repose of a philosopher.

As to the probability of a connexion between the present degradation and a previous imaginary elevation of these Indians, we may form an opinion from the accounts given of the plans employed for their conversion and civilization:

The Indians were astonished at the first appearance of a Jesuit, and know not what to make of a man who came to them single and unarmed, who at once comprehended, as if by instinct, all their forms of salutation and social ceremony, who adopted their manners, and bestowed presents upon them. And what an effect must the first tones of the flute or the violin have had upon them! The tale is still told of one of the Jesuits who played long on the violin, and only begged, as a reward for his pains, that he might be allowed to sprinkle a little water upon the heads of the listening Indians. But this they would not grant—they would dance, but not be sprinkled. The obliging musician then seated himself under a tree, while the Indians surrounded him, beseeching that he would continue to play. "Bring me a little water," said he, "and I will play for you as long as you please." As soon as the water was fetched, they surrounded him again, while he sprinkled and fiddled, and fiddled and sprinkled, until both parties were fully satisfied. On another occasion the missionaries predicted an eclipse of the sun or the moon, at which the Indians laughed at first; but, when the phenomenon took place, they consented to be baptized, and yielded themselves to the sway of the Jesuits. In many instances the missionaries availed themselves of a knowledge of physics to attain their purposes. "C'est le premier pas qui coûte." When a horde of Indians was thus, in some measure, tamed and made nominally Christian, the Jesuits began to study the language and manners of the people. Soon after baptism, packages of all sorts of tools, clothing, ornaments, and convenient things were freely distributed among the neophytes. Houses began to be built, fields were sown and planted, and the Indians were instructed in the care of oxen, horses, sheep, goats, swine, and poultry. But care was taken lest the new converts should become disgusted with their toil; and, sometimes, tribes of Indians already civilized were called in to assist in the establishment of the new mission. Now, for the first time, some mention was made of the Christian religion: the missionary gave to the Indians some instruction concerning the Trinity, the Virgin, and the Saints, then built a chapel and introduced the mass, with prayers and preaching. Still the old forms of worship were retained, and treated with the utmost respect: for instance, in the morning a Christian mass was celebrated, but, in the evening a very different mass was performed, and the Jesuit himself danced and sung with the natives in honor of the old gods of the country. With slow but sure steps the labors of the new mission advanced towards their object. By degrees, almost imperceptible, the old heathenism vanished, and the new religion was established. \* \* \* Christianity, with all its ceremonies and solemnities, was intimately united with the daily life of the converted Indians. At four o'clock in the morning the father of every family began his domestic devotions by repeating the *Pater Noster*, the *Ave Maria*, or the *Credo*, followed by all the members of the household, still lying in their beds. Next, they went to mass, from which none dare be absent, the Jesuit frequently going his round at the time, and driving with his whip every one who stayed at home when not sick. \* \* \* At San José there is still to be seen, in a corner of the sacrista, the demon-figure prepared for his part in the penitential services of former days. The

Jesuit, after declaiming on the sins of the people, suddenly called out, "Now comes the devil to take you all!" At that moment the church doors were fastened, nearly all the lights were extinguished, and Satan came in upon a car, arrayed as a great black fellow, with fiery eyes, nose, and tongue, with horns, tail, and hoofs, while an Indian, concealed behind the figure, raised a terrible cry. The congregation, as may be easily imagined, were horror-struck and in despair, while the Jesuit proceeded to explain the designs of the evil one who moved about in the church. After some quarter of an hour spent in this exhibition, the preacher would say, "but, through the intercession of the Holy Virgin, grace is again afforded to you, and the devil shall not have you this time!" At this the black gentleman vanished, and the church was suddenly lighted up again. From this ceremony arose a very curious custom, still preserved among the Indians of San José, who include the arch-fiend in their prayers, as if they believed the proverb—"Es bueno tener amigos, mas que sea en los infernos."

The author concludes with a declamation upon the expulsion of the missionaries, and an egotistic trumpeting forth of his own good sense, candor, and impartiality. We leave the few paragraphs we have extracted from his pages to speak for themselves.

#### THE LOWELL OFFERING.

A LETTER FROM MISS MARTINEAU.

Your interest in this Lowell book can scarcely equal mine; for I have seen the factory girls in their Lyceum, and have gone over the cotton mills at Waltham, and made myself familiar on the spot with factory life in New England; so that in reading the "Offering," I saw again in my memory the street of houses built by the earnings of the girls, the church which is their property, and the girls themselves trooping to the mill, with their healthy countenances, and their neat dress and quiet manners, resembling those of the tradesman class of our country. My visit to Lowell was merely for one day, in company with Mr. Emerson's party,—he (the pride and boast of New England as an author and philosopher) being engaged by the Lowell factory people to lecture to them, in a winter course of historical biography. Of course the lectures were delivered in the evening, after the mills were closed. The girls were then working seventy hours a week, yet, as I looked at the large audience (and I attended more to them than the lecture) I saw no sign of weariness among any of them. There they sat, row behind row, in their own Lyceum—a large hall, wainscoted with mahogany, the platform carpeted, well lighted, provided with a handsome table, desk, and seat, and adorned with portraits of a few worthies; and as they thus sat listening to their lecturer, all wakeful and interested, all well-dressed and lady-like, I could not but feel my heart swell at the thought of what such a sight would be with us. The difference is not in rank, for these young people were all daughters of parents who earn their bread with their own hands. It is not in the amount of wages, however usual that supposition is, for they were then earning from one to three dollars a week, besides their food; the children one dollar (4s.3d.); the second-rate workers two dollars, and the best three; the cost of their dress and necessary com-

forts being much above what the same class expend in this country. It is not in the amount of toil; for, as I have said, they worked seventy clear hours per week. The difference was in their superior culture. Their minds are kept fresh, and strong, and free by knowledge and power of thought; and this is the reason why they are not worn and depressed under their labors. They begin with a poorer chance for health than our people, for the health of the New England women generally is not good, owing to circumstances of climate and other influences; but among the 3800 women and girls in the Lowell mills when I was there, the average of health was not lower than elsewhere; and the disease which was most mischievous was the same that proves most fatal over the whole country—consumption; while there were no complaints peculiar to mill life. At Waltham, where I saw the mills, and conversed with the people, I had an opportunity of observing the invigorating effects of MIND in a life of labor. Twice the wages and half the toil would not have made the girls I saw happy and healthy without that cultivation of mind which afforded them perpetual support, entertainment and motive for activity. They were not highly educated, but they had pleasure in books and lectures, in correspondence with home; and had their minds so open to fresh ideas, as to be drawn off from thoughts of themselves and their own concerns. When at work they were amused with thinking over the last book they had read, or with planning the account they should write home of the last Sunday's sermon, or with singing over to themselves the song they meant to practise in the evening; and when evening came, nothing was heard of tired limbs and eagerness for bed, but, if it was summer, they sallied out, the moment tea was over, for a walk, and, if it was winter, to the lecture-room, or to the ball-room for a dance, or they got an hour's practice at the piano, or wrote home, or shut themselves up with a new book. It was during the hours of work in the mill that the papers in the "Offering" were meditated, and it was after work in the evenings that they were penned. There is, however, in the case of these girls, a stronger support, a more elastic spring of vigor and cheerfulness, than even an active and cultivated understanding. The institution of factory labor has brought ease of heart to many; and to many occasion for noble and generous deeds. The ease of heart is given to those who were before suffering in silent poverty, from the deficiency of profitable employment for women, which is even greater in America than with us. It used to be understood there that all women were maintained by the men of their families; but the young men of New England are apt to troop off into the West, to settle in new lands, leaving sisters at home. Some few return to fetch a wife, but the greater number do not, and thus a vast over proportion of young women remains; and to a multitude of these the opening of factories was a most welcome event, affording means of honorable maintenance, in exchange for pining poverty at home. As for the noble deeds, it makes one's heart glow to stand in these mills, and hear of the domestic history of some who are working before one's eyes unconscious of being observed or of being the object of any admiration. If one of the sons of a New England farmer shows a love for books and thought, the ambition of an affectionate sister is roused, and she thinks of the glory and honor to

the whole family, and the blessing to him, if he could have a college education. She ponders this till she tells her parents some day, of her wish to go to Lowell, and earn the means of sending her brother to college. The desire is yet more urgent if the brother has a pious mind, and a wish to enter the ministry. Many a clergyman in America has been prepared for his function by the devoted industry of sisters; and many a scholar and professional man dates his elevation in social rank and usefulness from his sister's, or even some affectionate aunt's entrance upon mill life, for his sake. Many girls, perceiving anxiety in their fathers' faces, on account of the farm being incumbered, and age coming on without release from the debt, have gone to Lowell, and worked till the mortgage was paid off, and the little family property free. Such motives may well lighten and sweeten labor; and to such girls labor is light and sweet. Some, who have no such calls unite the surplus of their earnings to build dwellings for their own residence, six, eight, or twelve living together with the widowed mother, or elderly aunt of one of them to keep house for, and give countenance to the party. I saw a whole street of houses so built and owned at Waltham; pretty frame houses, with the broad piazza, and the green venetian blinds, that give such an air of coolness and pleasantness to American village and country abodes. There is the large airy eating-room, with a few prints hung up, the piano at one end, and the united libraries of the girls, forming a good looking array of books, the rocking-chairs universal in America, the stove adorned in summer with flowers, and the long dining-table in the middle. The chambers do not answer our English ideas of comfort. There is there a strange absence of the wish for privacy; and more girls are accommodated in one room than we should see any reason for in such comfortable and pretty houses. In the mills the girls have quite the appearance of ladies. They sallied forth in the morning, with their umbrellas in threatening weather, their calashes to keep their hair neat, gowns of print or gingham, with a perfect fit, worked colors or pelerines, and waistbands of ribbon. For Sundays and social evenings they have their silk gowns, and neat gloves and shoes. Yet through proper economy,—the economy of educated and thoughtful people,—they are able to lay by for such purposes as I have mentioned above. The deposits in the Lowell Savings' Bank were, in 1834, upwards of 114,000 dollars, the number of operatives being 5000, of whom 3800 were women and girls. I thank you for calling my attention back to this subject. It is one I have pleasure in recurring to.

There is nothing in America which necessitates the prosperity of manufactures as of agriculture, and there is nothing of good in their factory system which may not be emulated elsewhere—equalled elsewhere, when the people employed are so educated as to have the command of themselves and of their lot in life, which is always and everywhere controlled by mind, far more than by outward circumstances. I am, &c. H. MARTINEAU.

From the Athenæum.

#### ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A voice of sorrow swells on Albion's hills,  
For him whose fame her wide dominion fills;  
Wake, harp of Erin, wake thy saddest tone,  
And mourn the loss of nations as thine own.

Though many a tempest o'er thy skies hath swept,  
And many a grave thy weary eyes have wept,  
Yet, still, some tears should answer to the knell  
Of him who sang thine Exiles' woes so well.

Lost Bard of Hope and Freedom, could our coast  
One harp like those of ancient Tara boast,  
Its voice should rise amid a nation's gloom,  
To pour a requiem worthy of thy tomb.  
Thou needest not such requiem, while the earth  
Hath souls of melody and hearts of worth,—  
Thine own proud songs through distant ages sent,  
Shall form at once thy dirge and monument.

Long shall Columbia weep through all her woods,  
The voice that glorified their solitudes;  
Her mighty lakes, her rivers, while they flow,  
Shall tell the tale of Gertrude's love and woe;  
The Baltic's wave shall answer to thy name,  
In echoes blending thine with Nelson's fame;  
And England's Mariners, where'er they sail,  
Shall give thy glory to the ocean gale.

Oft shall the pilgrim hail on Linden's plain  
Thy laurels, guiltless of the battle stain;  
And oft the heart, where hope alone remains,  
Amid its sorrows, bless thy cheering strains.  
His deed was worthy of his land who gave  
To thine the dust of Kosciusko's grave;  
For thus shall Poland's heart, through ages twine  
The memory of her brightest stars with thine.

Go, with thy glory round thee, mighty shade,  
With robes unstained and laurels undecayed,  
To wake the harp, upon whose golden strings,  
Shall fall no shade of Time's destroying wings.  
But, O forgive if, in a land so long  
The nurse of poets and the home of song,  
My hand hath dared that holy office claim,  
Which well might raise our proudest minstrel's  
fame.

July 12th, 1844.

FRANCIS BROWN.

#### SONG.

Still, still thou hauntest me  
Sweet breathed melody,  
Which erst my lady warbled soft and low;  
When thro' the lattice bright  
The slant sun poured his light,  
Bathing the oriel in his rosy flow—  
Deepening her cheek's rich flush, gilding her hair,  
As clothed in light she sat, like habitant of air.

That pleasant strain is o'er—  
That slant sun shines no more—  
Or beauteous lady to her soft lute singing:  
That vision rare hath fled,  
And hopes that nourished  
My trusting heart, as swift their flight are wing-  
ing,—  
And like some wrecked adventurer I stand,  
Whose argosy hath sunk upon some fatal strand.

Careless I saw the ray  
Vanish quite away—  
Unmourned listened to the lute's last chord;  
Yet never dreamed that she,—  
My priceless argosy,  
Wherein the riches of my heart were stored,—  
Could change like them, and that her smile would  
flee,  
Like as the fading ray—the bygone melody.

Hood's Magazine.



## SHORT REVIEWS.

*Historical Essay on the Rise and Early Progress of the doctrine of Life-Contingencies in England*, leading to the establishment of the first Life Assurance Society in which ages were distinguished. By EDWIN JAMES FARRER.

To those who feel any interest in the subject of life-assurance, or who are curious to trace the gradual progress of science from the first dawn of speculation and conjecture to its establishment upon principles and observation, Mr. Farrer's little book may be safely recommended. Without vagueness on the one hand, or too minute a detail on the other, the author presents a complete view of the outlines of the subject, and upon a scale judiciously arranged according to the importance of the materials. The publication of Graunt, a tradesman of London, who, in 1662, first called attention to the uses that might be made of the Bills of Mortality, and suggested the form of ascertaining the value or expectancy of life—the paper of Dr. Halley, the astronomer, who, in 1693, from the tables he procured from Breslau, first framed life and annuity tables on scientific data, and with mathematical accuracy of calculation—the improvements of De Moivre on Halley's method, in 1725—and finally, the publication of Simpson in 1742, which placed the doctrine of life-assurance on nearly its present basis—are all noticed at length; whilst the subordinate and intermediate publications are cursorily dismissed. In going over these records of discovery, it is curious to notice how the principle seemed to have been present to the mind of the first discoverer, Graunt, although, from want of scientific knowledge and sufficient data, he was unable to do more than present it dimly, if he even saw the uses to which it could be turned. It is equally interesting to see how Halley, when his mind was directed to the subject, seized upon the broad features, and fixed them in a form available for present use and future improvement; and how each improver discovered a subordinate principle, simplifying and carrying out to practice the idea of Halley. Looking back, it also seems odd to observe how long "practical" men disregarded the deductions of science. For a long time after Halley advanced the simple proposition that the probability of life depended upon the age of the person, and exhibited the result of his calculations as to the worth of annuities at different periods, government went on granting them without regard to age, and life-insurance-offices fixed their premiums in much the same manner. Nay, nearly sixty years after Halley wrote, thirty years after De Moivre had published "Concerning the Expectation of Life and the Probabilities of Survivorship," and about twenty years after Simpson's treatise, the crown officers refused the great Equitable Office a charter, because "the success of this scheme must depend upon the truth of certain calculations taken upon tables of life and death, whereby the chance of mortality is attempted to be reduced to a certain standard," &c. How this "scheme" succeeded as an "association," is well known; and with the establishment of the Equitable Society Mr. Farrer concludes his little book. It would be improved by the incorporation of some particulars respecting the progress of the subject on the continent of Europe.—*Spectator*.

*Sierra Leone*. By ROBERT CLARKE, Surgeon.

An account of the colony, its climate, statistics, population and society, which contains several

particulars interesting to those who have been or are likely to be connected with it, but will not interest the general reader. Some curious accounts are given of the habits and customs of the various negro-tribes. The following ordeal employed by the Akooos must be tolerably certain of convicting a prisoner. "To detect a thief, the juggler takes a vegetable infusion into which capicum, minimum, or bird-pepper is put. The conjuror then takes a pepper-corn and chews it, squirting the juice into the eye of the individual suspected. If the eye becomes moistened with tears, or if he complains of pain, he is declared guilty."—*Athenæum*.

*Glossology, or the Diagnosis of Disease by the Appearances of the Tongue*. By B. RIDGE.

The author has written this book on the assumption that the tongue is an index to every disease. He regards it as a universal pathometer, the study of whose indications will alone expose the lurkings of disease in every hidden corner of the human system. Regarding it in this light, he has studied its structure, counted its papillæ, and apportioned out its surface into compartments with mathematical precision. Such labors are not wanting in interest; but the medical man who places reliance on the indications of a single organ, as affording a proof of the nature of a disease or a guide to its treatment, will not seldom discover the error he has committed, when the mischief he has done cannot be retrieved.—*Ibid*.

*Gospel before the Age*. By the Rev. ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Some years have now elapsed since Mr. Robert Montgomery's claims as a poet were irrevocably decided, and the most unparalleled exertions of the puffing art, that can be found in literary history, proved unavailing to support them. He now comes before the world as a Theologian; exhibiting the same arrogant assumption, the same *pecta lectoris lingue*, and the same arts in identifying his fame with the worst popular prejudices, as when he attempted to palm himself upon the public as a second Milton. His theology is just on a par with his poetry; the same pretension, and the same want of any qualification to support the pretence, is manifest in both. There is, however, the old parade of names and authorities. But

Ad populum phaleras! Egote intus et in cute novi.

*Ibid*.

*An Outline of the various Social Systems and Communities, which have been founded on the Principle of Coöperation, with an Introductory Essay*, by the author of the "Philosophy of Necessity."

Publications on this subject greatly increase in number. The "organization of industry" has been repeatedly advocated, but has remained uneffected from its impossibility. Whether that impossibility be inherent or circumstantial, it has continued unto the present time; if it be only the latter, industrial organization will be realized whenever the general system of things shall permit, but not before. But is there not a fallacy in the premises? The discontent we hear so much of, is assumed to arise from "long-continued and wide-spread distress;"—may it not, on the contrary, be the result of ever increasing prosperity? The sons are not satisfied with the condition of their fathers; neither should they be; the advancement they have already attained makes them desire more. This is according to natural order; and furnishes a bet-

ter reason for the theorist's hope of a labor-organization, than the worn out and now disbelieved cry of "Wolf, wolf!" The wolf is not yet at the doors of Englishmen; there is no evil which is not remediable by means far short of extreme measures. That one of these is the establishment of associations, where needful, we admit; but all systems of Socialism and Communism that have reached us, have seemed impracticable and one-sided, while professing the general good, and pretending catholic utilities. We will not apply to them the usual epithets of "wild and visionary;" but, tried in the balance of impartial inquiry, we are compelled to declare, that we have found them wanting. The question is one of practical—more than speculative—import, and deserving serious consideration, particularly when we consider, that at least three fourths of the population depend on wages alone for subsistence.—*Athenæum*.

*Guide Books.*—*The Hand-book to Paris*, Eighth Edition, is characterized in the above announcement. *Mr. Coghlan's Hand-book for Central Europe* embraces an extent of country larger than can be adequately described in a single volume—professing to serve as guide to Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, Germany, Switzerland, France (including Paris,) and the Continental Spas!—As far as a cursory examination can justify a judgment, the information it contains does not appear to be either choice or correct. *The Traveller's Hand-book for Gibraltar, with Observations on the surrounding Country*, by an Old Inhabitant, is put together on the least-quantity-of-information principle; it is, however, liberally illustrated with rather coarse lithographs. *Mr. Hemingway's Panorama of the Beauties, Curiosities, and Antiquities of North Wales*, may be recommended as a laboriously collected and sensibly-written guide-book. Why, by the way, do not some of our sketchers, who have labored so diligently in Ireland, and Scotland, and Cockneyland—a "Boz," or a "Titmarsh"—do something for the principality? It is full of character, costume, legend, scenery, all, in short, that makes travelling desirable. A new *Pocket Guide to the Isle of Wight, &c.*, would have been better without the "chapter introductory," which is written in the high popinjay style. The idea of *Excursions in the Vicinity of London* was possibly suggested by the papers which have appeared in this journal: here the guide promises that the tourist shall "visit and view all the chief objects of attraction in nature and art within a circle of from forty to fifty miles "in eight excursions." This is rather too much in the style of Puck's flight, we suspect: but the little book seems to contain a good deal of information; and is, at all events, not dear for sixpence. A more capital shilling's worth is the *Pictorial Guide to Greenwich*, with which we must close this paragraph, twenty-three excellent engravings on wood from original sketches being given, to set off the letter-press, which is also liberally garnished (perhaps too much so for simple tastes) with flowers of poetry.—*Ibid*.

*Euphrosyne*. By H. VON MENSCH.—A pleasing little book of moral sayings, and wise maxims, and useful truths; as,

"Old men and single women no one ever feels grateful to; what have they to do with their money, time, and affections, but give them?"

"The aristocracy to come sits now behind the counter, or keeps school.

"We make God a liar, if we fear lest examination and knowledge shake our belief.

"There is the easy peace, when all want and suffering count as a merit and blessing. There is the hard strife, when we aim at perfection, yet would not lose happiness.

"Natural virtue required respect, applause, victory, and what it did was a means to an end; Christianity removed the end into another world, and for glorifying in success substituted humble endeavor.

"It was no doubt a thing impossible that Pagan men coming crudely to the teachings of Christianity should comprehend that this perfection was a whole, real and entire as the statue of the artist; not a case and a mask, as are always the idols of savages.

"It might often need much self-conceit for one of a noble and bountiful spirit, to see that what it deems ingratitude is merely the contrast of its own wealth with the more sterile natures around.

"Truth must be met with smiles; when past she will not be recalled, or if she turns she is sullen and ungracious."—*Gent. Mag.*

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—July 8.—A communication was received from M. Chatteumann on the use of an ammoniacal solution as manure. M. Chatteumann says that he last year watered a portion of his meadows with this solution, and obtained satisfactory results. This year the crop of hay, on the part watered last year with the solution, has been double that of the parts which were not so treated, and he is of opinion that there will be the same result in the third year. M. Chatteumann states that 400 kilogrammes of the ammoniacal salts of commerce will suffice for a hectare (about 2½ English acres) of land for three years.—A paper was received from M. A. Gautier, of Geneva, on the spots upon the sun's disk. This gentleman expresses an opinion that those years in which the spots are the most numerous and permanent are colder than those when the spots are less frequent and numerous.—M. Parola communicated some new facts respecting the ergot in rye. He states that it acts with more or less intensity according to the temperament of the person to whom it is administered. When given as a medicine, there are constitutions which will bear very large doses without experiencing injury, whereas others would be seriously injured. When rye affected with the ergot is made into bread, it does not, says M. Parola, undergo any change, unless the baking be carried almost to torrefaction.—An application was made by M. Leweski for the appointment of a committee to examine and report upon an atmospheric engine with a triple moving power applicable to navigation and railroads. The Academy have appointed two of its members to report.—M. Andraud, an engineer, who has devoted some years and large sums of money to experiments on atmospheric air, with a view to its application to navigation and railroads, presented a paper in which he stated that by looking through a hole of very small diameter, the molecules of atmospheric air may be clearly distinguished. The molecules of oxygen and azote are, he says, very different in size, form, and general appearance.

July 22.—Mr. Wertheim made a communication on the elasticity of metals under different degrees of temperature, from 15 to 200. It results

from his experiments that the coefficients of elasticity diminish in a continuous manner as the temperature rises, but iron and steel are exceptions to this otherwise general rule. M. Wertheim has also made experiments as to the influence of the galvanic current upon the elasticity of metals. He finds that this current produces a momentary diminution of the coefficient of elasticity in the metallic wires over which it passes by its own action, independently of the diminution produced by the elevation of temperature. The diminution ceases with the current, no matter how long its action may have been.—A paper was received from M. Fizeau on some experiments made with a view to obtain photographic designs on paper from a daguerreotype plate engraved by chemical means. The problem consists in acting upon the daguerreotype impressions by an agent which eats into the dark parts, without affecting the light parts of the plate; or, in other words, which attacks the silver in presence of the mercury, without affecting the latter. A mixed acid, composed of nitric, nitrous, and chloric acids, has this property. The operation should be performed with the acid of heat. The formation of the chloride of silver, which is an insoluble salt, would soon check the action of the acid, if it were not removed by an ammoniacal solution. After this first process, the plate would be engraved too slightly for good impressions to come off; the plate is therefore rubbed over with linseed-oil, and then wiped, so as to leave the oil only in hollow parts. The prominent parts are then gilt by the galvanic process, and the reliefs being protected by gold, the hollow parts can be deepened at the will of the operator.—A paper by M. Vergnaud, on explosions in powder-mills, was read: he is of opinion that these explosions are not produced by sparks from the crushing of the ailex, but by electrical sparks resulting from peculiar circumstances, which he proposes to investigate.—A communication was made by the scientific commission which was sent to Egypt. In the atlas published by the commission are a great number of hieroglyphics, some of which represent the zodiac. In attempting to decipher them, M. Champollion found the word *autocrator*, by which Nero was in the habit of signing his acts; consequently, it was presumed that the zodiac was of the reign of Nero. Since the publication of the above work, M. Champollion has visited Egypt, and, not being able to discover this inscription, he fancied that he had been hoaxed by the commission, and complained of the supposed hoax to the Academy. The members of the commission have, therefore, protested against his complaint, and declared that if he did not see the inscription, the fault was his own, not theirs, and they assert positively its existence.—Some amusement was created in this sitting by the exhibition of a Chinese polished metallic mirror. On the back of this mirror are certain engraved designs, which, when the rays of the sun strike upon the polished surface, are reflected upon the ceiling of a room as visibly as if they were engraved upon the face of the mirror.—*Athenæum*.

**FRENCH SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.**—Intelligence has been lately received of the scientific expedition of M. de Castelnau, in South America. According to the French papers, "He was received by the government at Rio Janeiro with great attention, and the archives were thrown open to him. After remaining in that city for some time, he set out for the interior; and, after having

crossed the Sierra d'Estralla, he entered the province of the mines. He remained at Barbacena some time, to make some astronomical observations, and then proceeded to the topaz mine of Capan, from whence he went to Ouro Preto, the capital of that rich province. M. de Castelnau describes it as a very curious city, both for its position amongst gold mountains, and for the old Portuguese style in which it is built. The expedition afterwards visited the rich gold mines of Catta Branca, Marro-Velho, and Gongo-Soco, all belonging to English companies. The rainy season then came on, and rendered dangerous their passage through the great desert of Rio San Francisco; and the expedition in consequence, entered the province of Goyaz, by the Indian Aldea of Santa-Anna, and proceeded to Villa Boa, the capital, situated in the centre of Brazil. M. de Castelnau represents this country as exceedingly rich. Gold is found abundantly in the river gravel, and pieces of native gold of several pounds weight are frequently discovered. The diamonds of Rio Claro are remarkable for their size; and in the lake of Salinas pearls are found in shells of the Unio kind. The expedition was going, when the last intelligence left, to embark on the Rio Tocantim, which it was to descend, in order to reach Goyaz by Arraguay. All this country is in the power of the most warlike tribes of the desert. On its return from this excursion of 600 leagues, the expedition was to continue its journey towards Lima, passing by Cuyaba, and Matto-Grasso.—*Id.*

We learn from Alexandria, that the Mission of Prussian Savans, under Dr. Lepsius, was expected back at Thebes, in September.—*Id.*

EIGHTEEN months since we published letters from M. Botta, announcing his interesting discoveries at Nineveh; and subsequently reported on the progress of the exploration, and of the arrival in Paris of a collection of drawings, inscriptions, and fragments of sculpture, which were submitted to the Academy of Inscriptions, on whose report, the minister instructed M. Eugène Flandin to proceed to Mosul, and assist in further researches. Letters just received, dated Mosul, June 9, give some later particulars. The writer says—"The works are going on actively at Khorsabad, (the modern village, built on the site of the old capital,) and the sculptures continue to present the same characteristic trait—everything warlike, and nothing appertaining to religion. We cannot yet form any idea of the plan of these buildings, although we have laid bare two halls, 108 feet in length, and a number of smaller rooms. Khorsabad is built over one corner of an immense quadrangular enclosure, formed of walls built of bricks, bearing inscriptions, with towers at regular distances. The whole military and civil life of the Assyrians could be made out from the buildings and inscriptions which remain here. We have hitherto not experienced any opposition from the authorities; though they, in their ignorance, imagine that to find treasure must be our object. We have a quantity of objects to send home, as soon as our ambassador at Constantinople furnishes us with means of transport by the Tigris."—*Id.*

**THE TELEPHONE**, by Capt. John Taylor.—The chief object of this powerful wind-instrument is for conveying signals during foggy weather, by sounds produced by means of compressed air forced through trumpets, audible at six miles distance. The four notes are played by opening the valves

of the recipient, and the intensity of sound is proportioned to the compression of the internal air. The small-sized telephone instrument, which is portable, was tried on the river, and the signal notes were distinctly heard four miles off.

**COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY.**—We have so frequently stated our conviction that Association is the prevailing principle of the present age, that we have nothing left but to record the corroborations of the truth which are constantly occurring. We have now before us a "Proposal for establishing a College of Chemistry, for promoting the science, and its application to Agriculture, Arts, Manufactures and Medicine." The provisional council is rich in noble, parliamentary and learned names; and from the commercial character of our country, the success of such an institution may be reasonably predicted. The proposed college will, it is stated, "be mainly devoted to PURE SCIENCE: at the same time, to meet the exigencies of this country, and to adopt the latest improvements in the continental schools, an appendage will be provided devoted to the economic arts, where inquiries relating to pharmacy, agriculture, and other arts may be pursued. Thus it will be adapted to all classes of students."—*Athenæum*.

**MARKET WESTON CHURCH.**—We have much pleasure in bringing to the notice of our readers a successful application of science in restoring to a perpendicular position the north wall of Market Weston Church. The church is supposed to have been erected in the fourteenth century. From age and casualties the north wall had declined outwardly nineteen inches from the perpendicular, and threatened the utter destruction of the building. Under the superintendence of Mr. Cottingham, this wall, (the weight of which had been calculated at 240 tons,) has been brought up to the perpendicular, by the process of expanding by heat three bars of iron, two and a half inches in diameter, which traversed and connected both walls of the church. These bars, (which had screws worked on one end of them and projected beyond the south wall,) were inclosed in cast iron boxes filled with lighted charcoal. When the bars were fully expanded by the heat, the screws were wound up firmly to the undamaged south wall. The charcoal boxes were then removed, and the process of cooling commenced. Gradually the bars contracting equally with their previous expansion, compelled the whole mass of the wall to follow the irresistible power now exerting itself, and in four successive operations the whole wall rose to its original perpendicular.—*Bury Post*.

**MSS. OF EULER.**—A letter from St. Petersburg mentions that, among the MSS. in the University of Dorpat, have been found twenty-three manuscript and unpublished works of the celebrated mathematician, Euler. These manuscripts, in Latin, French, and German, all dealing with the most profound questions of science, have been purchased by the Imperial Academy of Sciences in the capital, and will be included in a new edition of Euler's works, which that body is preparing for publication, and which will extend to something between 25 and 28 large quarto volumes.—*Athenæum*.

**ASIATIC SOCIETY.**—At the last meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, a paper was read by Prof. Royle, on the identification of the Hyssop of the Scriptures with the Caper plant. The Professor

said that he had on this, as on former occasions, been led to the identification by finding in lists of drugs in Arabian medical writings, a name similar to that of hyssop in Hebrew. He then read some passages of Scripture where the hyssop is mentioned; from which it follows that the plant must have grown in lower Egypt, and about Mount Sinai before and during the Exodus, and afterwards, about Jerusalem; that it must grow on walls or rocks; and that it must get to a sufficient size to yield a rod or stick; that it must have formed a bunch to be used in sprinkling; and that it must have cleansing properties; and also that it should have a vernacular appellation similar to its Hebrew name. Many plants had been brought forward, but none of them possessed all the requisites. They either did not grow on walls, or they did not form a stick, or they had no cleansing properties, and none of them had a name like the Hebrew *ezob* or *ezov*. Dr. Royle had seen in Rhazes that a species of hyssop grew near Jerusalem; and Burckhardt describes a plant which he saw in the neighborhood of Mount Sinai called *aszf*. The name and description caused him to infer that this must be the caper plant, one of whose names is *aszf*. He then proceeded to show that the plant possesses all the qualities required for its identification with the hyssop; its name is similar; it grows upon rocks and walls; it is mentioned as becoming a shrub of a hardy and woody substance, when growing in a congenial climate; ancient authors speak of its detergent qualities; and it is still retained as an aperient root in some of the continental pharmacopœias. From all these characteristics the professor concluded that the caper plant was the Hyssop of the Bible.—*Athenæum*.

MISCELLANY.

AMID the "rumors of wars" by which the European House of Peace is just now so unnaturally disturbed, and, in view of the long and troubled life which, in peace as in war, the old man who writes the following letter has led, there is something so genial and touching in such a reminiscence as it expresses, that we travel some little out of our course to give it currency. From what a tower of eminence, dearly won and wearily maintained—over what a sea of storms and revolutions, that have altered the physical boundaries, and changed the moral land-marks, of the nations of the world—along what an avenue of countless graves, furnished by the sword, the axe, and the natural touch of wasting time—through what a wide, wild field of perplexing shadows—does the monarch, made wise by years, and wiser still by the chastening weight of the mighty crown upon his faded brow, travel back, to this memory of his vigorous manhood and exiled time! The letter goes to the heart like a homily; and the vanity of strife, and the nothingness of grandeur, and the pleasantness of the voices like this rising up above them both, are its themes. At Hammerfest, the most northerly establishment, we believe, of civilized Europe, the Norwegian Vice-Consul, Burk, recently celebrated the eighty-second anniversary of his birth-day; and, on that day, he received an autograph letter and a gold medal from the King of the French. One face of the medal has the monarch's bust; and, on the other, is this inscription:—"Given by King Louis Philippe to M. O. Burk, in memory of the hospitality received at

Hammerfest, in August 1795." The letter is dated from Neuilly, and runs thus:—"It has always been pleasant to me, to feel that the traveller Muller is still unforgotten, in a country where he journeyed in lowly guise and unknown; and that journey is ever pleasantly remembered by me. Among my recollections, I put in the first rank the frank and cordial hospitality extended to me, a stranger, throughout the whole of Norway—in Norland and Finmark in particular; and now, when forty-nine years have past away since that pleasant time, and few are left of those by whom that hospitality was given, it is most agreeable to me to express to all who remain, through you, the gratitude which still survives."—*Athenæum*.

**NEW USES OF INDIA RUBBER.**—About three years ago we published an account of this interesting substance, detailing its history, the manner in which it is obtained from the various trees that yield it, and the uses to which it was then applied. At that time its chief and almost only use was in the manufacture of Macintosh's waterproof cloth, the fabrication of some surgical apparatus in which elasticity and pliability were the objects desired, the rubbing out of black-lead pencil-marks from paper, and a few other minute and unimportant applications. Now, however, this substance is employed in some highly important branches of our manufactures, and has become a valuable agent in the arts and sciences—showing what an extensive field the rapid advance of science may open up for the appliance of materials hitherto considered as next to useless. From its peculiar elasticity, its impermeability to air and water, its being soluble only in naphtha, and from its great durability, it has been successfully employed in the fabrication of various cloths, besides that of Macintosh: for air-cushions, safety-belts and jackets; ligaments and bandages for gloves, stockings, braces, and other articles of dress; for boots, stoppers for bottles, and numerous other purposes. With these appliances most of our readers may be familiar; but few may know, or might expect, that it would be employed as a pavement for stables, lobbies, public halls, and the like; that it is now being used in the construction of life-boats; and that it is also proposed to use it extensively in the fitting up of our men-of-war. The Elastic Pavement Company have lately erected machinery for the preparation of the material for these important purposes, and can produce it, it seems, at a price sufficiently moderate to admit of its general adoption.

As a pavement for stables, the caoutchouc preparation is said to be unequalled, preventing the lodging of stale matters, and their consequent noxious exhalations; requiring little litter; and preserving the knees and other parts of the horse from injuries which are apt to be received in stone-paved stables. By a little precaution, the ammonia, which now exhales to the injury of the horse's health, may be collected and sold as a manure, at from two to three pounds per horse per annum. The stables of the commissioners of Woolwich dockyard have been paved with this material for upwards of two years, and are allowed to be superior in point of cleanliness, freedom from smell, and healthiness, to what they were previous to the laying down of the elastic pavement. It has also been laid down in the Admiralty courtyard, and the carriage entrance court to Windsor Castle, where it has given much satisfaction. "With respect to its application to marine purposes," says the *Railway Gazette*, "a life-boat is now

being constructed on the company's premises, (thirty-four feet length of keel, and twelve breadth of beam,) which, with the exception of the keel and some iron braces, will be entirely formed of India-rubber and cork planking. She will weigh but one ton and a half, an ordinary life-boat weighing three tons; and it is the opinion of all naval men and engineers who have seen her, that it will be almost impossible to sink her under ordinary circumstances, and that, when driven on a rock by the action of the waves, she will rebound like a ball, without fracture. It is also proposed to use the caoutchouc preparation for an inner lining between the guns in war-vessels, to prevent the effects of splinters; for hammock nettings and bulwarks, to save the crew from canister, grape, &c., and for other useful though less obvious purposes."

Such are the numerous purposes to which human ingenuity can apply a single, and to all appearance an insignificant substance—the exuded sap of a tree; showing that science not only supplies our more obvious wants, but creates others, and calls into use hitherto neglected materials to supply them. Nothing in nature is useless; if we cannot now see its value, let us rest assured that the time will come for its profitable application.—*Chambers' Journal*.

WE rejoice to see, in the journals of our French neighbors, that the keeper of the seals has, at length, interfered to put down the crying abuse which has converted the courts of criminal justice, in that country, into an arena whither the idle went in search of an emotion—as, in Spain, the ladies sit at bull-fights. A recent trial, at the Assizes for the Seine, has been attended by all the circumstance of a dramatic performance; and the fair and well-dressed have intrigued for reserved places, and jostled for places at all, as at the *début* of some renowned actor. The attributes of law are mocked by the presence of these trivialities—the whisper of the curious, the exclamation of the mere sight-seer, and the sigh of the sentimental, disturb the calm and passionless character proper to the place of Justice, in her solemn hour of deliberation; and the lives of trembling men are weighed in balances that seem, amid such accessories, as unreal and dramatic as the acted catastrophes of the mimic stage. For these seekers after excitement, whose craving nothing less than the mortal agonies of a trial of life and death can satisfy, it were better to revive the gladiator's circus of old times, than let the courts of criminal justice be ever entered in a spirit of lounging criticism, or fashionable curiosity. We observe, by the way, referring to another notorious trial, in which this abuse was carried to its highest point—justice ran, for a time, the risk of changing her character altogether, amid the comments of the sentimental and the tears of the sympathizers—and the ladies of a certain part of France lost more reputation than they can recover, at least in this generation,—that the Vicomte de Leotaud has sold the diamonds recovered by him from the wretched Madame Lafarge, and sent their price to be distributed among the poor of the towns of Tulle and Brive.—*Athenæum*.

**PRISONERS SET AT LIBERTY.**—Very early this morning, July 19, the Bashaw set at liberty all the prisoners of Abukir. This act of clemency was announced to Ibrahim Pasha on his arrival at the palace to inquire after the health of his father; it is said he shed tears of joy on the occasion.

**MR. GEORGE STEPHENSON.**—This eminent engineer, at a recent entertainment at Newcastle, gave the following account of himself:—"The first locomotive that I made was at Killingworth colliery, and with Lord Ravensworth's money. Yes! Lord Ravensworth and Co., were the first parties that would intrust me with money to make a locomotive engine. That engine was made 32 years ago, and we called it 'My Lord.' I said to my friends that there was no limit to the speed of such an engine, provided the works could be made to stand. In this respect great perfection has been reached, and in consequence a very high velocity has been attained. In what has been done under my management, the merit is only in part my own; I have been most ably seconded and assisted by my son. In the earlier period of my career, and when he was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and made up my mind that he should not labor under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school, and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man, and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbors' clocks and watches at night, after my daily labor was done; and thus I procured the means of educating my son. He became my assistant and my companion. He got an appointment as under-reviewer, and at nights we worked together at our engineering. I got leave to go from Killingworth to lay down a railway at Hetton, and next to Darlington; and after that I went to Liverpool to plan a line to Manchester. I there pledged myself to attain a speed of 10 miles an hour. I said I had no doubt the locomotive might be made to go much faster, but we had better be moderate at the beginning. The directors said I was quite right; for if, when they went to Parliament, I talked of going at a greater rate than 10 miles an hour, I would put a cross on the concern. It was not an easy task for me to keep the engine down to ten miles an hour, but it must be done, and I did my best. I had to place myself in that most unpleasant of all positions—the witness-box of a parliamentary committee. I was not long in it, I assure you, before I began to wish for a hole to creep out at. I could not find words to satisfy either the committee or myself. Some one inquired if I were a foreigner, and another hinted that I was mad. But I put up with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, determined not to be put down. Assistance gradually increased—improvements were made every day—and to-day a train, which started from London in the morning, has brought me in the afternoon to my native soil, and enabled me to take my place in this room, and see around me many faces which I have great pleasure in looking upon."—*Sun*.

**PENSION ON THE CIVIL LIST.**—The following are the pensions which have been granted during the year ending June 30:—Dame Maria Bell, 100*l.* a year, in consideration of the services rendered to science by her late husband, Sir Charles Bell; Miss Ann Drummond, in consideration of the public services of her brother, the lamented Mr. Edward Drummond, assassinated by Macnaghten, 200*l.* a year; Mr. Robert Brown, the botanist, 250*l.* a year; Dame Florentia Sale, wife of the hero of Jellalabad, 500*l.* a year; and Sir William Rowan Hamilton, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland, 200*l.* a year: making altogether, 1,200*l.* per annum thus conferred.—*Atk.*

**IOWA INDIANS.**—The migration of the Indian tribes driven from their ancient hunting grounds is

taking a new direction; and the place in which to study their habits and varieties is now the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly. To the Ojibbeways have succeeded the Iowas, a body of whom, fourteen in number, warriors, squaws, and a "papoose," have arrived at that town residence from their seat on the Upper Missouri, near the Rocky Mountains of North America, for the purpose of exhibiting their war and other dances, songs and games, under the arrangement of Mr. Catlin. They are headed by their principal chief, "White Cloud," and their "Great Medicine Man;" and this is the first time, it is said, that the head of a tribe, or a "mystery man," has ever left his native prairies for a foreign land. In personal appearance these men are inferior to their predecessors, the Ojibbeways; still, we warn our country women, after what has passed, to be on their guard against the seductions of "Roman Nose" ("No-ho-mun-ya.") Let them beware of "Strutting Pigeon," and her sister squaws, who are, we understand, very formidable-looking persons. One of them is called "Oke-we-me," the "Female Bear that walks on the back of another;" and the name is, we think, very significant of what an English lady may expect in the wigwam of an Indian chief. These people are amongst the most warlike of the North American tribes—more wild and uncouth than any who have yet made their appearance in this country—and well worth visiting, we understand, for the striking pictures they exhibit of the rude and savage life of the forest and the prairie.—*Athenæum*.

It is understood that a treaty is, at present, in course of negotiation, on the part of England, with the Prussian government, for the suppression of literary piracy, and protection of copyright, in the two countries; and that if the object be satisfactorily attained, it will be proposed also by our government to all the States included in the Zollverein.

**DRAWING OF THE PICTURE-LOTTERIES.**—THE drawing of the Art-Union prizes having taken place, it is generally supposed that this and other picture-lotteries have been legalized by act of Parliament. Such is not the case, however: the act, as its preamble states, is simply "an act to indemnify persons connected with Art-Unions, and others, against certain penalties." It discharges from all penal liabilities those connected with Art-Unions until the 31st of July next year; the parties concerned with distributions and other schemes of private individuals being only allowed till the 1st of October ensuing. Lord Monteagle's bill originally contained a clause legalizing the Art-Unions, and providing for their regulations; but this was struck out by the Commons, and not restored by the Lords, on the understanding that a special act should be introduced early next session.

There is little doubt but that Art-Unions will be legalized on certain conditions; and the report of the committee will probably influence government in laying down the restrictions under which these associations are to be sanctioned. The report is not yet printed; when it is, we shall return to the subject. Meanwhile, it seems desirable that the managing committees of Art-Unions should consider the best means of carrying into effect the purposes of these associations to the satisfaction of subscribers, and so as to disarm the opposition of the printsellers. This opposition is chiefly directed against the distribution of prints; and it would be well to take the opinion of the mass of subscribers as to the value set upon these prints, before deciding upon making enemies of the printsellers,

who were at first the best friends of Art-Unions, and have latterly become rivals in self-defence. We do not counsel any truckling to opposing interests; we only question if the prints are generally appreciated, or if the possession of those already circulated has had such a beneficial effect as is supposed. A medallion in bronze, or a small plaster-cast, well-finished, from some fine piece of sculpture, would be preferred by many persons of taste to a mediocre and uninteresting print. The committee intend offering a prize of 500*l.* for the best cartoon for an oil-picture to be painted for the purpose of being engraved from. This is well-meant liberality; but pictures of such universal and lasting interest as to bear multiplying by thousands without losing their charm, are not to be had to order. A line engraving of surpassing excellence from the work of some great master would be acceptable to most people, and exert a beneficial influence on the popular taste. The Cartoons of Raphael might be carefully copied and engraved; there is not a set of perfect copies extant; therefore they would be valuable.—*Spectator*.

MR. J. TOULMIN SMITH, in his "Discovery of America by the Northern in the Tenth Century," has shown the high antiquity of the pedigree of the sculptor Thorwaldson, in his descent from Thorfinn, and Gudrid his wife, two of the earliest colonists of the American Vinland, the exact site of which is so much disputed. They passed a winter at Straumfjord, i. e., *The Bay of Currents*, where their son, Snorri was born, and which spot Mr. Smith identifies with *Buzzard's Bay*. "Snorri Thorfinnson was thus born in the present state of Massachusetts, in the year 1007, being the first of European blood, of whose birth in America we have any record. From him the celebrated living sculptor *Thorwaldson* is lineally descended, besides a long train of learned and illustrious characters, who have flourished during the last eight centuries in Iceland and Denmark."—*Gent. Mag.*

LAVOISIER.—In the elaborate article of a recent Quarterly Review, on the atrocities of the revolutionary tribunal, I was much disappointed at not discovering a special advertence to the most interesting of the accompanying circumstances, in the loss sustained by science, on that occasion, of Lavoisier, one of its brightest ornaments, when the great mathematician, La Grange, mournfully remarked, "Il n'a fallu qu'un moment pour faire tomber cette tête, et cent années, peut-être, ne suffiront pas pour en produire une autre." Lavoisier, just then engaged in experiments of pregnant importance to human life, disdained not, says his eulogist Cuvier, to solicit a few days' respite for their completion, but in vain. "The republic wants no philosophers or chymists, nor shall the course of justice be arrested," was the characteristic answer of the execrable Coffinhal. Cuvier presumes that these experiments related to animal transpiration.—*Ibid.*

CONDORCET, in his posthumous "Esquisse des Progrès de l'Esprit Humain," (Nouvième Epoque,) pays a due tribute to the genius of Newton, while maintaining that a student just emerged from his college course was then, that is in 1794, more advanced in mathematics than our great countryman was, or could have been, in the preceding century, so progressive had been the movement of science in that interval,—an advantage of which he claims, and no doubt justly, no inconsiderable

share for his friend d'Alembert. This work, demonstrative alike of his acquirements and irreligion, occupied his mind while concealed, during the period of terror, from October, 1793, to the following March, when, outlawed and refused an asylum by Suard, he ended his life by poison on a spot which I have often visited. He then, also, for the first time as he says, attempted to versify, and, in retaliation of some lines from his wife, the sister of Marshal Grouchy, to whom Napoleon imputed the disaster of Waterloo, addressed her an epistle under the semblance of a Polish exile in Siberia. The poetry is that of a mathematician, but a most expressive distich which I have heard his accomplished daughter, the spouse of my friend General Arthur O'Connor, repeat with filial pride and virtuous sympathy, deserves notice. It indicates his resolution to encounter every risk rather than concur in the horrors which so deeply stained that epoch, though certainly not without reproach himself in having prepared the way for them.

"Ils m'ont dit : choisi d'être oppresseur ou victime ;  
J'embrassai le malheur, et leur laissai le crime."

*Ibid.*

"THE REV. SYDNEY SMYTH was a creditor." True, and the ball went with great force considering the little powder it had; for all the reverend speculator hazarded in the Pennsylvanian funds was 600*l.* —*Ibid.*

BURKE had the sole management of the Annual Register at its appearance in 1758, and some subsequent years. He was paid 60*l.* or 50*l.* per annum for his labors; so very humble was this great man's commencement.—*Ibid.*

THE PEASANT OF PALESTINE.—"The peasant of Palestine must have been far superior to the country people of England. Every year he made three journeys to attend the celebration of the three great festivals. These journeys, with their turns and changes for the sake of variety, would bring him into acquaintance with a great number of persons, places, and adventures, and would thus give him much scope for observation and reflection. An English farmer may live all his days in a nook of his native country without extending his knowledge by observation or report over a larger space than the few miles between his own village and the nearest market town, and then he will meet those only who live within a very moderate circle round that town; not so the yeoman of Israel. In many instances he had to pass over spaces from 50 to 120 miles. He would meet and travel in company with men branching off right and left in all directions. All would have something to tell of their own territories. Friendships formed by travelling together would give rise to frequent invitations between members of distantly settled tribes. Thus a general knowledge of the whole country would be spread everywhere. The dwellers in Dan would know far more about Beersheba than Hampshire men know of Lancashire, and the tribes beyond the Jordan would have a far better idea of the whole Mediterranean coast, derived from intercourse with those settled in that direction, than the men of Norfolk have of the coast of the Irish channel. We may convince ourselves how certainly this was the case, by turning over the Bible simply to mark how generally the localities of the whole country and their characteristics were known to the public at large. Thus, to take a single instance out of multitudes. The prospects from Lebanon,—the odor of its cedars, brought out by



the heat of summer,—the grand masses of those cedars, with what the Prophet Ezekiel so poetically called their 'shadowing shades,'—the headlong torrents of Lebanon lulled gradually into quiet streams in the valley,—its desolate forests as enhancing the beauty of surrounding fruitfulness,—its snowy heights in contrast with its sheltered flowery dells and vineyards,—are subjects of frequent allusion in the inspired literature of Judea. Nor would they thus have been used but that such points were familiar with those whom the prophets (the public preachers of the time) addressed in discourses full of feeling, and adapted to all ranks. There are but few in this part of England who would be impressed by allusions from the pulpit to the mountains of Wales or Cumberland, to Snowden, Helvellyn, or Skiddaw. But every Israelite could enter into the force and beauty of allusion to the nearer or more remote scenes of his native land. He was therefore no half-barbarian. He was one of a nation trained to be a 'wise and understanding people,' (Deut. iv. 6.) The learned and accurate Dr. Robinson was much struck during his travels in Palestine with the number and definiteness of the topographical notices preserved in the Old Testament," &c.—*Gent. Mag.*

**PANORAMA OF BAALBEK.**—This view is in a graver style than those Mr. Burford has lately exhibited, but is not less meritorious in its execution or attractive in its subject. The vast extent of the scene, the magnificence of the ruins, the air of desolation that reigns around them, the striking isolation of façades and columns, which seem preserved to mark the beauty of the temples of which they are the only remains, the mountainous country, with Lebanon rising in the distance, are forcibly represented. The drawing is extremely accurate, and the coloring properly subdued to suit the sombre character of the scene. But its highest merit is that it is a faithful representation of reality, and that, if the spectator will allow himself to think that he stands in the middle of the ruins, he can survey them rising around him in all the sublimity of aspect they present to the eye of the traveller on the desert plains of Asia. Mr. Burford may well be congratulated on the novelties he is constantly preparing for public gratification, and on the perfection to which he has brought this striking style of art. His views are always among the best exhibitions of the metropolis, and fill the mind as well as gratify the eye.—*Ibid.*

**SIAMESE SKYLARKS.**—The *Dumfries Courier* states that in a skylark's nest near Castle Douglas two young birds have been found connected together, like the Siamese twins, by a ligament covered with feathers, and so far apart, from breast to breast, as to allow of their using their inner wings in flying.—*Lit. Gaz.*

## ENIGMA.

'T is a sweet word, yet they who love  
Ne'er wish to have it spoken;  
It breathes a gracious prayer above,  
Yet many a heart has broken;  
It is the latest parting token  
Friend gives to friend, lover to lover;  
And if with this  
A last long kiss  
Be given, even parting is made sweet,  
Absence less bitter, time to pass quicker over,  
Until again they meet.  
Yet 't is a melancholy word;  
Blest they by whom 't is seldom heard!

For oft it wrings the heart with pain;  
And like the night-wind on the lute,  
Makes what before was hush'd and mute  
Into a wild and mournful strain:  
It should be ever sad, and yet  
There are who hear it and forget;  
But oh! how they who never more  
Can hope to meet as they have met,  
These last low accents linger o'er,  
To feed a long and vain regret!—*Ibid.*

**REAL MURDER.**—"We had the satisfaction," says Backhouse, in his Narrative of a Visit to the Australian Colonies, "of witnessing the destruction of five puncheons of rum, containing four hundred and ninety-two gallons, and two hogsheds of Geneva, containing one hundred and sixteen gallons. They were the property of one of our friends, who had received them as a part of an investment from his agent in England, who had not been apprized of a change in the views of his correspondent respecting the use and sale of spirits, in which he cannot now conscientiously be concerned. He therefore represented the case to the governor, who allowed them to be taken out of bond free of duty, under the same circumstances as if for export and, under the charge of an officer of the customs, placed on board a staged boat, which took them out into the Cove, where the heads of the casks were removed, and the contents poured into the sea. Some persons, from neighboring vessels, looked on with approval, others with surprise; and others, not yet awake to the evils of spirit-drinking, expressed regret. A man, from a little vessel, cried out 'That's real murder!'"—*Hood's Mag.*

**ANECDOTE OF HER PRESENT MAJESTY.** By the author of "Real Random Records."—King George the Fourth, the uncle of the reigning sovereign, Queen Victoria, is very well known to have held strong opinions on the subject of Catholic Emancipation. I forget on which side, but he could not bear O'Connell; and when Kemble the poet wrote a poem called "O'Connell's Child," his Majesty would not read it. Franklin was another of his aversions; I mean the man who drew down lightning with a kite, and went to the North Pole. But his favorite antipathy, or rather his royal father's, was Wilkie, the North Briton. He was supposed, if I remember rightly, to have a hand with Canning in the famous work called the "Anti-Something" against the French republican principles, which Burke attacked about the same time in Parliament in his celebrated speech, when he threw down the dagger, and said to Fox, "There's a knife and fork." Canning, who afterwards became prime minister, was stolen in his youth by a gipsy, one Elizabeth Squires, who was tried for it, and either acquitted or hung. It made a great noise at the time: which reminds me of Mother Brownrigg, who starved her apprentices so cruelly that one of them, named Otway, choked himself in ravenously swallowing a penny roll. I think there was something written on it, called the "Rolliad" but am not sure. Swift was certainly writing on or about the time; and his notorious "Draper's Letters" in favor of shutting up early, were very popular with the shopmen of the metropolis. So were "Sinbad's Voyages to Lilliput." I forget what great people were shown up in it. But the rage was for the "Beggar's Opera," the author of which was said to have made Rich, rich; and Gay, gay. Something runs in my head that he also wrote the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Perhaps it was Gray—or did



Gray write the "Beggar's Opera!" One gets puzzled between such similar names. For example, one of my own favorite works is White's or Wright's "History of Shelburne or Selburne." I never can remember which. However, as I said before, King William the Fourth had his political prejudices, and who has not! Every bias, as some one says, has its bowl; probably Lord Shaftesbury in his Maxims, if it was Shaftesbury, and if they were maxims. My head is not what it was, nor will be on this side of the grave—but so long as my memory serves me to recall an anecdote or two, however imperfectly, I must not complain.—*Hood's Magazine*.

## OBITUARY.

MR. NICHOLAS BIDDLE. At his house in Philadelphia, Mr. Nicholas Biddle, late President of the United States Bank.

Mr. Biddle's career and character have some features which require a good deal of elucidation and discrimination, in order to be properly understood. As a private member of society he was one of the most accomplished—most honorable—most amiable, and most courteous of men. As a public man, in the presidency of the United States Bank, he conducted its affairs, during the first years of its existence, with great skill, integrity, and prudence. But as soon as the intriguing politicians of both parties got hold of him, when he wanted a recharter, he went astray further and further, until the institution exploded, and strewed, as we have seen, the whole land with its ruins. It is asserted that the narrative of the deceptions and duperies which have been practised by these politicians on Mr. Biddle, during his career, would surpass anything ever written in any language, in the annals of intrigue and corruption; and that the recollection of these deceptions, practised on his unsuspecting nature, constantly pressing on his wounded spirit, were the main cause of his sudden and premature death. Mr. Biddle has left a very fine family.—*Gent. Magazine*.

DR. JOHN HASLAM, well known to the public by his practice and writings in connexion with the treatment of mental disease, died on the 20th inst., in the eighty-first year of his age.—*Ath.*

On the 18th, Mr. HYMAN HURWITZ, Hebrew professor at University College, London, and distinguished by his very extensive knowledge of biblical lore.—*Id.*

At Paris, M. FAURIEL, Member of the Academy, died on the 14th, at the age of seventy-three:—and M. Lepere, the architect, on the 18th, aged eighty-two. The name of M. Lepere is connected with many of the brilliant events of the generation which he has survived. He was a member of the expedition of Egypt, and his drawings enrich the work that commemorates it. He raised, in conjunction with M. Gondouin, the column in the Place Vendôme.—*Id.*

EARL OF MOUNTNORRIS.—The papers announce the death, at Arley Castle, in Ireland, on the 23d

ult., of the Earl of Mountnorris, an elegant and accomplished scholar,—who acquired distinction, some five-and-twenty years ago, as Lord Valentia, by the publication of his "Travels in the East," and their connexion with certain literary questions which, about that period, a good deal occupied the public mind.—In this obituary paragraph, we may record, also, the death of Samuel Drummond, Esq., associate of the Royal Academy, and, for very many years, a copious contributor to its exhibition walls. Mr. Drummond was in the 79th year of his age; but had three pictures in the exhibition which has only just closed.—*Id.*

ANOTHER of the Bonaparte family has departed. Joseph Count De Survilliers, once the intrusive King of Spain, died at Florence, on the 28th of last month. He was attended in his last moments by his surviving brothers, Louis, ex-King of Holland, and Jerome, ex-King of Westphalia.—*Spect.*

JAMES STUART, April 11. Aged 116, James Stuart, commonly known by the name of Jammy Strength.

He was born on Dec. 25, 1728, at Charleston, in South Carolina, United States. His father, General John Stuart, was a near relative of the pretender Prince Charles. He left America, when seven years of age, and was a spectator at the battle of Preston Pans, and witnessed the death of Colonel Gardner and the flight of Johnny Cope. He beheld the triumphal entry of Prince Charles into Edinburgh, and was a spectator at the battle of Culloden. When about 20 years of age he enlisted in the 42d Highlanders, in which regiment he remained about seven years. He was an ensign in General Wolfe's army, and fought at the battle of Quebec; after that war he sold his commission, but very soon after he again entered the army, and served during the American war, and was at the battle of Bunker's hill. After this he entered the navy, and served under Rodney. He was also for several years a sailor on board of merchant vessels. About sixty years ago he settled in Berwick-upon-Tweed, or rather in Tweedmouth, and during that period he has travelled the borders as a wandering minstrel, scraping upon a wretched violin. He has had five wives and 27 children. Ten of his sons were killed in battle—five in the East Indies, two at Trafalgar, one at Waterloo, and two at Algiers. He was short in stature, but of remarkable strength; he is said, upon one occasion, about 30 years ago, to have gone beneath a cart loaded with hay, and carried it on his back for several yards. A fund was raised some time since which enable the old man to spend the evening of his long and eventful life in comparative ease and comfort. He said a few weeks ago that he "hadna been sae weel aff this hunder year."

His death was caused by an injury which he received from a fall on Thursday, April 4. The remains of this extraordinary man were, on Sunday, April 14, consigned to the tomb in Tweedmouth churchyard. The funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people, considerably more than 5,000.—*Gent. Mag.*



"Yet, it is not peace between two great and often antagonist nations; it is not the harmony of the lily and the rose that men alone think of; it is the concord of many kingdoms, the tranquillity of innumerable states, and the pacification of Christendom, that men consider when they long for peace. England and France at war, where would be the tranquillity of Europe? England and France in harmony, what great or desolating war can interrupt the happiness of the world? It were as reasonable to suppose that the great bodies in the physical world could come into mutual collision, without carrying havoc and destruction amid their dependent satellites, as that the two kingdoms of France and England could contend, without involving the other states of Europe in the fortunes of the contest. And it is the consciousness of this—of the peril to which a rash engagement in war would expose more than the first parties to it—of the responsibility which lies upon men in high station—of the enormous evil that one hasty or ill-judged measure may introduce amongst other elements of disturbance—it is this which, felt in a lesser way and with a less individual interest by men in private station, should exert a strong and intelligible influence upon the mind of ministers, on whose every word and every sentence depend, humanly speaking, the chances of war or peace. A minister of foreign affairs cannot but feel the momentous responsibility too deeply to act with precipitation. He should be cautious and wary, therefore, not to be the first to throw away the scabbard, and to plunge Europe amid the conflagration of an unnecessary and unnatural discord."

The probable course of Russia, in the event of War, is confidently supposed to be hostile to France. The Britannia says:

The visit of the Emperor Nicholas to this country, followed so speedily by that of his minister, Count Nesselrode, gives countenance to the idea that an important negotiation is in progress for binding together more closely the ties which exist between Russia and England. The emperor, it is probable, took the initiative in this important business, laid his views frankly before the queen, and, when he found them cordially received, committed to the hands of the most experienced statesman in his dominions the task of carrying out his wishes and intentions. What the precise proposal of the emperor was cannot of course be known with certainty, but general opinion assigns it to have an intimate relation to the present aspect of affairs in Europe, and to be connected with the possibility of a French war. It is even conjectured that Russian councils saw more in the famous pamphlet of the Prince de Joinville than the restless ambition of a petulant youth; and, conceiving its publication to be a piece of diplomacy rather than an act of individual rashness, thought it expedient to secure the alliance of the other four great courts by additional guarantees. If this view be well founded, the proposed visit of the Emperor Nicholas to the Prussian court may have a political significance. His Imperial Majesty is not of a disposition to rest satisfied with half measures. To a Russian diplomatist belongs the honor of that alliance which preserved Europe from war in 1840, and satisfactorily settled the Turco-Egyptian question. A treaty of a yet more important nature, and projected by a higher mind, may now be in progress, having an equally pacific aim, but de-

termined to have a more lasting influence, and to embrace a wider sphere of action.

The spirit of the Irish Press is thus spoken of:

THE REPEALERS' HOPE.—Some of the Irish Repeal papers are holding a language which is not calculated to raise their cause in public respect. The *Belfast Vindicator* holds forth thus—

"The Prince de Joinville has won his laurels before the ramparts at Tangier. We are sure *they will not be his last. We are full of confidence in his future triumphs.* He has a mother, whose prayers we doubt not are offered up for his honor and welfare; *that mother is a living saint, and her prayers are not offered in vain.* More triumphs await him in the Mediterranean, and perhaps on the Atlantic. *What if he should invade Ireland?*"

Drowning men catch at straws; and at this hero of straw the champion of repeal catches to sustain the wild hopes of its cause.

There is really vast humility in this. It supposes that the millions of Ireland are helpless without foreign aid. If France throws a few regiments to her coasts she is to throw off the English yoke; but if there is no invasion by that great captain, the hero of Tangier, why then all the castle-building falls to the ground. A national cause, relying on such aid for success, must be a very weak and spiritless one. If six millions of people were in earnest, they would find their way of shaking off an oppression without the help of a handful of Frenchmen and a puppet prince in an admiral's uniform. The men who accomplish great exploits are they who depend on their own resources and energies; not those who look to strangers for help, which is the expectation of the intervention of Hercules instead of putting the shoulder to the wheel.

Frail and pitiful indeed must be the cause, the hopes of which are built on the speculation of such a championship as that of the Prince de Joinville, and on the strength of the wondrous achievement of knocking down a few stones at Tangier!

And does it quite become a people who complain of oppression to desire to exchange even the misrule of England for the sort of government with which the Citizen King has blessed the French. The heaviest abuse of which Ireland has now to complain would be light and trivial compared with the vexations, mortifications, and oppressions to which she would be subjected as a French province. It may however be imagined that France, for the sheer love of freedom and of Ireland, would deliver her from England, and then leave her to herself; but what if there should be a mistake in such a calculation, and the French should find Ireland an easier and pleasanter possession than Algeria? We must apologise for the folly of contemplating such absurdities, but nonsense must be combated on its own ground.

The piety of the *Belfast Vindicator* is in keeping with the rest of its views. Heaven is to heed the prayers of the "living saint," the Queen of the French; and those prayers being for the honor and welfare of the Prince de Joinville, Providence is to subject people to the horrors of war as conducive to the prince's aforesaid "honor and welfare."

Are there no mothers, living saints, in Ireland, whose prayers, though not offered up from a throne, may, through the honor and welfare of their sons, bring about the redress of Ireland's wrongs by milder means than the scourge of war?

It seems rather strange to reckon on prayers so far off, and with so roundabout an effect.

The logic is briefly this. The Prince de Joinville has a mother whose prayers will obtain for him success in whatever he undertakes. *Ergo*, if the Prince de Joinville should invade Ireland, he will carry all before him, and sweep the English from the face of the land.

## CHAPTER VIII.—THE ALTERCATION.

THOSE two angry females—just imagine them, ripe for their verbal duel!—Mrs. Hopkins fierce, resolute, and pale as the mask, in marble, of an ancient Fury: Kezia, with her homely person, coarse limbs, scrubby head, staring eyes, and that violent red blotch on her cheek, not unlike the ill-painted figure-head of the Bellona, or some such termagant ship of war.

"O you wretch!" began Kezia, panting for utterance.

"Wretch yourself!" returned the woman.

"Who gave you leave to meddle!"

"Those babes—those blessed babes!" exclaimed Kezia; "to want them devoured in their innocent cradle by a wild man of the woods! Babes only fit to devour with kisses—and such as would soften any heart but a stone one, that nothing will touch, except the fizzling stuff as cleans marble!"

"Say, muriatic acid," suggested Mr. Postle.

"Twin babes, too!" continued Kezia, "the very pictures of heavenly innocence—and might sit to a painter for a pair of cherubims!—and to abuse them so—it's almost blasphemy—it's next to irreligious!"

"Heyday!" exclaimed Mrs. Hopkins; "here's a fuss, indeed, about babies!—As if there was no more of them in the world! Prize ones, no doubt. I should like to see them soaped and scrambled for!"

"You would!" cried Kezia, almost in a scream—"you would! Oh! you wicked, wicked monster!"

"Monsters are for caravans," said the woman; "and if I was you, before I talked of monsters, I would go to some quack doctor,"—and she glanced viciously at my father—"for a cosmetical wash, to make both my cheeks of a color."

"My cheeks are as God made them," said Kezia; "so it's Providence's face that you're flying into, and not mine. But I don't mind personals. It's your cruel ill-wishing to those precious infants; and which to look at would convert a she-ogress into a maternal character. Do you call yourself a mother!"

"Do you?" asked the woman with a spiteful significance.

"No I don't," answered Kezia, "and not fit I should. I'm a single spinster, I know, and therefore not a motherly character; but I may stand up, I hope, without committing matrimony, for two helpless innocent babes. Dear little infants, too, as I've washed, and worked for and fed with my own hands; and nursed on my own lap; and lulled on my own buzzum; and as such I don't mind saying, whomever attacks them, I'm a lioness with her yelps."

"Whelps, Kizzy, whelps,"—but Kizzy was too angry to notice the correction.

"A rampant lioness sure enough! And if I was your keeper," said Mrs. Hopkins, with a malicious glance at my father, "I'd keep you to your own den. The business hasn't improved so much, I believe, as to require another assistant."

The wrath of Kezia was at its climax. Next to an attack on the family, a sneer at the business was a sure provocative. "I know my place," she said, "and my provinces. It's the kitchen, and the back kitchen, and the washus, and the nussery; and if I did come into the surgery, it was to beg a little lunatic caustic to burn off a wart.

As for our practice, Mr. Postle must answer for himself. All I know is, he can hardly get his meals for making up the prescriptions; what with mixing draughts, and rolling pills and boluses, and spreading blisters and Bergamy pitch plasters, and pounding up drugs into improbable powders."

"Impalpable," said my father.

"Well, impalpable. Not to name the operations, such as cupping, and flea botany, and distracting decayed teeth."

"Extracting," said my father, "the other would be a work of supererogation."

"Well, extracting—and the vaccinating besides,—and all the visiting on horseback and on foot,—private and parishional,—including the workus. Then there's master himself," continued Kezia, dropping a sort of half courtesy to him, as an apology for the liberty of the reference,—“if he gets two nights' rest in a week, it's as much as he does, what with confinements, and nocturnal attacks, and sudden accidents,—it's enough to wear out the night bell! There was this very morning, between one and two, he was called up, out of his warm bed, to the Wheel of Fortune, to sow up a juggler."

"Jugular," said my father.

"Well, jugular.—And the night before, routed out of his first sleep by a fractious rib. I only wonder we don't advertise in the papers for a partner, for there's work enough for a firm. First there's a put-out shoulder to be put in again,—then a broken limb to set,—and next a cracked penny cranium to be jappened —"

She meant trepanned, and the correction was on my father's lips, but was smothered in the utterance by the vehement Mrs. Hopkins. "Japan a fiddlestick!" she cried, impatiently rolling her head from side to side, and waving her hands about, as if battling with a swarm of imaginary gad-flies. "What do I care for all this medical rigmarole?"

"Oh! of course not!" said Kezia, "not a brass button. Only when people affront our practice, and insinuate that we have a failing business, it's time to prove the reverse. But perhaps you're incredible. There was no such thing, I suppose, as the pison'd charity-boy, with his head as big as two, and his eyes a-squeezing out of it, because of eating a large red toadstool, like a music-stool, in loo of a mushroom."

"There might, and there might not," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"I thought as much!" exclaimed Kezia, "and in course you never heard of the drowned female who was dragged out of the canal, a perfect sop! and was shocked into life again, by our galvanic battering?"

"I never did," replied Mrs. Hopkins.

"Oh no—not you!" said Kezia, bitterly. "Nor the stabbed Irishman, as was carried into this very surgery, all in a gore of blood, and pale, and fainting away, and in a very doubtful state indeed, till master applied a skeptic."

"A styptic," said my father, "a styptic."

"Well, a styptic. And maybe you've not heard neither of the scalded child—from pulling a kettle of boiling water over her poor face and neck,—and which was basted with sweet oil, and drugged with flour, and was so lucky as to heal up without leaving a cockatrice."

"If I was you," said Mrs. Hopkins, "I would say a cicatrix."

"Well, perhaps I ought," said Kezia. "How-

somever there was n't a scar or a seam on her skin,—so that 's a cure at any rate. Then there 's the Squire.—But, maybe, nobody has seen his groom come galloping, like life or death, to fetch master to a consulting of the faculty—no, nor the messenger from the rectory—nor the curate himself dropping in here for medical advice—quite out of sorts, he said, and as hoarse as a raven with a guttar."

"A catarrh," said my father, "a catarrh!"

"Well, catarrh—and could n't swallow for an enlarged tonsor in his throat."

It is uncertain how much farther Kezia might have "carried on the business," and improved it, but for an importunate voice which began calling in a stage whisper for Mrs. H. Mrs. Hopkins looked towards the road, where a shadow had for some time been fluttering on the threshold, whilst part of the skirt of a female garment dodged about the door-post, and a bobbing head now and then intercepted the sunshine, and uttered its subdued summons. But as Mrs. H. did not seem inclined to obey the call, the unknown stepped, or rather stumbled, into the surgery, for she was purblind from a complaint in her eyes, and therefore wore a green shade, so deep, that it shadowed her crimson nose, like a pent-house over a pet carnation. The two females were obviously confederates, for the new-comer took up a position beside her predecessor, with a determined air and attitude which showed that the broadside of the Tartar would be supported by a volley from the Vixen. Kezia, who would have engaged a fleet of shrews in the same cause, maintained as bold a front, and there wanted but the first shot to bring on a general action, when my father interposed, and suspended hostilities by a friendly salute.

"Glad to see you, Mrs. Pegge."

"That 's as may turn out," replied Mrs. Pegge, throwing back her head, with her chin up in the air, and looking along her nose, at the doctor, in a posture, as it seemed, of the most ineffable disdain.

"Your sight must be better at any rate," said my father, "to let you come out so far without a guide."

"Well, it is better," said Mrs. Pegge, and then turning as on a pivot to her ally—"No thanks to nobody, eh, Mrs. H.?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"I did n't follow the doctor's directions,—did I, Mrs. H.?"

"Certainly not."

"And should have been no better if I had—eh, Mrs. H.?"

"Not a tittle," said Mrs. Hopkins, "but quite the reverse."

"It is n't the hophthalmy at all,—is it, Mrs. H.?"

"By no manner of means."

"Nor gutty sereney—it don't come from the stomach—do it, Mrs. H.?"

"Not in the least."

"I never said that it did," put in my father, more tickled than hurt by the attack on his medical skill.

"Of course not," said Mrs. Pegge; "you'd have been wrong if you had,—for it's Amor Rosis—eh, Mrs. H.?"

"Exactly so—the very name," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"I can guess where they got that," muttered Mr. Postle, just loud enough to be heard by his principal; but my father was in too good a humor, and rubbing his nose too briskly to be accessible to sinister suspicions.

"Well, well," he said, with a tone and smile of conciliation enough to have smoothed a pair of ruffles into Quakerly wristbands. "Amor, in the eye, is a very common affection amongst females, and so you may be right. And in spite of all that has passed, should you or Mrs. Hopkins wish at any time for medical advice or medicaments—"

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Pegge, tossing her head like a horse at the hay-rack. "We are poor,—but we won't be experimented on any longer—eh, Mrs. H."

"The Lord forbid!" cried Mrs. H. "We've been too much experimented upon already!"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Postle, determined to test his secret suspicions, "you had better seek other advice."

"Eh, what?" asked Mrs. Pegge, wheeling about with her green verandah, till she brought her red ferret-like eyes to bear on the assistant. "What might you say, young man?"

"I said that perhaps you had better seek other advice."

"Perhaps we have," replied Mrs. Pegge, with a suppressed chuckle, and the usual appeal for confirmation to Mrs. H.

"We certainly did," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"And whatever was advised," said Mrs. Pegge, "there was one thing not recommended, namely, for a young child to sleep in an apiary—eh, Mrs. H.?"

"If you mean with a monkey," said Mrs. Hopkins, "most decidedly not."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Pegge, "Doctor Shackle knows better than that—eh, Mrs. H.?"

"I said so!" exclaimed Mr. Postle, with a slap of his hand on the desk that would have crushed a beetle into a dead flat.

"Hush, hush," whispered my father. "Dear me, you have killed the poor inky fly!"

"Curse the fly!" cried Mr. Postle, fairly beside himself with vexation. "I wish they had both been in its skin,—a couple of ungrateful old Jeezels!"

"He! he! he!" tittered Mrs. Pegge. "Some people will want one of their own cooling draughts!"

"Why, you ungrateful creature!" cried Kezia, whose face had been purpling and swelling with indignation till it seemed ready to burst like an over-ripe gooseberry. "I wonder you can name a 'feverveacing draught, for fear of its flying in your face!"

"Hoity toity!" said Mrs. Pegge, turning on Kezia, with her green shade over her glistening red eyes, like an angry hooded snake. "What have we here!—A hen doctor—a 'pothecary in petticoats!"

"I don't mind names," answered Kezia, "you may be as scrofulous as you please."

"Scurrilous," said my father.

"Well, scurrilous. I don't mind that," continued Kezia. "It 's your base return for our pharmacy, and your sneers at our practice. Such shocking unthankfulness! And to think of all the good physic you have enjoyed, gratis!"

"Physic!" retorted Mrs. Pegge, with a sneer of unutterable contempt. "Physic indeed! such physic! If it 's so good, why don't you enjoy it yourself? I'm sure we don't want to rob you of it. If it was worth anything it would n't be given away—eh, Mrs. H.?"

"My own words," replied Mrs. Hopkins, "to a syllable."

"It 's not physic at all!" said Mrs. Pegge.

"No!" exclaimed my father, "what then?"

"It's the grouts of other people's," said Mrs. Pegge, "and that's how we get it in charity. But come Mrs. H., we have been long enough here."

"Quite," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"And it will be long enough before we come here again,—eh, Mrs. H.?"

"Ages," said Mrs. Hopkins; and drawing the arm of her purlblind confederate under her own, she led her towards the door, through which—the one stumbling and the other limping—the two ingrates groped and hobbled away, and were seen no more.

"Say I told you so!" exclaimed Mr. Postle, desperately snatching up the pestle, but grinding nothing, except some inarticulate execrations between his teeth. My father even looked a little grave; and as for Kezia, she could only stare up at the ceiling, flap her hands about, and ejaculate "Oh, I never!"

"Yes, Shackle's at the bottom of it all," muttered Mr. Postle, shrewdly adopting my father's own mode of thinking aloud as a vehicle for administering his private sentiments. "Those two beldams have been prompted by him that's certain,—and he has been called in at the Great House."

"He has?" said my father.

Postle, however, took no notice of the interrogation, but shook his head, despondingly, and proceeded. "That infernal little monkey has done for us! We shall never be sent for again master or mate. No, no, a doctor who could n't save such a little creature would never preserve so great a lady! So there is our best patient gone—gone—gone! And the parish will go next, for Shackle has got the board by the ear."

"Not he," said my father.

"Then he sells opium, and we don't, and that gives him the village. The more fools we,"—and Postle shrugged his shoulders and elevated his eyebrows—"We're unpopular with rich and poor. I should not wonder, some day, if we were even to be hung or burnt in effigy!"

My father smiled and rubbed his nose, and none the less, that Kezia clasped her hands and groaned aloud at the imaginary picture. But he repented of his mirth, when he saw her eyes, swimming in tears, fixed alternately on himself, and the assistant, as if they were already swinging like Guys, over the opprobrious bonfire.

"Postle—Mr. Postle!"—he began, but the assistant continued his soliloquy.

"There's Widow Warner's child in one of her old convulsions—"

"Poor thing!" cried my father, "I will go and look to her directly!"

"But there has been no message," said Mr. Postle, suddenly waking up from his pretended fit of abstraction. "We're not sent for."

"No matter," said my father; and snatching up his hat and clapping it on, the wrong side before, was about to hurry out of the surgery, when he was checked by an exclamation from Kezia.

"Gracious!—the yellow lamp is broke again!"

"Yes—last night for the fifth time," said Mr. Postle.

"It is very strange," said my father, looking up at the gap in the fanlight, where there ought to have been a glass globe, filled with a certain yellow fluid; and which nightly, by the help of a lamp behind it, cast a glaring advertisement over

a post, across the road, and partly up a poplar tree on the opposite side of the way. "It is very strange—there must be some cause for it."

"Nobody breaks Shackle's green lamp," observed Mr. Postle.

My father made no reply; but, stepping hastily out of the surgery, set off—at what Postle called his acute pace, in opposition to his slower, or chronic one—towards the Widow Warner's cottage.

#### CHAPTER IX.—OUR CARVER.

Amongst my father's little vanities—and in him it was partly professional—he rather piqued himself on his dexterity in dividing a fowl or cutting up a joint of meat. The performance, nevertheless, was generally a slovenly one,—not for want of skill in the operator, but through the fault of the carver, which was as blunt as any *messer* in Germany.

Every family has some standing nuisance of the kind,—a smoky chimney, a creaking door, a bad lock, a stiff hinge, or a wayward clock, which, in spite of a thousand threats and promises, never gets Rumsfordized, oiled, mended, eased, rectified, or regulated. Our stock grievance was the carver. In vain Kezia, who never grudged what she called elbow-grease, rubbed the steel to and fro, and round and round, and labored by the hour to sharpen the obstinate instrument; wherever the fault lay, in her manipulation, the metal, the knife-board, or the Flanders brick, the thing remained as dull as ever. My father daily hacked and haggled, looked at the edge, then at the back of the blade, and passed his finger along both, as if in doubt which was which,—pahaw'd—blessed his soul—wondered who could cut with such a thing—and swore, for the hundredth time, that the carver must and should go to the cutler's. Perhaps, as he said this so positively, it was expected that the carver would go of itself to the grindstone: however, it never went; but Kezia and the knife rubbed on, till the board, and the brick, and my father's patience were nearly worn out together. The dinner-tool was still as blunt as a spade; and might have remained so till doomsday, but for the extraordinary preparations for the christening, when, every other household article having undergone a furbishing, the eye of our maid-of-all-work fell on the refractory knife, which she declared—please the pigs—should go forthwith to be set and ground by Mr. Weldon, the smith.

Luckily there was an errand due in the same direction; so, huddling herself into her drab shawl, and flinging on her black bonnet, without tying the strings—for there was no time for nicety—away went Kezia through the village at her best pace, a yellow earthenware basin in one hand, and the naked carving-knife in the other; a combination, be it said, rather butcherly, and to a country-bred mind inevitably suggestive of pig-sticking, and catching the blood for black puddings: but the plain homely Kezia, who seldom studied appearances, or an ideal picture of her own person, held sturdily on her way, with striding legs and swinging arms, the domestic weapon flashing to the sunshine in her red right hand. How her thoughts were occupied, may be guessed,—that the usual speculations of menials had no place in her brain. Instead of thinking of sweethearts, fairings, ribbons, new bonnets, cast-off gowns, tea and sugar, the kitchen stuff, vails, perquisites,

windfalls, petty peculations, warnings, raised wages, and what did or did not belong to her place, her mind was busy with the baptism, the dear babes, Mrs. Prideaux, her master, mistress, and Mr. Postle, and generally all those household interests, in which her own were as completely merged and lost as water is in water. Amongst these the medical interest, of course, held a prominent place, and induced in her, not only a particular attention to the practice and the patients, but a general observance—which became habitual—of looks and symptoms, with a strong tendency, moreover, to exhibit what she called her physical knowledge. This propensity she was enabled to indulge in her passage along “the street,” a long straggling row of one-storied cottages, mud-built and thatched, and only separated by the road in front from the sluggish river, which added its unwholesome damps to the noxious effluvia from mouldy furniture, musty garments, and, perhaps, rancid provisions, and sluttish accumulations of dust and dirt, in dark, ill-ventilated rooms. At the back, dotted with stunted willow-pollards and windmills, and intersected by broad ditches, lay the Fens, a dreary expanse, flat as a map, and as diversely colored by black and brown bogs, water, purple heath, green moss, and various crops, blue, red and yellow, including patches of hemp and flax, which, at certain seasons, were harvested and placed to steep in stagnant ponds, whence the rotting vegetable matter exhaled a pestilential malaria, as fetid in its stench as deadly in its influence on the springs of health and life. The eyes of Kezia rested, therefore, on many a sickly sallow face and emaciated frame amongst the men and women, who lounged or worked beside the open windows, and even in some of the children that played round the thresholds, biting monstrous candles out of slices of bread and butter, or nursing baby brothers and sisters only half a size smaller than themselves. With all these people, big and little, Kezia exchanged familiar greetings, and nods and smiles of recognition, occasionally halting for a brief conference,—for example, to recommend “scurvy treatment” for little Bratby, to prescribe a dose of “globular salts” for the younger Modley, or to hint to Mrs. Pincott, whose infant was suffering from dentition, that its gums wanted “punctuation” with the lancet. But at one house she paused to deliver an especial salute; for on the door-step sat little Sally Warner, cuddling her arms in her pinafore, and upturning a cheerful, chubby face, with a fair brow, bright blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, but sadly disfigured, between the snubby nose and dimpled chin, and all round the pretty mouth, by an eruption which might have been averted by a timely dose of brimstone and treacle,—a spectacle Kezia no sooner observed than, abruptly stopping for an instant, with a certain gesture, she pronounced certain ambiguous words, so appalling, in one sense, that the scared child immediately fled indoors to her widowed mother, on whose lap, after a paroxysm of grief and terror, she went off into one of those constitutional fits to which she had been subject from her cradle.

Poor Kezia! How little she dreamt that, by merely pointing at a child with a carving knife, and saying, “You want opening!” she was seriously endangering a young life. How little she thought that she was preparing for her dear master another of those mortifications which were beginning to throng round him so thickly as to justify the old proverb, that misfortunes never come

single, but are gregarious in mischief, and hunt in packs like the wolves.

In the mean time my father, good easy man! walked on quite unconscious of the impending annoyance; for the incident of the carving-knife, which furnished this little episode, occurred prior to the scene in the surgery recorded in the last chapter.

#### CHAPTER X.—THE VISIT; AND THE VISITATION.

A good man, of kindly impulses, and contented with their gratification, is not apt to resent very violently the ungracious reception of his benefits; but, however indifferent on his own account, he cannot help feeling some vexation, partly for the sake of the ingrate himself, and partly on behalf of mankind in general. There is a wrong done to the species; a slur cast on human nature; and his cheek flushes, if not with personal indignation, with shame for his race. Thus, there are men whom a series of injuries, readily forgiven, have failed to convert into misanthropes; but have inspired, nevertheless, with a profound melancholy.

Something of this depression probably weighed down my father's spirits, seeing that he walked without his usual music, the whisper of a whistle, and looking earthwards besides—as if out of tune for sunshiny thoughts—into his own shadow—heedless alike of the sparrow's taking a dust-bath in the road, and the wagtail that kept just a-head of him by a series of short swift runs, its delicate legs almost invisible from the rapidity of their motion, and its tail, at every halt, balancing with that peculiar vibration from which the bird derives its name.

And yet the scene was much brighter than when he had last paced the same road: the day was fine, and the landscape as lovely and cheerful as its “capabilities” allowed. The river glittered in the sun; the bleak rose at the flies, making numberless rings and dimples in the surface; and myriads of minnows and stickle-backs—for which the water was famous—wheeled and manœuvred in dark shoals, like liquid clouds, amidst the shallows; while larger fish skulked in the eddies round the lock-gates, or glistened silverly through the intricate golden arabesques that sparkled in the rippled water, and thence reflected, danced on the piles of the dam, and the supports of the Dutch-looking swing-bridge. For a swarm of expatriated Flemings had settled aforetime in the neighborhood; and by the style of such erections had made the country, in its artificial features, as well as in its natural aspect, very similar to their own.

On the other hand lay the broad ditch; here and there widening into a little pool, that bristled with rushes and flags, amidst patches of brown water, and green scum, and aquatic weeds, enlivened by numerous yellow blossoms, like bathing buttercups, over which the red, blue, or green dragon flies, all head and tail—like glorified tadpoles—darted about on their gauzy wings; or with a dipping motion, regular as a pulsation, deposited their eggs in the stagnant fluid; or settled, and clung motionless to some reedy stem. In the clear spaces, the water-spider, skating without ice, performed its eccentric evolutions on the surface; whilst clouds of gnats pertinaciously hovered over some favorite spot, though dissipated again and again by the flutter of the fly bird, hawking at insects, and returning after each short flight to perch on the same dead twig of the alder. The bank was gay with flowering weeds, and covered with tangled verdure

—plants, shrubby, pyramidal, and pendulous, interlaced and festooned by straggling creepers and parasites, out of which, at intervals, struggled the trunk of the pollard willow, still clasped by the glossy ivy, and embossed with golden or emerald moss—or the silvery stem of the aspen, up-turning at every breath the hoary side of its twinkling leaves, and changing its foliage from green to gray, and from gray to green, with the variable shades of the summer sea. The very slime oozing round the muddy margin of the pool, and filling the holes poached by the feet of horses and cattle, assumed prismatic tints; whilst the fresh splashes, running up into the road ruts, glanced alternate blue and white with the shifting sky: in short, there was all the beauty that color, change, light and shade, life and motion, can give to even common-place objects; and on which, generally, my father, a lover of nature, would not have turned a careless eye, no more than he would have let the sedge-bird warble, as unheard as invisible, amongst the waving reeds.

But his mind was preoccupied. In spite of himself the harsh voice of Mrs. Hopkins still echoed in his ear; he still saw the red and black eyes of Mrs. Pegge glimmering, like live charcoal, under their green shade. With every step, however, the image and the sounds became fainter, and the cloud passed away from his soul.

"Pshaw," he said to himself, "I am as unreasonable as the old women! Poor creatures, that have hardly daily bread enough to justify a thanksgiving—and to expect from them a grace before and after a dose of physic! To be sure they might have been more civil—and yet, poor, ragged, infirm, disappointed in life, and diseased—the one half-blind and the other a cripple—what worldly sugar have they in their cup to sweeten their dispositions!—What cream of comfort, or soothing syrup, to make them mild, affable, and good-humored? And besides, what do they meet with themselves from society at large but practical rudeness! Scorned and shunned because penniless and shabby; oppressed, snubbed, and wronged, because weak and powerless; neglected and insulted, because old and ugly; and unceremoniously packed off at last, as no longer ornamental, useful or profitable, to that human lumber-hole, the work-house! Accustomed to endure poverty without pity, age without reverence, want without succor, pain without sympathy,—what wonder if their minds get warped with their frames, and as sensitive to slights and affronts as their bodies to damp and cold winds—if their judgments become as harsh as their voices, or if their tempers sharpen with their features! What wonder if their prejudices stiffen with their limbs—their whims increase with their wrinkles—their repinings with their infirmities—nay, if their very hearts harden with their fates, or their patience fails utterly under the tedious suffering of some chronic disease, which art can only palliate, whilst hope perhaps promised a cure? No, no, we must not expect too much from human nature under such trials, and so many privations!—And so let them enjoy their discontents," said my father, raising his voice: "the worse for them, poor souls, that they are past other pleasure!—and if grumbling be a comfort, who would grudge it, any more than their solitary luxury—a pinch of snuff!"

"Or a drop of lodnum," grumbled a surly voice.

My father looked up, and recognized the speak-

er: but the man, gazing straight before him, as if suddenly seized with a stiff neck, passed hastily by, to escape the words which pursued him.

"Yes, yes, Roger Heap, or a dram of oxalic acid, which I would as soon sell you as the other. It's the curse of the county, what with their laudanum drops—and opie pills—and syruping the infants—and if ever I saw a flower like a well-frilled last night-cap it's the White Poppy!"

My father stopped, for he had reached the widow's pretty cottage, and stepping through the open front door, walked into the parlor. It was a small room neatly but tastily furnished; for Mrs. Warner had been left in easy circumstances by her late husband, a farmer, in those prosperous war times when farmers reaped golden harvests; and long before the distressed agriculturist learned to cry "*Ichaboe!* My glory is departed from me! and I am dependent for profitable crops on a species of foreign Penguin, of dirty habits!" His competence, indeed, was rapidly growing into a fortune, when he perished suddenly after a market-dinner by an accident which, communicated too abruptly to the widow, made her, prematurely, the mother of an infant, afflicted from its ill-starred birth with convulsions. A black profile of the father hung over the mantel-piece, beside the old-fashioned mirror; and in his vacant elbow-chair, beside the fire-place, reposed his favorite terrier, blind with age, and asthmatic, from the pampering of his mistress, whose whole affections were divided, though in unequal portions, between her little Sally and the dog. At the sound of a strange foot the wheezy animal uttered a creaking growl, but quickly began to thump the damask seat with his tail on recognizing my father, already met, or rather intercepted by the widow, who, omitting her usual courtesy, placed herself directly before him, so as to bar his passage to the inner room.

"Well, and how is Sally?" asked my father, kindly looking down at the diminutive widow, for she was the smallest woman, to use the popular description, "that ever stood in shoe leather, not to be an absolute dwarf." Besides which, since Master Warner's death, she had pined and wasted away to a perfect atomy, and looked even less than she really was in that pinched cap and the black dress which reduced her figure. Not that she fretted visibly, or wept: her eyes shed no more tears than those of the peacock plumes over the old mirror; but if grief has a *dry rot* of its own, by that decay she had crumbled away till her whole widowed body, as my father said, contained but just clay enough to make one little lachrymatory urn. In truth, she was singularly withered and shrivelled, and, in the common belief, still shrank so rapidly as to beget a notion amongst the more imaginative of the village children, that she would eventually dwindle to the fairy standard, and then disappear.

"Well, how is Sally?" asked my father: "I hear she has had a fit."

"She has," answered the tiny widow. Her very voice seemed smaller than usual, and to come, a mere sibilant murmur, through her thin compressed lips and closed teeth.

"Poor thing! I'll go in and look at her," said my father, making one step sideways, and then another forward.

"There is no need," said the widow, stepping one pace backward, and then another sideways, so as to still keep in his front.

"Is she well then?"



"No."

"I had better see her then," said my father.

"Doctor Shackle has seen her," said the widow.

"Quite right—he was the nearest!"—replied my father, who was as free from the professional as from any other species of jealousy. "Quite right! then I am easy about her—for she is in good hands."

Just as my father pronounced this eulogium the object of it issued from the inner room; and the little widow stepping apart, left the rival doctors—if there can be rivalry all on one side—standing face to face. What a contrast it was! my father, plump, rosy as a red-streak, and bright-eyed—one of those men of the old school who looked handsome in hair-powder; the other a tall bony personage, sandy haired, with large yellow whiskers, stony light gray eyes, a straight sharp nose, high cheek-bones, colorless cheeks, and thin lips, parted in a perpetual smile that resulted less from good temper than good teeth—a proper enough personification of Lent, reminding one of the hard, sordid dryness of the stockfish, and the complexion of the parsnip. Then, his manners were cold and reserved, his voice uniform in its tone—his words few and sarcastic, and often marked in *italics*, by a sneering curl of the lip—one of those men from whose veins, if pricked, you would expect not blood but milk—not milk warm and sweet, but acrid like that of the dandelion—men whose livers, you feel sure, are white; their hearts of the palest flesh-color, and always on the wrong side; their brains a stinging jelly, like the sea-nettle. That my father, one of the warmest of the warm-blooded animals, could endure such a polypus—that they could meet without his instinctively antipathizing and flying off, was proof of his easy disposition, his exquisite temper, his childlike simplicity, large faith in human goodness, and catholic attraction towards all his race.

"Well, doctor," said my father, "how is the little patient?"

"All safe now," answered Shackle. "But a terrible shock to the system—tremendous fit—brought on by a fright."

"A fright?"

"Yes: some fool or other, with a knife, or magical instrument, or something—threatened to rip her up."

"The brute deserved a flogging!" exclaimed my father.

"I think so, too," said Shackle, with a glance aside at the mother.

"Why, the brute, as you call her," began the widow, but was checked by Shackle, who placed his finger on his lip, and, stooping down to her ear, whispered,

"Assumed ignorance!"

"Poor child!" said my father; "I have been quite anxious about her."

"You must have been," said Shackle; "you came so quickly!"—a sarcasm my father, in the innocence of his heart, mistook for a civility.

"It happened hours ago," remarked the little widow.

"Is it possible!" cried my father. "But I knew nothing of it—not a syllable."

Shackle said nothing, but looked incredulously at the widow, who replied, by an almost imperceptible shake of the head.

"Postle only told me," said my father, "about ten minutes since."

"Oh, that Postle!" exclaimed Shackle, "what a treasure he must be!"

"He is, indeed," said my father, quite unconscious of the intended sneer.

"And that—what's her name!—Kexia!" cried Shackle, "taking such a family interest in everything—even to the medical practice!"

At the mention of Kexia and medical practice, the figure of the little widow appeared to dilate, her eyes flashed, and her tiny tongue began rapidly to moisten her thin lips; but before she could speak, Shackle broke in with some directions about the sick child; and then seizing my father by the arm, hurried him out of the cottage. "I have another case to attend," he said, "and a very urgent one."

"I hope the present one," said my father, "is going on favorably."

"Oh, quite; she is all right;" answered Shackle. "By the by, I hope I am excused. There is a certain etiquette between medical men,—and I ought to apologize for interfering with one of your patients."

"Not at all! not at all!" cried my father. "We are both of us engaged in the same great mission—co-operators in the good work of alleviating human suffering."

"Exactly so—of the same order of *charity*," said Shackle, with a sneering emphasis on the last word, intended secretly for my father's gratuitous practice. "Yes, both of us are of one fraternity, or, as we should be called abroad, brothers of mercy," a phrase which so delighted my father, that seizing Shackle's hand between both his own, he warmly urged a request conceived some minutes before.

"With the utmost pleasure," replied Shackle, bowing and returning the squeeze with apparent cordiality; and then the two doctors parted—one with an ivory smile on his face, that vanished the moment he turned his back; the other with a kindly glow on his countenance which promised to endure till the next meeting.

My father, however, instead of turning homewards, guided by some vague impulse, bent his steps towards the dwelling of the Hobbeses—to see, after so many disappointments, how his kind intentions had thriven in that quarter! Perhaps so. Meanwhile little Sally was safe, and his whistle was resumed. He was conscious of the warmth and glory of the sunshine; heard and enjoyed the carol of the lark; observed the gray goose leading her callow yellow gulls across the road to the river; and laughed at the consequential airs of the hissing gander, as he sailed on, with raised stern, and one broken wing hanging down at his side, like the weather-board of a Dutch yacht. But a stranger spectacle was in store for him—a low mud cottage, rudely thatched with brown mossy straw and reeds—the broken panes of its one window stopped with dingy rags—and two men, in the livery of the magpie but repudiating its loquacity, in short, two mutes, in black and white, standing one on each side of the humble door! My father stopped and rubbed his eyes like a man "drowned in a dream." But no, there they were, the two mummerys, with their paraphernalia in their hands, surrounded by an undress circle of the village children, backed by an outer ring of men and women, who stared over their black, white, brown, red, yellow, cropped or curly little heads.

In another minute there was a stir and marmar

of expectation amongst the crowd,—and first a black and white hat, and then a man in black with a white scarf, came stooping through the low door; followed by two other men in sables, carrying a little coffin, covered with French gray cloth, and studded with silvered nails. After a pause, as if to afford time for the spectators to gaze and comment on the handsome coffin and its ornaments, another attendant threw over it a black velvet pall with a white border; and then came forth the mourners, stumbling over the threshold, the mother with a white handkerchief at her eyes; but the father with his grief, all unveiled, writhing in his hard-featured yellow face. The silk hood and scarf but partially concealed the shabby, ragged clothing of the poor woman; and the funeral mantle was far too short for the tall man, whose mud-stained corduroys were visible a foot below its skirt; whilst one half of his best and worst beaver, brown in color and of no particular shape, bulged out roughly above the sleek hat-band which encircled it, and thence flowed down his nape, and with a full convex curve over his high round shoulders. There was a moan from the crowd as the mourners appeared, and then a hush, only broken by the sobs of the bereaved parents, whereat the tender-hearted of the circle looked tearfully at each other, and clasped their hands. At last the man in black, with the white scarf—composing his face as it were to some audible dead march—solemnly took three steps forward, and then suddenly wheeling about, walked six steps backwards, with his eyes steadfastly fixed on the moving pall which followed him—and then three more steps backwards, but on his tiptoes, to look over the pall at the mourners—when, all being right, he turned round again, and walked on, as slowly as he could pace, to eke out the very short distance between the hut of mourning and the church. The crowd, which had opened to the procession, closed again, and followed in its wake—men, women, boys, and girls, all seriously or curiously interested in death, except the vacant baby faces, which leaning chubbily on the mothers' shoulders, looked quite the other way.

"A foolish job, bean't it?" said an old woman, leaning on a crutch,—too lame to follow the funeral. "To chuck away money that way! Quite a waste, bean't it?"—and she put up a tin ear-trumpet, and turned its broad end towards my father.

"It is, indeed!" cried my father, surprised by such an echo of his own reflections.

"Ay, bean't it?" repeated the old deaf woman. "And such poor paupers as them too—as might have had a burying by the parish!"

My father hesitated to answer. He knew the poor well; their intense abhorrence of a parish funeral; and the extreme sacrifices they would make to subscribe to a burial society, and secure a decent interment. But he thought it best to chime in with the old woman's humor.

"Of course they might," he said. "The Hobbesses are on the parish books already, and the overseer would, no doubt, have given them an order on the parish undertaker."

"Who will take her?" asked the deaf woman.

My father loudly repeated his words.

"Ay—an order for a common deal box," screamed the old woman, in a voice so different to her former one, that my father looked round for another speaker. "A rough wooden thing, only fit for soap and candles! Look there!" and she pointed with her crutch—"I'd sooner bury a child

o' mine, wi' a brickbat in yonner pool! But any thing is good enow for the like of us to be packed into. Ay, an old tea-chest, or a forin fruit chest, with our pauper corpses a-bulgin out the sides, and showin, like the orangers, through the cracks!"

"No, no, no!" shouted my father.

"But I say yes, yes," cried the old woman. "Screwed down in a common box, and jolted off, full trot, to be chucked into the parish pit-hole—and a good riddance of old rubbish! And better that than to be made a gift of, privily, to the parish doctor! Ay, you! you! you!" she screamed, shaking her crutch in my father's face—"with your surgical cuttings, and carvings, and 'natomizings! And can hardly have patience to wait till people are dead!"

"If I know what you mean," bawled my father, "I'll be 'natomized myself!"

"Oh! not you, forsooth!" answered the old woman, who had imperfectly heard the anecdote of Kezia and the carving-knife, and, like other deaf people, had made her own blundering version of the story. "But you long, you know you do, to cut open little Sally Warner, and to look in her inside for the cause of her fits!"

My father winced—it would have vexed Job himself.

"Plague take it!" he said, as much ruffled as it was possible for him to be in his temper. "I do believe some dog has run mad, and bitten all the old women in the village!"

"Ay, that comes home to you," cried the crabbed cripple. "And mind Death don't come home too—to your own twin babies. To begrudge poor Sukey Hobbes her funeral! Suppose it was even a hearse-and-six, with ostrich plumage—and why not? An only child, quite a doting-piece, and begrudged nothing in life by fond parents, if it cost the last penny, and why should she be begrudged by them in death—and gold and silver in the house? And which some say was flung in, by night, through the window by Doctor Shackle, and that he owns to it, or leastways, don't deny it—but I say, chucked down the chimbley by a guardian angel, in the shape of a white pigeon, as was seen sitting on the roof."

"No doubt of it," shouted my father, rubbing his nose, and quite restored to good humor by his new metamorphosis. "There was a guardian angel seen lately sitting on a rock in America—only"—and he dropped his voice—"it turned out to be an exciseman tarred and feathered."

"That's true, then," said the old woman. "But the funeral will be coming back, and I must speak a condoling word to the Hobbesses. Poor souls! I know myself what it is to be childless—but it will be an everlasting blessed comfort and consoling to them to reflect they have given her such a genteel burying as was never seen afore in their spheres of life." And the old crone hobbled off on her crutch, leaving my father to whistle or talk to himself as he pleased. He did the last.

"Yes, the old deaf body is right. The money was intended for the comfort and consolation of the bereaved couple; and they were justified in seeking for them in the mode most congenial to their own feelings. An odd mode, to be sure, considering their usual habits and rank in life! And yet, why should not the poor have their whims and prejudices as well as the rich! Grief is grief, in high or low, and, like other morbid conditions, is apt to indulge in strange fancies. So let the guineas go—there are worse lavishings in this

world than on the obsequies of an only child! And after all, if the money went foolishly, it came quite as absurdly—for medical attendance on a sick monkey!"

#### CHAPTER XI.—OUR DOCTOR'S BOY.

The surgery was quiet—the assistant leisurely making up some sort of medical Swan-shot—when my father entered, and hung up his hat.

"Well, I have met Doctor Shackle at last:—he was at Mrs. Warner's—and the child is better."

"I should like to meet him too," observed Mr. Postle, very calmly in tone, but squeezing his finger and thumb together so energetically, that the bolus which was between them—instead of a nose—was flattened into a lozenge.

"Then you will soon have that pleasure," said my father, "for I have asked him to the christening."

Mr. Postle turned faint, sick, red, and then white, with disgust: symptoms the doctor must have observed, but that his attention was absorbed by a phenomenon elsewhere.

It was Catechism Jack,—who after a preliminary peep or two from behind the door-post, at last crept, with a sidling gait and a sheepish air, into the surgery, where by eccentric approaches, like those of a shy bird, he gradually placed himself at the counter.

"Well, Jack," said my father "what do you want?"

Jack made no reply; but dropping his head on his right shoulder, with a leer askance at my father, plucked his sodden finger out of his mouth, and pointed with it to one of the drawers.

"You see," said my father, in an aside to Postle, "the fellow is not quite a fool. He remembers where the lozenge came from."

"Mere animal instinct," answered Postle, in the same under tone; "a monkey would do as much, and remember the canister where he got a lump of sugar."

"I will try him further," said my father, putting his hand in the drawer for a lozenge, which he held out between his finger and thumb. "Well, Jack, what will you do if I give you this?" Jack eyed the lozenge—grinned—looked at my father; and then drawled out his answer.

"I'll say my Catechism."

"No, no, Jack," cried my father, "we don't want that. But will you be a good boy?"

"Yes," said Jack, his head suddenly drooping again, while a cloud passed over his face.

"Yes, I will,—and not tumble down stairs."

"Poor fellow!" said my father. "They made a fault of his misfortune. I have a great mind to take him. Should you like, Jack, to get your own living?"

"Yes," answered Jack with alacrity, for my father had unconsciously given him a familiar cue—to learn and labor truly to get my own living and to do my duty in that state of life to which it may please God to call me."

"Catechism again!" whispered Mr. Postle.

"Yes, but aptly quoted and applied," answered my father. "Do you know, Jack, what physic is?"

Jack nodded, and pantomimically expressed his acquaintance with medicine by making a horrible grimace.

"Well, but speak out, Jack," said my father. "Use your tongue. Let us hear what you know about it. 'What's physic?'"

"Nasty stuff," said Jack, "in a spoon."

"Yes," said my father, "or in a wine-glass, Jack, or in a cup. Very good. And do you remember my foot-boy Job, who used to carry out the physic in a basket?"

Jack nodded again.

"Should you like to take his place, and carry out the medicine in the same way?"

"I—don't—know," drawled Jack, sympathetically sucking his finger, while he ogled the little oval confection, which my father still retained in its old position.

"Do you think you could do it?"

Jack was silent.

"Would you try to learn?"

"I learn two things," mumbled Jack "my duty towards God, and my duty towards my neighbor."

"Not very apposite that," muttered Mr. Postle.

"Not much either way," answered my father; and he resumed the examination.

"Well, Jack, suppose I were to take you into my service, and feed and clothe you—should you like a smart new livery?"

"Yes."

"And a new hat?"

"Yes."

"And if I were to give you a pair of new shoes, would you take care of them?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "and walk in the same all the days of my life."

"There!" said my father, giving Postle a nudge with his elbow; "what do you think of that?"

"A mere random shot," said Mr. Postle.

"Not at all," said my father, turning again to his protégé. "Well, Jack, I have a great mind to give you a trial. If I take you into the house, and find you in a good bed, and comfortable meals, and a suit of clothes, and provide for you altogether, would you promise to behave yourself?"

"They did promise and vow three things in my name," answered Jack; "first, that I should renounce the devil and all his works—"

"Yes, yes," cried my father rather hastily, for Postle was grinning. "We know all that. But would you take care of the basket, Jack, and leave the medicine for the neighbors at the right houses, and attend to your duty?"

"My duty towards my neighbor," answered Jack, "is to love him as myself; and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me—Give us the lozenge."

My father gave him the lozenge, which the lad eagerly popped into his mouth, occasionally taking it out again, to look edgewise at its thinness, till all was gone; and then deliberately licked his sweetened hand, beginning at the thumb, and ending with the little finger. My father, who had watched every motion with intense interest, mechanically turned round to the drawer for another "Tolu;" but falling into a fit of musing at the same time, forgot the destination of the lozenge, and eventually clapped it into his own mouth, to the infinite discomfiture of Jack, who, by a sudden depression of his features, while his head dropped on his bosom, and his arms fell straight by his sides, typified very vividly the common catastrophe of the Hope going down with all hands.

"Yes, my mind is made up," said my father, awakening from his reverie. "At any rate, the unfortunate creature shall have a chance. With a little looking after at first, he will do very well."

Mr. Postle looked earnestly at my father, with

an expression which might be translated "What next?"—then up at the ceiling with a shrug which signified "Lord, help us!"—and then performed "Confound it!" by a frantic worrying of his hair, as if it had been wool or flock that required teasing. To remonstrate, he knew, was in vain. My father, in ordinary cases, was not what is called pigheaded; but in matters of feeling, his heart, as Postle said, was "as obstinate as the influenza, which will run its own course." In fact, from that hour "the idiot" was virtually engaged *vice* Job,—for the parish of course made no objection to the arrangement; and as to the old dame, his guardian, my father found means, never exactly known, to reconcile her to the loss of her charge

and the stipend. So the thing being settled, Mr. Postle made the best of it, and endeavored to initiate his subordinate in his duties; but it was hard work, and accordingly Kezia volunteered her help to convert Jack into our Doctor's Boy.

"To be sure," she said, "his faculties were not over bright, and he would protrude his catechiz at unseasoned times; but he was very willing, and well-disposed, and an orphan besides, and, as such, every woman ought to be his mother." And truly, however she found time for the labor, she turned him out daily so trim and clean, that could she have scoured up his dull mind to the same polish, Jack would have been one of the smartest boys in the parish.

**THE ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.**—Some curious statistical details, illustrative of the present state of this extensive fraternity, were laid before the Grand Metropolitan Lodge, at its late anniversary meeting. It appears, that on the 1st of April last, when the returns were made up, there were in England and Wales, 3840 lodges, and 325,000 members, showing an increase of 450 lodges, and 23,000 members over the previous year's return. The subscriptions for this year amounted to 352,583*l.*; the expenditure to 300,000*l.*; leaving a balance of 52,583*l.* in favor of the association. The total amount of property belonging to the order (including pictures, flags, banners, lodge paraphernalia, official apparel, and various insignia) was estimated at 700,000*l.* Amongst the enrolled members are, 130 members of parliament, 629 ministers of religion of various denominations, and 9000 honorary members who make no claim upon the funds. If each member were to contribute only one-halfpenny each it would amount to 34,126*l.* a-year. If they were to walk two and two, one yard asunder, the procession would extend 92 miles and 380 yards. If they walked three miles an hour it would take 30 hours 14 minutes to pass any given spot—10,214 passing every hour. The chief item of expenditure consists of the charge for medical aid afforded to the sick and indigent of the order.

**WATERLOO.**—"What did you think of Waterloo?" I inquired of an old fellow I found one morning digging in my garden, where he had been hired to assist by the lazy head gardener. "Think of it!" said the old crab, stopping and leaning upon his spade, "I thought it hell upon earth. I was utterly deaf with the continued roar of the artillery on one side or the other, and the sound of the musketry of the men beside me. I could not see my companion's face for one minute (as he stood next me) for the thick smoke; and the next I found him choking, retching and vomiting in the agonies of death, and clutching my very feet. Sometimes a shot went tearing through our ranks, and almost shaking the part of the square where I had been for some hours standing, seeming to loosen our files as it knocked the poor fellows head over heels, like ninepins on a bowling-green; and then we heard the familiar tones of the old colonel, to prepare for cavalry, as those devilish cuirassiers poured upon us, and we were wedged together into a wall of iron again to receive them. That's all I know about my feelings, sir," said the old soldier. "It was a terrible sight, and awful to look upon. It was hell upon earth," he muttered, as he resumed his spade, and commenced

digging with energy.—*United Service Magazine.*

**INTERESTING TRAIT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.**—We extract the following paragraph, relating to Louis Philippe, from the *Voss Gazette*, a Swedish Journal:—"On the 2d, Vice-Consul Burk celebrated the 82d anniversary of his birth-day. On the same day he received a letter from the King of the French, written with his own hand, accompanying a gold medal, bearing on one side the profile of his Majesty, and on the other the following inscription:—'Given by Louis Philippe to M. C. Burk, as a memorial of the hospitality received at Hammerfest, in August, 1795.' The letter, which was dated at Neuilly, June 6, is in these terms:—"It is always agreeable to me to find that the traveller Muller has not been forgotten in a country which he visited in simple guise, and unknown; and I always recall with pleasure this journey to my mind. Among my recollections I give the first place to the hospitality so frankly and cordially granted me, a stranger, throughout Norway, and particularly in Norland and Finmark; and at this moment, when a lapse of 49 years since I made this journey into Norway has left me but few of my old hosts remaining, it is gratifying to me to be able to express to all, in your person, what grateful feelings I still entertain."

**IRON.**—The attention of the iron-masters has been attracted to a process of considerable importance lately introduced into their manufacture. The application of electricity, to supersede several of the expensive processes, has, it is stated, been tried in the Welsh and Derbyshire furnaces with satisfactory results. It appears that the costly fuel and labor required for the purification of the ore from sulphur, phosphorus, and such subtle elements, create its high market value; and these being all electro-negative, have induced the new process, whereby the impure stream of metal after flowing from the blast is in its moment of consolidation subjected to a powerful voltaic battery, which so disengages the impure components that in the process of puddling they are readily extracted. The London blacksmiths, it is stated, have tested this iron after a single re-heating, and pronounce it equal to the best metal in the market. By the same process an experiment was tried by Dr. Ure, by whom a soft rod of iron was held in contact with a moderate red heat, and that gentleman is understood to have stated that in a few hours the metal was converted into steel. Should these facts prove what they seem, they are calculated to affect most seriously this important branch of trade.

From Hood's Magazine.

## THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

ADVICE TO AN ASPIRANT—BY CHARLES MACKAY.

If thou wouldst win a lasting fame ;  
 If thou th' immortal wreath wouldst claim,  
 And make the Future bless thy name ;

Begin thy perilous career,  
 Keep high thy heart, thy conscience clear,  
 And walk thy way without a fear.

And if thou hast a voice within,  
 That ever whispers, " Work and win,"  
 And keeps thy soul from sloth and sin :

If thou canst plan a noble deed,  
 And never flag till it succeed,  
 Though in the strife thy heart should bleed :

If thou canst struggle day and night,  
 And, in the envious world's despite,  
 Still keep thy cynosure in sight :

If thou canst bear the rich man's scorn :  
 Nor curse the day that thou wert born,  
 To feed on chaff, and he on corn :

If thou canst dine upon a crust,  
 And still hold on with patient trust,  
 Nor pine that Fortune is unjust :

If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,  
 The knave or fool in purple dress'd,  
 While thou must walk in tatter'd vest :

If thou canst rise ere break of day,  
 And toil and moil till evening gray,  
 At thankless work, for scanty pay :

If, in thy progress to renown,  
 Thou canst endure the scoff and frown  
 Of those who strive to pull thee down :

If thou canst bear th' averted face,  
 The jibe, or treacherous embrace,  
 Of those who run the self-same race :

If thou in darkest days canst find  
 An inner brightness in thy mind,  
 To reconcile thee to thy kind :—

Whatever obstacles control,  
 Thine hour will come—go on—true soul !  
 Thou 'lt win the prize, thou 'lt reach the goal !

If not—what matters ! tried by fire,  
 And purified from low desire,  
 Thy spirit shall but soar the higher.

Content and hope thy heart shall buoy,  
 And men's neglect shall ne'er destroy  
 Thy secret peace, thy inward joy.

But if so bent on worldly fame,  
 That thou must gild thy living name,  
 And snatch the honors of the game ;

And hast not strength to watch and pray,  
 To seize thy time and force thy way,  
 By some new combat every day :

If failure might thy soul oppress,  
 And fill thy veins with heaviness,  
 And make thee love thy kind the less :

Thy fame might rivalry forestal,  
 And thou let tears or curses fall,  
 Or turn thy wholesome blood to gall ;

Pause ere thou tempt the hard career,  
 Thou 'lt find the conflict too severe,  
 And heart will break and brain will sear.

Content thee with a meaner lot ;  
 Go plough thy field, go build thy cot,  
 Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## STANZAS FOR THE BURNS' FESTIVAL. BY DELTA.

I.

STIR the beal-fire, wave the banner,  
 Bid the thundering cannon sound—  
 Rend the skies with acclamation,  
 Stun the woods and waters round—  
 Till the echoes of our gathering  
 Turn the world's admiring gaze  
 To this act of duteous homage  
 Scotland to her poet pays.  
 Fill the banks and braes with music,  
 Be it loud and low by turns—  
 This we owe the deathless glory,  
 That the hapless fate of Burns.

II.

Born within the lowly cottage  
 To a destiny obscure,  
 Doom'd through youth's exulting spring-time  
 But to labor and endure—  
 Yet Despair he elbow'd from him ;  
 Nature breathed with holy joy,  
 In the hues of morn and evening,  
 On the eyelids of the boy ;  
 And his country's Genius bound him  
 Laurels for his sun-burn'd brow,  
 When inspired and proud she found him,  
 Like Elisha, at the plough.

III.

On, exulting in his magic,  
 Swept the gifted peasant on—  
 Though his feet were on the green-sward,  
 Light from heaven around him shone ;  
 At his conjuration, demons  
 Issued from their darkness drear ;  
 Hovering round on silver pinions,  
 Angels stoop'd his songs to hear ;  
 Bow'd the passions to his bidding,  
 Terror gaunt, and Pity calm ;  
 Like the organ pour'd his thunder,  
 Like the lute his fairy psalm.

IV.

Lo, when clover-swathes lay round him,  
 Or his feet the furrow press'd,  
 He could mourn the sever'd daisy,  
 Or the mouse's ruin'd nest ;  
 Woven of gloom and glory, visions  
 Haunting throng'd his twilight hour ;  
 Birds enthrall'd him with sweet music,  
 Tempests with their tones of power ;  
 Eagle-wing'd his mounting spirit  
 Custom's rusty fetters spurn'd ;  
 Tasso-like, for Jean he melted,  
 Wallace-like, for Scotland burn'd !

V.

Scotland !—dear to him was Scotland,  
 In her sons and in her daughters,  
 In her Highlands,—Lowlands,—Islands,—  
 Regal woods, and rushing waters ;—  
 In the glory of her story,  
 When her tartans fired the field,—  
 Scotland ! oft betray'd—beleagu'r'd—  
 Scotland ! never known to yield !

Dear to him her Doric language,—  
Thrill'd his heart-strings at her name;  
And he left her more than rubies,  
In the riches of his fame.

## VI.

Sons of England!—Sons of Erin!  
Ye who, journeying from afar,  
Throng with us the shire of Coila,  
Led by Burns' guiding star—  
Proud we greet you—ye will join us,  
As, on this triumphant day,  
To the champions of his genius  
Grateful thanks we duly pay—  
Currie—Chambers—Lockhart—Wilson—  
Carlyle—who his bones to save  
From the wolfish fiend, Detraction,  
Couch'd like lions round his grave.

## VII.

Daughter of the poet's mother!  
Here we hail thee with delight;  
Shower'd be every earthly blessing  
On thy locks of silver white!—  
Sons of Burns, a hearty welcome,  
Welcome home from India's strand,  
To a heart-loved land far dearer,  
Since your glorious Father's land:—  
Words are worthless—look around you—  
Labor'd tomes far less could say  
To the sons of such a father,  
Than the sight of such a day!

## VIII.

Judge not ye, whose thoughts are fingers,  
Of the hands that witch the lyre—  
Greenland has its mountain icebergs,  
Ætna has its heart of fire:  
Calculation has its plummet;  
Self-control its iron rules;  
Genius has its sparkling fountains;  
Dulness has its stagnant pools;  
Like a halcyon on the waters,  
Burns' chart disdain'd a plan—  
In his soarings he was heavenly,  
In his sinkings he was man.

## IX.

As the sun from out the orient  
Pours a wider, warmer light,  
Till he floods both earth and ocean,  
Blazing from the zenith's height:  
So the glory of our poet,  
In its deathless power serene,  
Shines—as rolling time advances—  
Warmer felt, and wider seen:  
First Doon's banks and braes contain'd it,  
Then his country form'd its span;  
Now the wide world is its empire,  
And its throne the heart of man.

## X.

Home returning, each will carry  
Proud remembrance of this day,  
When exulted Scotland's bosom  
Homage to her bard to pay;—  
When our jubilee to brighten,  
Eglinton with Wilson vied,  
Wealth's regards and Rank's distinctions  
For the season set aside;  
And the peasant, peer, and poet,  
Each put forth an equal claim,  
For the twining of his laurel  
In the wreath of Burns' fame!

From Hood's Magazine.

## ONE NIGHT IN THE LIFE OF A MAN OF BUSINESS.

ONE evening as I sat in my chambers, looking over some papers of a process prior to sitting down to a regular study of the same, a messenger was announced who had come to the town post-haste from a considerable distance. On his entrance, I recognized him as a servant of Mr. F——, an eminent Guiana merchant, whose country-house was about ten miles distant.

This gentleman had been for some time ailing; and so serious was the disorder, that during about six weeks I had been three times called to draw out forms of his last will and testament, in the expectation of his immediate demise. Nevertheless, he had still lingered on; and so heavily did the division and disposal of his vast property among his family and connexions press upon his mind, that now for the fourth time I was called to reconstruct a deed of settlement.

The messenger, who had come on horseback, immediately on making his communication withdrew; and hastily packing up some blank sheets of stamped paper and parchment, I prepared to follow with all convenient despatch. Whilst I was about this my horse and gig were brought from the livery-stables where they were kept, and shortly stood all ready at the door. My horse was a very fine one, (for I was a young man then,) and I was very proud of him; he had not been out for two days, and was now quite spirited and alert. Wrapped up to the throat in one or two top-coats and a cloak, I took my seat, and drove rapidly through the town and out along the road.

It was about eight in the evening, and I had a ten-miles' drive before me; very dark, very still, and very cold. I don't think I passed two persons after I left the bright lights of the town behind me; all was solitude, gloom, and cheerlessness, without the small orbit of light my lamps supplied. Nevertheless, we rattled along quite briskly, "Client," my excellent nag, getting over the ground at a beautiful rate. I was perfectly well acquainted with the road; knew it almost as well as the passages of my own writing-chambers; and being thus quite at ease with regard to turnpike-gates, towns, heights, hollows, and bridges, I began to reflect on various subjects, and finally, upon the history of the gentleman to whose house I was proceeding on my very peculiar errand.

He began life as a pedler. His father had been a tradesman of the poorest sort; his mother a washerwoman: and once, in a fit of remorse, after a long period of continual intoxication, the former having terminated his existence by a leap from the window of the garret where he dwelt; and the latter having been left with two boys unprovided for, a subscription was set a-going by certain charitable persons for their relief. Oh, well do I remember my old gray-headed father telling me the tale, and showing me the lofty loophole of a window in one of the dirty narrow streets of the suburbs whence the frenzied drunkard took his last leap; and he would tell me, too, as haply the gorgeous carriage of the moneyed merchant rolled past, how he himself had put a shilling to that subscription which formed the nucleus, round which arose this mighty accumulation of wealth and influence; for this scanty collection, divided equally among the two brothers, had been to each the acorn from which a vast tree of prosperity took

root. One had gone abroad, and, dying, his children were now chiefs and law-makers in the land of his adoption; the other sought a living as I have mentioned, and, though progressively, yet speedily, by honesty, industry, and great talent—nay, let me call it genius—so far raised himself as not only to have filled the highest municipal offices in his native town, but to have also represented it with credit both to it and to himself in two several parliaments.

But as I thus ruminated on his history, I approached a point where the road passed a broad and deep canal. The navigation was for masted vessels, and hence a drawbridge of wood was the only means of crossing. The site of this, too, was peculiar, for it spanned the centre of an immense waterlock. The canal here ascended by a series of locks and basins an inclination of some hundred feet in height; and, as the highway for a mile on each side happened to be upon about a level with this lock, over it the drawbridge was thrown, though somewhat inconveniently, to avoid the expensive and roundabout measure of taking the road above or below the series or flight of watersteps.

The bridge-keeper's cottage was hard by, and, on my driving up, he came out with his lantern, looked to the fastenings of the movable arch, and taking my horse's head led him over; then wishing me good night, he returned to his house, and I drove on amid the darkness as before. About a couple of miles beyond this was the gateway, and, after about a quarter of a mile of avenue, I drew up before Mr. F——'s princely mansion.

A servant was at the door, to whose care I committed "Client" and the gig, and, divesting myself of my outer gear in the hall, I hurried up stairs to the bedroom where I knew the dying merchant lay.

On my tapping at the door, an attendant appeared, who hastily showed me in an adjoining dressing-room to wait while he informed the doctor of my arrival, who should, in the way he thought proper, communicate the information to his patient.

As I looked about me, in this chamber, I could not but be struck with the richness and luxuriousness of everything in it. I had been thrust, in the hurry and confusion, into the dressing-room of the lady of the house, it was evident; and as, being a bachelor, the thing was somewhat new to me, I was, for a little time, lost in admiration of the various costly and beautiful articles of furniture, of apparel, and of the toilet, that everywhere met my gaze.

But, as I stood, a door in a passage, different from that by which I had entered, appeared to fall slightly open, and, on directing my attention to that quarter, I could distinctly hear voices and other sounds, proceeding, apparently, from the sick room. There was a sound of footfalls, now and then treading stealthily about the carpet, a noise of sobbing and subdued wailing of women, over which rose a clear and impressive, though low-pitched, voice, apparently reading prayers. Frequently, too, I could hear a thick, stifling cough, which appeared to afford no relief from the irritation that caused it, but to come to a termination through the sufferer's inability from very weakness to continue it. Presently I heard a voice, which, though woefully changed, even since I last heard it, I recognized as Mr. F——'s.

"Stay, Mr. Etheridge," it said, apparently to the person reading; "the men that made these prayers, may have been very talented and very pious, yet, methinks, it would have a better effect on my mind, if you would kneel beside me, and pray,

with me, and for me, out of the overflowing ideas of your own heart, produced by the view of one of your fellow-men in my awful position."

Thereupon the clergyman, whose voice I now remembered, complying with his request, poured forth a flow of unstudied but impassioned prayer, the fervent "amens" to which of the poor sinking man, evinced its effect upon his spirit. Ere he had concluded, some one drew the door close, and all was silence, save the gush of a tiny escape of water in a bath-room, somewhere along the passage.

In a minute, the doctor came into the room to me. I knew him also.

"Ah, doctor," said I, "how is he,—going from us at last, eh?"

"Yes, poor man, he is sinking fast: he has not twenty minutes!" "T is a beautiful case; certain valves of the heart must be completely obliterated; the second sound is not audible; but you don't understand these things, probably. But come in, he has asked for you repeatedly."

On entering the room, and rounding a screen that concealed the door, a most striking tableau was presented to me—it was the death-bed of wealth.

Buried in the white cushions of a bed of down, lay the shrunken and pallid figure of the dying merchant, his face wearing that peculiar expression which betokens that the great change is at hand, and for which, I believe, the doctors have a peculiar name. Close by his head, stood his wife weeping. He had married her somewhat late in life, and the match was one of convenience on both sides; for she was the daughter of a general in the army, whose large family—his pay both as a general and as colonel of a regiment, and, also, as governor of some castle in Scotland that had been for two centuries a ruin, and as comptroller-general of something he neither knew nor inquired anything about—but barely sufficed to supply with necessities becoming the rank he had to support. The suitor was enormously rich, and an M. P.; she, exceedingly poor, and a general's daughter: so, without much trouble in wooing, the matter was arranged between the male parties. She was a large and very beautiful woman, and the expression of ignorant pride, which was habitual to her, had not deserted her features even at the death-bed of her husband. Yes, even amid her tears, she looked up at me with a countenance that plainly said, "I am better than thou!"

"It may be so, my good woman," I could not help thinking, or rather, saying internally; "but I have other things to think about just now."

A little behind her, with his handkerchief to his face, stood her eldest son, the pride of her heart. I knew him well; his education, from his earliest years, had been conducted on the "away from home" principle, and its result was, that he was now the most eminent youth at a fashionable public school—not for learning, for that is vulgar, but dissipation. He had been so long from home as to have forgotten all about his father, and to know him only as the "old governor"—one on whom to draw for money, and from whose knowledge to keep his young vices; for, though barely eighteen, he could play the gourmand, drink, sport, drive tandem, game, and practise other little, expensive follies; nay, he had already even had the honor of being pigeoned by a sparrowhawk "leg," the son of a butcher, but of *most respectable* connexions nevertheless, who had no means of getting his

bread but by preying on boys, and into whose pockets a few hundreds of the "governor's" hard-earned money had been transferred by the magic of *ecarté*. It would require more benevolence than I was ever possessed of, to fancy into grief the exultation evident in this youngster's countenance, at the awful event that was pending. It seemed to me that his heart, thus early seared by continual contact with the vicious, was busy imagining future scenes of uncontrolled indulgence, of money in unlimited supply; but three short years were to intervene, ere he would be without restraint, and be enabled to cut his present miserable associate, and have the distinction of suffering from titled sharpers and rascals of eminence; and of paying court to London actresses and figurantes, and not squalid provincial hacks.

How different was the mourning of his sister, a slight, fair creature of about fourteen, who knelt by the bedside, clasping her dying father's hand, with her weeping face, and it hidden by the fair hair that fell dishevelled about, in the extremity of her grief. She had always been his favorite; and it was her bitter sobbing that had reached my ears on my first entrance, as I stood in the dressing-room.

How different, too, was the look of the younger son, a pretty boy of seven years old, whose dear papa was going from him forever: that dear papa who used to walk and play with him about the grounds, and fly his kite for him in the park, and who never came from the town but with a toy or some such thing in his pocket. But there was deep dread and awe mingled with this child's sorrow; for his young heart understood not yet what was meant by the word "death," and he stood weeping, and hiding himself among the deep folds of the massive bed-curtains.

The doctor going close to the bed, and taking his patient's wrist, after a moment whispered something to him. He languidly turned his head, and looked toward me with an expression which, though fearfully ghastly, I felt was meant for a smile.

"Ah! Mr. D——," said he, in a scarcely audible voice, "I suppose you see how it is with me?"

And here the tears rose in my eyes in spite of me, although I had always known him in my capacity of a man of business, and had never formed part of his private circle. I said something which I have forgotten, and for half a minute or more he appeared to me to wander in his thoughts. At length he said plainly and distinctly—

"I have sent for you about a trifling matter."

"An alteration in your settlement?" said I. "Will you please to state your wishes as succinctly as you can?"

"Oh, no! I believe that is all as it should be, and as much as possible calculated to please all parties" (here he glanced in the direction of his wife and eldest son): "what I want you about is the disposal of my body. Take your paper and write."

A small table was here hastily brought me, and I sat down.

"I desire," he continued, "my body to be buried, not in General ——'s vault, but in the west churchyard of the —— suburb."

Here his wife and son started, and looked astonishment and indignation.

"And that," continued he, summoning up the last spark of that energy that had carried him over

many a difficulty during his lifetime of struggle; "and that, upon penalty of forfeiture of all money and property I have bequeathed to my wife, which in such a case I direct to be placed in the hands of the trustees before appointed, of whom you are one, Mr. D——, to be disposed as they shall think fit, for behoof of my boy Edward F——. The grave is in the north-west corner of the churchyard, and is marked by two small round stones, one at the head, marked L. S., with the date 1790; the other at the feet, marked H. S. simply."

As I was busy framing this into law-form and phraseology, Mrs. F—— spoke to me with a tone and manner that was extremely unpleasant:

"You surely do not mean to write that down, Mr. D——? You see he is plainly out of his intellects."

"Pardon me, madam," said I, "I must do as he desires me; the question of his sanity cannot be decided on by me, it is matter for a jury."

"Also that a small leather case, which I will put into your possession, Mr. D——, be enclosed in my coffin, with its contents, and buried with me. Have you done?"

"One moment, my dear sir!"

"Now then, give me a pen, and let me sign it; my strength is failing fast."

He managed to put his name to it; when he had, he shut his eyes, and seemed for a moment utterly exhausted: rallying a little—

"Jane!" said he.

His daughter sprang to her feet, and stood bending over him.

"Kiss my brow, dearest!"

The poor girl complied: a gush of new tears falling over his face and the pillow.

"In the drawer of my dressing glass you will find a bunch of keys; haste and fetch them."

Presently she returned, and put into his hands the keys he spoke of. Slowly he fingered them over, when, marking out two, he directed her to take them off the ring. I did it; for her eyes were so blinded, it was a matter of difficulty to her.

"Now," he resumed, "this is the key of the rosewood scrutoire in my study; open it: in the centre you will see a small recess with a door; this other is the key. Within are two bins full of papers, and two small drawers. The upper one is open, and contains, in a corner, the key of the lower; in the latter you will find an old-fashioned leather pocket-book; bring it quickly, as you love me, Jane."

Shortly the girl returned with what he desired. As he took it into his trembling hands, a glow of pleasure seemed to come into his eyes, and from that moment his mind was lost to all around him. He continued to murmur to himself, as he slowly and gradually opened it; and I could distinctly trace the words, "O! Hannah, Hannah! my poor lost Hannah!" Several old time-faded letters, wearing away at the corners and foldings, and with dim faint ink, fell out upon the bed-clothes. One was so worn that it fell asunder, and I could see it was an ancient *Valentine*, and its date was 1783.

He touched and fingered at these papers, in a sort of vague, inane manner, still continuing to murmur to himself: then leaving them alone, he took from another pocket of the book what seemed a small parcel. It opened among his fingers, and there rolled forth over the clothes a most magnificent tress of yellow hair. It appeared to be three



or four feet in length, and as thick as the largest of my fingers. Whether from nature or from the way in which it had been packed, it was full of serpentine curls, twists, and wavings; and as it was moved about in the old man's hands, it showed in the light a hundred tints and shadows, from a pale tawny to the richest golden brilliance. It was quite loose and wavy, being only bound together by a thread at the top, close by where it had been cut from the fair temples it had once adorned.

It was cruel to look upon his wife as this happened; but I could not help it; and I saw that the eyes of all in that chamber were directed to her. Amazement, rage, jealousy, and scorn, followed each other rapidly over the mirror of her features, and, overpowered, she sank into a cushioned chair hard by, and, covering her face with her hands, leaned her head against its back. A moment, and a flood of tears streamed through her fingers, and with them all the woman rose in her bosom. Starting up, she flew to his side, and clasping his head in her hands, cried aloud, amid her weeping,

"Dearest, dearest George! have you no word for me—no word now for me, your own Clementine—your wife, the mother of your children?"

But he neither saw her nor heard her; his mind was far away amid other scenes and events that had happened many, many years ere she was born; and he continued to murmur, as he pressed the tress to his lips and bosom,

"Alas, Hannah! could it be that ambition could overcome love even to the grave! Why did you love a fool like me, and love so deeply, Hannah! Fortune, business, the world divided us; but I know what they are now, and we shall sleep together in the end."

This did he utter, in detached, scarcely audible sentences, while his wife sobbed and wept over him. Presently I thought there was something gasping and unnatural in her breathing; suddenly she stood up, turned round to us, and broke into an appalling fit of hysteric laughter; and, making a sudden grasp apparently at the lock of hair, fell back senseless into our arms.

She was taken away to another room, the doctor going with her. This occurrence diverted my attention for a moment from the dying man. On looking again to him, I found that he had managed to raise the lock to his lips; but appeared not to have strength to remove it again. This set him a coughing, and gradually the coughs became weaker and weaker. I heard a long-drawn sigh; and some one said,

"He is gone."

I will not describe the scene further.

I took the lock of hair and the loose papers and returned them to the pocket-book. It was an old-fashioned thing, of coarse and cheap materials. I sealed it up, and packing it along with the deed that had just been executed, I took my leave, uncared about, amid the confusion; and getting into my gig drove off homewards, toward the town. It appeared I had not been detained more than an hour, and in another hour I could be in my chambers, which I was anxious enough to reach, to lay me down and get some sleep, for I felt myself totally unhunged, and incapacitated for any intellectual labor for that night; indeed, just as one feels on returning from seeing a tragic drama well performed. I endeavored, as I drove along, to shape out something like a moral from the events I had just been concerned in, which took somewhat of this form:

"Surely all the happiness in this world consists but in love and friendship; that is, in the indulgence of the affections. Wealth and power, however much they may seem to promise, are useful to the end, solely in so far as they procure, or preserve when procured by other means, these gratifications; and the man who pursues the former for themselves alone, may have occasion on his death-bed, like the successful merchant I have just quitted, to look back upon his life as a tissue of profitless folly; a vain leaving behind of the substance to chase the baseless shadow; or a leaving of the apples on the tree to make prize of, and run off with the ladder, whereby they might be reached."

"And again," said I; "it is a most strange spectacle to see the first love of youth, the passion of boyhood, living on through a life of anxiety, amid the cares of a vast business and of an extensive family connexion, and amid the struggles of political contention, and thus, in the end, coming to be uppermost, and at the last and most striking period of the whole lifetime usurping all the heart, to the quenching or exclusion of every other feeling—even the domestic emotions—those one would think likely to be the strongest at such a moment."

But whilst I ruminated in this way, I approached the spot where the road crossed the lock of the canal. On my driving up close to the drawbridge, everything appeared as I left it. There was the great square gulf with its mighty floodgates at either end, and dark mossy sides, formed of vast blocks of cut stone, looking, in the regularity of its shape, in its depth and darkness, like a grave dug for some huge Titan that required a thunderbolt to slay him. Everything was cold, dark, and still; and I could hear the fall into the deep bottom of the lock of numerous small gushes of water spouting through crevices in the upper part of the gates. As I sat, too, I heard faint distant shouts, and then a thundering gush of water far away down the chain of locks, as if some vessel were passing through. It was the case, and she had passed the one I was about to cross about an hour before.

I hallooed loudly for the bridgekeeper, but without effect; all in the direction of the cottage continued dark. At length I thought, "Surely it's all right—I can take 'Client' across by myself quite well;" and I drove him down the road a little to make him, in coming back, go right at the drawbridge.

But here let me explain the way in which this machine was constructed. It was lowered by two halves, one from each side of the lock; these, meeting in the middle and pressing against each other, afforded mutual support, upon something of the principle of the arch. But as the whole weight of whatever crossed must come first upon one half, while as yet there was no weight at all on the other, and thus one half might be forced beneath the other, and the whole fabric tumble at once into the depths beneath, two strong bands of iron, each with a heavy bolt and other fastenings, bound them together in the midst, and required to be opened and fixed again every time the bridge was raised and lowered.

Now I confess I had my suspicions about this bridge, and would have got out and examined it had I not been so cumbered with coats and cloak, all buttoned tight upon me; so I hallooed again, and receiving no answer, drove full trot right at it. But "Client" stopped short and backed, and neither persuasion nor force would induce him to try

From the Spectator.

## WAR.

it. I turned him, took him down the road again, and brought him at it once more full tilt. He sprang upon it, his feet touching it in that sort of hasty, convulsive, mincing way in which a horse treads an insecure place. All at once I felt a sensation I have never experienced before or since. It was as if I was gently let down, while everything seemed strangely to swim around me. Another bound of the horse, and again his feet rattled together on the timber. I was plainly sinking. I shrieked with horror—another frantic spring of the animal, and he got his fore-feet, and for a moment his hind ones, on the solid stones of the other side, at the same time that half we had first crossed with a dread rumbling sound broke from its fastenings, and fell with a hideous splash into the black water at the bottom of the cavernous lock, forty feet beneath me. The other half was sinking gradually under the weight of the gig, which seemed to be drawing the horse back also, whilst his mad plunging made the fire fly all around his heels, and his wild unnatural scream of terror rang and echoed over the neighboring fields. In a paroxysm of fear I whipped him furiously, as the only means that offered a hope of preservation, while ever and anon the treacherous platform was more quickly sinking away from beneath me. A moment, and he seemed to have got secure footing; he made an instant pull with his whole vigor. I felt the wheels rising over the stone coping of the lock, and the next instant he had trotted forward a few yards and stood still, cowed and motionless, save only that he trembled audibly in his harness.

I got down, and going to his head spoke to him, and caressed him, patting his face and neck, then led him to the door of the bridgekeeper's cottage. This functionary was not to be found; but his wife, who had just got out of bed, alarmed by the cries and noise, and was hurriedly dressing herself, informed me he was gone to a neighboring village—persuaded that no vessel would pass the locks so late.

Now it happened that a large sloop had passed, and the men in charge of her, when they had got her through the lock, had lowered the bridge again, but left it without securing the fastenings, which it is probable they did not entirely understand.

With a hearty anathema at her husband, and all praying neglectors of duty, I directed her to take a lantern and go out to the site of the bridge, there to await his return, and prevent further accidents to passengers on the road; I then got up again and drove quickly back to the town.

"And who," thought I, as I drove along—"who that hears the experiences of this one night, will assert that there is no romance in a life of business!"

ECONOMICAL pleasure-seekers are now supplied by railway excursions with the means of transit at the cheapest rate. Dover and Brighton are visited by the cockneys in crowds of one or two thousand at a time; a party of a thousand has been to Liverpool; another has visited Southampton and the Isle of Wight; and next week, Londoners may set off to Bath, Bristol, and Exeter, by the first excursion that has taken place on the great western line. But the northern manufacturing districts are the regions for "monster" excursions—there a party of three or four thousand persons in one train is not a rare occurrence.

Nobody sees a battle. The common soldier fires away amidst a smoke-mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd which hides everything from him. The officer is too anxious about the performance of what he is specially charged with, to mind what others are doing. The commander cannot be present everywhere, and see every wood, water-course, or ravine, in which his orders are carried into execution: he learns from his reports how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those jobs which men do without daring to look upon. Over miles of country, at every field-fence, in every gorge of a valley or entry into a wood, there is murder committing—wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form—God's image—is mutilated, deformed, lacerated, in every possible way, and with every variety of torture. The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves crushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe and roar without assistance—and fever and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely. Thirst too has seized upon the yet able-bodied soldier, who with bloodshot eyes and tongue lolling out plies his trade—blaspheming, killing with savage delight, callous when the brains of his best-loved comrade are spattered over him.

The battle-field is, if possible, a more painful object of contemplation than the combatants. They are in their vocation, earning their bread—what will not men do for a shilling a day? But their work is carried on amid the fields, gardens, and homesteads of men unused to war. They who are able have fled before the coming storm, and left their homes, with all that habit and happy associations have made precious, to bear its brunt. The poor, the aged, the sick, are left in the hurry, to be killed by stray shots, or beaten down as the charge and counter-charge go over them. The ripening grain is trampled down; the garden is trodden into a black mud; the fruit-trees, bending beneath their luscious load, are shattered by the cannon-shot. Churches and private dwellings are used as fortresses, and ruined in the conflict. Barns and stack-yards catch fire, and the conflagration spreads on all sides. At night the steed is stabled beside the altar; and the weary homicides of the day complete the wrecking of houses, to make their lairs for slumber. The fires of the bivouac complete what the fires kindled by the battle have left unconsumed. The surviving soldiers march on to act the same scenes over again elsewhere; and the remnant of the scattered inhabitants return to find the mangled bodies of those they had loved, amid the blackened ruins of their homes—to mourn with more agonizing grief over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain—to feel themselves bankrupts of the world's stores, and look from their children to the desolate fields and garners, and think of famine, and pestilence engendered by the rotting bodies of the half-buried myriads of slain.

The soldier marches on and on, inflicting and suffering as before. War is a continuance of battles—an epidemic striding from place to place, more horrible than the typhus, pestilence, or cholera, which not unfrequently follow in its train. The siege is an aggravation of the battle. The peaceful inhabitants of the beleaguered town are

cooped up, and cannot fly the place of conflict. The mutual injuries inflicted by assailant and assailed are aggravated—their wrath is more frenzied: then come the storm and the capture, and the riot and lustful excesses of the victor soldiery, striving to quench the drunkenness of blood in the drunkenness of wine. The eccentric movements of war—the marching and countermarching—often repeat the blow on districts slowly recovering from the first. Between destruction and the wasteful consumption of the soldiery, poverty pervades the land. Hopeless of the future, hardened by the scenes of which he is a daily witness, perhaps goaded by revenge, the peasant becomes a plunderer and assassin. The horrible cruelties perpetrated by Spanish peasants on the French soldiers who fell into their power, were the necessary consequences of war. The families of the upper classes are dispersed; the discipline of the family-circle is removed; a habit of living in the day for the day—of drowning the thoughts of the morrow in transient and illicit pleasure—is engendered. The waste and desolation which a battle spreads over the battle-field, is as nothing when compared with the moral blight which war diffuses through all ranks of society, in the country which is the scene of war.

The exhaustion caused by war is not confined to the people among whom the fighting takes place. The invaders must have their ranks, thinned by every battle, incessantly recruited. The military-chest is a constant drain on the treasures of the nation which sends the invading army. It is in preserving its homes undestroyed and the remnants of its family-circles uncontaminated, and in avoiding the actual view of the agonies of the dying, that the belligerent country which is not the scene of war has any advantage over that which is: but this advantage is almost counterbalanced by the chronic panic—the incessant apprehension which haunts its inhabitants that the chances of war may bring all its horrors to their gates.

The madness is catching: two nations may begin a war, but it never ends with *two*. Some infringement of the rights of neutrals involves a third and a fourth in the contest. The exhaustion of the country which was at first the scene of war tempts to a renewal of hostilities with renewed vigor on a virgin field. The ocean becomes as unsafe as the land. The battle-field and the siege find their counterparts in naval actions; and the seas are swept by privateers, the licensed pirates—the “salt-water thieves,” who serve a state for winking at their pillage. The natural channels of industry are dammed up, and artificial ones are created. An unhealthy and temporary stimulus is given to the industry of one country by the paralyzed industry of others. New forms and methods of business are introduced by the necessities of convoys; the merchant's speculations must rest upon totally new combinations. Classes are called into existence who have an interest in perpetuating war: all the agents of belligerent diplomacy, from the ambassador-extraordinary to the spy—the lenders of money to governments—and purveyors—the speculators in the plundering expeditions of privateers—soldiers of fortune, who have no longer a country.

Nor is the war interest the only obstacle to the return of peace. With every new nation sucked into the vortex of hostilities the ulterior aim of the war has been changed. The object for which it was begun, from a principal, sinks into a second-

ary, or is altogether forgotten. As interest, temper, or intrigue breaks up old alliances and forms new combinations, new objects keep still emerging. Men forget what they are fighting for, and fight on merely to conquer a peace. Civilians, overburdened with taxes, become seditious clamorers for peace. Soldiers, sick of unceasing butchery, long at last for peace, and play into the hands of foreign diplomatists—as Napoleon's generals sold him to the allied sovereigns, and their country with him. Armies, recruited from any quarter, have lost all sense of national honor. The objectless war is huddled up by an ignominious peace, wished for because men are tired and sickened of fighting, and brought about by treachery and falsehood.

Peace brings with it a momentary gleam of gladness, which quickly subsides in the sense of exhaustion that pervades all nations. The demand for the industry artificially created by war ceases with war. Other branches of industry revive slowly. The cost of the war is less than half-defrayed; the debts incurred to carry it on press heavily on impoverished nations. The war-interest is beggared and discontented. Men's habits have been unsettled—they cannot at once settle down into the new order of things. The first years of a general peace succeeding a general war are years of bankruptcy and privation—of starving and rioting among the poorer classes, of fraud and political profligacy among the higher.

Such is war, with its sufferings and consequential sorrows. Such is war in Christian and civilized Europe—war in an age and countries in which most has been done to subject it to regular laws, and to alleviate its horrors by the moral self-control and refinement of its agents. Whitewash it as we will, it still remains full of dead men's bones and rottenness within. And they who trust most to it will be sure to feel most severely that it is an engine the direction and efficacy of which defy calculation—which is as apt to recoil upon those who explode it as to carry destruction into the ranks of their adversaries.

From the Spectator.

#### PRIVATEERING.

On land, war has, in theory at least, been conducted for upwards of half a century upon comparatively humane principles. Attempts have been made to give laws to its lawlessness. It is now understood that war is an affair of the military alone; that the civilian, if he stick to his own business, is not to be meddled with. The sharp justice exercised upon all belligerents out of uniform is vindicated on the plea of the protection extended to non-combatants. The property, too, of the private citizen is respected: he is subjected to extra-leaves for the supply of the troops, but confiscation and plunder by private parties is obsolete. Giving up towns to plunder is exceptional; and Napoleon's *marade*, after his experience of its effects in embittering the peasantry and demoralizing his troops, is not likely to be repeated.

If these humane regulations are too little respected in practice, their justice is at least admitted; the decent hypocrisy of pretending to obey them prevails—and that is a great step gained. But in naval warfare, the old system of pillage and outrage on the persons of those who defend their property is still in the ascendant.

The very first step of a naval war is to capture as many of the enemy's merchantmen as can be laid hold of. No doubt, a very efficient and recognized means of beating an enemy is to impoverish him. But in the regulated warfare of the land, each government strives to impoverish the hostile government; leaving to it the invidious task of drawing the purses of its own subjects. Even an army supporting itself in an enemy's country goes regularly to work: it taxes the inhabitants so that men pay in proportion, and have their rights of private property respected. But the capture of merchantmen is sheer freebooting—confiscation—a practical assertion of the doctrine that the subject of a hostile state has no rights.

This is the least part of the evil: in naval wars governments are in the habit of delegating this right to plunder, which they claim, to private individuals, not subjected to the control of military discipline. By letters of marque, private individuals are licensed to plunder the enemy for their own private advantage. The direct gain of robbing the enemy's subjects is theirs exclusively; the government which forms this alliance is only indirectly benefited by the national impoverishment of its adversary.

The privateer is no better than a licensed pirate. He does not fight for glory, or for patriotism, or from a sense of professional duty. His motives are undisguisedly those of the buccaneer and highwayman. He is at best a cowardly robber, who would not dare to commit his crime if he knew that in addition to the risk of being pistolled by the party he bids stand and deliver, he incurred an additional risk of being hanged if he escaped the first danger.

The state which takes such miscreants into its employment never can be sure that they will not exceed the license it gives them and add cruelty to crime. In the war in which this country was engaged when George the Third mounted the throne, the narrow seas were crammed with English privateers. They ran out from the Thames, manned with any desperadoes picked up in the brothels and gaming-houses of London, then the resort of the highwaymen and footpads of the day, and attacked indiscriminately all flags—neutral and allied as well as hostile. The capture of a Dutch vessel with a Spanish *Chargé d'Affaires* on board, by a band of these buccaneers, provoked inquiry into their dealings, and for a time the gibbets at Blackwall groaned beneath hecatombs of them; but to little good purpose. Even peace did not put a stop all at once to their outrages; for parties of them, having contracted a habit of piracy, continued to indulge in it long after the government had any use for them.

Notwithstanding the improvement which better improved police and more generally-diffused education and refinement had made in the morals of most European countries during the interval, the privateers of the beginning of this century were not a whit better than those of 1760. A letter of marque was taken out for some swift-sailing craft, and her master proceeded to man her with the most reckless ruffians he could pick out of the off-scourings of society. The *habitués* of the slave-trade, the veteran pirates of the Greek Islands and the Gulf of Mexico, rascals whom the fear of deserved punishment had driven to desert from men-of-war, renegadoes who knew that the gibbet awaited them at home for having fought against their country's flag—every callous and desperate

outcast was welcome. The scenes of horror perpetrated in many a fair and stately merchant-bark by those ruffians would appall the most unfeeling. The inveterate hatred felt by our gallant tars for the crews of those low-decked, swift, rascally-looking craft, which used to prowl around our convoys in hopes of picking off a lagging merchantman after nightfall, was well earned.

Great though the culpability of the governments who stooped to avail themselves of such instruments undoubtedly was, there is something yet more hateful in the conduct of those callous and mercenary individuals who invested their capitals in privateering speculations. It is inconceivable how men—decent churchgoing men, respected upon 'change—could grow rich by fitting out privateers, and never feel a twinge of conscience. Surely their dreams were haunted by the thoughts of the bankrupts they made—of the outrages perpetrated on board of prizes by the banditti in their pay. Compared with such men, slave-traders—Pedro Blanco himself—are humane and considerate individuals. The slave-trader preys only upon blacks and savages; the speculator in privateering preys upon men of his own color, and even of his own tongue and kindred.

No one can deny the truth of all this; and yet the next war that Providence sends upon us for our sins will see privateering as rare as ever. So long as peace lasts, the question is looked on as abstract speculation: no statesman will trouble himself about it. When war has broken out, or is imminent, it is too late to provide for the abolition of privateering. The right of issuing letters of marque has too long been sanctioned by the international law of Europe for a single state to refuse to recognize them. There is only one remedy—a sharp one, but sharp diseases require such: let our government abstain from issuing letters of marque, and let the admiralty issue instructions to all commanders of men-of-war, that since the crews of privateers cannot be run up at the yard-arm when taken, *no privateer is to be taken*. The certainty of being sunk is as likely to cool a pirate's courage as the certainty of being hanged. A steamer with a Paixhans gun is more than a match for the best clipper ever built for licensed piracy in Boston, Balimore, or the creeks and crannies of Bretagne; and though foreign governments might object to our disregarding their letters of marque after making prisoners the crew of a privateer, they cannot oblige us to *take* their vessel.

From the United Service Journal.

#### WHAT ALTERED THE INTENTION OF EUPHRATES?

BY T. M. RUSSELL, OF THE KURDISTAN EXPEDITION.

THE uncertain subjection, and unsure obedience of the Kurds, whether nomadic or stationary, have ever been subjects of observation and marvel to travellers in the East. So numerous, so warlike, and so comparatively united are the people, that there cannot exist a doubt but that in many districts in Asia Minor, they might with much ease throw off the easy yoke to which they are nominally subjected by the Osmanli power. Though they have sometimes done this, they have never made any attempt at establishing a political government of their own, not altogether owing perhaps to their ignorance of organization and method

of warfare, but rather to a received rule of action among them never to attack towns, or possess themselves of fenced places. Even in the districts south and east of Erzeroum, where they are essentially paramount, they content themselves with enforcing quarters, rations, and fodder, during the winter season, at the hands of the dwellers in villages and towns, leaving the owner altogether his own master during the summer months. But within Euphrates, or to speak more definitely, throughout the peninsula, such supremacy is not affected, and the Kurd contents himself with robbing wherever and whomsoever he can, and withholding every sort of tribute or tax until compelled by the appearance of an armed force, with whom, as I have observed, it is no part of their system to contend in the field. The restitutions of horses, oxen, sheep, &c., on these occasions, serve to display, in very unmistakable character, their rapacity, industry, and total want of any feeling approaching to shame, which latter is the more to be marvelled at, as the Kurd, unlike his fellow thief the Arab, professes to consider the appropriating another's goods against his will, as a reprehensible, and not a meritorious act.

The woods, mountains, morasses, and pasture-land, generally throughout the country, have been from time to time possessed by the Kurds, and by them appropriated to their peculiar purposes, expelling the former possessor, whether aboriginal Armenian, or like-usurping Turk, rather by a system of incessant annoyance and larcenical spoliations than open warfare; and in a country so abounding in table-land, fir-clad acclivities, and undrained meads, such constitutes a large moiety of the superficial content. It has also happened, that in the abandonment of whole districts to these nomades by their former inhabitants, entire towns, together with the surrounding country, have, almost against the Kurds' wishes, fallen into their occupation. The peculiar position of one of these, the classical association connected with it, and the difficulties attending its being visited, will form the subject of this paper.

The ancient kingdom of Commagena is perhaps more indebted for its celebrity, as far as poetic associations go, to the tragedy of Racine, and its being the birth-place of Lucian, than to any actual historical events of interest with which it has been connected. It lay out of the path of the invader marching westward, and did not in itself present sufficient invitation for very frequent invasion for its mere conquest or occupancy. Its western boundary it would be hard to determine at any time; its southern varied according to the power or will of the Syrian power that was; the eastern was the river Euphrates, which divided its romantic and picturesque valleys and crags from the monotonous level of Mesopotamia; while the northern, with which I have to do at present, was the dark-wooded steps of Taurus, at this part nearly impervious. In this direction consequently, a sort of *cul de sac* presented itself, the river and the mountains inclosing a triangular valley of no very considerable dimensions, but from its peculiar position, no doubt at all times an object of as much importance in regard to its political as to its physical geography. Here, no doubt, was the last halt before the discomfited betook them finally to the mountains. Here was the gathering-place of the mountaineers, or the refugees of Taurus, previously to their entering or reëntering upon Commagena, and thence on Syria. A point of territory so adapted, de-

manded a suitable artificial defence, and consequently at Gergen Kaleh-si, the Juliopolis of former times, one of the clefts is severed by art from its fellow gigantic but fantastically-shaped limestone masses, and castellated with great regard to strength. The cliff, of which the fortified rock constitutes the extreme end next the river, is curiously shaped, like a wave of stupendous size, about to discharge itself on the valley beneath, and is visible for many miles in the westerly direction.

But the identifying, and fixing astronomically this interesting and hitherto questionable site, were not the only objects that took the expedition a circuit of some 260 miles, through a positively dangerous, not to say a hostile country. We had as usual to reconcile some of the dogmas of the early geographers with the explorations of modern discoverers, or as very frequently occurred, as in the case of the sources of the Pyramus, of which I had the pleasure of treating in this magazine, a short time since, disprove them altogether. In the present instance, had we been knocked on the head by the disaffected mountaineers, our best thanks would have been due to an ancient gentleman of the very euphonious name of Pomponius Mela, partially corroborated, and wholly mystified as his assertion had been by one Pliny, sufficiently so as to induce the industrious D'Anville to sever the knot he could not unloose by first removing a chain of mountains, the Amanus, above one hundred miles, and then re-christening them by the name of Taurus; but to a gentleman who managed to distend the width of the peninsula a whole degree of latitude, this was not a very extraordinary exertion of ingenuity.

The expression of Pomponius Mela, on which we were to experimentalize, was this, and he is speaking of the river Euphrates: "It is now about to come (empty itself) into these our seas, (the Mediterranean,) *only* that Taurus stands in the way."<sup>\*</sup> And this appearing a very feasible objection, the makers of maps, I had nearly called them geographers, give to the Euphrates an abrupt left-face at the point indicated—namely, Samosata, the capital of Commagena. So much for the course of the river, which at the period that that true precursor of all that tends to science and civilization, the British flag, waved in peace at Bir, was, by Col. Chesney's officers, very satisfactorily adjusted; the point of recession from the westward being identified with the bend at Rum Kalah, some forty-five miles from Samosata. But the obstacle that caused this sudden bend was not so easily identified. Pliny had assured the map-makers that Taurus commenced at a place called Elegia, one hundred miles north of the bend in question, and, therefore, must, by virtue of an incontestible *alibi*, be declared innocent of obstructing the purposed emergence of Euphrates at the gulf of Issus. D'Anville, as I have said, at once entered a *noni prosequi* as regards Taurus, but willing to afford Pomponius as much corroboration as lay in his power, would needs obligingly drag the Amanus nearly an equal distance from an opposite quarter, to take the duty and blame of turning Euphrates upon himself. But my friend Mr. Ainsworth, while he will not allow of the mountain Amanus being moved, on any pretext whatsoever, more effectually serves the credit of Pomponius, and

\* "Ni obstat Taurus, in nostra maria venturus."

† "Amanus has no existence west of Gaur Tagh."—*Roy. Geog. Jour.*

reconciles him to Pliny by referring the bend of Euphrates as caused by Taurus from Samosata northward to the remarkable turn eastward at Melitene, so fixing the first offence upon the first accused, and leaving the onus of the second offence to the rocky formation of upper Syria. Unable to trace the downward course of the great river from Eleghia, or Melitene,\* through, or rather around, the foot of Eastern Taurus, we had nothing for it but to attain the point of its exit, Juliopolis, and there ascertain the existence of certain rapids or falls which were wanting to complete the identity questioned; and finally commence from that point a downward survey that was at its termination at Bir to bring our labors into connection with those of the Euphrates expedition.

It took the expedition ten days to describe the northern foot of this part of Taurus, penetrate the range, and in like manner skirt the southern acclivities; at the end of which time, namely, June 8th, 1839, we found ourselves within one day's march of the rock fortress of Gergen, but among a people so openly disaffected, that the very Kowas, sent for our guidance and protection by the governor of Adiyaman, drew bridle, and refused us the light of his very dark countenance any longer in those perilous confines. "Two other Kowasses," he asserted, "were here awaiting an opportunity of return, and it was his intention to make a third." He had previously made many attempts to lure us from what he deemed our doom, so we bade him *orraloo*, or "good journey," and commenced setting up our tent in an open space near the fountain. The Kurd Boyah Beg declared he had no control over his nominal subjects, and the barefaced robberies they perpetrated and attempted certainly tended to prove his assertion, among which the most impudent was the old gentleman's openly demanding one of the chronometers. "You English and Russians," said he, — a strange association that frequently obtains in the interior — "once held this country, and you look to hold it again. Do you think that while we can prevent you from writing all about us, (he meant making charts,) we are to be passed without backsheish?" The extortion peremptorily rejected, he had nothing for it but to threaten the withdrawal of his patronage, and we should then have to find our way without guide, or guard. We accepted the alternative, and accordingly at early dawn, having had to rescue by force a few trifling articles the Moolah had purloined, we, with our single Sourigee, and Macedonian servant, who was but a lad, shook the dust off our feet against Tokáriz, and made in a north-easterly direction. But this is a land where everything at that time, and no doubt it is the same now, must be done with the strong hand. The Boyah had refused us a mounted guide under about 8l. sterling, and a foot one at any price; but he told us that if we felt justified, which means strong enough, we might compel any one we pleased to act in that capacity. We cared not to essay the power we had while in the village of his unappropriated worship, but from the next we came to, which had no great man to apply to, we failed not to avail ourselves of his suggestion, and pressed a native for

the nonce, but soon finding that, though we could compel his service, we could not his candor, and that he was positively misleading us, he was peremptorily cashiered on the mountain side, with the usual compliment to his mother, and some heavy blows on his head and shoulders.

The appearance of five well-armed horsemen conducting three well-loaded mules, in a country where nothing but the actual presence of six troops of dragoons a few months previously had been able to exact a nominal subjection, and within three miles of Khacter, a stronghold the Osmanli had failed to reduce, caused naturally a very considerable sensation among the chivalry of these thieving hordes, and more than one well-mounted spearman neared us in ireful reconnoitre; but our marching without guide or Kowas full upon Gergen, known next to Khacter to be the head-quarters of the disaffected, puzzled them much, and probably induced them to believe that we were on good terms with the insurgents, and for my own part I can easily believe that the presence of a few armed Turks is more likely to give a far greater moral offence to such a people than is likely to be made up for by any physical defence they would afford were a collision to take place.

Before ascending the stony height that commanded and led down immediately upon Gergen, we halted at the village of Oldish, inhabited partly by Kurds, partly by Armenians, some of whom went armed, and to see Christians with offensive weapons is not an unusual sight; still their port and demeanor were very different from those of the Kurds, who in these parts are perhaps, in regard to dress and warlike bearing, to be seen to the greater advantage than anywhere else; not a man is ever found without his long-barrelled gun, handsomely if not richly inlaid, the use of which he is so well known to be perfect in, that he is never allowed to carry it into the towns of Bir, Adiyaman, Besni, or Malatya, nor, indeed, through any district in proper subjection. The dress is becoming and suitable; made, with the exception of loose shirt sleeves, to set everywhere nearly close to the person, the breast gathered into numerous receptacles for the cartridge. The turban is white, small, and close-fitting. In height, the Kurd generally approaches the gigantic, though seldom very robust, with, as far as my own observation went, a countenance indicating ferocity and cunning rather than courage; indeed, I have had more than one opportunity of witnessing the test, and forming very unfavorable opinions in relation to this quality.

The Armenians could hardly believe that we were Christian Franks, coming voluntarily among their rocks in search of objects of philosophical interest, and archæological remains. With respect to the former, they could give us little information, for they seldom travelled, from fear of their compatriots, the Kurds, who, as I have observed, confine themselves almost entirely to highway practice, and seldom break through and steal. But in regard to antiquities, they appeared, owing to the tradition of their priests, to be better informed, and boldly announced themselves the aborigines of the country, and expressed a hope that the day was not far off when they should no longer be held an inferior people. They seemed to have nothing else to complain of.

The object, next to a broken menareh of a ruined Jami, that most bespoke our attention, on descending the steep road-way, was an ancient and not

\* Not from the impassability of the mountain, for a tract is said still to exist, but from the positive refusal of the Turks to venture among the Kurds. The Baron Mülbach contrived to pass through on a raft, but we had not heard of it at the time. He moreover was in the service of the Porte, and in personal communication with Hafiz Pacha.

unpicturesque fountain, at which was gathered, in considerable numbers, the fair of Juljopolis, apart from whom, upon a green sward, sat the deputy-governor of the place, surrounded by his Kurd friends,—subjects we soon found he had none; and, indeed, it was on account of their avowed disinclination to, and impatience of, any sort of government, that he found himself *locum tenens*, his superior having betaken himself to headquarters with an account of his grievances.

While Rassam rode up to the admiring circle, we pushed through the town, and took up, as usual, a position on a spot that admitted of a proper *cordon de surveillance* being maintained. The deputy commenced the dialogue, the usual salutations being exchanged.

"Who follows?" meaning, I believe, what force.

"No one."

"Head of my father! what come ye here for?"

"To visit you—wherefore I come to put ourselves under your care—where shall we pitch the tent?"

The governor started to his feet, and the Kurds exchanged looks that were easily interpreted. But that best of all diplomatists for such purposes, Rassam, continued in the same strain, suiting the language and idiom to his hearers. "We have a firman from Stamboul," their faces lowered, "but we never show it to the Kurds; why should we?" their countenances brightened; "we go to them as friends, not as masters, and we always leave them as friends."

The word I here express in italics, was suitably accented, and had its effect. "Do you think," he continued, with admirable tact, "we could not have come when the army was here, if we wanted protection?"

"Let the tent be put up where it is," sighed the deputy; "ten men would not be able to guard you half an hour from this place."

We lost no time in effecting our encampment; meanwhile, the deputy held a consultation, which was of a stormy character, and protracted until a late hour. The purport, there can be no doubt, was as to what sort of claim we had upon their protection and forbearance; and, inversely, what sort of claim they had upon our effects. Fortunately, there were no less than three distinct tribes represented by the aggregate population of the place, and though they are not easily induced to take arms against each other, it is equally as unusual to see them agree to a division of spoil, still less, for one tribe to abstain for the benefit of another; owing to which feeling of policy, at the break up of the *sederunt*, our friends, the Murderli, the Julerli and the Durgunli, sent, respectively, a guard to watch over our tent, which was the more satisfactory, as, immediately across the valley, the mountaineers professed no sort of obedience to any other law than their own lawless desires. Meanwhile our sourgee, as soon as darkness veiled his movements, retraced his way through the pass, and made off for Adiyaman with his jaded horses.

Early the next morning, we were visited by the Armenian priest and some of his congregation; they put us in possession of the above facts, and strongly urged our removing to an enclosed yard that encircled their neat place of worship; but as this would be incompatible with our professed reliance upon the Kurds' sense of hospitality, Mr. A. declined it, at the same time telling them we deemed ourselves more likely to protect them than

to need their protection, and such, indeed, eventually proved to be the fact.

The disappearance of the sourgee and his cattle, threw us upon our own resources for the means of extrication from our present position. At first, it was supposed possible that a raft might be constructed, and Mr. Rassam descended into the lovely valley of Dirisk6, in order to make proper inquiries. Left without an interpreter, our difficulties commenced in good earnest, and our friend, the Armenian churchman, the unfortunate first cause. That venerable gentleman, attended by two or three fine young fellows, well armed, but, as it subsequently appeared, not much disposed to use their weapons, was seated in the interior of the tent, Mr. A., seated at the post of honor, at his notes, doing bashi, or head-man, with very suitable gravity and indifference, when suddenly enters a clumsily-built fellow, of large dimensions, but no promise of activity about him, and taking up his form, as the hares call it, opposite the Armenian, and on A.'s right hand, commenced some gibberish in the interrogatory key.

"What on earth is this uncouth animal asking for, Ainsworth?" said I, who was shamming sentry at the door of the tent, after the manner of the Rifles.

"Hang me, if I either know or care," returned he, continuing his avocation; "but I rather think he is asking the priest if we have let him into the secret as to where the gold is hidden, and he seems much displeased at the Armenian's answer."

Scarcely were the words uttered, ere the brown fist of the Kurd was closely entwined in the silvery beard of the Christian, and it required a pretty sharp remonstrance from the butt-end of that veritable *ultima ratio* which I had in my hand, to effect a release and surrender.

"Here," said my friend, starting suddenly to his feet, "let's have that ruffian out."

In a few minutes, each taking an arm of the astonished insulter, who was still seated on the ground, we carried him to the exterior of the tent, in like manner as I have seen children carry one another in a game called flower-pots.

No sooner did he find himself reseated in a manner so unexpected, than, swallowing his surprise and indignation for the present, as well as he might, he threw a handful of dust upon *his own* turban, cast a look of comic moodiness at the tent, and made off for Gergen with great haste, on his arrival at which place, some sixty yards distant, I observed him enter the low-roofed dwelling near the Jami; I consequently returned to the interior, to report to my commanding officer, that he and I had laid violent hands on the moolah himself! I might have spared myself the trouble, for the abrupt and agitated departure of the Armenians, at nearly the same instant, had apprized him already of the Thomas à Becket sort of deed we had committed.

The poor Macedonian lad soon after came breathless to the tent to assure us that great danger was to be apprehended, and request that he might be put in fighting order. This was not very easily effected, for Rassam had broken the only spare piece we had, so we had nothing for it but to fill his breast and girdle with pistols, after the manner of the East, and his warlike mind with promises of being allowed to join the *méle* when it once began, but at the same time strictly enjoining him not to act offensively without orders. I resumed my sentinel duties, and A. his papers, as



if nothing had occurred, though we both knew well that an interruption was at hand.

It had been arranged that whatever occurred, the field of operations should be this time in the open air, for the very sight of our effects we knew would prove incentive, and therefore I placed myself full in the entrance; well assured I should have the rest of our force to my support when required, and, as advised by my friend, who had seen much more of this sort of thing than I had, assumed an air of indifference, such as may at the moment I am writing be traced upon the features of her majesty's private of the foot guards who may be protecting the Cadiz bomb in St. James' Park. I cannot say, however, I felt quite as much at my ease.

In about ten minutes the expelled and outraged moolah made his appearance once again, but followed closely by two huge mountaineers in full array. They talked loudly, and laughed, with the appearance of persons about to do something of very great importance, but which would require but little exertion of their resources. The moolah made at once for the entrance, but when received by a cool shake of the head, without any other movement or intimation, he turned suddenly upon his gigantic *tail*, and very probably proposed setting aside the veto I had given in a summary manner. They handled their muskets, I gave the signal, Ainsworth joined me, and there we stood, two to two,—for we did not care to call up our pistol-brigade, and the moolah, save an outrageously assassin-looking knife, was unarmed,—regarding one another with the curious expression of men very desirous of ascertaining one another's intentions. Much blustering now commenced on their parts, and more than once were their pieces brought to the make-ready, but ours coming ever to the same position at the same instant, and from their shortness having their nozzles brought much nearer to their persons than theirs to ours, they as often recovered them.

The grand complaint, of course, was the indignity the clergy had been submitted to in the person of the vagabond priest, which we, as well as we could by signs, attributed to his pulling the other clerical's beard. Kneeling upon the ground, the Mahomedan next pulled up handfuls of grass by the roots, from which we concluded he was making promise of clearing the Armenian's face in like manner in due time,—to which we did not feel ourselves called upon to offer any objection.

Unable to intimidate us into affording them access to the interior, and not resolved just then to have recourse to the *vi*, they, after some fifteen minutes, fell back a short distance, and we, accordingly, in the military phrase, *refused our right wing*, by Mr. A. quietly resuming his seat, and telling me, confidentially, they might go to Kurdistan, or some confines or other, whither the expedition had not yet penetrated.

Ball practice is a very pretty amusement, even if one is merely a spectator, and not the *artiste* himself; but when by any circumstance a person becomes associated with the subject practised upon, or the end aimed at, I cannot but confess that all sympathy with the play or players is at once dissipated. At a less distance than thirty yards the moolah and his friends hastily threw together some of the debris of the huge limestone mass that towered above our heads, and resting their long barrels thereon, they commenced as leisurely as may be imagined, blazing away, not at me, exact-

ly, nor the tent, but at stones, sticks, and other objects, at a most unpleasant propinquity. Their object I was soon assured, both by Ainsworth from the interior and from my own observation, was merely to make display of their own abilities and try our nerves; but it assuredly was a test I could well have been spared. The moolah himself, taking one of the guns, commenced firing, and after satisfying himself of the correctness of his aim, he yelled the words "*Sabatan, sabatan*," (to-morrow, to-morrow,) with unmistakable emphasis. After some time I espied Rassam in the distance, returning from his fruitless expedition in search of a raft, and never, I expect, was a *relief* more heartily welcomed.

After a short conference with us our friend joined the irate Kurds, who had been joined by many more, eager to see them put their threats in execution of exterminating the Giaours. He, with as much indifference as if nothing had occurred, proposed their accompanying him to the town, when he would tell them something. They consented, but with the petulance of ignorance actually had recourse to their fire-arms to maintain the right of precedence during that short procession! Rassam got over the difficulty very adroitly by seizing the fellow's elbow, and hurrying him off with the word "*barrabas*," (together.) And so they went to the deputy's, by means of whose mediation,—he had been handsomely propitiated already,—a sort of reconciliation was effected, and, what was of greater importance, an agreement made with mule-owners for transport of our effects down Euphrates, as far as the Ser Askar's head-quarters at Bir. The moolah, however, would not come into the treaty, but most furiously, and probably with sincerity, promised to intercept our march were the whole Douanli to be with us. As our new allies would be obliged to leave their arms behind them, this appeared a very probable conjuncture; but to have purchased his forbearance would have been to have put ourselves under contribution to every long rifle in the country,—so his threats, and those of his lengthy friends were received with contempt, and retorted with defiance.

This affair over, and the mid-day observations taken, which of course was considered part of the gold-finding process, we ventured to visit the very remarkable castle, which is approached by a wooden bridge, forty feet in length, over an artificial chasm of great depth. In the interior we found many inscriptions, and two fantastically-shaped pieces of ordnance (about nine-pounders.) These we set down as *souvenirs* of that inhuman wretch, Timour, who thought proper to cross Euphrates in this place, though, as I have said before, quite out of the road from any place, anywhere. But one of the principal uses to which we had destined the lofty parapets of Juliopolis was a round of bearings, a series of solar observations, and such information as we could pick up relative to rapids, eddies, and whirlpools, all tending to the one great fact in physical geography,—the sudden turning aside of the intent of the great river.

And here we stood upon a point indicating the south-eastern extremity of Taurus, and beneath us rolled the incessant stream of Euphrates, just recovered from his *first* repulse at Elegia, and describing a semi-circle around that range's base, making for the *second* attempt at Rum Kalah.

The rapids, whose existence were alone wanted: to complete the case, and effect the perfect recon-



ciliation between the ancients, and also between their assertions and the actual conformation of the earth's surface, we heard much of, and a very gentle one was perceptible from the castle's height, but it was not until we had crossed the river, swimming our horses and mules, and made two days' journey along the Mesopotamian bank, that the larger rapids were perceived and properly fixed in hydrography.

From Hood's Magazine.

#### THE LESSON OF THE LOUVRE.

He stood amid the proudest spoils  
That ever warrior won,  
Where brightly fell the parting smiles  
Of summer's setting sun;  
Upon his country's Louvre,  
Whose glorious solitude  
Was shared by one that well might share  
A monarch's loftiest mood.  
Around him stood the shapeless shapes  
Of Grecian song and thought!  
Whose glory Time could ne'er eclipse  
By all the change he brought.  
The scenes of splendor, love, and power,  
Which art or genius' hand  
Had given to palace, fane, and tower,  
Of East or Western land.  
On canvass bright and marble fair  
That haughty glance was thrown;  
But long it paused in rapture where  
One stately statue shone.  
"It is Immortal!" said the sage,  
"Through time, and change, and tears,  
That form will last undimmed by age,  
A thousand glorious years!"  
The gazer turned with kindled eyes  
And smile of kingly scorn:  
"Is this the Immortality  
To which our hopes were born?  
The aim of every restless heart,  
On wildest wave and coast?  
The Patriot's dream, the Poet's part;  
The Sage and Warrior's boast?  
Was it for this the nations grew  
So great in power and fame?  
And Earth's unrivalled conquerors too—  
Was it for this they came?  
Is this the purchase and reward  
Of all the countless cost,  
Which Hope hath given, which Time hath shared,  
Which Life and Love have lost!  
Oh mighty were the deeds of men,  
When human faith was strong,  
To fling on Fame's bright altar then,  
The spoils of sword and song.  
For some, as saintly sages say,  
Have offered there the bliss  
And glory of Eternity—  
And was it all for this?"  
So spake the Sun of Gallic fame,  
When, o'er his glory's noon,  
No dimly distant shadow came,  
Of clouds to burst so soon.  
But o'er that crowned and laurelled brow,  
There past a shade the while;  
That dimmed the dark eyes' haughty glow,  
And quenched the scornful smile.  
Perchance his memory wandered back  
To Egypt's deserts vast,  
Across whose sands his conquering track  
Its early glory cast.

Where long forsaken cities rose,  
And temples sculptured o'er  
With tales and deeds of other days,  
Which man might read no more.  
Perchance like him whose minstrel art  
His own sad requiem sung,  
Some prophet chord in that deep heart  
With answering echoes rung,  
To words that o'er its silence swept  
With dark and boding power:  
Ah! well if Memory's page had kept  
The lesson of that hour!

It is said that Bonaparte, when in the zenith of his power, walking one day with Denon in the Louvre, and hearing him say that a statue which both admired was immortal, inquired how long it would last; to which Denon answered, probably a thousand years; he said, "And is this what you call immortal!"

FRANCES BROWN.

From the Athenæum.

*Facts and Fictions, illustrative of Oriental Character.* By Mrs. POSTANS. 3 vols. Allen & Co.

Mrs. POSTANS has already made herself pleasantly conspicuous among the English ladies who have written concerning their travels, by her works on "Cutch," and "Western India." She seems, in some measure, to have succeeded to the literary services of Miss Emma Roberts; like that lady, she describes the features of Oriental life falling under the sphere of feminine observation, with ease and good humor. No fine-ladyism obtrudes itself; we are plagued with no talk about fatigues and sacrifices—nor with many ecstasies. The "facts," however, are more to our taste than the "fictions." What Mrs. Postans judiciously observes with regard to the confection of a curry, applies also, in great measure, to the Oriental tale:—to be thoroughly successful, it should be made by a native on the spot; the sprightly romances of Mr. Morier being the exception which proves the rule. Poonah and its neighborhood, during the rains—"that strange season of damp, mildew, and sociability;" Sindh and its recollections, comprising its tribute-levy of the Ameera, its filthy merchant worth a lac of rupees, its peer, (saint,) its believers in the philosopher's stone, its rose gardens, and its jugglers, furnish forth amusing papers. Then we have pleasant gossip touching "Cairo and characteristics," which those who are curious in the collection of evidence may read together with the experiences of the "English-woman in Egypt,"—"Outstation Life;" a peep at Alexandria; a trip to Thebes; notes on a voyage down the Nile; an energetic recommendation of Bombay to all disposed to winter abroad; (what would the old travellers, could they be conscious, say to such familiar treatment of places, felt in their day to be almost as distant as Dream-land!) a glimpse at Aden,—a day at Syracuse,—a passing tribute gracefully paid to the tomb beneath the willow at St. Helena:—of such variety are the contents of these volumes. An extract, we think,

will recommend the manner of their author as a sketcher: this being taken from her visit to the crocodile mummy-pits of Maabdeh;—

“The entrance to the mummy-pit we found to be simply a perpendicular hole, cut in the lime-stone hill, about fifteen feet deep, the sides irregular blocks, and without any means for descent but fissures which occur among them. Having lighted candles, secured the phosphorus-box, in case of the lights being extinguished by bats, and removed the coverings from our heads, we, one by one, lowered ourselves down the mouth of the pit, and perceived an opening in the rocks leading from the left. This gallery, originally high enough, no doubt, for people to traverse with convenience, was so choked up by sand, which had drifted down from the mouth of the pit, and by the falling of blocks of stone from above, that it seemed almost impassable; but the Arabs urged us on, and with one before us, followed by Yousouf, both bearing candles, ourselves next, and two more guides bringing up the rear, also with lights, we all on hands and knees commenced our investigations. It would never do to confess to feeling nervous in such a situation, and yet it was far from pleasant to find ourselves gradually losing the glimmering of daylight which streamed down the aperture of the rock, with intense darkness and an unknown road before us, and our way perpetually blocked by stones, whose angularity was sufficiently evident as we crawled over them; but it was possible still to advance, and as the passage seemed clear of bats, we had, as explorers of a mummy-pit, nothing reasonably to complain of. Soon, however, the guides motioned us to lie flat, as the roof was lower, and the blocks of stone sharp above us; so thus, serpent-wise, with our faces close to the ground, we drew and worked ourselves round windings in the gallery and along shifting sand and stones, in a close, hot atmosphere, unvisited by the light of day, until we found ourselves in a chamber some fifteen feet high. The whole of the mummies, whatever they might have been, were removed from here, but the rocky floor was covered with fragments of human and other bones, some completely pulverized. The size of this chamber probably, in its greatest extent, is forty feet, and wholly stalactical, but blackened with the oil and smoke of torches, and to the right-hand lies an enormous block of stone, a portion evidently of the roof. Opposite to the opening leading to the first gallery, we found another: and, our zeal a little increased by having seen this large chamber, we again adopted our crawling position, and found a gallery to which the sand of the mountain had not penetrated, it is true, but which was more difficult to traverse than the first, in consequence of the huge blocks which had fallen from the roof, and in large masses obstructed the way. The heat here, too, was considerably greater, and the impurity of the atmosphere sensibly felt, producing headache and oppression of the chest: the candles (for we had no torches) gave but a dim uncertain light, and we were a long way from our point of entrance, while fresh in our memory was the story of Mr. Legh's Arab guides, who, as they preceded him in these galleries, fell dead from the effects of mephitic vapors. None of these circumstances were very encouraging, and working along for a hundred yards on hands and knees is rather a tiring method of advancing, particularly with a road

rugged and winding as this was. But still the crocodiles had not been seen; the end had not been accomplished; retreat, therefore, was impossible, and on went the party, until the end of the gallery appeared completely blocked up by a huge stone or ledge across it. On near approach, however, the difficulty vanished, and an aperture appeared sufficiently large for the entrance of each person singly, and in a horizontal position; but here bats in millions came rushing forth, shrieking like prisoned demons, and striking in blind terror against everything in their way. Fortunately, our people had brought the lantern, or the whole party, unprepared for this, and unable to trace the windings of the galleries in darkness and alarm, might have been inclosed forever in this fearful place, and become subjects of curiosity and wonder to the antiquaries of future times. Our more provident party still pressed on, dismayed but for a moment by the scared and hateful birds, who, with a loud rushing noise, were hurrying from us to the outer chamber. This third gallery led to a spacious apartment, similar to that we had left, and, like it, empty, with an opening to the right and left. The guide paused for a moment, and took that to the left, which led to another gallery, as close and narrow as the rest, the same, as we conjectured, from which Mr. Legh and his party were constrained to turn, and where his Arabs perished. Soon, the dragoman, who was in advance of the party, stopped; something impeded his progress; and, on inquiry, we found it to be a human body, not in a mummied state, but the skin quite dry, and resembling rather wood than a thing which had once possessed life and animation. A few steps further, a second body lay similarly across the gallery, and this Yousouf also moved aside before the party could advance, leaving the conviction that both were, in fact, the bodies of the poor Arabs. \* \* Mr. Legh and his companions escaped from this gallery to be hunted for murder, by the Arabs of Maabdeh and Manfaloot, and as narrowly avoided that fate as they did the mephitic vapor of the pit: yet had they not reached the chamber of crocodiles, nor seen a mummy. Our people, however, no way daunted by the dead bodies, now removed from the path, crept on; and at length all were rewarded by entering a chamber, as large as the two first, but not more than six feet high, in consequence of the floor being filled up to a considerable depth by stones and rubbish. Here, then, were the long-sought mummies. On every side bodies piled on bodies lay, enveloped in mats, coffinless, but apparently undisturbed from the time of burial. Yousouf unrolling two or three, cercloths were found beneath the mats, and bundles of small mummied crocodiles bound up with the bodies, some on either side, and others on the chest, in the place where the scarabæi are commonly placed. The size of these crocodiles was singularly small, but the contrast in size between the creature when very young and when full-grown is one of its peculiar characteristics, the egg it lays not being larger than that of a goose. The crocodiles we found were perfectly preserved, even to the teeth and feet; but still, no one's satisfaction was complete until, in a small chamber opening from the large one, was discovered a huge full-grown crocodile, perfectly preserved, the *genius loci*. The aperture in front of the chamber was now much less than the body of the crocodile, so that he was safe from the chance of being

dragged from his honorable retreat, by common means at least. But all was gained, and on hands and knees the whole party commenced their backward course full of triumph, and yet not sorry to leave doubt and apprehension, bats and darkness, mummies and dead Arabs, all behind; and pleasant indeed, at the end of the serpentine windings, was it to catch a glimpse of sunshine, to feel a breath of pure air, and at length to emerge from this loathsome pit, and stand erect, safe from the mephitic vapors and atmosphere of death."

We hope to hear more of the East and its matters, from one so enterprising and so unaffected as Mrs. Postans. Will none of our English ladies,

Mistress of (themselves) though China fall,

tell us something about the in-comings, and out-goings of those skreen and tea-cup inmates of their boudoirs at home—the natives of the Celestial Empire?

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From the Examiner, August 24.

#### MOROCCO AND TAHITI.

THE doings of the French are beginning seriously to stir John Bull's temper. That personage has evidently hitherto declined to believe that his neighbor menaced either his pride or his interests. It was not possible that all the blood and the treasure and the triumph, expended and won, and recorded on the marble of great monuments and the paper of Bank books should so soon count for nothing, and that the great work of 1815 was to recommence in 1845. Are Trafalgar and Waterloo to be fought over again? Truly, if battles produce such brief results, and victories afford but the short-lived crop of a quarter of a century's repose, are they worth the great outlay and efforts spent upon them?

These and a hundred other analogous reflections forbade John Bull to think the war cry at home or abroad as serious. The reasons given for these war alarms were too remote and occult for him. Our influence in the Mediterranean, the necessity of preventing a pacha of Egypt from possessing and fortifying the coasts and mountains of Syria—for such political ends as these John Bull cared no more than he did for Birmah or the Punjaub. Eighteen hundred and forty was a politician quarrel, not a national one. A great country cannot make a little war, said the Duke. He should have said a free country: for there, nothing so important as war can be resolved upon without the popular feeling entering into it, and that cannot be little or half serious. It was Lord Palmerston's misfortune rather than his fault that he entered upon wars, or something approaching to them, without the popular feeling being aroused or wound up to sympathize with them; so that even success brought no credit, and victory no laurels.

The ghost of a quarrel which agitated diplomats and ruffled the money market, without moving popular depths, in 1840, increased John Bull's apathy. The swagger of the French contrasted with their acquiescence; the volume of their journalists' talk, and the nutshell into which their resistance shrunk, flung discredit upon such writers as represented the French to be menacing or dangerous rivals. And these writers, or speak-

ers, in continuing the war, or rather the defiance cry, carried less and less sympathy with them. And somehow or another, all through the discussions and bickerings respecting the abuse of the Right of Search, the mass of the English public was not disposed to consider French complaints as altogether unfounded and malicious, or to visit their acrimony with retaliation or vengeance.

The events of Tahiti and of Morocco are, if not of a more serious nature, at least such as come more home, and excite hitherto unstirred fibres of national jealousy. In Tahiti the French have inflicted upon us a national insult. After taking possession of an island, christianized and governed by our missionaries; an island which could not be a source of power or wealth to its possessors, but merely of annoyance to rivals; they have straight put in activity this power of annoyance for the most childish and most quarrelsome motives. The entire series of acts of the French in Tahiti, from first to last, is too ludicrous for serious invective. Voltaire alone, in the style of his inimitable tales, could do justice to such acts in recounting them. And, for our own parts, we never could contemplate, much less criticise them, without unextinguishable laughter. The French authorities and commander must indeed have had a consciousness of the same kind. They must have been aware that they were enacting a farce upon a very diminutive scene and scale, and that to save themselves from being regarded at present and handed down to the future as Jackpuddings, it was absolutely requisite to throw a spice of the serious and the tragic into their proceedings. They probably had heard of Sir Robert Peel's monster indictment of the Irish in the persons of some chiefs. At any rate, the French invented something like this, for they indicted, after this fashion, four chiefs of the crime of reading a letter of Mr. Pritchard's. The Tahitian chiefs, less obsequious than the Irish princes of Repeal, refused to surrender; and the French took their revenge upon the British consul, Pritchard being the only victim they could catch; besides sending grape-shot from the cannon's mouth at the poor islanders, a race that has ever been ruled by a rush or by the prayer-book.

The two governments will no doubt back out of this scrape. Mr. Pritchard having come home, has obviated the difficulty of recall, and Lord Aberdeen is not the man to send him out again. M. Guizot on his part will make reparation, and if his friends talk big, it is only for the sake of bargaining and negotiating this reparation in as mild a way as possible. Mons. d'Aubigny will be recalled, and Mr. Pritchard will be daubed with some French diplomatic ointment:—a sorry salve for Exeter hall. But the matter does not end here. The nation will remember the insult offered to its consul, even though the government pass it over. And large religious bodies, with the depth and irritability of theological memories, will remember it also. And thus seeds have been sown, and tempers roused, to render war unfortunately popular and possible, should fresh provocations arise.

It is much to be feared that these will not be wanting. Rivalry to England is almost the only nerve that remains strung of the French mind. All love of liberty at home or abroad has vanished. The Orleans rule has disgusted even liberals with that, and military glory has become the only hope and aim. Had Napoleon bequeathed or ordained

a government in France, for the restoration of his own policy and the resuscitation of his own peculiar ideas and spirit, he could have nothing more effectual than Louis Philippe has done. The reign of the real Napoleon disgusted the nation with war, and taught it to prize the blessings of freedom and of peace. The reign of the *Napoleon of Peace* has had the effect of totally disgusting the nation with peace, and of training the French to the nature of war-dogs, to be held in leash for the moment, but inevitably to dash one day or other at the throats of every neighbor and passer-by. To expect that a population thus taught and reared, can ever turn seriously and steadily to the arts of peace, or keep to the practice of constitutional freedom, becomes more and more difficult. We had once hoped to have the French as allies in the extension of freedom. We now see what Louis Philippe has achieved in Spain—a despotism more fearful than that imposed by the elder Bourbons in 1823. There was once a hope, that the extension of French influence and arms, however menacing, would at least be favorable to freedom and civilization. Yet a French revolution achieved in the Spanish government, has proved as fatal to freedom as if Cossacks had overrun the Peninsula. More freedom and independence have been left to Wallachia than to Spain.

Whilst the French are thus retrograding in liberal spirit, the Germans, we hope, are becoming more enlightened. They have made great progress in achieving unity. They have representative bodies for commercial purposes. Municipal freedom is gaining ground. And although at the present moment the Prussian government looks back to despotism, whilst the Austrian is stationary, still the public mind and the wealth of the middle classes are expanding so rapidly and manifestly, that some great result must follow. The movement, such as it is, and will be, is German, and cannot be repressed. It prefers delay and present resignation to seeking aid from the French. We therefore need no longer look to France, as in any way likely to extend liberty or liberal ideas. And those amongst us, who pardoned Napoleon his despotism and his dragoons, because his arms dispelled old regimes and aristocracies, have no longer a fair excuse for Gallomania. The spring and source of each country's regeneration must now be sought for in itself. The world is sick of political propagandism, and puts neither hope nor trust in the experiment. No one, therefore, can look now to France, as many high-minded, enthusiastic, and mistaken men did fifty years ago, and even much later.

The French themselves, indeed, seem to have come to a conviction that their mission is no longer to dominate or regenerate Europe. They have ceased addressing provocations to continental powers. We never hear a word from their press or in their chambers against the despotism of Austria or Prussia. Their protest for Poland against Russia is but a repetition of an old form. They seem, on the contrary, to have arrived at the opinion that their duties, aims, and future career are henceforth to be marine and transmarine. An empire beyond the Rhine, or even to its banks, they have found too difficult to achieve—they abandon it. And they have hit upon the easier task of subduing and overthrowing the barbarians of uncivilized and far continents. Instead of combating the Austrian on the Alps, they have chosen a more convenient foe in the amiable islanders of

the Pacific; and instead of driving the Russian or the Prussian from Rhine, Elbe, or Vistula, they achieve victories over Arab tribes, and make facile campaigns amongst the poor, decadent Moors of the Atlas.

It is thus the French have thrown themselves into a line of policy which brings them into eternal collision with us; and it is impossible not to foresee a naval struggle between the countries as no longer a contingency but a probability. We, of course, must be the acceptors, not the makers of any defiance of the kind. We must be prepared to undergo the necessities of war, not seek either its glories or advantages. We are passive, contented with the *statu quo*, and merely want to let things be. The French are not so contented,—they would blot out past and present. They are discontented with the award of Providence, which thirty years back condemned France to be contented with its ancient limits and with moderate freedom. They want to change all this; to substitute a new arrangement of the globe. A new trial of arms must, we fear, inflict justice on the unreasonably discontented.

Our fears, however, are for the future more than for the present. The war-party in France will be contented with having humbled Morocco, with having displayed the powerlessness of that emperor to sell the Arab tribes, and thereby established their own irresistible influence all over the Atlas; for amidst that nomad population there is no such thing as a frontier. Our envoy has persuaded the emperor to yield every demand of the French. In assisting at the concession and the bombardment of one of the Morocco towns we have, in Moorish eyes at least, consented to the assumption of empire by the French in North Africa. By all this the French will have gained sufficient advantages without looking for more. Their navy has got its bulletins, and will be covered with legions of honor; and Louis Philippe will come to England with an olive branch in his hat, to embrace our queen and shake hands with Lord Aberdeen.

Such we look forward to as the end of the Morocco business; for the bluster of the tory prints clearly indicates that their patrons have already got the guarantees of peace in their pockets.

From the Examiner, 31st of Aug.

#### FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

FRANCE at this moment presents the appearance of two faces under a hood to the eyes of our perplexed politicians. Louis Philippe is all smiles; M. Guizot is all tears; Joinville himself is all compliments to our folks at Gibraltar: but with all this *super suavitè in modo*, the young prince has shown himself confoundingly *fortiter in re*. The prince said he should be delighted to make every concession in *reality* to England, but that concession in *seeming* neither he nor his family could afford. He admitted that there was no use in his bombarding Tangier, and that Mogador was the vulnerable point to hit the emperor; but that if he passed over Tangier, the Paris press would say he was afraid of England; and so Tangier has been knocked about the ears of the Moors in compliment to the *National*. The occupation of Mogador island is a piece of the same policy. The French have a common expression, frequently used in their Parliament, of whipping one person on the shoulders of another. They are now

whipping England upon the shoulders of Morocco.

Their supreme delight at present is the having stuck us into the same humiliating position into which they themselves fell in 1840. Determined on a bold series of bombardments and naval and military operations against their ally Mehemet, we persevered, despite their ill-temper and injunctions, tacitly dared them to try to stop us, and took Acre under their beards. They swallowed the mortification, but have not yet digested it; and now they have thrust us into the same position. They bombard, and subdue, and pummel a sovereign whom we would protect and cover. We intrigue, and implore, and menace as they did; but Joinville and Louis Philippe treat us as Napier and Lord Palmerston treated them. Lord Palmerston gave the French a hearty box on the ear in 1840, and now they are delighted to return the blow upon the cheek of a Wellington cabinet!

The Tory papers are in funny diversity on the subject. The *Post* proclaims war, and nothing less. The *Herald* peace at all price. And the *Times* peace one day and war the next. Meantime we received the Prince de Joinville's account of his doings, (which will be seen elsewhere,) very mild, very excusatory, promising to do no more bombardments, but to offer peace, and to evacuate the isle of Mogador as soon as satisfaction has been given. It is evidently destined to disarm our wrath; and the despatch seems concocted rather in M. Guizot's office than on De Joinville's quarter-deck. At any rate it shows the wish of the French to go no further; and we see all probability of Lord Aberdeen shaking hands with Louis Philippe once more.

#### PRINCE DE JOINVILLE AND HIS ACHIEVEMENTS.

THE homilies on peace which have appeared in some of the journals, though very excellent, are, we are inclined to believe, quite unnecessary. England presents no symptoms of a war fever. Her pulse beats temperately, and her mind maintains its healthful action, in spite of the French victory in the Mediterranean over a few dismantled towers, and the great war in the Pacific with the unarmed natives of a petty island. Our soldiers and sailors are naturally anxious for employment, and watch every cloud in the political horizon with the same kind of nervous anxiety that a farmer looks up to the sky in a season of drought, or that a physician inspects the bills of mortality in a period of confirmed health. But the general community shares neither their desires nor expectations. Fully conscious of the calamities with which the next great war must be attended—of the heavy guilt that will be on the head of the nation which provokes it, and of the fearful reckoning Europe will demand from the aggressor—we would never speak of war but as of the last alternative to which necessity may drive us, when all other means fail of preserving an honorable peace. In England there is no party resembling the war faction of France. We do not think of dwelling on the injuries we could inflict on her commerce, or of the opportunities we might have of ravaging her coast and capturing her colonies. Our power to injure, or a rival's comparative defencelessness, we venture to predict, will never tempt us into a war of aggression and injustice. We do not care, in considering the question, to balance the chances of gain and loss. Our love of peace is rooted deeper than in considerations of convenience. But

in France the probability of hostilities is discussed with the keen eagerness of desire, and the ablest and most moderate of their journals appeal to the prudence of the nation as an argument for the continuance of peace rather than to any nobler sentiment of public principle. They deprecate war, not on the high grounds of Christian policy, but because France is not yet quite prepared for it—because it will be better for her to wait till she has strengthened her navy or contracted new alliances. They rarely dare to speak of the criminality of war, or to boldly denounce the frantic folly which would wrap the world in conflict for the gratification of that miserable vanity and brutal love of excitement which delight only in lists of killed and wounded.

We cannot afford to be equally complaisant, or to follow the example of those journals here which seem fearful of expressing an honest opinion of recent French achievements lest it might give offence to the Parisian populace. We share in no such apprehension, and think it not worth while to conceal the truth with the hope of conciliating their favor. We see no reason why plain speaking should be banished from the intercourse of nations. Flattery is as misplaced as insult.

But the transaction will give rise to other and more cogent grounds of alarm. It will shake the confidence of England in the integrity of the French cabinet. In all the discussions which took place in our Houses of Parliament it was constantly affirmed by Lord Aberdeen and Sir R. Peel that the French government did not contemplate war with Morocco—that they required only compliance with their reasonable demands to be allowed to hold Algiers without invasion from the Morocco territory—and that the mediation of England would be accepted to negotiate the terms of a treaty. Yet the attack on Tangier was made with the full knowledge on the part of the prince that Mr. Hay was continuing his negotiations. What course could be more directly calculated to throw dishonor on our minister, and to discredit his authority?

If peace with Morocco be really desired by the French government, they have taken an unfortunate course for securing it. Attacks on the poor sea-ports of Morocco may irritate the emperor, but cannot seriously wound him; and every successive act of hostility will but tend to widen the breach between the two countries, and render an accommodation more difficult. In that case it would be difficult to foresee the result. France, as the war continues, may increase her demand, and put forward claims of indemnity. Ports might be occupied until those claims are satisfied. It is from the beginning of affairs of this kind that serious consequences flow; and we sincerely hope that Lord Aberdeen will not let his confidence in the honesty of the French foreign-office blind him to the experience of the past, or lead him to forget that French diplomacy has always been treacherous. A trivial error now may lead to fatal consequences hereafter. We are persuaded that his remonstrances will be treated with respect in proportion to the boldness of his language and the vigor and decision of his measures.—*Britannia*, Aug. 24th.

#### THE WAR MANIA IN PARIS.

A GENTLEMAN long resident in the French capital, and who has just returned to it after an ab-

sence of some months, writes us in a letter dated Wednesday evening:—

"I was in this capital during the excitement and agitation caused by the July treaty of 1840; but, greatly as the French were enraged against us on that occasion, their anger was nothing compared with the rabid violence I have witnessed since my arrival here. The exhibition of 'temper' on the part of some of my old friends (as I thought them) has really pained me. In official quarters they affect *composure* as to the result of pending events, but the *Anglomania* amongst the masses is at its height."

It is not easy to account for this feeling, for lately France has had everything her own way. We can only imagine that the sound of her guns in the Mediterranean has aroused her old passions, as sometimes we see a few drops of brandy fire the views of a partially reclaimed drunkard, and make him mad with irresistible desire to gratify his old propensities. M. Guizot is playing a dangerous game. The French people may not long be content with the amusement he has provided for them. When too late, he may find it impossible to check the progress of the flame he has kindled. Ships of the line are dangerous puppets to dandle for a prince's pleasure.

If the Morocco expedition should have no worse consequences than exciting the war frenzy in France, it would be fertile in mischief. These outbreaks of popular feeling will become more dangerous each time they are repeated, and when patronized by princes of the blood, who share in the aspirations of the *National* for an invasion of England with 50,000 men, may have some other results than newspaper harangues and declamations in the Chamber.

Here, the confidence felt in the continuance of peace has been fatally shaken by the Prince de Joinville's pamphlet. We must have possessed a disposition infinitely more dull than that of the ox the butcher marks out for slaughter, if we could read with perfect indifference the plans this prince submitted to a royal council for cutting up our commerce, and pillaging our coasts under cover of the night. There was nothing generous in his hostility; he proposed not to meet us in open fight, but to wound us in secret by plunderings and burnings. Still some allowance was made for the hot blood of a young Frenchman, desirous of raising by any means the service to which he belonged into usefulness and importance. But when, after a farce of affected displeasure, he was appointed to the command of a squadron, destined to a delicate service, requiring great temper and discretion, it is no wonder that some distrust was entertained of the sincerity of those pacific views which still continued to be professed by French councils.

Anxious for peace, and still believing that the King of the French is much too wise to suffer it to be broken, we yet rejoice to learn that our government is fully alive to the danger that threatens, though as yet but distantly, the repose of Europe. The cautious and pacific language of the ministerial journals is curiously contrasted with the reports they give of the activity pervading the various dockyards of the kingdom. We repeat, England will never go to war but from necessity, but, when that necessity arrives, it must not find us unprepared. The judicious expenditure of a few thousand pounds now may save millions of treasure and millions of lives hereafter.—*Britannia*, 24th August.

## INCREASE OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

WE have no apprehension of war from the instant our government seems alive to its possibility. England is safe while she is vigilant, and then only. The stir in our dockyards—the engagement of additional hands in every port—the orders for despatch in fitting out vessels in ordinary, and for launching new ones—the strengthening of the Mediterranean squadron—the reinforcement of the Gibraltar garrison—the strict discipline and precautionary measures observed at Malta—these, and many other signs of activity, are not to us indicative of the probability of war, but of the certainty of peace. The fact that five ships of the line are getting ready at each of our principal ports will have due weight in the councils of the French cabinet. The "notes" and "memorandums" of our foreign-office may be laughed at, but the prospect of twenty sail of the line lying at Spithead ready for sailing orders to any part of the world at an hour's notice will make the sagacious ruler of France still cling to his title of the Napoleon of peace, and turn M. Guizot from the dreams of conquest in which he now seems to be indulging.

We hope no representations will induce our government to relax their wise energy. A ship in ordinary is a far less pleasing sight to the country than one in full sail with its entire complement of officers and men. We do not like to see the huge dismasted hulls lying idle in the water. People them with busy life; let the roar of their guns be heard in firing festive salutes; and let them bear over the world the flag that gives promise of security and peace. Our pride in our navy is not a matter of sentiment or idle vanity, but a principle of the highest wisdom. To impair its efficiency for the sake of economy would be the madness of a man who tears up the foundation of his dwelling to save the expense of fuel. It is the mighty power intrusted to us, not for our own safety alone, but for the general protection of nations from a spirit of restless aggression and unprovoked violence. Our government may not always be successful in preventing outrage and repressing hostilities, because it does not affect the character of an universal arbiter. But our navy is the great messenger that gives effect to those councils of peace that happily prevail in our cabinet and legislature, and that carries them over the world. For of what effect would be the mediation of England without the view of the union-jack floating from the masts of three-deckers in the distance?

At the present time, as in 1840, it is the power of our fleet alone that prevents a French invasion of England. It is mere nonsense now to continue the language of compliment. In saying that the government and the country alike look with strong distrust on the disposition of France, we only hold the language she instructs us to hold. There is scarcely a person in all her territory, from the Prince de Joinville to the *gamin* of the streets—not a print published, from the courtly *Débats* to the rabid organs of revolutionary frenzy—that do not, one and all, intimate that Great Britain is safe only because she is strong, and that the first symptom of her weakness shall be the signal for a French assault. Nothing but a consciousness of her superior power prevents the realization of that beautiful idea of the Prince de Joinville—a descent upon our coast under cover of the night. Even where our force is for the moment inferior to that of France in particular places, the restless spirit of

that nation cannot be restrained. When an English sloop only was off Otaheite, those acts were committed by the French authorities which the Duke of Wellington has characterized as "a gross outrage;" and, when our squadron was weak in the Mediterranean, the bombardment of the Moroccan seaports was commenced. Those enterprises might have been equally undertaken under other circumstances, but the coincidence of hostilities with the superiority of the naval power of France in those parts is at least remarkable.

It will be the duty of our government, while still using every exertion to preserve peaceful relations with France, and to avoid all unnecessary topics of irritation, to show that it knows how to profit by the lessons it has lately received, and to rate at their just value the promises of the French ministry. It must be mortifying to M. Guizot, no doubt, to view the armament of our ships, while he is heaping on Lord Aberdeen "assurances of his most distinguished consideration," and repeating what he has so often said before, that France desires nothing so much as peace with Morocco. A man so keen-sighted as the philosophic minister will easily see that, though his notes may be received with the utmost politeness, the practical answer given to them is, not from the foreign-office, but the admiralty. Lord Aberdeen may be as bland as ever, but there will be no mistaking the bustle of our dockyards. When all has been done that protocols can effect, it will be found at last that there is no pacificator like a line-of-battle ship, and that, to avoid hostilities and insult, England must trust, not to the moderation of French councils, but to the strength and efficiency of her navy. —*Britannia*.

WE confess we are not so sensitive as some of our contemporaries appear to be about wounding the vanity of the French nation. If they were the merest braggarts on the face of the earth, it would take a great deal of telling to make them think so; and though it might excite their fury to hear the truth, it would not wound their self-love, which is most egregiously inordinate. We do not mean to say that the French are cowards, as far as fighting is concerned. On the contrary, we think them as fond of blood and as eager to shed it as any people on the face of the earth, whether civilized or uncivilized. Whatever glory may belong to a disposition of this kind we are willing to accord to the French people,—at least to that portion of them who constitute the war party, and who are thirsting for a conflict with England. The courage that consists in cutting throats, or any other species of human butchery, cannot be denied to a people who have slaughtered wholesale those whose crime was the accident of their birth, or, at the worst, the possession of opinions contrary to those entertained by their very valiant murderers. What we are at present writing may be considered as offensive to the French as the criticisms of the British officers which appeared in the *Times*; but we are saying no more than the truth, and we do not see that we should be always fawning to and flattering a people who seem determined on repaying all the good feeling we have had, with envy, hatred, and malice. What has England ever done to France to warrant the bitter animosity that is evinced by the latter towards the former? Was it such an injury to check that horrible career of war which was fast draining France of her population, retarding her internal progress while professedly extend-

ing her nominal power, by making her name and influence odious throughout all the rest of Europe? Is France angry that she has not for some years had an opportunity of gratifying that thirst for military glory which is evidenced by all her public monuments, which commemorate some frightful slaughter; and all her works of art, which are chiefly devoted to the celebration of some dearly purchased victory? In passing through the magnificent palace of Versailles it is impossible to avoid being struck with the fact that the paintings by which it is adorned are almost all illustrative of bloodshed, which the people are thus taught to look upon as the most honorable occupation to which a human being can devote himself. There are pictures of battles, there are portraits of admirals and marshals, there are whole galleries of men who have *versés leur sang*—poured out their blood—for France, but such a thing as a real benefactor of his species—one who devoted himself to the happiness instead of the destruction of his race—is hardly to be found in the vast collection alluded to.

We have no hesitation in saying that France is far, very far, behind England in everything that can make a country truly great, though a peace of nearly thirty years has sent her almost involuntarily forward in that march of real improvement from which she seems anxious to diverge for the sake of the military glory she delights to cultivate. Though our remarks are conceived in a spirit avowedly hostile to war—though we have a hatred to its very name, and regard it as a most inhuman process to which two really civilized nations cannot have any necessity to resort—nevertheless, we think it may be requisite that there should be a war between France and England. Patience may degenerate into poltroonery, and the most pacifically disposed may find it unavoidable to fight with those who never leave off bullying till they are well beaten. We do not say that it follows as a matter of course that the French would be thrashed by the English in the event of a war, but if they will not let us have peace the experiment must be tried, and, looking at the "antecedents," we do not think we have any reason to believe that our cause is by any means desperate.

In what we have said above we do not mean to reflect on those enlightened Frenchmen who feel no sympathy with the vindictiveness which is generally entertained in France towards our own countrymen. We fear, however, that their numbers are few, and that the hostility of which Englishmen are the subjects is not limited to the low and brutal classes, whose ignorance may account for, if it does not excuse, their animosity. Monsieur Guizot will, no doubt, do all he can to preserve peace, but the wisest and cleverest of men have ere now been unable to restrain the violent passions of the French people. We hope, for the sake of humanity, and for the sake of France, that there will be no war; but as for fear, in its usual sense, we have none, being perfectly convinced that "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," and that the calm determination of the English character comprises more real bravery than all the blustering and vaporing for which the French are at present rendering themselves so eminently ridiculous.—*Atlas*, Aug. 31.

It appears, from a recent statistical account in the German papers, that the population of Hungary now amounts to 12,179,140.



From the *Athenæum*.

## VENICE IN 1844.

A MARKED difference in the appearance of Venice must strike any traveller who has visited the city even six years ago: more vessels appear in the port, throwing up their light spars and curving latteen yards against the elegant tower of the custom-house or the picturesque palaces and domes of the stately Queen of the Adriatic. A whole fleet of galleys is seen in the hazy distance,—no longer indeed returning from the conquest of the Morea, or the glorious combats of Cyprus or Candia, but waging a war against the very elements, for the sake of “old Venice;” they are carrying out and dropping stones at the breakwater of Maxomoco, which was begun some fourteen years since, (when Venice was declared a free port,) and is now very far advanced. On the other side of the city, four or five miles of gracefully curved arches unite the aquatic capital to the main-land—not for such a purpose as Alexander joined Tyre to the continent, or Xerxes attempted to affix the island of Salamis to Attica, but to pour the young blood of commerce, trade, and daily life into the heart of time-honored Venice, that it may mantle on her wrinkled cheeks, and renew the vigor of her limbs, stiff with long repose, like the transfusion of blood from an infant to an octogenarian. Another year may suffice to complete the railroad from Venice to Milan, already traversed by engines and trains from the shore to Padua, and soon to be laid down over the above-mentioned arches. Instead of the Bucentaur, “1st, 2nd and 3rd class boats” are seen by the quays of the Doge’s palace: and hundreds of gay Venetians hurry to exchange the languid smiles of the Nereids for the embraces of the Vulcanian Cyclops, “The Antenore,” or “The Galileo,” and are borne in their mighty arms to the schools of Padua. Thus is taught a more practical lesson of life in an hour than the learned professors have produced in the last century. Nor does the famous Piazza di San Marco, with its undying and almost unscathed relics of the past, refuse to give signs of the modern movement. Reparations are going on in the façade of the palace and cathedral, and a number of new silver lamps adorn the Madonna di San Marco. As evening closes, hundreds are to be found reclining to take their ice and their coffee beneath the deep shades of these beautiful arcades, while the regimental bands (of no less than fifty) perform, exquisitely, selections from the best operas, to a critical audience. When the stars become visible, the Promethean spark is rapidly applied to the numerous lamps, and the whole scene is brilliantly lighted with gas; on festas, three or four enormous candelabra are erected down the middle of the piazza, and spread the magic light as if with an enchanter’s hand, over the quaint clock-tower, the huge campanile, the cathedral, the column of the Banda, and all the lofty façades of this piazza of piazzas.

One of the immediate results of the railroad will be the introduction of water by pipes into the city, an immense blessing, when it is considered that it is even to this day brought in tanks by barges, and paid dearly for; only a very few wells being open to the poor. Many of the churches are undergoing repair, as well as some other public buildings, at the public expense. The Duchesse de Berri has taken one of the finest of the ancient palazzos on the Canal Grande, and several others are said

to be newly occupied. But, notwithstanding, the greater number of ancient families are driven forever from their once princely abodes, or compelled to abandon them to decay: it is not a little surprising that none seem to have fallen; and that on such a foundation, the neglected walls should not have perished from damp. Among the noblest of the more ancient palaces is that of the Foscari; at the angle of the Grand Canal it commands a double view; and its quaint, but grand façade and balconies, its finely worked arabesque windows and pointed arches, give it an air of grotesque antiquity, which reminds one of a faded dowager of the last century, in her diamonds, lappets, and hoop. In a remote chamber of this palace live, or rather sleep, (like the nautilus in its shell floating helplessly upon the waters,) two noble ladies, its possessors, the last of their house—Laura and Marianna del Foscari. We were told it was rather a compliment than an impertinence to visit them; and under the guidance of one of their acquaintance, we landed from our gondola at the once hospitable door of the Foscari. Dirt, coals, and fragments of wood and stone showed to what base uses the noble hall had been applied; and the court beyond, once a gay “pleasaunce” was filled with blocks of hewn and unhewn stone; tangled grass and weeds were growing from the pavement, and clothes drying on lines from the windows above. The dimensions of the hall, (at least 100 feet long,) its handsome roof and cornices, with the ornamental architraves of its various doors, and the bold and varied iron-work across the windows, still speak of better days. We ascended a now filthy marble staircase, and entered a second hall of the same dimensions, of an L shape, 100 feet and 50 or 60 feet long: at each end is a noble window and balcony; the one in front looks upon the canal, and is large enough to contain 50 or 60 persons; the wide marble balustrade is worn round by the fair arms and stout hands which for ages have rested on it. There at all the pageants of Venice have stood the Foscari, “the observed of all observers!” themselves no mean part of the stately spectacles they beheld. From hence must the family of the great Foscari have witnessed his triumphant procession as Doge, sitting beneath the canopy of gold on the deck of the Bucentaur; little could they dream of the end of that office, to which he was hailed by the acclamations of all the seignery of Venice. In this hall were sovereigns received, for two centuries at least: nor were any festas in Venice more brilliant and more honored, than those here celebrated. Near the lofty portals of the apartments opening to the hall, and entered from it between supporting angels or genii, are tablets with inscriptions, recording the visits of royal and illustrious guests, as John of Denmark, &c., and the names of the Foscari, their hosts. Of all the gay and joyous crowds of the brave, the fair, and the rich—of all the trains of menials who served them, one only representative remained; by the open window, enjoying the breeze from the balustrade on its melancholy waters, sat the one servant of the house—herself a very type of its misfortunes; she was old and half blind, and had replaced a lost limb by a wooden leg; but she was nevertheless industriously working for the ladies, and sat apart in the dilapidated old hall, to leave them their chamber, with all due respect.

After opening several doors, and retreating from a third story inhabited by washerwomen, and a



variety of nondescripts, in separate apartments, our introducer led us to the kitchen of *the ladies*. It had once been a handsome saloon, with marble chimney-piece, gilded cornices, &c., and on one side still hung an enormous picture, in the lower part of which (below the scriptural subject) were introduced the portly figures of three noble Foscari, for which reason probably it was still preserved, though stripped too of its frame. Round the walls hung kitchen utensils, sausages, &c., while a few articles of once elegant furniture filled the room; and on a walnut table in the centre, lay a quantity of French beans which a dirty urchin had just brought from the market. A good-looking man here received us, who we were told was the son of an old retainer of the family, and had solemnly promised his parent to protect its last remains. He greeted our companion, laid down his cook's knife and soon introduced us to *the ladies*, who were in an inner apartment. Madame Laura rose to receive us, but her sister was too infirm to leave her seat; and we sat down on a chest and a chair from the kitchen to contemplate the last of the Foscari—the “two Foscari” of 1844. They appeared between 70 and 80 years of age (if indeed the hard and shrivelled form of an Italian woman admits of any distinction after 70.) They were very plainly dressed, and the few gray hairs of the elder peeped from beneath the common Venetian veil, while those of the younger were uncovered; both spoke somewhat cheerfully, like those who have long submitted to their hard lot, and as if respect for their great family and its magnificence (now among the things that are not) must be a feeling common to all the world, and therefore needing no effort to maintain it. They complained not, for they had been rudely taught by the world that complaint was long since in vain; they boasted not, for why boast of what was evident? they affected neither pride, humility, nor piety, but simply took things as they were, without apology. The elder said she never left the room in a scirocco, (which was then blowing,) and the younger, that she liked to walk in the Sala Grande—poor women! Of all the retainers of the Foscari, their one-legged old abigail alone was left; and the dirt, stones, and ruins at the great hall door were greater obstacles than they could encounter alone, without danger. Our mutual friend had given an artist an order to sketch the ladies' chamber, and this gave occasion to examine and remark on it. The only entrance used was the one through the before-mentioned kitchen. Over this and the other doors were high mouldings and pediments, which, with a rich chimney-piece, set off the lofty proportions of the room, which was about thirty feet square. A wide bed, without hangings, stood against the farther side, and over this, two enormous black giants in alto rilievo stretched their huge limbs against the wall from floor to ceiling. One would have thought the old ladies would have been frightened by such gloomy-looking Anakim; but it was probably for the sake of these very giants they had selected this chamber, for these silent champions challenged all the world to disprove the truth of one of the glories of the house of Foscari. They held between them a portrait of a quiet-looking red-faced gentleman, and a gilt scroll recorded that this gentleman was his Majesty of Denmark, and that he had

slept in this very chamber,—nay, we were led to believe, in this very bed. For the rest, the royal dormitory was now most poorly furnished with a chest and a couple of old tables, whose lacquered legs looked as poverty-stricken as the rest of the palace. But though used for all purposes, there was a degree of careless neatness and order about it; a few torn books were piled in a corner, and on an old wardrobe stood a dilapidated toilet box, with some broken apparatus in it, and a little vase full of faded flowers (even this too dear for an every-day luxury) carefully placed on each side—alas! the Laura and Marianna who had inherited it, little needed a toilet now. Even la Biondina in Gondoletta, for fifty years a reigning beauty, is no more. The masks and carnivals and operas of Venice (such as they are now) are as far from them as if they had been living among the holy virgins of Upper Egypt. We retired with befitting compliments, and the old retainer's son showed us through a number of rooms, in a greater or less state of dilapidation. Some had lost all their carving and wood-work; in others the doors were gone, and several had had pictures cut from the ceilings; one beautiful room had suffered less, and eight or ten fine heads in wood carving, stood out from its walls, sole tenants of the dusty waste; and there it was the worthy man gave us some odd reason why the last prodigal of the house, the nephew of the ladies, “*lui chi aveva mangiato tante cose*” pictures and carvings, &c., had spared this once favorite dining room. He then led us to his own sanctum, a qucer den in a retired corner of the palace, which might have served for the studio of Paracelsus or of Faustus. Here he had collected all sorts of odds and ends, old papers and mss., bits of wood and pictures, fossils and casts, and a world of indescribable rubbish, among which he, with much pride, displayed upon a broken easel the mss. of the Foscari pedigree, “from the 9th century down to Laura and Marianna aforesaid, with long notes of achievements, especially of the famous Doge.” Then, in a confidential whisper, he told our friend how the law-suit went on—“*andava bene il processo*,” and that the Avvocato had the most confident hopes of establishing the right of the true branch to—. In fact, he had been zealously collecting materials for Signor l'Avvocato, and had succeeded, after years of labor, in urging the learned man to action. No wonder he was anxious to tell his long tale of unjust cousins and false codicils, &c., which he hoped to set aside in favor of *the ladies*. But they, poor forlorn women, in some by-gone hour of deep distress, ere this zealous advocate came to their aid, had actually sold the reversion of the palace, after their own deaths, for an annuity of sixteen-pence a day, and the home of the Foscari will soon probably be let in as many lodgings as a five-story house in St. Giles', not excepting the chamber “of the Royal Dane.” Such is an illustration of the “base uses” to which the palaces of Venice are tending, and such the actual state of many descendants of her merchant princes. But in the hour of power and of pride they were deaf to the cries of liberty and of justice, and when danger threatened they showed themselves unable to defend a state they were unworthy to govern. Nothing is now left them but to repeat the poet's lament, “O Italia, Italia,” &c.

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**A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF MILITARY PUNISHMENTS, IN AS FAR AS REGARDS NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATE SOLDIERS.**

BY HENRY MARSHALL, DEPUTY-INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF ARMY HOSPITALS.

As a useful hint to young medical officers, I have subjoined in detail an instructive case, copied from Dr. Bell's work on the diseases among soldiers in the West Indies.

"A private soldier in the 5th Regiment had been repeatedly sentenced by a court-martial to be punished for theft; but the punishment of flogging had always been changed for that of confinement, as, on the instant he was brought to the halberts, he was attacked with convulsions; and the medical gentleman who attended, thinking it not proper that in those circumstances the punishment should be inflicted, the man was released."

He was again convicted of stealing, and again he was sentenced to be flogged. At this time Dr. Bell attended his punishment.

"These convulsive fits," says Dr. Bell, "were either feigned or real; but in either case it was deemed proper that the punishment should go on. If they were feigned, the pain of the flogging would soon put an end to every exertion of artifice; and, if they were real, it appeared probable that severe pain, to which he had not been accustomed, and the operation of terror on his mind, at the time the fit was approaching, might prevent the attack, and, by breaking the habit, might prove a useful remedy. I never had seen him in any of these fits; but I was informed that he was frequently attacked by them when guilty of any irregularity, and consequently was sent to the hospital instead of the guard-house. On the morning of his punishment I informed him, in presence of the serjeant of the hospital, and of another person, that the commanding officer was determined to inflict every lash, although death should be the consequence, and that I would on no account interfere in having him taken down. He was told, that if he *dared* to fall into fits, the serjeant and my servant had orders to burn him to the bone with red-hot irons, which they kept ready heated for the purpose in the mess-kitchen, at the door of which he was punished. While the drummers were tying him to the halberts I placed myself opposite to him, and his eyes were steadily fixed on mine. His countenance was marked with the strongest symptoms of terror, which was not lessened by turning his head towards the door of the kitchen, where he saw a person prepared, as he thought, for the purpose of which he had been informed. He firmly believed that what had been threatened would be executed. The punishment went on,—the pain it occasioned was almost forgot in his apprehension of that which he more dreaded. He received 300 lashes; and while I remained in the regiment I never heard of his being attacked with any convulsive disorder, nor of his being tried by a court-martial for his old crime."

Dr. Bell leaves the nature of the case still doubtful, and concludes with the following expres-

sion,—“Whether the fits were real or feigned, impressing the mind with terror produced the effect that was desired.”

The following case was obviously feigned:—A soldier belonging to the — Regiment was brought to the halberts to receive punishment. He became apparently convulsed; and the medical officer, believing he had been attacked with epilepsy, recommended that he should be taken down. He was again brought out for punishment, when his frame became greatly agitated, which gave rise to a belief that he again suffered under an epileptic paroxysm. A third time he was brought to the halberts, when convulsions came on. The medical officer, presuming that the symptoms of epilepsy were occasioned by fear, was proceeding to the commanding officer, for the purpose of stating that the man was unfit to receive punishment, when, by accident, he happened to look behind him, and saw the eye of the delinquent watching his motions. This circumstance convinced the medical officer that the symptoms were feigned, and the delinquent received his punishment without further delay.

Pain, but especially pain which is inflicted or imposed as a chastisement, frequently excites fainting, or *deliquium animi*; and when this takes place it becomes highly expedient to arrest the infliction of punishment. When syncope, or fainting, occurs during a surgical operation, I believe it is the ordinary usage of surgeons to cease operating until the patient is restored. But a man, under punishment is liable to a partial *deliquium animi*, or fainting, during which it has been recommended, (and it is, I suppose, usual,) to permit the punishment to go on during some seconds of impaired sensibility. In the slighter cases, therefore, of *deliquium* the punishment need not be interrupted; indeed, the stimulus of flagellation frequently restores the sufferer to himself. If, on the other hand, the *deliquium* continues, and a man cannot be roused in a few seconds, if he perspires much, and if the pulse at the temporal artery becomes weak, or scarcely perceptible, he should be forthwith taken down.

I never considered it expedient to examine the irritability of the iris, as is sometimes recommended in doubtful cases, being always satisfied with the conclusions which might be drawn from the above symptoms. Should a man recover instantly, the medical officer is sometimes supposed to have been unnecessarily cautious,—imposed upon, in fact. This conclusion he may occasionally expect, but not often; for to witness the flogging of a man is, I believe, in general very painful both to officers and men,—the infliction of bodily pain, as a punishment, under whatever name the operation may be executed, having very much the appearance of torture,—consequently, officers in general are pleased to see the infliction brought to a conclusion. Some officers, who in the exercise of their duty are obliged to attend punishment parades,

frequently turn their eyes from the sufferer, and obviously show, by their looks and gestures, that they are disgusted with the exhibition. In complete fainting the delinquent becomes unable to stand erect, the muscles of his limbs lose their power, and he hangs by the hands from the top of the triangles.

It need hardly be observed, that as long as a man exclaims and shrinks from the lash, a medical officer may be satisfied that there is not much tendency to fainting.

So long as it was customary to inflict second punishments medical officers were, from motives of humanity, much disposed to allow a man to receive the whole of the punishment which the court-martial had adjudged, at once, or, at any rate, as much as he was able to bear, in the hope that the remainder would be remitted. Soldiers who received to the extent of two thirds of the sentence awarded were seldom "brought out" to receive the remainder. The sentence was, however, not always remitted, it was allowed to *hang over* them, so as that the commanding officer might inflict the balance due when it pleased him to do so. Dr. Hamilton has very graphically described the cruel consequences of second punishments.

"Let us suppose," says he, "that a man is taken down at the end of 250 or 300 lashes, and that his sentence was 1000, all of which he must receive, whether at two, three, or more times, before he is released from confinement. Let us suppose he is conveyed either to the guard-house or hospital, is daily dressed till the wounds are healed, and a new cuticle formed, which may be in a month or five weeks. He is now become able to wear his clothes, yet perhaps scarcely able to suffer the weight and friction of his cross-belts, or the pressure of his haversack,—the parts are as yet red and tender; notwithstanding he is ordered a second time to the halberts, and at the end of 200 or 300 more is a second time taken down, cured as before, a third time brought there, and so on till the whole judgment be inflicted."

An elaborate expounder of martial law and military usages expresses himself as follows in regard to second punishments under one and the same sentence:—

"Every commanding officer," says Major James, author of a Military Dictionary, and several other military works, "has a discretionary power vested in him to remit the whole or part of the punishment which may have been awarded against a non-commissioned officer or private soldier by the sentence of a regimental court-martial. But no such power is vested in him when the king's approbation (and I presume I may add that of his authorized representative) has sanctioned the execution of any sentence given by a general court-martial."

"However the culprit may suffer on such an occasion, or have his punishment discontinued through the report of the surgeon, he must again be brought out to receive the remainder of the lashes; and, should he expire before the *bona fide* compliment of the sentence, it must be consummated upon his lifeless and mutilated carcass."

"We cannot omit," says our author, "mentioning in this place that the instant a military culprit receives a lash the surgeon becomes responsible for his life."—*Regimental Companion*, vol. ii., 466. Seventh edition, London, 1811.

I remember attending the punishment of a man belonging to the — regiment, in 1808, who had been tried by a court-martial, and convicted, in consequence of having a small piece of black muslin spread over the ball of the left eye and under the eye-lid. He had previously lost the sight of his right eye. He was sentenced to receive 1000 lashes in the usual manner, and at such time or times as the commanding officer might direct. He was taken down upon having received about 250 lashes. After being cured he was again brought out to receive the remainder of his sentence. The first few lashes tore open the newly-cicatrized skin, so much that his back became instantly covered with blood, which flowed downward under his clothes. He was taken down before he received forty lashes. The second punishment was a most painful one to all who witnessed it; and I believe the disgusting exhibition was not in his case repeated.

The infliction of pain, without long disabling a man for duty, or endangering his life, being the immediate object of flogging, I am disposed to ask whether that intention would not be amply attained by employing a cat with one tail instead of one with nine tails. The pain inflicted by one cord would be severe enough, perhaps nearly as severe at the moment as with nine cords, while the ultimate injury and danger would be much less.

Dr. Hamilton gives the following account of a case of second punishment, similar to the one above mentioned, which came under my own notice:

"Hall," says he, "was sentenced to receive 500 lashes for housebreaking; he got 400 of them before he was taken down: and in the space of six weeks was judged able to sustain the remainder of his punishment, as his back was entirely skinned over. The first 25 lashes of the second punishment tore the young flesh more than the former 400, the blood pouring at the same time in streams. By the time he got 75 his back was ten times more cut by the *cats* than with his former 400,—so that it was thought prudent to remit the remaining 25, and take him down. Hall declared that his first punishment was trifling to what he suffered by the second. Other examples might be added," says Dr. Hamilton, "but to multiply cases of this kind is disagreeable."

Some men suffer much more than others from the same amount of punishment, more especially persons of a sanguine temperament, with red or fair hair, and a tall slender frame of body.

"Edwards, in the end of 1781, was sentenced to receive fifty lashes. He had got drunk, and otherwise misbehaved. In the army this number is accounted next to nothing. So much, however, did this small punishment affect him, that, notwithstanding every degree of attention to his case

it was upwards of three months before he could bear his cross-belts, or even move his arms to work. Perhaps 50 more would have placed his life in most imminent danger. He was of a thin, tall, genteel shape,—his hair black but soft, woolly, and thin on his head, with a skin remarkably white and smooth.—*Hamilton*, vol. ii., 40.

The effects of flogging are so different in individuals, that, although every attention is paid to the probable strength and constitution of soldiers by medical officers, untoward symptoms will sometimes follow.

"Henley, for desertion, received 200 lashes only; acute inflammation followed, and the back sloughed. When the wounds were cleaned, and the sloughed integuments removed, the back-bone and part of the shoulder-bone were laid bare. I never had seen so much of the muscular parts destroyed in any case from punishment before. . . . It was upwards of seven months before he was so far recovered as to be able to do his duty."—*Hamilton*, vol. ii., 44.

In 1806, I recollect having two similar cases of sloughing from punishment to dress; they having occurred in the regiment to which I belonged. One man died, the whole of the muscles of the back having sloughed, and the other was never fit for duty, and required to be invalidated.

Hamilton mentions the case of a man who died at the halberts. "Lately, in England, not far from the metropolis," says the authority he quotes, "a soldier received 400 lashes; he scorned to flinch for some time, till by a repetition of stripes he groaned and died." Fever and sloughing of the back are the consequences of flogging which are most to be dreaded. Junius, in a note to his celebrated letter to the king, (15th Nov., 1769,) shows the partiality which is exercised in favor of the Guards, in strong terms, and then observes as follows:—"So much for the officers. The private men have four-pence a-day to subsist on, and five hundred lashes if they desert. Under this punishment they frequently expired."

With the view of demonstrating to medical officers of the army the great necessity of their being extremely discreet and cautious in the discharge of a most painful and unpleasant part of their duty—namely, their attendance at punishments, Staff-surgeon Burnester published, in 1807, (*Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*,) the case of a man who died in consequence of what was considered a mild punishment.

The man in question was stout and healthy, twenty-eight years of age, subject to no constitutional disease, and who, for a considerable length of time previous to his punishment, had enjoyed perfect health. He was sentenced by a court-martial to receive 800 lashes, and received 250, which he bore with a manly resolution, and was taken down, the remainder of the sentence being remitted by the commanding officer,—not, however, from any appearance that he could not have borne a considerable number more without incurring the smallest danger.

Fever appeared on the second day after the punishment, which was followed by inflammation and sloughing of the back. On the twentieth day from his punishment, there was scarcely an inch from his neck to his loins free from disease. He continued to languish until twenty-four days from the time of his punishment, when he expired. This case happened in the Mediterranean; and other men who were punished at the same time, and to a more considerable extent, recovered in the ordinary time. The unhappy result of this man's case could not, in Mr. Burnester's opinion, be in any material degree attributed to an unhealthy climate.

In such a punishment as flogging, accident will be sure to assist the intrinsic rigor of the system, oversight will conspire with design, and congenial circumstances will develop strict discipline into cruelty. Startling results serve to arrest the attention, and prove the general character of corporal punishment as a means of enforcing discipline.

It may be observed, that in practice the attendance of a medical officer at a punishment parade is more calculated to prevent a man from escaping the amount of infliction to which he has been sentenced, than to meliorate and reduce the severity of punishment. His professional knowledge is employed to detect whatever latent principle of life a man possesses, which may enable him to undergo the sentence awarded. It has been stated to be "less necessary to dwell upon motives of humanity and discretion, than to caution military surgeons against attempts which are sometimes made to deceive them by soldiers feigning complaints to evade punishment, and feigning syncope or fits during its infliction;—to caution them also against any untimely or undue interference with the discipline of the service, or any vain parade of authority in the only case in which their authority can be considered as at all paramount to that of the commanding officer."

I may here observe, that the authority of a medical officer is on no occasion paramount to that of a commanding officer: he has, in fact, no military authority whatever. Medical officers are, in regard to choice of quarters, to be classed with other ranks; but this *indulgence* is not to give them any claim to exercise command.

Dr. Hamilton informs us, that he had seen several cases of partial or temporary loss of power of one or both arms, resulting from flogging. I have met with only one case of this kind,—the right arm having become paralytic, on which account the man was discharged.

When an unusual degree of tumefaction of the back takes place during punishment, a delinquent should be taken down, as this symptom is frequently followed by long protracted disease.

Bombadier Alexander incidentally mentions a case of this kind in his Memoirs.

"In 1803, at Chatham, a private of the 9th Regiment having been found asleep on his post

was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be flogged. The soldier was a fine-looking lad, and bore an excellent character in his regiment. The officers were much interested in his behalf, and it was said they endeavored to prevail upon the general in command, to give his case a favorable consideration, but without success. All the troops were assembled to witness the punishment; and during the infliction I saw the drum-major strike a drummer to the ground for not using his strength sufficiently. The man's back became black as the darkest mahogany, and greatly swelled. He was taken down at the recommendation of the medical officer, after he had received 229 lashes, and sent to the hospital, where he died in eight days, his back having mortified. I have witnessed 700 lashes inflicted, but I have never seen a man's back so black and swelled."

I have already stated, that extensive sloughing of the back occasionally occurs from flogging, notwithstanding the utmost care on the part of a medical officer.

"Burek," says Dr. Hamilton, "had so great a discharge from his back, accompanied with a smell so great, that though a more than ordinary robust man, it made him extremely faint and uneasy; he complained more of this than of the pain he suffered, yet he was carefully dressed and washed twice a day, and for some time shirted once every day."

"Dale was punished for stealing, and smelled so offensively, though the greatest attention was paid to dressing and washing his back, as well as to changing his linen; and so great effect did it produce on his health, that he fell into a fever, and narrowly escaped with life. He was removed to a ward by himself, the smell being extremely offensive to the other patients. From the putrid smell of his sores, it was no easy task to dress him; and such was the precarious state of his health, that I durst trust it to no one but myself."—*Hamilton*, vol. ii., 60.

In cases where great ulceration and sloughing occurs, the cicatrix is long, and, in some cases, permanently so sensible and tender, as not to permit a man to wear his cross-belts, or at any rate to carry his knapsack. I have seen a soldier permanently disabled for duty by this means, and rendered unfit for the service. It is alleged, by persons who have witnessed much flogging, that the back becomes callous by frequent corporal punishment, a circumstance which is probably occasioned by the repeated effusion of lymph.

"By frequently punishing offenders," says Dr. Williamson, "the parts become insensible to that laceration which tears up the skin. When that barbarous consequence is arrived at, its infliction becomes a matter of indifference to the unfortunate negro; and new sources of torture must be found out by which the commission of crime may be checked. It can scarcely be necessary to add, that such a condition of torpor in the parts to which punishment has been applied, can never be justified on any pretext; and I blush to reflect that white men should be the directors of such disgraceful deeds."—*Observations relative to the West India Islands*, by J. Williamson, M. D., 1817.

Dr. Williamson had peculiar opportunities of

acquiring information on this subject, he having resided in a medical capacity during fourteen years upon different plantations in Jamaica.

"Although that few or none die, which," says Dr. Hamilton, "I believe to be the fact, immediately from punishments moderately inflicted, I know, from experience in the service, that constitutions have been considerably impaired by them. We sometimes find the body melt away into a spectre of skin and bone, from the large suppurations that have followed; nor were they ever afterwards, as long as I knew them, able to bear the same hardships as before; and they must from thence also be more incident, not only to contagious diseases, if they be in the way of them, but to other complaints to which fatigue or hardships of duty may expose them."—*Hamilton*, vol. ii., 56.

Dr. Kirckhoff makes a similar observation in regard to the use of the cane in the army of the king of the Netherlands:—

"The punishment of the cane," says the doctor, "is injurious to the health, for it may occasion spitting of blood and inflammatory affections of the chest, followed by consumption and death. I have seen men expire immediately after the punishment, and even during the infliction."

Serjeant Armstrong, who was flogged to death by the orders of Governor Wall, passed blood constantly after his punishment, both by urine and stool; and the surgeon stated also that he had an asthma from the extraordinary absorption of the blood.

Sir Henry Hardinge bears strong testimony in regard to the injurious effects of the Portuguese mode of punishing military delinquents.

"Punishment," says Sir Henry, "was inflicted by a corporal seizing the culprit, and striking him with the flat of the sword upon the back. It was necessary to be done with the utmost caution, for it affected the chest so severely, that sometimes consumption and lingering complaints were the consequence. It bruised the body, and frequently led to spitting of blood, and very serious complaints."—*Evidence on Military Punishments, Questions 5657 and 5658*.

Sir Henry commanded five Portuguese battalions in the Pyrenees, by which means his attention was peculiarly directed towards the hurtful consequences of this mode of punishment.

"The proper end of human punishment," says Paley, "is not the satisfaction of justice, but the prevention of crimes. By the satisfaction of justice, I mean the retribution of so much pain for so much guilt."

The chief design of punishment being therefore to prevent the commission of crimes, not to avenge wrongs, if this can be obtained, the end of the law is accomplished. And may not that be as effectually done by moderate as by excessive severity? To reform delinquents, and to deter others from committing crimes, being the true object of the military law, it is presumed the punishment of offenders should be such as to give temporary pain and anxiety, but which should carry no lasting infamy with it, other

than the reflection of having been punished—a punishment, in fine, which repentance might obliterate. The ignominy which is connected with corporal punishment, but especially the brand of infamy which results from an ulcerated back, is an indelible and fearful consequence of flogging.

Great melioration of the penal laws and usages of the army has taken place since 1812; and I take leave to observe that the general state and conduct of the troops has proved the safety and the policy of the alteration. I sincerely hope that “the improvement will be extended, and that the army will not long be subjected to a degrading and barbarous torture, from which less moral men and much worse soldiers are exempted in every service in Europe.”

Previously to concluding this part of my subject, I may express my cordial concurrence with the sentiments which Dr. Hamilton published fifty years ago in his chapter on military punishments. “*I wish*,” said he, “*after all, the military laws knew no such thing as flogging, and that in place thereof some other mode of punishment could be devised less ignominious. On this head, however, I dare say nothing; it is out of my line of life, though I wish it with all my soul abolished, as an inhuman thing, more suiting to the nature of savages than civilized and polished nations.*” Indeed, I feel confident, that in a very short time flogging will be very little resorted to in the army, that it will in fact fall into disuse, and that people will lift up their hands and wonder, as we do now in regard to some of the former barbarous punishments, that it has been tolerated and practised so long.

Were it demonstrated that flogging is sufficient to deter soldiers from the commission of certain crimes, and that other means of preventing crime after an adequate trial are insufficient, then perhaps flogging should be inflicted in a limited degree; but if it does not effect the above object, then it ought to be completely abolished; the only legitimate ends of punishment being to prevent the delinquent from repeating the crime, and to deter others from emulating it.

The usual defence of the punishment of flogging by military officers, rests wholly on the assumption that corporal punishment has the effect of preventing crime and sustaining discipline, and that it is superior to every other remedial means for that end. Degrading punishments very rarely produce contrition and reformation.

“There is not an instance in a thousand,” says Dr. Jackson, “where severe punishment has made a soldier what he ought to be; there are thousands where it has rendered those who were forgetful and careless, rather than vicious, insensible to honor and abandoned to crime.”

The reformation of a delinquent should be the motive, the object, and measure of all penal inflictions of a secondary character. Let reformation be recognized as a primary object in all punish-

ments, and we shall have good security for the adoption of humane and judicious measures. Should the allegation of the Reverend Robert Hall, in regard to the trade of war be well founded, and, perhaps, it is much too true, great care should be taken to promote good conduct, and to repress vice in the army. “*War*,” says he, “*reverses with respect to its objects all the rules of morality. It is nothing less than a temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue. It is a system out of which almost all the virtues are excluded, and in which nearly all the vices are incorporated.*” A state which contracts for the minds and bodies of men for an unlimited period, and which leads them into the temptations incident to a military life, becomes in a great measure responsible for their temporal and eternal welfare. Having surrendered their independence for life, and sworn unconditional obedience to their superiors, soldiers have a strong claim to become the adopted children of their country, and to be treated accordingly. The state has no doubt a right to command, but it has also important duties to perform; duties which comprehend the means of promoting the efficiency, the welfare and the happiness of the army.

From the Athenæum.

*Transactions of the Association of American Geologists and Naturalists.* Boston, 1843. *A System of Mineralogy.* By JAMES D. DANA, A. M. New York and London, Wiley & Putnam.

THE study of geology seems to find great favor in the United States. Its importance is there publicly recognized; professorships of the science being established in many of the colleges, and “state geologists” maintained by many of the provinces. Able and active men hold these appointments, whose names are becoming familiar to the scientific world in Europe, and commanding a respect to which their works entitle them. In thus early fostering a science which holds the key of many of the most valuable economic resources of their country, the Americans have sown the seeds of increased commercial, and what is of more value to a community as yet in its historical youth, of intellectual prosperity. As literary and scientific pursuits become more general in the states, the now disagreeable prominence of the money-worshipping feature in the American character will wear away. A study such as geology, which, while it elevates the mind, appeals to the interest of the seekers after wealth, is well adapted to lead the way to so desirable a change.

In England, the popularity of geology, only a few years ago the most idolized of sciences, is on the wane; in the states it is fast increasing. The state of things in both countries, though opposite, is healthy. The popularity of a science is greatest when its broader and more striking features are in process of delineation, when bold and speculative doctrines are our guides to the discovery of truth. This was the case at home during the earlier years of the geological society, and at the first meetings of the British association, when a band of enthusi-

astic and eloquent men seemed to have sprung up at the call of the rising science, to advocate its claims. The outline once sketched, the details required to be filled up, and a more laborious course, demanding patient survey, and critical discrimination, had to be followed. The harder work is only commencing as yet, but it has already scared away the crowds who followed the steps of young geology, when fancy held that place on her right hand to which a severe logic now lays claim. In America, where the great outline is still but partially sketched, and where the canvas on which the map has to be drawn is of gigantic dimensions, geology is as yet only advancing towards her zenith of popularity, and the earnest and enthusiastic are crowding into her service. Nor are they laboring unknown. The names of the brothers Rogers, of Hitchcock, Locke, Beck, Barley, Conrade, and many more, are becoming as household words within the walls of the geological and natural history societies of Britain, and memoirs and discussions on the structure of America are almost as frequent, and excite as much interest as those on subjects nearer home. The labors and travel of Lyell have done much to band together the interests of British and United States geologists, and to make known the merits of our transatlantic brethren.

Of the two volumes before us, the first is an account of the proceedings of an association somewhat similar to our British association, but more limited with respect to the subjects of which it takes cognizance. The proceedings of three annual meetings are reported in this volume of Transactions. The first was held in Philadelphia during the month of April, 1840, when a snug party of some eighteen or twenty men of science laid the foundations of the society, and sat discussing on geological topics for three days, under the presidency of Prof. Hitchcock. The second session was also held at Philadelphia, when Prof. Silliman, whose scientific journal is highly and deservedly appreciated in Europe, presided over a meeting which lasted five days. The third reunion was held at Boston, in 1842, under the presidency of Dr. Morton, the author of an excellent volume on the cretaceous fossils of North America. It lasted for a week, during which time abundance of interesting and novel matter appears to have been laid before the association, of the value of which, the memoirs, which fill several hundred pages of this volume, bear ample evidence.

The second of the works before us is one, which, while it does great honor to America, should make us blush for the neglect in England of an important and interesting science. It is a thick octavo, of above seven hundred pages, on mineralogy, treated in a highly scientific and perspicuous manner. It is no compilation, such as all works on this subject have been in this country since the writings of Jameson and Phillips, but an original survey of the mineral kingdom, executed with the greatest care. This, too, is the second edition, greatly enlarged, showing that Mr. Dana's labors are appreciated in America. We hope it will be received with due appreciation here, and serve to aid in giving an impulse to an important section of geological science, the connecting link between the studies of the naturalist, the chemist, and the geometrician, most unaccountably neglected in a country which boasts of being the head quarters of geology.

## MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN.

[Concluded from the Gentleman's Magazine.]

MRS. GRANT went to an exhibition of fruits and flowers in the Hopeton rooms :—

"I had no bonnet, but a very respectable cap, and, as I walked in from my sedan chair, I was surprised to see another lady with exactly such crutches, and precisely such a shawl as my own. I looked with much interest at my fellow-cripple, which interest she seemed to reciprocate. She took her place in another room, equally large and splendid and as gaily decorated as the one where I was placed, but so open that I had a full view of it, and of her sitting a little beside me, with the very fellow-shawl to mine. Amidst all the flush of bloom before me, I often withdrew my attention to regard this withered flower with still increasing interest. We were so as that every time I turned to look her eyes met mine, and at length, I thought, with a known and familiar expression, till at last I remarked it to those around me, and that I thought she would like to be introduced to me when the show was over. I thought, too, I had seen her somewhere; her figure was as ample as my own, but I comforted myself that I had a better face, hers being almost ugly. I rose at length, and so did she, and I saw her no more. Think of my mortification at having the laugh of the whole house against me on coming home; *there was no such room, and no such lady. When I had been talking of this other lady, they imagined it to be all playfulness, and never thought of the deception,*" &c.

We remember a story so similar to this in its circumstances as to be remarkable, and occurring in an *out of the way* book, now but little read, we may venture to extract it :—"Madame de Montausier crut ensuite avoir vu son fantôme : un jour que sa dévotion l'avoit arrêtée à la chapelle après la messe du roi, et qu'elle s'en revenoit seule par la grande galerie, qui, comme vous savez, conduit aux appartemens; elle crut voir, à son côté, une dame faite et mise tout comme elle. Cette vision l'étonna; et comme la galerie est longue, après avoir marché quelque temps avec sa semblable, qui lui rendoit regards pour regards, et saluts pour saluts, elle lui demanda son nom. L'autre lui répondit, qu'elle étoit la *Duchesse de Montausier*. Cette réponse, que la véritable Duchesse crut entendre, l'épouvanta; elle courut dans son appartement, où l'on s'aperçut bientôt du désordre de son esprit. Chacun raisonna sur cette aventure : les uns le rejettoient comme fausse, d'autres y ajoutoient foi, et disoient que Madame de Montausier étant de la maison de *Lusignan*, pouvoit fort bien avoir vu son fantôme, puisque cela arrivoit ordinairement aux personnes de cette famille, lorsqu'ils étoient prêts de mourir. La mort de Madame de Montausier, qui arriva bientôt après, sembloit fortifier cette opinion; pour moi, qui ne donne pas fort dans le merveilleux, je n'imagine que Madame de Montausier vit sa figure dans les glaces de la grande galerie, et que son esprit, déjà un peu troublé, lui persuada toute autre chose." &c.\*

\* See *Lettres Historiques et Galantes de Madame Denoyer*, vol. 1., p. 337, 1760. A similar circumstance has been related to me, as well authenticated, having taken place in the village of Benhall, in Suffolk, in the person of a farmer returning late in an autumn evening from his

P. 91. "I had a call the other day from old Henry Mackenzie, who has indeed been always my frequent visitor: you will be surprised to hear of the old man attending the royal society at eighty, and reading memoirs, written with much spirit and accuracy. The subject of a paper which he read there a fortnight since was the operation of the mind in dreams,—a proof, in addition to a thousand others, of the independence of spirit upon matter,—the mind performing such complex operations while all the bodily organs are inert. He mentioned, as an instance, that last summer, in his sleep, he had translated a French epigram into correct English; this, on awaking, he wrote down, and sent to Professor Dugald Stewart as a curiosity. He added, in his paper, several instances in which Coleridge's muse had literally visited his dreams.\*

"Encouraged by finding that the same thing had happened to others, I ventured to tell Mr. Mackenzie what I had scarcely ever mentioned to any one, for fear of having my veracity called in question. The circumstance occurred in the last century, on board the good ship Africa, on my way from America. I dreamed that I saw lying folded on the cabin floor, a paper like a street-ballad, coarse and dirty; I unfolded it, however, and read in 'gude black print,' a ballad consisting of fourteen verses, most, if not all, of which I distinctly remembered when I waked; they resembled nothing I had ever read or heard. So little was I aware of possessing powers which had lain dormant in my mind, that when I waked I scrambled about my birth in search of the non-existent paper. The subject was the launching of a man-of-war. The verses, (which I could not write, being confined to bed,) slipped, one by one, from my memory; all I now recollect is a chorus at the end of each verse. A few nights ago there was another meeting of the royal society, for which the veteran sent my son a ticket. What was his surprise to hear Mr. Mackenzie mention to the society, as an additional proof of his statement on the former evening, that a friend of his, Mrs. G. of L., had dreamed a dream, &c.

fields, when a person joined him in a lonely part of his path homeward, whose figure, dress, look, in short everything, was a counterpart of his own. He walked with him side by side till he came to the wicket gate of the garden; the farmer then asked his *stranger-self* to enter his house, but on turning he was gone. The person's name to whom this happened has been told to me, but the circumstance was reluctantly mentioned or heard by the family, who have long left the parish.—R&v.

\* The poem which Coleridge composed in his sleep was *Kubla Khan*; or, a Vision in a Dream. He says of it, that, "In the summer of 1797, then in ill-health, he had retired to a lonely farm-house, between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confine of Somersetshire and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an opdyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in Purchas' Pilgrimage. 'Here then Kubla Khan commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed in a wall.' The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition, in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation, or consciousness of effort. On awaking, he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, he instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved," &c. See Coleridge's *Poems*, ed. Ald. L., p. 266.—R&v.

P. 98. "I must next answer your question about *Tremaine*, which I do reluctantly, for I am very sorry that I can neither at all admire, nor much approve of, a work written, I believe, with the very best intentions, and meant to advocate the best principles, both political and religious. It is a feeble, prosing book, which may however be not only agreeable, but in some measure useful, to feeble, prosing people; but it will never convert an infidel, because none of those conceited gentry will wade through all the painfully tedious theology and wire-drawn arguments. The task of giving suitable manners, language, and sentiments to a man of refinement requires a great deal more of that sublimated spirit of fine sense, and fine taste, than the author of this work is master of," &c.

P. 138. "Miss Douglas greatly wished to see Mr. Henry Mackenzie. We found the family at a fine old gentleman-like place, called Old Hailes, three miles west of Edinburgh. They went there to nurse their daughter Hope, a lovely, meek creature, much resembling my Isabella—little known in the world, but very dear to her family. Mrs. Mackenzie, with the soundest sense, great conversational talents, and manners that would grace a court, has lived much retired, devoting her whole time and thoughts to her family, yet always receiving the best company. Every one thought it a privilege to be admitted to share their slight evening refreshments, where crowds never came, and where ease and good breeding took away the restraint which intellectual superiority sometimes creates," &c.

P. 156. "I had a charming guest before I left town to come here—no other than the very charming Mrs. Hemans, for whom I have long felt something very like affection. She had two fine boys with her, the objects, visibly, of very great tenderness, who seem equally attached to her. She is entirely feminine, and her language has a charm like that of her verse—the same ease and peculiar grace, with more vivacity. If affliction had not laid a heavy hand upon her she would be playful; she has not the slightest tinge of affectation, and is so refined, so gentle, that you must both love and respect her. She, and Southey, and your own dear self are the only persons, whom I previously drew pictures of, who have not disappointed me," &c.

P. 175. The two books which have most contributed to interest me of late are Bishop Heber's *Indian Journal*,\* and the *Life of Sir Thomas Munro*. The latter I knew personally; his sister, Mrs. Erskine, brought him to see me. He was by no means a drawing-room gentleman, but then he was something better. I knew Sir Thomas much better in his letters; very charming they were, and now form the gems of this publication. I had read, along with his sister, a series of them for thirty years. I do not think she showed them to above two or three persons besides out of her own family. I was pleased with the manly simplicity and purity of the style, and its occasional playfulness, and gratified by the views which the letters opened of the interior of India, such only as a gifted mind, communicating with another of the highest class, could afford. I would have a myrtle and a palm planted by the grave of the bishop, and overshadow that of the governor with an oak and a laurel. I rejoice in seeing all his relatives brightening in his fame," &c.

\* Among a few unpublished manuscripts and private letters of the late Bishop Heber, in the possession of the present writer, written to a near relation of his, he has



From Hood's Magazine.

## HOW JACK MARLAND SOLVED A VERY STIFF PROBLEM.

JACK MARLAND was a happy fellow—at least any one who saw him seated in his comfortable chambers in the Temple in a vast easy chair, and enveloped with clouds of smoke proceeding from his favorite meerschaum, as the bell of St. Paul's rang ten, would have said so. Jack was a clever fellow too; he sang well, he danced well; the partridges on the first of September knew him well; the Cheshire hounds were not unacquainted with him; the Isis and the Thames were intimate with him (for Jack pulled a good oar); a dab at fencing, a fair single-stick player, in his element in the pistol-gallery; and, to crown all, he had just made a not unsuccessful *début* as a speaker in the Courts at Westminster. Jack truly ought to have been happy, from a thousand reasons; he was a favorite with his acquaintances and professional brethren; by the fair sex, his witty conversation and handsome and gentlemanly person and demeanor were duly appreciated; in short, he was universally liked. Papas and mamas opened their doors to him (for he had a nice little fortune at his command); daughters and sons were glad when he entered the doors so thrown open, for not a dull moment was suffered to exist from the time Jack came to the time he took his departure. "And was Jack happy?" methinks I hear a fair reader inquire. Jack was not happy, or, rather, he *thought* he was not happy. Jack had got it into his silly head that, in spite of his accomplishments, his cleverness, and his handsome face and figure, he, Jack, was a coward; and that, if ever his courage should be put to the proof, he should be lamentably wanting. This was Jack's "*ombre noir*;" this was the thought which embittered Jack's existence; and, at the time we introduced Jack to the notice of our readers, he was in his aforesaid easy chair, and under the soothing influence of his aforesaid pipe, assisted by a cup of strong Mocha—turning over in his mind the different methods by which he thought it likely that he might be able to solve the knotty question, "Am I, or am I not a coward?"

Jack thought and thought, and smoked and smoked, till he was half asleep, without coming to any correct or satisfactory conclusion; the idea had taken strong possession of his mind and tormented him strangely; he however determined, as indeed he had fifty times before determined, to seize the first opportunity which might present itself, of placing himself in the way of grappling with some imminent danger. We shall in less than ten minutes see that the wished-for opportu-

cast his eye on one relating to the death of Mr. Stowe, who we believe was his chaplain. "Should Miss Stowe not have received his (the bishop's) letter on the hopeless state of her brother," the bishop says—"I have determined to go round by the *Metafunga* again, in order to meet her, great as will be the delay that this will occasion in my northern journey; the desirableness of shortening as much as possible the agony of her suspense, and preventing the feelings with which she must learn the news of her brother's death on her arrival, is paramount to all consideration of convenience or expedition. It is, I own, a selfish regret, but one which I cannot help feeling, that you are so soon to leave India; such is, alas! the state of society here, in which we pass each other like bubbles in the mighty streams that surround us, and in which acquaintances, which are to us the most interesting and delightful, are separated as soon as made, by the waters of the ocean, or a yet more awful barrier," &c.—REV.

nity presented itself, and in rather a curious manner.

The long vacation arrived; that time so wished for, so *looked* forward to by all the legal profession: that time, during which, &c., &c.

Jack, like many other denizens of the Temple, packed up his traps, sent his clerk for a cab, stuck a card outside his door, with the inscription "Return before the 20th of October," "shipped himself all aboard of a ship," then of a diligence, and in a due course of time found himself in Paris. One half day was sufficient to enable him to find a good suite of rooms, Rue du Helder, Boul. Italien: and now behold Jack fully launched in all the gaiety, not to say dissipation, of the metropolis of the French. Jack, we have before said, was a very good shot with the pistol, yet he had never been guilty of that height of folly, a duel; and, indeed, had often been heard to say, that he never would. He, however, frequented many of the pistol galleries which abounded in Paris; and, amongst others, he had honored with his presence the *tir au pistolet* of M. Lepage, where, of course, he very soon became known as "*Ce Monsieur Anglais, qui tire aussi bien qu'un Français*."

One day Jack, on going to the gallery of M. Lepage with one of his friends, found it occupied by a young man well known as one of the best shots in Paris; and most assuredly he was a good shot. He performed all the feats which tradition assigns to the Chevalier St. George; he each time hit the bull's-eye of the target at the usual distance, snuffed a candle with the ball, split a bullet against the edge of a knife, and drove a nail into the wall by striking the head exactly in the centre with his ball; and, in short, by a thousand feats of this nature proved himself worthy the name of a first-rate shot. His *amour propre* was roused by the presence of Jack, whom the attendant, in presenting him with the pistol, had quietly said was almost as good a shot as himself; but at each shot, instead of receiving from Jack the tribute of praise which he deserved, he heard Jack, in reply to the exclamations of astonishment which proceeded from all in the gallery, say, "No doubt, that is a very good shot; but the result would be very different, I've a notion, if he had a live man for his butt." This incessant calling in question of his powers as a duellist, for Jack had repeated his observation three times, at first astonished the "*tireur*," and ended by annoying him; and, at length, turning round to Jack, and looking at him with an air half jesting and half threatening, he said, "Forgive me, Mr. Englishman, but it appears to me that three times you have made an observation disparaging to my courage; will you be kind enough to give me some explanation of the meaning of your words?"

"My words," answered our friend, "do not, I think, require any explanation; they are plain enough, in my opinion."

"Perhaps then, sir, you will be good enough to repeat them, in order that I may judge of the meaning which they will bear, and the object with which they have been spoken," was the reply of the Frenchman.

"I said," answered Jack, with the most perfect *sang froid*, "when I saw you hit the bull's-eye at each shot, that neither your hand nor your eye would be so steady, if your pistol were pointed against the breast of a man in the place of a wooden partition."

"And why, may I ask?"

"Because," answered Jack, "it seems to me,

that at the moment of pulling the trigger, and firing at a man, the mind would be seized with a kind of emotion likely to unsteady the hand, and, consequently, the aim."

"You have fought many duels?" asked the Frenchman.

"Not one," said Jack.

"Ah!" rejoined the other, with a slight sneer, "then I am not surprised that you suppose the possibility of a man being afraid under such circumstances."

"Forgive me," said Jack, "you misunderstand me. I fancy that at the moment when one man is about to kill another, he may tremble from some other emotion than that of fear."

"Sir! I never tremble," said the shot.

"Possibly," replied Jack, with the same composure; "still I am not at all convinced, that at twenty-five paces, that is, at the distance at which you hit the bull's-eye each time —"

"Well! at twenty-five paces?" interrupted the other.

"You would miss your man," was the cool reply.

"Sir, I assure you I should not," answered the Frenchman.

"Forgive me if I doubt your word," said Jack.

"You mean, then, to give me the lie?"

"I merely assert the fact," replied our friend.

"A fact, however, which I think you would scarcely like to establish," said the *tireur*."

"Why not?" said Jack, looking steadily at his antagonist.

"By proxy, perhaps?"

"By proxy, or in my own person, I care not which," said Jack.

"I warn you, you would be somewhat rash."

"Not at all," said Jack, "for I merely say what I think; and, consequently, my conviction is that I should risk but little."

"Let us understand each other," said the Frenchman; "you repeat to me a second time, that at twenty-five paces I should miss my man."

"You are mistaken, monsieur," said Jack; "it appears to me that this is the fifth time that I have said it."

"Parbleu!" said the Frenchman, now thoroughly exasperated, "this is too much; you want to insult me."

"Think as you like, monsieur," said Jack.

"Good!" said the other; "your hour, sir?"

"Why not now?" said Jack.

"The place?" said the other.

"We are but five steps from the Bois de Boulogne," replied Jack.

"Your arms, sir?"

"The pistol, of course," was Jack's answer; "we are not about to fight a duel, but to decide a point upon which we are at issue."

The two young men entered their cabriolets, each accompanied by a friend, and drove towards the Bois de Boulogne. Arrived at the appointed place, the seconds wished to arrange the matter. This, however, was very difficult; Jack's adversary required an apology, whilst Jack maintained that he owed him none, unless he himself was either killed or wounded; for unless this happened he (Jack) would not have been proved wrong. The seconds spent a quarter of an hour in the attempt to effect a reconciliation, but in vain. They then wished to place the antagonists at thirty paces from each other; to this Jack would not consent, observing

that the point in question could not be correctly decided, if any difference were made between the distance now to be fixed, and the distance at which his antagonist had hit the bull's-eye in the gallery. It was then proposed that a louis should be thrown up, in order to decide who was to shoot first: this Jack declared was totally unnecessary, that the right to the first shot naturally belonged to his adversary; and although the Frenchman was anxious that Jack should take advantage of this one chance, he was firm, and carried his point. The *garçon* of the shooting-gallery had followed, and was ready to charge the pistols, which he did with the same measure, the same kind of powder, and the same kind of balls as those used by the Frenchman in the gallery, a short time before. The pistols, too, were the same; this condition alone Jack had imposed, a *sine quâ non*. The antagonists, placed at twenty-five paces from each other, received each his pistol; and the seconds retired a few paces, in order to leave the combatants free to fire on one another, according to the stipulated arrangement.

Jack took none of the precautions usual with duellists; he attempted not to shield any part of his body, by position or any other means; but allowed his arms to hang down at his side, and presented his full front to his enemy, who scarcely knew what to make of this extraordinary conduct. He had fought several duels, but it had never been his lot to see such *sang-froid* in any one of his antagonists; he felt as if bewildered; and Jack's theory occurring to his mind, tended but little to reassure him; in short this celebrated shot, who never missed either his man or the bull's-eye of the target, began to doubt his own powers. Twice he raised his pistol, and twice he lowered it again; this was of course contrary to all the laws of duelling; but each time Jack contented himself with saying, "Take time, monsieur! take time." A third time he raised his arm, and, feeling ashamed of himself, fired. It was a moment of most painful anxiety to the seconds; but, they were soon relieved, for Jack! the instant after the pistol had been fired, turned to the right and to the left, and made a low bow to the two friends, to show that he was not wounded, and then said, coolly, to his antagonist, "You see, sir, I was right!"

"You were," answered the Frenchman; "and now fire, in your turn."

"Not I," said Jack, picking up his hat, and handing the pistol to the *garçon*; "what good would it do me to shoot at you?"

"But, sir," said his adversary, "you have the right, and I cannot permit it to be otherwise; besides, I am anxious to see how *you* shoot."

"Let us understand each other," said Jack. "I never said that I would hit you; I said, that *you* would not hit *me*; you have not hit me; I was right; and now there is an end to the matter;" and in spite of all the remonstrances and entreaties of the Frenchman, Jack mounted his cab, and drove off, repeating to his friend, "I told you there was a mighty difference between firing at a doll and firing at a man." Jack's mind was eased; he had solved his problem, and found that he was *not* a coward.

THE Earl of Rosse has succeeded in polishing the speculum for his enormous telescope, which will now shortly be completed, and erected at Birr Castle in Ireland. The speculum weighs four tons.

From Hood's Magazine.

## THE KEY : A MOORISH ROMANCE.

"On the east coast, towards Tanis, the Moors still preserve the keys of their ancestors' houses in Spain; to which country they still express the hopes of one day returning, and again planting the crescent on the ancient walls of the Alhambra."—*Scott's Travels in Morocco and Algiers.*

"Is Spain cloven in such a manner as to want closing?"  
*Sancho Panza.*

THE Moor leans on his cushion,  
With the pipe between his lips;  
And still, at frequent intervals,  
The sweet sherbet he sips;  
But, spite of lulling vapor,  
And the sober cooling cup,  
The spirit of the swarthy Moor  
Is fiercely kindling up!

One hand is on his pistol,  
On its ornamented stock,  
While his finger feels the trigger,  
And is busy with the lock—  
The other seeks his ataghan,  
And clasps its jewell'd hilt—  
Oh! much of gore, in days of yore,  
That crooked blade has spilt!

His brows are knit, his eyes of jet  
In vivid blackness roll,  
And gleam with fatal flashes,  
Like the fire-damp of the coal;  
His jaws are set, and through his teeth  
He draws a savage breath,  
As if about to raise the shout  
Of victory or death!

For why! the last zebeck that came  
And moor'd within the mole,  
Such tidings unto Tunis brought  
As stir his very soul—  
The cruel jar of civil war,  
The sad and stormy reign,  
That blackens, like a thundercloud,  
The sunny land of Spain!

No strife of glorious chivalry,  
For honor's gain or loss,  
Nor yet that ancient rivalry,  
The Crescent with the Cross.  
No charge of gallant paladins  
On Moslems stern and stanch;  
But Christians shedding Christian blood  
Beneath the olive's branch!

A war of horrid parricide,  
And brother killing brother;  
Yea, like to "dogs and sons of dogs"  
That worry one another.  
But let them bite and tear and fight,  
The more the Kaffers slay,  
The sooner Hagar's swarming sons  
Shall make the land a prey!

The sooner shall the Moor behold  
Th' Alhambra's pile again;  
And those who pin'd in Barbary,  
Shall shout for joy in Spain—  
The sooner shall the Crescent wave  
On dear Granada's walls;  
And proud Mohammed Ali sit  
Within his father's halls!

"Alla-il-alla!" tiger-like  
Up springs the swarthy Moor,  
And, with a wide and hasty stride,  
Steps o'er the marble floor,

Across the hall, till from the wall,  
Where such quaint patterns be,  
With eager hand he snatches down  
An old and massive key!

A massive key, of curious shape,  
And dark with dirt and rust,  
And well three weary centuries  
The metal might encrust!  
For, since the King Boabdil fell  
Before the native stock,  
That ancient key, so quaint to see,  
Hath never been in lock.

Brought over by the Saracens  
Who fled across the main,  
A token of the secret hope  
Of going back again;  
From race to race, from hand to hand,  
From house to house, it pass'd;  
O, will it ever, ever ope  
The palace gate at last!

Three hundred years and fifty-two  
On post and wall it hung—  
Three hundred years and fifty-two,  
A dream to old and young;  
But now a brighter destiny  
The Prophet's will accords:  
The time is come to scour the rust,  
And lubricate the wards.

For, should the Moor, with sword and lance  
At Algesiras land,  
Where is the bold Bernardo now  
Their progress to withstand?  
To Burgos should the Moslem come,  
Where is the noble Cid  
Five royal crowns to topple down,  
As gallant Diaz did!

Hath Xeres any pounder now,  
When other weapons fail,  
With club to thrash invaders rash,  
Like barley with a flail?  
Hath Seville any Perez still,  
To lay his clusters low,  
And ride with seven turbans green  
Around his saddle-bow?

No! never more shall Europe see  
Such heroes, brave and bold,  
Such valor, faith and loyalty,  
As used to shine of old!  
No longer to one battle cry  
United Spaniards run,  
And with their thronging spears uphold  
The Virgin and her Son!

From Cadiz Bay to rough Biscay,  
Internal discord dwells,  
And Barcelona bears the scars  
Of Spanish shot and shells.  
The fleets decline, the merchants pine  
For want of foreign trade;  
And gold is scant; and Alicante  
Is seal'd by strict blockade!

The loyal fly, and valor falls,  
Oppos'd by court intrigue;  
But treachery and traitors thrive,  
Upheld by foreign league;  
While factions, seeking private ends,  
By turns usurping reign—  
Well may the dreaming, scheming Moor  
Exulting point to Spain!

Well may he cleanse the rusty key  
 With Afric sand and oil,  
 And hope an Andalusian home  
 Shall recompense the toil !  
 Well may he swear the Moorish spear  
 Through wild Castile shall sweep,  
 And where the Catalonian sowed,  
 The Saracen shall reap !

Well may he vow to spurn the Cross  
 Beneath the Arab hoof,  
 And plant the Crescent yet again  
 Above th' Alhambra's roof—  
 When those from whom St. Jago's name  
 In chorus once arose,  
 Are shouting faction's battle-cries,  
 And Spain forgets to "close !"

Well may he swear his ataghan  
 Shall rout the traitor swarm,  
 And carve them into arabesques  
 That show no human form—  
 The blame be theirs whose bloody feuds  
 Invite the savage Moor,  
 And tempt him with the ancient key  
 To seek the ancient door !

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

#### FUTURE LIFE OF ANIMALS.

##### IN JESSE'S SCENES AND TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

SOME beautiful instances are given of the gratitude, attachment, and affection of animals, to which we refer our readers. When we consider these examples of "love strong as death" showing itself in the animal creation; instances of attachment as independent of any *selfish* motives as it is possible to imagine, as pure, as strong as are either to be met with in reality, or feigned in fable; and when we compare such feelings with the kindred ones that we meet with among mankind; when we acknowledge their strong resemblance, and then add that it is for the possession and exercise of such feelings that we raise our humble claim to be formed in likeness of the Divine image; when we add that in his worst and lowest form, in his most brutal, degraded, dishonest, selfish character, man still claims to himself to have sprung from an *immortal* seed,—how can we wish to deny the same gift of mercy to the lowlier servants of the Deity, to the humbler tenants of his love, to the grateful and contented pensioners on his paternal charity! For man there is appointed a future world, in which the spirits of the just may rejoice, and the remorse of the godless and impenitent may be the sole subject of their eternal shame; but can there be supposed no other worlds in the countless multitudes of the heavenly hosts, that may be the future habitation of the innocent creatures that have spent their little lives in this? May not there "the half-reasoning elephant" be found, who has had his faculties so much improved and enlarged by his acquaintance with mankind? May not there the noble horse, man's servant, or the dog, his faithful and sagacious companion, be permitted to prolong their lives, which have been so elevated and improved by their fellow-creatures here upon earth? Is it wrong to suppose that there can be no future compensation for the inflictions of cruelty, no enjoyment of freedom after a tyrannous and incessant bondage, no blessings of repose after a wretched

life worn out under the oppression of creatures far lower, far more brutal and bestial than themselves! Who would not wish this to be, and, wishing, who would not believe it true? The Creator seems, by bestowing on some animals an instinct to attach themselves to man, to have intended through this to improve and soften and elevate their nature. They learn to look to man as their protector and also their teacher; they watch his movements; they even anticipate his desires; they partake his enjoyments; they share his sorrows; they rejoice in his presence, they grieve for his departure; they feel for him in sickness, and they lie down by him in death. The longer we associate with men (the confession is sad but true) the larger we must spread the landscape that is to exhibit them to us in those various points of view that call out our surprise, our sorrow, or our indignation; the more knowledge we possess, and the more familiarity we cultivate with the animal creation, the more we are delighted with their instinctive virtues, and the more we are invited to train them to a wider sphere of usefulness, and to call forth their dormant powers into activity. We have long, very long, considered that there is no stronger and surer token of an amiable and good disposition than the love of the company of *children*. As age advances, we find our pleasure in their society still increasing, both for the natural delight their age of innocent enjoyment affords to us, and for the contrast they lend to that *other* society which we once too much frequented and too ardently enjoyed; which we spread out our most glittering fascinations to gain, which we exhausted our best resources to enliven, on which we lavished our warmest affections, which we trusted with our choicest hopes, and which repaid us with neglect, estrangement, and ingratitude. Often do we recall to our minds that pretty expression of Goldsmith's, in the most charming of all tales of fiction that time ever made immortal, which calls children "harmless little men;" and what we say and think of them, and what love we bestow on them, and what delight we have in their society, we are willing (we speak for ourselves) to partake also with that part of the *animal creation* which is most intimately known to us, and with which, by habit or choice, we have the nearest connexion. In an old man's heart the passions of life should have left a home in which they can no longer with propriety live; and then the recollections and feelings of early life, long banished and long forgotten, will rush in again to repair what has been injured, to refresh what has been weakened, and to shed a soft and evening light upon the closing day. This is the *euthanasia* so ardently to be wished, and this alone can repair the broken harmony of man's nature, and render it fit for immortality in that world of spirits to which it is hastening. How delightfully has the friend of Fox\* described the innocent recreations that amused the leisure and occupied the attention of the retired and aged statesman.

"Thee at St. Anne's, so soon of care beguill'd;  
 Playful, sincere, and artless as a child;  
 Thee, who could watch a bird's nest on the spray,  
 Through the green leaves exploring day by day;  
 Then oft from grove to grove, from seat to seat,  
 With thee conversing in thy lov'd retreat,  
 I saw the sun go down."

\* Mr. S. Rogers, in his beautiful poem of *Human Life*.

Besides, it might be not unreasonably asked whether the animal creation is not now, like man, in a fallen state, possessing powers which seem, from some cause or other, to be impaired, yet able to recover, and exhibit, if opportunity is given, something of their original activity and intelligence. Some animals, like the elephant, show no superiority of powers nor superior instinct in their wild and natural state, but which seem to wait only to be developed by care and education, till that natural instinct is so heightened and improved, that even man scruples not to confess that it may approach so close to reason as scarcely to be distinguished from it. The same may be said of other animals, as some birds, and others in a state of domestication. Now this looks rather like a faculty impaired or lying dormant, than one which we can deny to exist. Place animals in a state of great difficulty, and their powers seem to increase in proportion as they are required. And this view of the subject seems not to be unsupported by the picture of the animal creation which we see in Scripture, where they appear certainly more *advanced in the scale of creation* than they do now; when they were at once the friends as well as the servants of men; when they were even gifted with the power of language, and conversed with him, as appears, without any expression of astonishment on his part, as if it were no unusual exercise of power; though Milton makes Eve express surprise when the tempter

"Her attention gained with serpent tongue  
Organic, or impulse of vocal air;"

for he thus describes the effect of the address made to her by the enemy of mankind:

"What may this mean? language of man pronounced  
By tongue of brute, and human sense expressed?  
The first at least of these I thought denied  
To beasts, whom God on their creation-day  
Created mute to all articulate sound;  
The latter I demur, for in their looks  
Much reason, and in their actions oft appears.  
Thou serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,  
I know, but not with human voice endowed,  
Redouble then this miracle and say,  
How camest thou speakable of mute? and how  
To me so friendly grown," &c.

This, however, is the embellishment of poetry, and is not to be considered as a necessary deduction from any authority of Scripture. Many birds can distinctly imitate the human voice, and utter our language as clearly as ourselves; and this only from their own spontaneous habit of faculty of imitation, without being taught. Animals were originally divided by their Maker's will into clean and unclean, that is, more or less honorable; and this distinction may still exist, and thus enable some to be raised higher than at present they are in the scale of creation, enjoying a fuller and more enlarged measure of the divine benevolence, with higher capacities of enjoyment in a more prolonged existence. And this brings us to the consideration of another branch of the argument, which connects the care of the brute creation with the duties of man, and makes him responsible for his conduct towards them; for as by care and tenderness, and a prudent exercise of authority and application of his superior understanding, he may enable them to develop faculties which otherwise would have remained imperfect, or, perhaps, been wholly obliterated; so by cruel

usage, by infliction of brutal and savage treatment, by bad example, by habitual incitement to acts of passion and outrage, by breeding them up in habits of violence and enmity to all other animals, even of their own kind, and to man himself,—he may debase them below even his own degraded state, make them the mere creatures of fierce and violent passion, till to them every object they meet becomes, if strong, an enemy to encounter, if weak, a prey to destroy. So much does the character of animals depend on that of their masters; compare only the gentle spaniel, brought up to watch the movements and obey the kind voice of his master; see how the sagacity of the animal has developed itself with its improved temper and manners,—as in the instance of Cowper's favorite dog plunging into the river to gather a flower which its master was in vain endeavoring to reach; or the Newfoundland dog saving from death the drowning sailor; or the noble, faithful mastiff pulling down the robber who is threatening his master's life;—compare this with the race of the same animals brought up under different treatment; of the deer-hounds in the keeper's yard, which he warns us not to approach, and which in sullen and dogged hate slink away from those that they dare not attack; or of the fox-hounds, whom the huntsman dare not approach for his life, unless with a powerful weapon in his hand. If man be accountable, as conscience, and reason, and the voice of religion tell us he is, for the sorrows his conduct may bring on his fellow-creatures, from confidence he has deceived, innocence he has ruined, friendship he has violated, injury he has committed, or even happiness he has failed to bestow; so in a lesser degree may we not suppose, that, if his line of duty extend also up to those limits where the animal creation is found, it may be more forcibly felt, if not only their *present* comfort is seen to depend mainly upon his conduct, but that their future destiny may also be involved in it! We know very little regarding the individual tempers and capacities of animals; we think the subject beneath our notice, or at least not worthy of the trouble it demands. The sportsman, who shoots a thousand hares in a season, looks on them merely as the very same animal multiplied a thousand times; but the poet who brought up a few of them in perfect and familiar domestication with him, discovered the interesting fact, that they are all distinguished from each other by such difference of temper, feelings, and habits as we are; by different degrees of boldness, attachment, sprightliness, gentleness, and so on,—which fact surely opens to us a new and pleasing field of inquiry, and one that would tend more than any philosophical speculations to give us distinct views of what may be the instinctive and acquired intellect of the animal creation. We well know that it is very easy indeed to turn all such notions as these into ridicule; for ridicule can successfully disguise and debase with its motley coat far graver subjects than ours; but we know that these humble creatures are all, like ourselves, dependent on God's bounty, and partakers of his common and universal care; that they are gifted with very different degrees of capacity; that they are capable of great improvement; that, like ourselves, they are placed in situations which, humanly speaking, are not correspondent to their tempers, or dependent (if we may so speak) on their deserts; and that the general justice of God's government, must in a future state, in its wide embrace, comprehend the whole

of his creation; and speaking most reverently, most humbly, and most diffidently, as becomes us;—looking to the treatment which the animal creation receives here from the hand of man, there is much suffering to be compensated, much degradation to be removed, and even much goodness to be rewarded.

From Hood's Magazine.

## AUGUST.—A WATER SKETCH.

BY ANDREW WINTER.

HERE, love, towards this islet let us steer,  
Flush in this bay, thick paved with lily leaves,  
The clear white cups our keen keel swirling down;  
And see! up the dumb water-beetles dart,  
Then dive again among the swaying stems  
Our boat glides over. Hark! how fresh the sound,  
As 'twixt the reeds we crash upon the bank:  
Firm footing here this tuft of rushes gives,  
One step and those twin-daisied feet we land  
Upon the swarded green. See, darling! here,  
Among the weeds, the glist'ning pieces still,  
Of the Venetian glass I broke last spring,  
Toasting "The lady with the Greek-waved hair"  
Till the last bubble burst upon my lip.  
Here I remember on the ground I lay,  
Noting the silver satin's changeful flush,  
And the long feathers, nodding courtesies,  
Beneath that murmur'ing shade of sycamores,  
Where now the clouds of insects rise and fall,  
Then came a laugh, and then—your deep blue eyes  
And yellow hair of leafy shade grown tired,  
Towards yon tree came out into the sun,  
Down dropp'd the ruffles from your loving arm  
Upstrain'd to switch the chestnut's budding comes,  
Which scattered all around their little stars.  
"I wish I had the giraff's neck," you said,  
To snap that tantalizing upper bud;  
And then turn'd round as if a friend were nigh  
To where I stood admiring. That courtesy proud!  
Look, love, and see, from out the rustling reeds  
The swan sail past. No Roman galley-beak  
Back-curved disdained the water so—'t was thus,  
You drew up seeing me—'t was all rare art—  
Confess how much!

See my poor finger now,  
How you have bruised it with my opal ring!  
Well then, what cared I for the chestnut buds,  
They said Sir Owlet there was quizzing them,  
And so I volunteered unearthing you,  
Hid close among the waving screen of ferns;  
'T is still continual mirth, how suddenly  
I froze that pert assured smile of yours.  
I've often thought I should have lost you then,  
Had not that glorious Weber's waltz struck up,  
And swiftly into pity's melting drops  
All my hoar-frosted haughty pride dissolved.  
Then your revenge!—Up sprang the gladd'ning  
strings,  
Beneath the harper's spirit-stirring hand;  
And round you whirl'd me till my hair blew back,  
And pants broke up my set rehearsed speech:  
I've scarce forgiven you for so cheating me  
Into acquaintanceship.

Loop back your shawl,  
Let thus your bonnet from the ribands swing  
Just as—the music ceased—you wander'd with me  
Through the woods. I'd picture o'er again  
That scene—remember how polite we were,  
Growing botanical o'er every flower,  
Then the blue sky, its deep intense admiring,

And the grey shadows on the rounded clouds  
Afraid to say what most we had at heart.  
Then the beech wood came,—the tall wood of masts  
Branchless and still; what wonder sweet my love  
That then we let our golden secret out:  
The rest you know.—I've felt so happy now,  
Watching the sun-waves' ceaseless flickering  
Upon the boat side dance, I've scarce perceived  
The tide has left these flags,—we've barely time  
To clear the shallows in the upper reach,  
And bring our skiff up to her mooring ring  
By the old willow shadowing the creek.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

"With angels and archangels, and with all the company of  
Heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name."

COMMUNION SERVICE.

1.

Ox can it be that we,  
So sunk in misery,  
The degradation deep and vile of sin,—  
May lift aloft the voice,  
And gratefully rejoice,  
With the all-glorious hosts of seraphim!

2.

Can there be chords that thrill  
The angelic hearts, which fill  
The pure and holy halls of light above,  
Yet find a low, faint tone  
Responsive in our own?  
Oh wondrous mystery of redeeming love!

3.

Over this kindling thought,  
With strange, deep meaning fraught,  
We kneel to praise, to wonder and adore;—  
Yet Lord, one touch more sweet,  
Bringeth us to thy feet,  
With love that burns for utterance evermore:

4.

Imagination's gaze  
Shrinks from the radiant blaze  
That glitters round the unfallen hosts of God;  
But oh, before thy throne  
Are some, our-loved, our-own  
Who once with us earth's varied pathway trod.

5.

Missing their sunny smile,  
We linger here awhile,  
Meekly the task to finish God hath given!  
Then joyously we trust  
To leave this frame of dust  
And follow our beloved ones to heaven.

6.

What joy is in the gleam  
Of hope, that still the stream  
Of their sweet sympathy even yet is ours!  
That stream which ever shed  
O'er aching heart and head  
Calmness and blessedness in healing showers!

7.

Oh Saviour! glorious Lord!  
Forever be adored,  
Midst all thy goodness this sweet act of love,  
That binds in one bright chain  
Us and our loved again,  
While praising thee on earth, as they praise  
thee above.

E. S. R.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

# THE MINERS :

## A STORY OF THE OLD COMBINATION LAWS.

THERE is a certain district of England which is at once a coal and iron field. To the eye of the passing traveller it presents now, as it did many years ago, at the period of our tale, all the dreary and repulsive features such a portion of country usually exhibits. The air has a dingy and clouded smokiness, the grass and trees are of a dirty green, the fences are uncropt and broken down, and every now and then you come to fields laid partially or altogether under water. This is caused by the sinking of the earth from the decay of the props supporting the roofs of the old wrought-out mines beneath. There is nothing of the fresh, breezy, sunny joyousness of rural scenery—everything is bleak, cold, and sooty, and the mind of one wandering over such ground, in place of experiencing the exhilaration of the country, is oppressed with feelings of vague despondency and hopelessness. He cannot help knowing that instead of a ruddy-cheeked and light-hearted peasantry, those long, straggling lines of dirty, tile-roofed cottages that stretch up from the highway, have for their inhabitants, an ignorant, stunted, half-savage race, miserable, misanthropic, and inhospitable, among whom it is dangerous for the merely curiosity-led stranger to venture. The view of the many magnificent, wood-embosomed mansion-houses of the coal and iron masters alleviates nothing of these feelings, for the sight at the same time takes in numberless hills of coal-dust, and shapeless mounds of brown iron-stone; while the road you travel on is formed of crumbling black slag, the refuse of the smelting furnaces, whose ugliness deforms the landscape as much by day as their volcanic glare upon the lowering clouds makes night hideous. And while you gaze, the impression irresistibly comes upon you, that the monstrous wealth of a few, is the result of the monstrous suffering and degradation of the many, and that the gorgeous equipages that whirl along the furred and jewelled young ladies of the proprietors are but in another form the labor—the life-sweat of the miners' daughters, who in ignorance, wretchedness, filth, and disease, drag on all-fours like brutes, the trucks of coal or iron-stone, along the stifling passages, and dripping poisonous caverns of the pits, a hundred fathoms beneath the very road their proud sisters of clay are riding over.

At the date of our story there was no branch of manufacture or commerce, no mode of employing capital or labor more productive of profit than the mining of coal and iron ore—probably there is none even now;—but that was the era of the old combination laws, when it was felony for any number of workmen to murmur against the price the purchasers of their toil chose to give for it, or combine their energies to obtain the full or highest remuneration for their labor. From this and other

causes, one of which was the facility and perfect legality of combination among the masters to keep up prices and keep down wages, the greatest fortunes were made with the most incredible rapidity, and the descendants of many that made them, now hold high places among our privileged ranks.

One of the wealthiest and most influential masters in the district alluded to, was Anthony Hastleigh, Esq., of Weldon Edge. His annual income was much more than ten thousand pounds—how much we are afraid to say, lest we should throw discredit on our story, in the thoughts of those of our readers who may be unaware of the treasures which trade, manufacture, and mining, pour into the laps of our commercial aristocracy, or who may be displeased that such enormous wealth, and all the luxuries and enjoyments it can procure, should be in the power of men of no more noble or ancient origin than Adam. He was considered rather a hard master, and was a man of much talent and considerable acquirement; indeed his great fortune, having been almost all accumulated by himself, may tend to show this. He was a widower, and had one daughter, a young lady of no little beauty, though the energetic and determined expression that shone through her features, gave them somewhat of a hard and masculine turn. She, with the two persons next to be introduced, will enact the principal scenes of the following narrative tragedy.

Mark and Edmund Vaspar were the sons of one John Vaspar, a working coal-miner, of average ignorance and wretchedness, who was one day killed by an explosion of fire-damp. His wife had died about a year before, and now his two sons were left to look out for themselves in the best way they could. Now, reader, you will scarcely credit it, that upon the heads of these two miserable children had descended the inspiring spirit of genius. It is nevertheless true, however unaccountable it may seem to those who believe that rank and talent always are born together, that these young beggars received from on high as much intellect as would have made a nobleman's second son premier, and his third, lord chancellor; but as they were born of the despised caste of those that *make* the gold—what it made them, this tale is written to show forth.

At the time of his father's death, Mark Vaspar, a boy about fourteen years of age, was employed in the mines, partly as a truck-drawer, partly as a sort of apprentice to the mining itself. But it happened that a new shaft of much promise having been sunk, which required a Newcomen engine of great magnitude, he managed, with some intriguing, to get employment as a sort of assistant to, or attendant on, the engine-keeper. Up to this time he could not read, nor, though he regarded with much curiosity the forms of the letters painted on the wagons, &c., and wondered how they could represent sounds, moreover, though he frequently expressed this curiosity, yet he never

could find any one able to satisfy it—all around were as ignorant as himself. But when he got this situation about the engine, he found the keeper—a quiet, well-informed Scotchman—both able to give him instruction, and also disposed to feel amusement in the task, and while the engine requiring them to give merely a glance at it now and then, labored away at the pumps, they were employed in the business of teaching and being taught—a piece of chalk and one of the iron plates of the engine-frame serving as the materials.

Mark had been from his earliest years a boy of very great penetration, in addition to his talent. He had seen, almost from the day he came above ground, that whether there ought to be or not, there are, have been always, and will continue to be, two distinct classes of men—the high and the low—between which lies a great gulf, almost altogether impassable, and whose conditions are widely different in respect of enjoyment, the portion of one being poverty, hard labor, ungratified appetites, humiliation, early death; that of the other, wealth, idleness, gratification of every desire, honor, and life prolonged to the utmost by care and nursing; and this too arising from no moral merit or demerit in the individuals of either class. He perceived it, and also that he himself was of that class doomed from birth to toil and disease, to every privation and all disrespect, whose sole comfort was said by the humane of the higher class to lie in contentment with its miseries, and an attempt to form a kind of negative happiness, by teaching the mind not to pine after the positive and real, which these humane had set apart for themselves.

He never thought there was the least political or moral injustice in this state of things; but knowing himself to be born of the low or miserable class, and feeling his mind capable of appreciating the enjoyments of the high or happy one, his whole thought was to discover a means of quitting the one and finding his way to the other, a course which he knew that a few had successfully followed out. And first, on considering the careers of these latter, he became aware that no man ever raised himself in the world by ignorance, idleness, or drunkenness, but that the steps whereby to ascend were intelligence, activity, sobriety, prudence, perseverance. That knowledge is power he soon perceived, although he had never heard of the aphorism, or the mighty mind from whom it first emanated.

It was therefore with an engrossing enthusiasm that Mark, the mining-boy, set himself to the acquirement of knowledge, as one of the steps whereby he might make himself a *gentleman*,—coveting that rank and condition, solely because he believed they afforded all facilities for the gratification of the appetites and desires, and in this consisted all the happiness he had any idea of.

The slothful or incapable may make extreme

poverty or constant toil an excuse for ignorance and debasement; where there is a will there is a way, and the enthusiast after knowledge, however great his poverty, or apparently unceasing his labor, will find ten thousand means, and opportunities of mental cultivation. Believing this, you will not be surprised that in three or four years Vaspar was a highly intelligent young man, and on the death of the engine-keeper, was found best qualified of any about the works to take his place. This was the most advantageous thing for him that could have occurred. He had now good wages, plenty of leisure, the respectability of having a charge, and the power of keeping himself personally clean. All these but whetted his appetite for further advancement, and for those great pleasures which money, and influence over the actions of others, could place within his grasp. Wealth and power were the deities he worshipped with all the fervor of youthful enthusiasm, and the possession of them the only paradise he looked forward to; and so ardent was his pursuit, that no obstacle could turn him from the path he had shaped out for himself, as the most direct to this goal of his hopes and wishes. Crime in his eyes was no obstacle, that is, if it could be perpetrated without chance of punishment. The worst crimes he would freely have committed if they helped him forward on his way to wealth, and could be done without discovery—for of moral right and wrong he took a most extensive and “philosophical view.” A crime that could not be punished, he considered no evil, and he saw that in the world many horrible crimes are continually being committed, which, from the criminals not being punishable, are even considered as laudable actions, and sent down as such through history to posterity. You will at once see our drift when we state that in his eyes, conquest and robbery were the same thing, war in no ways different from murder, and fraud identical with diplomacy, and when we tell you further that he believed religion to be a contemptible imposition, which showed little genius in its inventors, and less penetration in its dupes, you will be able to take a fuller view of his character on the whole. He saw the world to be one vast struggle in which every body of men strove for their own interest; and again, each individual of every body for his own particular advantage; and this interest and advantage he finally fixed to be the gratification of mental desires and bodily appetites, the *summum bonum*, to attain which, it was right to use every means, be they commonly called good, bad, or indifferent. You will begin to think that this hero of ours looks very like a villain. True, he was one; but he was not the only one in this world.

When he was about twenty-one years of age, and his brother eleven, he got for the latter employment in the engine-room, similar to what he had himself first held. This added a few shillings to their weekly income, and brought the youngster



more closely under his eye; for though he could not but look upon his brother as somewhat of a drawback at that age, yet he intended, by proper instruction, to make him a valuable adjutant in his own schemes of advancement to money and influence. He had, from the earliest years at which the boy was susceptible of instruction, labored to impart to him the knowledge, taste, and general mental ability he himself had acquired, and to implant in his mind the same views of men and morality as he entertained; nor were his efforts unavailing, for Edmund, at the age of sixteen, in the merely ornamental branches of knowledge, far excelled him—more than this—began to show a desire to follow out a career in life according to his own judgment, and altogether independent of that of his brother.

And this was the first cause of disagreement between them, and a heavy cause it was; for at the means Mark adopted to acquire wealth and influence, Edmund showed disgust, while those proposed by the latter were treated by the former with contempt, as hopeless folly.

But we may as well give a sketch of the person and habits of each, when we can better explain their separate speculations of advancement in life.

Mark was a tall, exceedingly muscular, harsh-featured, bristle-haired, lowering browed man, whom no process of dressing or setting off could ever make to look like a gentleman. He was decidedly repulsive in person, and his manners (for he was conscious of his appearance) were distant and haughty, approaching to rudeness. Edmund again, was of slight and elegant figure, and though his face too much resembled his brother's to be anything like handsome, still there was nothing about it positively disagreeable—indeed there was an expression of intellect pervading the whole features, and something like a poetic glance about the eye, that to some persons would have made him highly interesting. He was a poet, too, in a measure—read, in spite of his brother, all works of fiction in verse or prose—made verses himself, and took pride in a tongue whose persuasiveness to evil not Belial's could surpass. In conversation, his knowledge, however he had picked it up, seemed inexhaustible, and his manners were so winning, his voice so sweet in its sound, at the same time there seemed so much earnestness, so much enthusiasm in all his views, and so much force and originality in his ways of expressing them, that no one could avoid being pleased with him, and entertaining a desire to please him in return. Indeed, the truth of this was triumphantly proven by the ruin of two poor girls, miners' daughters, who tearfully laid at his door their moral death.

At the age of seventeen, he applied to Mr. Hasteleigh for a situation as clerk in the counting-house attached to the mines. His master, pleased with his handwriting, and the smart but respectful style of the application, gave him the situation he

required, and he forthwith bade adieu to the miners, and all sympathy with them, talking forever after with supreme contempt of the class from which he sprung.

Before the death of Mr. Hasteleigh, which took place about three years afterwards, he had risen high in his confidence, and had been entrusted with several important duties, the latest of which was the superintendence of a *truck* store, where the workmen were paid their wages, not in money, but in provisions, and other necessities, on which the master took a most respectable profit, thus grinding out of the poor creatures the uttermost farthing. So respectably did he acquit himself in this, that he rose daily higher in his employer's esteem, and was even honored once or twice with invitations to his table, where he shone with equal lustre in his eyes, and those of Miss Joan, his daughter. It is true, there were a few awkwardnesses about his presence and manners at first, at which Miss Hasteleigh did not scruple to laugh, not caring much about the pain she gave her guest, whose burning blushes bore witness to the acuteness of his feelings. Yet at each laugh Edmund wished and hoped for a rich revenge, and he had it ultimately. But all this soon was over, and his natural genius shone forth in his conversation with such power, that the young lady who had erewhile laughed so heartily at his blunders, forgot them all, and, won by his gentleness and grace of manner, word and thought, felt not only always happier when with him than at other times, but also upon his taking leave, strangely anxious for a future visit.

Now this only daughter and heiress of Mr. Hasteleigh must have seemed a very lofty and satisfactory summit to the hopes and speculations of Edmund, and to afford as short a cut to great wealth and influence as could be supposed. As such did he look on her, and he labored with his whole endeavor to render himself agreeable in her eyes. And certainly no man could be possessed of a more bewitching presence, or more calculated to win the heart of a woman, herself of some judgment, and for this he could not help giving her credit.

And this was the scheme which Mark Vaspar looked on as hopeless folly. Now what was his own, in which Edmund did not care to abet?

It was, we have said before, the time of the old combination laws. The workmen, wrought to the last drop of sweat, ill-fed and ill-clothed, through the operation of the *truck* system—kept in ignorance and wretchedness, and when mentioned by their superiors, only mentioned with the contempt wherewith a Brazil merchant speaks of negroes—were driven to the greatest exasperation against their employers. Any person combining, as it was called, with another to withhold their labor, so as to raise wages, was severely punishable by law, and the ringleaders of combinations have been known to suffer banishment, long periods of imprisonment, whipping, and other inflictions, suited

no doubt, to the heinousness of the offence. Consequently, when a *strike* was in contemplation, it required to be organized with so much nicety and secrecy, that on the day fixed, every man seemed to throw up work as if from his own opinion of the propriety of the measure, without previously conferring or combining with others. In such a case the masters would be altogether unaware till the very morning when the men *struck* work, that such a thing was to occur, and quite unable to fix upon any as the ringleaders, as they were called, or getters-up of the *strike*.

But to order to bring such an affair as this to perfect completion, it required in the organizer a genius of no mean order, and such a genius was that of Mark Vaspar.

From his twentieth year, he had been sedulously going about among the men, endeavoring to persuade them that he was the very man best capable of guarding their interests, and lecturing to them in knots of two or three, mingling among them at the few sports for which their overwrought frames allowed them inclination, doing for them, gratis, anything in the way of letter-writing that might be wanted—nay, even teaching some of them that desired it, to read and write.

The continual burden of his song to them on all occasions, was the iniquitous injustice of the fact, that they whose labor created the money, enjoyed such a miserable proportion of it, while such a vast share fell to the luxurious, oppressive, and do-nothing masters. The doctrines of equality among mankind, Agrarian division of property, limited labor, and all other doctrines of the French school, he disseminated, advocated, and explained among them to his utmost. And when the people, over a wide district, saw his great muscular strength, indomitable courage, and his talent and information, which appeared to them almost superhuman—his continence, sobriety, benevolence, and apparent entire devotion to their interests—they began in a year or two to place implicit confidence in him, and to take any advice or command from him with the same reliance as if it were a mandate from on high.

Now Mark, in the course of his extensive reading, had met with accounts of secret societies for various purposes—political, religious, and of other descriptions, and knew of Orangeism, Ribbonism, the secret tribunals of the middle ages, and the Carbonarism and Calderarism of Italy. Upon the basis of what he knew of these, aided by his own invention, he built a confederation among the mining workmen, for the purposes of combination, so secretly and so perfectly organized, that he had at once every individual in it under his cognizance, and was enabled to completely baffle all the efforts of the masters, aided by the minions of the law by bribes and espionage, either to discover its nature, or who were its originators or directors. This society had oaths, penalties, ceremonies, tribunals of judgment, signs verbal and by gesture, and certain

apparently unmeaning marks which, chalked on wall or tree, indicated to the initiated of the neighborhood particular understood commands.

But this perfection was the result, not of a few days' thought, but of years of study, experiment, and failure—for once having been convicted of an active share in an abortive strike to procure certain alleviations in the *truck* system, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labor, which was rigorously inflicted. But this failure was perhaps the thing that contributed most to his ultimate success, for he had now the testimony, as it were, of martyrdom to his honesty; and the able way in which he had conducted his defence, and that of his fellow-workmen, and kept up their spirits under punishment, made those of them the most disposed to be independent, at once knock under, and acknowledge him as their master-spirit. Several letters, too, which he began to show them, and which he stated were in foreign languages, understood by him, and came from high personages disposed to sympathize with and aid them, threw an air of vast and hidden power about him, that made them regard him with a kind of awe.

After his conviction and imprisonment, he, of course, lost his situation as engine-keeper, and was disowned in public by his brother, now in high favor with his own and the neighboring masters. He removed to a small mining town, nearly in the centre of the district, where, after idling about for half-a-year or so, he took on lease, and furnished a small but pretty respectable house, and put on his door a plate bearing the inscription *Mark Vaspar, Agent*; though in what line the agency lay it would be difficult for a stranger to guess. But when we tell you, reader, that from each member of this body, containing as it did nearly all the adult population of an extensive district, he received sixpence every month as contributions to a common fund, of which he was the treasurer, along with one penny as his own salary, in compensation for having lost, on their account, his means of living, and devoted all his energies to their cause,—then, perhaps, you will perceive the agency in its proper light. For this money he knew there was no fear of those who contributed; it ever calling him to account; for so well was the society arranged, that the number at large could not communicate with him, except through inferior officers, whom he led them to change, or arbitrarily changed himself, every six months, thus allowing them no time, even had they been possessed of intelligence sufficient to see through his character or measures; keeping also even from those nearest him in its ranks, a sort of mysterious distance on all points connected with his own proceedings.

By means of this society, he could in a morning throw every mine out of work, as the expression is, and that, too, at a moment totally unexpected and unprovided for by the masters, and for such moments, too, he was constantly on the look out,

rendering himself as complete a thorn in their side as could well be supposed, and materially affecting the state of markets. In fact, he wielded with admirable skill, dexterity, and success the engine of labor against that of capital, and so secret and well concerted were his measures, so baffling to the ingenuity of the masters and their myrmidons, that at last they succumbed, allowed reasonable wages, and the workmen their own choice between *truck* and free shops for provisions, clothing and general goods; and to conclude, at any time when they desired constant labor for any push in trade, they were glad to bribe Mr. Vaspar, the agent, with large sums of money. These he contrived to receive, Jonathan Wild fashion—that is, in such a way that the givers could not positively bring the criminality of the receipt home to him. Will you believe us, too, reader, that he was in constant communication with certain government authorities as an informer, being well paid either for plausible stories without foundation, or for betraying quietly any other bodies of laborers, except those of his own society, who might be disposed, tempted by the success of those he managed, to try for a few analogous results; and of these, from the extensive ramifications of his own society, he had early and always unsuspected intelligence.

Thus the men being happier now than they were before his supremacy, and filled with hope of being happier still; seeing, moreover, all things of the kind fail in which he had not a hand, began to look upon him with reverence, pride, and affection, considering him the very prophet of their class, and often paying out of sheer gratitude, double the usual monthly subscription.

Money was thus flowing in upon Mark, for we presume you will be aware there was no such thing as any established *fund*, every penny he received being at once appropriated to his own uses. His continence and temperance seemed now also to have undergone a wonderful change. He dressed, ate, drank, and did other things, as closely like a gentleman as he could, and with the complete abandonment of a professed voluptuary, stinting no appetite that the money so freely flowing into his coffers could afford the gratification of. Moreover, the masters knowing that his mysterious power over their workmen not only existed, but could be regulated, and was to be purchased, showed him every attention, invited him into their society, and he was even not a little courted. But here again the contrast was singular between him and his brother. He affected pride of his origin—practised no affectation; talked of the working class with the greatest respect, and in place of an affable manner, a musical voice and a winning tongue, preserved and seemed to pride himself in his forbidding demeanor, and his few and harsh, but forcibly expressed sentences, all bearing upon some important particular of commerce politics, or the like, while he had ever a sneer for any of the little bits of refinement he could not help observing among the wealthy and sometimes well educated proprietors. Those blunders too that a person suddenly raised from the lower caste to a comparatively high one cannot help committing, and which drew from his brother such blushes of shame, did not at all incommode him; indeed the sneer of utter contempt that would on such occasions glide over his dark and harsh physiognomy effectually prevented anything approaching to that unfeeling laughter which so mortified Edmund.

But while Mark was thus become a moneyed and influential man, popular and powerful, loved by the majority, and courted by the minority who hated him, Edmund continued to draw a small but still respectable salary from the *truck* business of Mr. Hasteleigh. He envied his brother, it is true. "However," he would say, "he is my senior by eleven years; when I am of his present age what shall I not be."

But in the mean time he had been progressing further and further into the favor of Miss Hasteleigh, when an event that for a year or two had certainly not been unexpected took place; Mr. Hasteleigh died, having first settled on his daughter, Miss Joan, and her issue only, all his property.

In fact, though she was at the time but twenty years of age, for the year or two previous the whole vast business of her father had been *bona fide* under her management; for he suffered from a painful chronic ailment that confined him to the house, and was glad to acquiesce in, and give the sanction of his name to any measure she pleased, and with the assistance of the various confidential clerks, &c., and especially of Edmund Vaspar, who acted as a kind of private clerk, she conducted all affairs with the greatest ability and success. She was now to be the independent mistress of a great and flourishing business, and to be disposed of at her own caprice alone. She was, moreover, a woman of much beauty, and of a character remarkable for masculine judgment and energy.

"She is mine!" thought Edmund—"she must be—I know she loves me—but more, she knows my talent, and that, great as her fortune is, I am the man that can double it in ten years."

"Poor fellow!" thought Joan, "he loves me, I believe; but, however good, amiable, talented, and, latterly, polished, he is still only a miner's son. His career has been remarkable; but what is intellect, enterprise, anything, if their possessor be low-born? I make no doubt, he thinks to have me; but that cannot be. However, I will help him on in life as far as I can."

In the mean time, Edmund did his utmost to render himself pleasing to her, and, once or twice, was convinced he would win her. He devoted himself with his whole energy to the task, considered no labor too great, and often, after a long day's work at the counting-house, would sit up half, or all the night, balancing and squaring different portions of the business, to please her, or lessen her trouble, or, perhaps, arranging the returns sent by the different commercial travellers, or making up abstracts of the state of the coal and iron markets at different periods, to guide her speculations. And when she saw the pale cheek and lustrous eye, produced as much by this labor as by having the all-exciting thought of making a fortune continually before the mind, she laid it to his consuming passion, and, while she pitied him, regretted that he was of a rank so low. But she did not love him—no: *as yet*, she did not—he was merely the favorite servant of the firm of Hasteleigh and Co.

She became now the great toast of the district, the very pet of its society, the cynosure of all ball-rooms and the like places of resort. Her name and fortune were the conversation of all the young men who thought their rank (they all thought their persons) offered pretensions to her favor. Moreover, her habits and disposition were a frequent theme of discourse, and those who were wise enough to see themselves altogether shut out

from any chance of her, were pretty well agreed upon the point, that, whoever got her, would get something to keep his wits in exercise without any mistake.

Edmund was not surprised, that, with all her talent, she should thus take delight in pursuits so frivolous in the eyes of those incapable of enjoying them. He could enjoy them himself, and panted for that time when his money and influence would allow him to take his natural place in the bright circle wherein she took such pleasure in holding her own eminent position. And yet this circle was that of the commercial and mining aristocracy of a district; there was not a lord mixed with it, save at election time, and the landed gentry affected to keep aloof from it. Probably the cause of this was, that few of them had money enough to keep up in it the consideration they deemed their due.

But shortly there appeared in this circle a class of persons who, probably, are the proudest, the poorest, the worst educated, the most polished and most privileged of all orders of people above the rank of mere bodily labor. We mean military officers—not generals, colonels, and other master officers, but the majors, captains, lieutenants, ensigns, &c., who tramp with their regiments, and may, therefore, be styled the journeymen officers. These personages, in all provincial towns, have an *entrée*, at once, unquestioned, into the wealthiest circles, and a poor ensign, whose father's pay could not afford him more education than he could pick up about the barracks—who has some six or seven shillings a day, and, out of that, must find a glittering uniform, and a man to keep it clean, will find himself more courted than the university-educated head of a mercantile house who sends a dozen men through the kingdom to puff his goods, giving each of them four or five times his rival's income. How this comes we need not delay our story to investigate; suffice it to say that the regiment, that had for a year or so been at the barracks of the large town in which the principal business of Hasteleigh and Co. was transacted, marched away, one fine morning, to the great grief of all the young ladies, which was changed to smiles when, on the following morning, another regiment, with younger officers, marched in.

In this second regiment was Lieutenant Peeche, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, remarkable for a tall and very fine figure, (partly the gift of the tailor,) handsome features, a good complexion, rather stolid blue eyes, a receding forehead, and a beautiful head of hair. His connexions were as follows:—his father was a lieutenant-colonel on half-pay, and with about two thousand pounds in the funds, and on the produce of these he had to live himself, and educate and provide for six sons. The two eldest of them he managed to get into the army, the next into the navy, leaving them to shift for themselves when there, while the fourth had to struggle into the church, and, with much ado, got a situation as chaplain to a travelling nobleman, whose means required him to reside abroad, while his religious predilections needed the service of the church of England. The fifth son, having no admiration for pride and poverty, broke away at a tangent, and opened a hat shop in Dublin, and soon made money enough to console him for being disowned by his relations. The sixth was our present Lieutenant Peeche, and was considered, both personally and mentally, the flower of the flock, was encouraged to look out for

a fortune, and told that his brother, the latter's, fate would be his if he threw himself away. He used to be told at home, by his anxious mother, that, though, when he joined his regiment, he would have to live on his pay, he might consider himself, at any time, worth ten thousand pounds worth of face, and the same amount of figure (if clothed in red.)

The above being his personal stock in speculating for a fortune, let us see what was his mental. He could read English, and write a note on occasion, though imperfect in the spelling department; he recollected the first five rules of arithmetic, had a vague idea that some people bothered their heads about squares, triangles and other odd figures; had learnt the first half of the French grammar; and was nearly perfect in the arts of carving, dancing, and talking charming frivolity. In society he had a fine bold bearing, let the ghost of a strangled oath haunt the conversation now and then, and had a way of leading the opinions and directing the ridicule of fair auditors, that was surprising; as, for instance, a young gentleman in black remarking that he had heard that mathematics were a branch of knowledge highly essential to a soldier, and that Bonaparte was deep in it—"Yes," replied Peeche, "I have heard that engineer officers work at it, but none of ours—none of ours. For my own part, I never could manage dry studies of any sort." This sentence, and the air with which it was uttered, were convincing—the ladies, at once, agreed that dry studies were very stupid and low things, and altogether beneath the rank and mind of Lieutenant Peeche, indeed, only fit for engineer officers, Bonaparte, and the young gentleman in black, who, feeling his discomfiture, shrunk out of the conversation, and was dumb; whilst his vanquisher, leaning back, showed the extreme edges of his fine teeth in a scarcely cognizable smile of self-complaisance.

But we are tired of the fool. Let us say at once that he made a conquest of Miss Hasteleigh, and married her and her money. We believe she loved him very deeply. His personal prettiness (what a quality for a man!) easy manners, art of talking much and soft, and the grace of his attentions to her, won her heart suddenly and for a time, and during that time he proposed, and on her learning that he was the son of Colonel Peeche, of Dublin, and had two brothers in the army, and one in the navy, being thus of the most respectable connections, she surrendered at once.

This event struck a blow at Edmund which nearly prostrated him completely, and he was all but giving up his speculations in despair, and turning his talents to some more promising pursuit. Indeed, he bitterly envied his brother, whose long endeavors and disappointments had at length been crowned with success complete and unequivocal, and so long did this feeling run, and so humbled was he by his own disappointments, that he determined to pay him a visit.

On going to the place, drooping and dispirited, he could not but admire the pretty little cottage, with the garden behind, which Mark had provided for himself, and when he compared them with his own lodgings, for he was on a comparatively limited salary, he could not but see that the balance of happiness was altogether on his brother's side. A boy in livery admitted him, and shortly ushered him into a neat little room opening upon the garden, fitted up with books all round, thickly carpeted, and every way comfortable.

ble. Here he found Mark, seated in a library chair of the latest and most luxurious kind, busily engaged, pen in hand, among a lot of books, pamphlets, and written papers.

They talked for a little calmly and quietly, there being nothing about the manner of either of them indicating their being more than strangers conversing on some unimportant matter, save the humbled aspect of Edmund, and the subdued exultation and slight sneering smile of Mark. After a little,—

"Well, you have had it your own way," said the latter; "had you lent your aid to me I might have been what I am now a year or two earlier; or, in other words, at this time my wealth and influence might have been the square of their present amount, while you might have shared in proportion to your years. But you could not relish an apprenticeship—you wanted to jump at fortune all of a sudden; and now I suppose you are come to join with me after the long toil, humiliation, and imprisonment are over, and reap a little of their good fruits."

"Oh no, no, I merely came to see if you were well."

"I am well, Edmund, and I can see you are ill. I'll tell you why—I educated you and you deserted me—I was persecuted and you disowned me. Now I am independent,—the absolute ruler of ten thousand strong men, who love and implicitly obey me, for they know that the sole motive of all my actions—the only thing I have striven for—is their welfare—"

Here Edmund smiled so significantly, at the same time with so much contemptuousness at his brother's attempt to palm a canting lie upon him, that the latter was altogether put out, and the lurid indication of a blush rose over his swarthy physiognomy. In a moment he resumed more loudly, and in a tone that claimed not to be trifled with,—

"I can make the proudest of our old tyrants sneak, and bend, and smile, though they wish me in hell, for I could break half of them within a fortnight. I have money, influence, and, in a measure, fame, and can command all happiness;—you are poor, disappointed, considered and treated as an amusing inferior—a parasite in that society which I enter on terms of equality. You had a scheme of your own which has broken beneath you like a rotten staff, and you come to make a claim upon me,—you who have never done me a particle of good, but much harm, in return for all the benefits you have had from me."

"You are wrong, Mark; I have done you good negatively if not positively, for at any time when you were building this great scientific combination system of yours, which yields you such a revenue, I might have betrayed you to the law, exploded the whole fabric, and had you banished, or worse. You recollect the *mob*-shooting business. This would have been my duty to my employers; and besides great immediate reward, might have led to the ultimate establishment of my fortune. How do you know that when one scheme has, as you say, miserably failed, I may not be tempted to try the other, even so late as now?"

\* We presume we need hardly inform the reader that *nobs* are men who take the place of laborers who have struck work for increase of wages, shortening of hours, or other objects, thus rendering null the endeavors of the workmen. Being workmen themselves, and thus betraying the cause of their class, they are generally objects of the bitterest enmity.

A deadly pallor, and an expression which coupled with it made Mark's countenance, forbidding at the best of times, positively terrific, preceded his reply. He sat calmly the while, with the top of his pen in his mouth, as if subduing by effort his emotion. At length he said, "If I thought you would, I would take immediate steps to prevent you, and you know what *they would be*"—here he laughed a short, harsh, grating "ha, ha!" which had a sort of interrogative sound, as his dark gray eye flashed upon his brother's, searching as it were his very soul. "But as I know you dare not, brother,—so"—here stretching his arm he rang the bell—"I wish you a good morning: I will do nothing for you. Grey, show Mr. Vaspar out."—And thus the brothers parted.

But to return to Lieutenant Peeche. No sooner had he got his hands on a little of his wife's money, or "the plunder," as one of his brothers (a wag) called it, than the fortunes of his whole family took a remarkable start of improvement. Colonel Peeche removed to a more aristocratic part of the city of Dublin, and set up an equipage. Captain Algernon Peeche found his way to a majority, and Lieutenant and Acting Quartermaster Percival Peeche purchased his company. All this showed Lieutenant Peeche to be a very dutiful fellow to his real relations, and to have a proper feeling toward his wife, as she, being the daughter of a coalmaster, and of inferior rank to him, was therefore to be pigeoned in the game of marriage, just as her upstart father would have been rightly served in the game of *écarté*.

He also showed a strong disinclination to take upon him the active conduct of the business. This arose partly from dislike to any employment except the toil fools call the pursuit of pleasure, partly from want of sufficient education, (for carving, dancing, and gallantry, are hardly enough of that for the counting-house,) but mostly from lack of adequate intellect. He was great, however, with the horse, dog, and gun, and soon became a perfect sportsman, leaving that vast business which supported him in splendor, and enriched his connexions, with all its cares, speculations, and immense correspondence, to the management of his wife, and whomsoever of the numerous underlings connected with it she chose to call to her aid. He gave many and splendid dinners moreover, and the eating and drinking gentry of the neighborhood began to flock around, while his house was always as free as the barrack to "ours."

But it was not many months before Mrs. Peeche began heartily to repent of her bargain. The warmth of her love for his pretty face and figure evaporated, and she began to regard with satiety and disgust that beauty which had erewhile so captivated her. She found him not only idiotically ignorant on all useful subjects, but contented with his ignorance, and disposed to mock with an inane ridicule any show of knowledge or talent, she or others might happen to display. On all matters that required judgment or information, or the application of thought for any time, he was utterly helpless, while at the same time he entertained neither respect for the talented, nor gratitude for the assistance they might yield.

Moreover, he had never loved her; he had not mind enough for that passion; he had all along regarded her, as we have said before, merely as a pigeon to be plucked by him in the game of matrimony—as a prize for himself and his family. As time went on, he did not scruple to tell her this. Before the first year of their marriage was over he

had become to her an object of contempt, a detestable burden, a dreaded torment.

When she began first to see him, as the gloss of prettiness of person and of heroic scarlet faded from him, an ignorant and tyrannical fool, she could not but institute a comparison between him and that other, who she believed loved her with his whole soul, and was now suffering the pangs of disappointment—the all-gifted and able Edmund Vaspar. Disgusted with the beggarly aristocracy of the colonel's son, she saw a true and high nobility in the genius of the young plebeian; tired of the stolid beauty of the one, her admiration flew to the quick eye and sharp dark features that spoke the active intellect of the other. Worried to death with the yawning *ennui*, the lisped affectation, the stupid and often indecent slang of the stable and dog-kennel, she pined for the low-pitched and thrilling voice, the musical sentences and glowing ideas, of her former humble lover—for his exhaustless information on all topics, his dauntless talent, equal to every effort, and his indefatigable business ability, which no labor could tire, no difficulties dispirit.

Edmund could not but look upon his rival with a contempt which envy at his success elevated into fierce detestation, and as he sat day by day in his small wood-partitioned counting-room in the *truck* store, so intense became his hatred, so complete his despair of advancement, that he meditated the infliction upon him of some grievous bodily harm. It was to sound his brother, who had the power to effect this he well knew with ease and certainty, that he paid him the visit we have detailed.

But as time wore on, when he saw the feeling growing up between the pair, when he marked it with his whole soul, as alive to it as the ear of a criminal to his sentence, then did his spirits mount again to more than their former level, and he set his active wits to work with all their pristine energy.

It was not long after the marriage till he was recalled, to lend his aid in the chief conduct of the business of his new master. The latter saw him, surveyed him carelessly—would have done it with an eye-glass had such a thing been in fashion then; and on being informed that his skill and ability were indispensable, gave his consent to his being placed in the situation of chief confidential clerk, and turning to an eminent rat-catcher, who was with him at the time, began to converse about the state of the stables in regard to vermin.

Edmund was now continually about the person of Mrs. Peeche, appearing before her in his best light, and exerting upon her all his powers of fascination, and they were many. His object was to lead her to crime, partly for his own advantage, to have her completely in his power, partly for revenge; for, from the first time she had unfeelingly laughed at his early blunders, he had cherished against her a vindictive feeling, which his late disappointment, and the secondary misery it besides had bred for him, had certainly not put to rest. And the whole of this love then was acted—it had been all along a deception for the purpose of ambition and revenge. We cannot deny that her beauty, which was considerable, had made some impression upon him, but it was decidedly not that of *love*.

It is hard to imagine one seducing a woman out of pure animosity; but when you reflect that in seduction it is the woman's ruin that is sought, you will be able at once to unravel the paradox. No

one could be better fitted for such a course of proceeding than Edmund—totally unprincipled as he was—capable of keeping a great bad purpose constantly before his mind, and of bringing great powers to bear upon its furtherance—possessed also of a knowledge of mankind, infinitely greater than might have been expected from his opportunities. All the resources of extensive reading in poetry and romance, in mental philosophy, and in the great book of nature, he brought to his aid—every scheme of attraction—every winning artifice he could think of, he practised upon her, till the poor lady looked upon his company as a relief—a refuge—a heaven—and cursed her folly in choosing the glittering ass, from whose society she now fled to his, as she would from a lazar house to a bower in Tempe.

In a short time he was successful, she became completely his, and doted on him with an admiration, a devotion, and a joy, which she felt was truly *love*, and as different even from the regard she had formerly entertained for her husband, as it again was from the contempt in which she held him now.

But all this was totally unsuspected even by the menials of the house, a set of people who generally are the first perceptive of such affairs. Edmund was too sagacious to allow it to be in the slightest degree evident, and while he had the wife so completely in his power, he was finding his way rapidly into the good graces of her husband. By an exceedingly distant and deferential deportment in his presence, by numerous flatteries—well disguised and skilfully administered—and by a well-acted devotion to his interests, he in a short time succeeded in gaining his entire goodwill, and unquestioning obedience to every suggestion in matters connected with the business. And this fact, whereat he made very merry in private with Mrs. Peeche, only sunk her husband a degree still lower in her contempt.

But while he was thus managing his master and mistress, he did not forget his brother Mark, and during his leisure moments concocted a scheme, which he thought would make his fall sudden and complete. This was to organize a counter-combination among the masters, one of whose measures was to be a sudden and simultaneous dismissal of all their men, at a moment previously agreed upon in secret, and the importation from the mining districts of Scotland, by their collier-vessels, of a colony of new workmen, who would be content with lower wages, and being strangers and *nobs*, and detested by the former laborers, would not be likely, at least for years, to join in any general union.

This he explained to Mr. Peeche, directing him to unfold it to the other proprietors, and get as many of them to join in it as possible.

Now at this time, Mark Vaspar, by some insolent and exorbitant demand had strongly excited the masters against him, though they were powerless to avoid complying with it. They were therefore prepared to receive with avidity, such a scheme as that invented by Edmund, and when, at a dinner given at his house to about a dozen of them, Peeche proposed it, taking the merit of it entirely to himself, he found them disposed both at once to embrace it, and to give him credit for more capacity than they had ever before placed to his account. But Edmund, on hearing that he had thus exposed the scheme in public, before numerous servants, most of them belonging to the

mining class, and some of whom he knew, and others suspected to be, members of Mark's confederacy, while he cursed his unguarded folly, could not help congratulating himself on his vanity, which had led him to claim the whole authorship.

Within an hour after the proposal had been broached, and while they were yet over their wine, Mark Vaspar had got possession of the whole affair, and had taken his measures. But before you find out what they were, let us return to Edmund and Mrs. Peeche.

It is difficult for an author to allude decorously to such a connexion, for the odium attached to guilty love, the difficulties, its transient and precarious nature, the thought that for it all the pleasures and comforts of family and of society are put in jeopardy, that by yielding to it, the consciousness of honor and fair virtue is forever gone—and the fact, that to brave this, the passion, bad as it is, must be of extremest strength—all these make the poor heart cling to it with double fondness, and give it a sweetness exquisite, though delusive and mortal, like the fragrance of the poison-laurel. Poetic justice demands that sin should not in our pages wear an enticing aspect, but if the romancer is to copy truth he cannot but represent that “stolen water is sweet,” and while he paints the loss for aye of self-respect, the terror of discovery and dishonor, the gnawing of conscience, and all other miseries attendant on the love we allude to, that make the mind a very place of torment, he can hardly paint them in more vivid colors than the deep delight for which they are encountered.

We have mentioned that Mrs. Peeche was a woman of considerable intellect. She possessed a mind fully capable of entertaining the passion of love in its strongest intensity and most perfect refinement—that love which is perceptive of beauty of soul alone, taking that of body but as a secondary consideration, though it may afterwards, by fancy's aid, gild up the latter to something like a proper material image of the former—that love in which the spirit of the object is the thing truly loved, and which is the only love that can be immortal. And with this, an emotion, such as only minds of a high order and much cultivation are capable of feeling or appreciating, she loved her paramour; and with the same fervor wherewith she loved him, she abhorred her husband, and would talk to Edmund of him in a manner that often startled even him.

About two miles to the rear of her house was a large wood, which being enclosed within a round bend of a river, had no regular path through or even near it, and was quite unfrequented. It was very rocky, and thick with brushwood; and in different parts of it were the mouths of one or two old coal-mines, long ago disused or wrought out. One of these had the engine-house, a little turreted building, still standing, covered with ivy, and topped with waving bushes. The mounds of coal-dust or other rubbish, had been converted into grassy knolls, overgrown with bramble, wild brier, and dog-rose, and in the midst gaped the black mouth of the pit. This one had been filled up to within about thirty feet of the upper surface, in which state it had been left with its brim overhung with bushes, and its new bottom formed of mud, moss-weeds, sticks, fallen leaves, and the like. The spot was completely surrounded by wood, and was approached by an old wheel-track that wound among the trees. Nothing could be more sequestered. The only creatures to be seen near it by

day might be a party of children, gathering nuts or wild berries, or by night, the slouching, stealthy figure of a poacher.

At twilight, or early night, this was a favorite haunt of Edmund and Mrs. Peeche, for a scarcely traceable path from it through the wood, opened into the rear of the park in which the house stood, and about different parts of this park she had always been accustomed to take a morning or evening walk. Here they were wont to find unbroken solitude, green foliage, a balmy atmosphere, the nightingale's music, and the soft gloaming of the summer-time, with all the other charms that act as accompaniments to love, and make its sweetness come flower-scented to the heart. And such was the chosen scene of their guilty joy.

On the evening of the third or fourth day after Peeche's proposal to the masters, they were here as usual, and as they sat by each other on one of the green knolls, in the warm converse of unlawful passion, they were startled by groans, and a voice calling faintly for help from out the old pit whose murky mouth yawned beside them.

On the first alarm they sprang to their feet, and she, starting from his side, would have fled through the wood. But on a moment's reassurance of themselves, they stood still, whispering, pausing, and listening again, and then silently approaching the mouth of the mine, they parted the bushes, and cautiously looked down. They saw the body of a man laid at the bottom among some rotten brushwood, sticks, and leaves. Presently looking up, as he heard the rustling of the bushes and catching view of their heads—

“Mercy, good people—help me, I am dying,” he said.

“Gracious God, Edmund—it's he—Peeche—my husband!” she exclaimed, in a quick, thrilling whisper, catching her paramour by the arm with a hand that trembled as it clutched. “Three days ago he went over to Haverfield to shoot—he has not been home since—Great Providence, is it come to this at last?”

“Hold back now, Joan, dearest—hush, let me speak to him.” Then going close to the brink, and stooping over to look down, “Is that Mr. Peeche?” he asked.

“Vaspar! thank God! help me out of this, Vaspar, lose not a moment, for love of mercy—I am dying—I have tasted nothing for three days.”

Here he convulsively caught a handful of the wet leaves, among which he lay, and pressed them to his mouth, chewing a portion. This made his voice much more strong and distinct.

“Oh, Vaspar, have you no food near you to throw me down a morsel—oh, for heaven's sake! lose no time.”

“How do you come to be there, sir! Did you fall in?”

“Oh—no, no—I was thrown down here by ruffians—the miners, headed by your brother, the agent. They attacked me, brought me here, and he with his own hands put me down.”

Here Edmund drew slightly back from the brink, and remained for a space motionless in thought, whilst the wife stood beside, looking eagerly at him, as if anxious to read in his countenance his thoughts of their situation, and intentions as to her husband; but a vast tumult of new thoughts and schemes were rising, taking form, heaving upon each other, mingling and rolling in his mind, like smoke-volumes in a crater. In a minute he had resolved upon a course of conduct



to pursue. The leaving of Peeche to his fate was the principal point of it, but he desired that between himself and her it should appear that the measure was entirely of her suggestion. This was that he might have a strong hold on her forever after, and in any dispute between them shake himself clear of the guilt, and throw it entirely upon her.

"Had I not better go to the house, and get the servants with ropes?" said he.

"Never!" cried she, with fierce emotion.

"What, would you tie me again to a hated torment thus by lucky chance cut from me. Fool, don't you see he is here being murdered—we have not done it—we are powerless of means to help—can we be blamed?—no other creature will come near—he must soon die. We can keep our secret, or even should it come out, what can they do to us?—what have we done?—nothing! Then do nothing—let him alone, and with the blessing of—(we cannot write the impious sentence)—I am free once more, though with the loss of half my father's property!"

"But starvation is a dreadful death, Joan!"

"True, but a sure one for us. It has no scar, and is not to be known from common dissolution—besides, it does not entail the hideous after-thought of blood."

"But he is your husband!" and as he spoke, she quailed before the peculiar expression of his eye—"He is the man you swore to love, and all that."

"I made him such in a moment of infatuation produced by his false pretences. He never loved me—but fraudulently cozened me out of my hand and fortune—and to be cozened by such a fool! Oh, there have been moments since then when under a stronger infatuation, I could have paid the penalty by suicide. Husband! he has been a curse to me. It comes bitter, indeed, such a reproach from you, Edmund, for whose love I have dared so much, and am now daring the punishment of hell." And she fell upon his neck and wept copiously, while he soothed her with silent caresses.

"He shall never come between our loves again," she continued; you surely do not wish to save him now, dearest—you have not ceased to love me—if you have, save him, and I shall die."

"But, Joan, my heart's own Joan, I cannot help feeling mercy, humanity—"

"Mercy to him is destruction to ourselves—is it not better that he should die, than that we should live in misery? We cannot much longer conceal our love, and then by divorce he may rob me of what remains, and marry some fool like himself into all my father's property."

Reader, every portion of this dialogue was overheard by the wretched husband. They had in their excitement spoken in a rather elevated tone, and as he lay below in the still, moveless air, the rocky sides of the shaft had, like a gigantic stethoscope, or the ear of Dionysius, conducted to him the sounds! He was tremblingly alive to every syllable, for his life was depending on it, and, fool as he was, he heard his wife's infidelity, hatred, and ferocious thirst for his death, with feelings of horror, indignation, jealousy, and revenge, that rose above those of the immediate danger of his situation, and crying aloud, by a frantic effort of his exhausted frame, he hurled at them both, but especially at her, all the epithets, curses, and threats, that a mind driven to desperation could suddenly throw together.

His wife trembled, in spite of her masculine nerve, as with her paramour she stealthily drew back, and away from the opening.

"Is there no fear of his finding his way out?" said she.

"I fear not," was the whispered reply; "the sides of the shaft are smooth and sheer—my brother takes his measures too surely for that. But look," and he drew an orange from his pocket, "I may throw this down to alleviate his sufferings a little!"

"No," cried she, snatching it from his hand, and flinging it away far among the brushwood, "not five minutes' prolongation of life shall he have through me—those that will find him dead, it is possible, if he eat, might find him alive—and what becomes of us then? But, hark!"

When they were no longer visible or audible to the poor writhing victim, the screams, prayers, and appeals he uttered, might have turned a tiger to mercy, whilst his voice had acquired a new and rending tone that grated on the ear, and more on the heart.

"Joan, Joan," he cried, "will you leave me to die in this pit. Oh, Joan, my wife! what have I done to you that you should desert me? Joan, I am starving to death—will you forsake me, your husband? You have lain in my bosom, Joan—Vaspar, have you no mercy—speak to her, save me, and I will forgive you both. Joan, Vaspar—do you not hear me? will you not speak to me?—are you gone! Oh, may God's eternal wrath curse you both! Joan, Joan—"

But here in his despair, his voice refused its office, and when he would have shrieked, the breath soured in his dry inflamed throat, mocking his efforts to produce a sound. When he could be no longer heard, his wife falling upon the bosom of her companion, and weeping as if she could have died among her tears, addressed him,

"Oh, Edmund, you see what I have done for you—will you ever cease to love me!"

They kept their secret well.

In about eight days Mrs. Peeche sent to Haverfield, a distance of about twenty miles, to learn if her husband was still there. The answer was that he had not been there at all. A search was immediately instituted, and a large reward offered for information regarding him. At length he was discovered by some laborers out of employment, who had engaged in the search with a view to the reward.

Nobody had any doubt that he had fallen into the pit by accident, while unwary in the pursuit of game, for his loaded gun was found beside him among the wet leaves. And while there was no mark on his frame of any violence, one of his shoulders was dislocated, as would be the likely consequence of such a fall. The verdict found by the coroner's jury was, in consequence, "Accidental Death."

It was not long till Colonel and Major Peeche arrived, accompanied by a couple of lawyers, and though Mr. Hasteleigh, before his death, thought he had pretty well secured his fortune to his daughter and her issue, they managed, as representing the heirs of the deceased Mr. Peeche—for he had no children—to secure a considerable amount of property. As soon as this matter was settled, Edmund, who had been ever since the death of his master at the actual uncontrolled head of the business, married the widow, and thus became Mr. Vaspar of Weldon Edge.



No sooner had he done so, than his character came out in its true and most vivid colors. The name of the firm was no longer Hasteleigh and Company (for Lieutenant Peeche, tenacious of the military and aristocratic dignity of his name, had never allowed it to be associated in public with the coal-trade.) A complete revolution took place, too, at Weldon. All the servants received their dismissal, and were replaced by others from distant parts of the country. New improvements in the machinery of the mines and iron-works were introduced, and totally new discipline and arrangements among the men. Schools were instituted, and a pretty good library rapidly got together. This was, however, for no philanthropic object, but solely as a business speculation, and as tending ultimately to his own great gain.

Although he had come to a noble fortune, still, from the slices taken from it by the Peeches, and the mal-administration of the lieutenant, it was much less than it would have been had he got it when he was first, as he believed, in such a fair way. Every means, therefore, of improving it he put into active operation, and one of the chief he could think of was to put an end to the domination of his brother among the men, and thus get the poor creatures once more entirely into his power as a master, and as helpless as they were before the genius of Mark had given them such unity, strength, and importance.

Having fully resolved upon this, he invited his brother to his house.

He received him in a manner quite opposite to the reception he had met with from him about a year before. His immense house, his library, with all articles of taste and luxuries in the way of furniture, he showed him; introduced him to his wife, and asked him to stay to dinner. All dainty viands, and rare and expensive wines, he set before him, and took every means to make him see the apparent happiness in which he lived with his wife, who vied with him in paying him attention.

Mark knew quite well that all this was intended to give him pain—to excite his envy and humble his pride, and he felt the intention to be fulfilled. He was hardly prepared, however, for the disclosure that followed it.

Immediately on the withdrawal of Mrs. Vaspar, Edmund bidding the servants leave the room, so soon as they had done so, and he had pushed the decanter to his brother, made to him coolly the proposal that he should immediately break up his combination society, expose to him all its signs and secrets, plots and crimes, and leave the district forever, being grateful that he was to take the money he had made with him, and that he was not delivered up to the law to answer for his enormities.

"For I am determined," continued Edmund, "to allow no one to dictate to me in my business, or stand between me and my interest. Moreover, no man shall bully me or terrify me into any steps. I am on my guard, and have made all my preparations—I will be absolute lord of my estates, and all upon them."

Mark heard all this in silence, but the color forsook his face, giving place to a tallowy paleness, while ever and anon some feature would give a small convulsive twitch, and his eyes became completely altered in color and expression, looking bloodshot and lurid in place of their ordinary gray.

"And what," said he, after a little time, "if I should simply disobey this command, and go on as before?"

"Within a week I will have you in gaol, and you are as sure to be capitally convicted as you are that you deserve the fate. The combination business might be transportation—the extortion of money from men and masters might be possibly death—but the killing and conspiring to kill and maim *nobs*, and the murder of Peeche, (for I have witnesses to prove you did it,) make the gallows inevitable."

"—And I murdered Peeche, did I? Where did you learn that fact?"

"From his own lips, as he lay dying of hunger in the pit, and another person besides myself heard him say it—that you, with your own hands, threw him in—that person is ready to be a witness."

Mark rose from his seat, and pushing his chair away, whilst he glared like a tiger, unfolded his immense muscular frame, as if he would have proceeded to instant violence on the slight figure of his brother, and crushed him and his schemes forever. But the latter rising, nevertheless keeping his eye on his, rang a small bell. A man-servant entered the room.

"Attend to the fire, William."

"As I was saying, brother," he continued, as Mark with quivering lip resumed his seat, "I think your best plan would be to accede to my views. No other measure will be of any avail. In truth, you will find no other course is open to you. The business you practise has been going on as long as it can go. It has come to an acme, and now must go to ruin—and what I want is to have you kept clear of its wreck, with all you have made by it."

Here the servant withdrew.

"As for my intentions, I am in earnest, I assure you; and were you not of my blood, and otherwise did I know what I know, you should swing within a month. It is only the consideration of public opinion that makes me let you off; I should like the whole thing to be brought about quietly. One indispensable condition is, that you shall leave the country. If you remain here, or near this place, you will have your wits eternally at work, plotting and scheming—I might as well have no estate."

"It is too important a matter to decide upon without a thought," said Mark; "give me time to consider."

"I will," said Edmund; "come here to-morrow at twelve, and I will be prepared to hear you; and in the mean time, as I don't think after what has passed you can relish much more wine, and as, besides, I don't feel exactly comfortable with you so near me, you had better take your leave."

Mark withdrew, half-stunned with what he had heard, and seeking his own home, sat down to ruminate, and there he sat, without undressing, the whole night, revolving what measures he could adopt.

He found his vast combination scheme, which he had reared around him at such an expense of time and thought, of crime and punishment, which was to him the source or so much influence and emolument, was about to crumble to dust like a gourd smitten by the sun. He had established it upon so firm and extensive a basis, protected it with so many outworks, and hidden it in such a mist of secrecy, that it seemed to him indestructible. But here a more potent magician, in one moment, was about to shiver it to pieces. And against his talisman, the law, there was no counterspell.

He saw but two alternatives—one the removal

of his brother, the other to yield up with a good grace his system, and sell the ruins of it to the best advantage. The former he at first determined to adopt; indeed, he had a plan formed to seize the person of Edmund, carry him off, and confine him in one of the mines in the neighborhood, at the same time to throw the men off work by a sudden *strike*, and keep them thus till anxiety about his numerous speculations or positive dread of bankruptcy should extort from him conditions of mutual accommodation.

"Nay, he might even," thought Mark, "if his place of concealment was known only to one or two, and they trusty, be served as Peeche was."

But he had not reflected long, when he began to perceive that this plan was quite hopeless—for his brother, a very different character from the other victim, was sure to be well on his guard, and to have plenty of counter-schemes in action. He therefore finally, seeing no better resource, resolved upon the latter alternative—for he saw that his brother possessed the power to expose him to condign punishment—that by an event he had never contemplated, but which had been brought about by one of his own crimes, it had become his interest to do so—and when it was, he knew he would do it without fail.

Nevertheless, it was not without the bitterest sorrow, he could find it in his heart to abandon that organized confederacy, which had been the sole occupation of his thoughts since boyhood—the one object of all his youthful enthusiasm—which had been the source of his cares and joys, hopes and fears—of his pride and power—which had brought money to his pockets, and respect to his person. And must that vast combination system by which one intellect could, for one purpose, so secretly yet so certainly direct, arrest, give, or withhold the labor of ten thousand hands—that system so philosophical in theory, so admirably efficient in practice, which he could have well trusted to carry his fame as a man of genius to posterity—must it be at once annihilated, and pass forever from thought and from memory? It had withstood for years the open attacks and underhand machinations of its enemies, and now it was to be destroyed by the mere threat of one! But that one was himself of the laboring order—a man of high talent—*knew the system*—knew all its springs and wheels—indeed, had formerly been a member of it, and bound by oaths which he did not value one farthing—and here Mark could not but feel a pang when he reflected who had taught his brother this value of an oath.

"The first day he left us, and went cringing among the masters—that day should have been his last; if it had, he would never have done this—from that one oversight the labor of a tolerable intellect for a long series of years has thus, by one blow, fallen to the ground."

Next day at the appointed hour he waited on Edmund. They met in the library of the latter.

Mark, like one entering a cold-bath, plunged at once into the business, stating his willingness to betray the whole.

"But what *compensation* am I to expect for my own losses by the disclosure?" said he.

"Why, indemnity for your own share of it, which is the principal one. You shall have your life, and all the money you have made."

"Nay, if that is to be all, I can have much more by disclosing the whole to the government *myself*, and getting admitted as crown evidence."

"But that would cost the lives of three or four of these poor people you have misled."

"I dare say a few would be *expended*, but then I should be nothing indebted to you—moreover, for the betrayal of such a combination scheme as *mine*," (here he sighed involuntarily,) "I am sure of a thousand pounds from the secret service money, besides the credit. If you think I could not do this safely, look at that," and he held a paper before his brother.

Edmund read it. It was addressed to magistrates, justices of the peace, &c., directing them not to proceed against Mark Vaspar, agent, without first communicating the whole matter to the Home Office. And when he saw the name signed to it, he could not help, as he repeated it aloud, addressing his brother.

"Well, Mark, you are the most consummate, traitorous villain it ever entered my imagination to conceive."

Mark sneered fiendishly, but remained motionless.

"I see from the date of this, that ever since the year 179—, you have been a hired informer."

"Yes, and have made something by it, I assure you."

"Well, I will accede to your terms. I will guarantee the masters paying you a thousand pounds on your effecting the complete subversion and annihilation of this confederation."

"I shall want a document from you in the form of a letter to that effect."

With this request Edmund hastily complied. Then taking paper, he wrote from the dictation of his brother, whose lips were bloodless, dry, and had a slight quivering motion as he spoke. Every degree and division of the society was stated, with their oaths and secret ceremonies—the ringleaders of each, their separate signs, words, and ciphers, and places and times of meeting. When he had finished with this—

"Then there was the death of William King," said Edmund, "who was shot at the brier copse six years ago. I think I was led to suspect it was the man Crow that did that job. What is his proper name?"

"I thought you did not intend to bring these men under the law!"

"Not if they do as I desire. I want merely to get a hold upon them."

"I do not know his name—he goes by the nickname of Young Crow. His father was called Old Crow, and I believe neither of them knew either name or surname."

"And whom could I have for witness?"

"Long Bill Brown saw the act. He was with King at the time, and that night was sworn in, and left off *nobbing*, bringing all the rest of them into the confederacy."

"And who blinded Mr. Wood, the overseer, with vitriol?"

"A man now at the High Corner pit, by name Peter Watkin, commonly called 'the Slounger.' The liquor was procured from one John Coats, a workman at the St. Margaret's Hall printing-work. There were three in company with the Slounger—one was Thomas Overton, since dead; another, Thomas Chummins, nick-named 'The Handy Kid,' employed at the Rock-house mine; the third was myself."

"Over all the other atrocities, in the way of

\* This is not an uncommon thing in the mining districts, especially the northern.

murder, intimidation, and conspiracy, that had been committed by members of his society, he went minutely, exposing freely the criminals, the objects desired in the crimes, the circumstances, and those that aided and abetted.

When Edmund had done writing, "Well then," said he, "now that it is all out, and I know so much of you as I do, I would not wonder to see you playing a double game, and betraying these men to the law on your own account, for the rewards and pay of the informing part of the business, besides what you are to receive from us—"

"I should not be surprised myself," replied Mark, with mocking levity, but immediately knitting his harsh features into threatening sternness, he came out rapidly with—"But if you should *play double with me*, or after this betray me either to the law or the confederacy—beware—I say beware how you goad a crushed and desperate man."

"Oh, the confederacy shall not hear of it through me. There are others who can give them a hint; look here!"

And going to the side of the room he threw open a concealed door. It had been made, for uniformity with the rest of the room, to resemble shelves, and leather backs of books, each volume lettered and numbered, and was so ingeniously contrived and finished that nothing but a minute examination could unveil the deception.

Mark wondered at this proceeding, but stood as if thunderstruck as he beheld enter from the dressing-room into which it opened the very men he had been just betraying, to wit, the man called Young Crow, and Peter Watkin the Slounger, along with others of much weight and influence among the men. Nothing could have been further from his expectation than this consummation of the adventure. There they stood before him, begrimed and muddy, in their uncouth black mining clothes, scowling upon him through the darkness of their faces like so many accusing devils. Oh what a sight was this for Mark—whither could have sneaked away from him his boasted and long-tried cunning, that he should be so miserably outwitted—should have so wofully and irretrievably committed himself! And who could with a pen adequately describe the convulsive throes of his mighty though reprobate mind. Bitter, bitter chagrin, anguish, panting thirst for vengeance, rage, hate, malice, pride, despair, and reckless defiance—all these fierce passions glowed through his harsh and now haggard countenance, united into one expression that had in it a terrible grandeur, a sublimity, while the big tears coursed down his rugged cheeks—a thing of which he was himself unconscious. Thus he stood regarding them, then his brother, anon turning, and staggering slightly as he did so, he walked towards the door and went forth from the house.

This then was Edmund's plan to break up the combination-union—by exposing Mark to the body in his most villainous colors of double treachery, and by showing them that they were completely in his own power—that their whole organization was known to him, and that at any time he pleased he could give up any member to capital punishment or transportation.

The men he had brought to the house he had all along suspected—indeed, from his half and half connexion with the society, all but understood to be criminals, or connected with the crimes. At all events they were exceedingly popular and influential among the great body of the workmen. Two

of them were employed at his own mines, and he could thus easily get hold of them; another he enticed to his house, offering him the situation of "ganger," or petty overseer; the fourth by stating that a letter from his brother, who had been banished, was in his possession. When he had got them together he informed them that their great apostle, Mark Vaspar, was "bought and sold," and had "sold" them and the rest of the confederacy. To give them proof he put them into the small dressing-room, bidding them apply their eyes and ears to crevices he had previously made, and they would soon become aware of the truth of what he had told them.

On the bank of the river we have described as circumscribing the wood in whose limits Peeche was destroyed, was an extensive meadow, surrounded by grounds wooded, and considerably elevated above its own level. On the night after the occurrence of the scene last narrated, a convocation of miners belonging to the society, to the number of about a thousand, were met here. Nothing could be more picturesque than this assemblage, as they stood together in the bright moonlight, with their curious caps and cowls, their loose and peculiarly shaped clothes, and their hands and faces all of one deep and mystic black. Many of them too had their small tin lamps stuck in their caps, which, reflecting the pale moonbeams, sparkled strangely, giving a most unearthly aspect to those who wore them; in short, if a painter had to limn some diabolic conclave described by a German romancer as assembled on the Walpurgis night, this meeting would have afforded him an admirable study. They stood and reclined pretty much in a double circle, with their orators in the midst, and had about twenty or thirty scouts on the high grounds around, whose duty it was customarily, on any person being seen, to observe him closely; if he were not dangerous, to detain him from advancing; if he were, to give a signal agreed upon, when the whole meeting would disperse, either for the night, or to assemble elsewhere.

To this assembly went of his own accord Mark Vaspar. Such a proceeding would seem madness, but Mark did nothing without a purpose—the purpose of this was revenge against his brother. He knew the attempt was fraught with the greatest danger to himself; nevertheless, he had hopes of leading them to some wholesale attack upon Edmund—some "do or die" business upon which he had not yet resolved, leaving its nature to be determined by after circumstances. He hoped to completely satisfy the men that the account they might have heard was false or mistaken—trusting to his great influence over them, his long management of them, the apparent improbability of one who had suffered and done so much for them betraying them, but placing his chief confidence in his own talent, tact, and powers of persuasion. But he was mistaken; he found the men entirely predetermined against him, treating him on his approach with a sneering malignity that boded the worst evil. There is no crime for which the working orders have a greater detestation than treachery—especially treachery to themselves—even suspicion of it at once condemns.

He was immediately seized, and subjected to a regular trial by jury; a form of procedure which he himself had instituted among them, and at all previous instances of which he had himself presided. Not "the man Charles Stuart" at the bar of an incensed people could be more surprised at

the novelty of his situation than was Mark Vaspar before the judgment of those he had so long and so implicitly ruled, for good or bad, with no standard but his own opinion. Nevertheless he nerved himself for the hazard, and stood collected and firm, resolved to make the best of every word that should be spoken, every incident that could occur. The evidence against him was damning. There were the four witnesses each examined separately, and all agreeing in their black and unanswerable tale, which no cross-questioning from Mark could shake in the smallest iota. Then there was brought forward a copy on paper of his disclosures, and another of the letter guaranteeing him the money which had been taken by permission of Edmund by Peter Watkin, who happened to be able to write a little, having been taught that little by Mark himself years before. These last appeared to sink his heart considerably, nevertheless, he entered on a long and most able defence, if intricate sophistry be a proof of ability. He endeavored to urge the falsity of the accusation, but his own bare assertion was all the proof he could offer. He labored much to persuade them that the view his accusers had taken of the matter was altogether an erroneous one—his whole apparent disclosures having been but part of a scheme to dupe his brother and the other masters, from whom there was great danger impending on them; with much in the same tenor. He dwelt greatly besides on the length and value of his services; but all was in vain; he was found most clearly and barefacedly guilty by the jury, and the whole meeting as his judges proceeded to pass sentence upon him by vote. It was DEATH.

He was immediately surrounded and marched away to a place about a mile distant, where was an exhausted coal-pit, known to be eighty fathoms or four hundred and eighty feet in depth. After receiving his sentence he spoke not a word till his arrival at the mouth of the mine. He walked along, looking in a solemn, absent manner straight before him, and once or twice raised his eyes, and gazed with an earnest glance at the starry firmament, which was that night exceedingly bright and glorious. What thoughts were passing in a mind like his in such circumstances—whether horror of the future—repentance of the past—the galling feeling of forever disappointed revenge against his brother or envy of the latter's triumph compared with his own miserable defeat—whether dread of the hideous death he knew he was moving to, or ideas of escape and freedom, we cannot imagine, nor will attempt to say.

On reaching the mouth of the mine he was told he would have five minutes allowed him wherein to say his prayers, and one offered him a Methodist hymn book—probably the only book of any description in all that assemblage. He motioned it away with a bitter smile, and turning asked one who stood by to lend him a small iron tool in his hand. With some hesitation it was lent. Taking it in his hand he knelt down, and began to trace with it, on a smooth flat stone that lay near the brink, some strange lines and curves. It was the figure of a proposition in Newton's *Principia*, demonstrating the regular motion of the planets in elliptical orbits.

They could not conceive what this might mean, but as he kept cutting the figure deeper and deeper into the stone, interrupted him, telling him "time was up." They then bound his hands behind him and his feet together, and placed him standing on

the edge of the yawning shaft. While the rest stood round in a dense circle, one advanced, and, standing near, pushed him. As he went somewhat slowly, inclining from his balance over the fearful brink, he gave no cry, but with a convulsive effort of his mighty strength, wrenched one arm free from the fastenings that bound it, and clutching the man who had pushed him by the fluttering, loose and ragged clothes, drew him with him, and ere the latter had time to utter one wild scream down they went together, knocking and smashing against the rocky sides of the pit; a distant, faintly heard heavy blow telling when their broken bodies struck the bottom.

The thousand men stood listening appalled. A humming whisper stirred among them. "It was Young Crow!" and breaking up into groups they hurriedly left the place, and in five minutes were completely dispersed. And that was the last meeting of the combination society.

And so Mark Vaspar passed away, leaving behind him no memorial of his crimes or his talents, save the muttered curse in the mouths of those he had betrayed, who were bound by their secret oaths not to breathe his name even in solitude, and the strange figure cut in the stone, a mystery to all that saw it, at the spot where he met his death.

His fate was not known, even to his brother for some years, when he was informed of it in language uncouth but strikingly forcible, in an anonymous threatening letter. Up to that time he believed he had absconded on the night after being denounced, as nothing was found in his cottage save the furniture, which was claimed for rent and taxes.

But let us trace the after life of Edmund.

He was successful in business to a singularity; everything seemed to flourish with him, save that he had no children. But with all this no creature could give even outward evidence of being more miserable. It was remarked by all with whom he came into contact, that he appeared a very picture of remorse and mental agony, and this was especially evident after the period at which he became informed of the fate of his brother.

About this time he took to the private consumption of opium, which he carried to such an extent that it brought him to the brink of the grave. He was confined to bed at last, dying with all the loathsome symptoms attendant upon death from such a cause. A medical practitioner who was called to prescribe for him, on hearing the nature of the case, at once completely stopped the opium. But deprivation of the stimulating drug seemed only to accelerate his dissolution, and at length he ceased to breathe.

He was buried in a vault beneath the church of the parish in which his house was situated. There was a small loophole in the wall, guarded by a crossed stanchion of rusty iron, nearly eaten through by the damp air.

"At that time," said the gentleman from whom we had the incidents of the above tale, "I was apprentice to a surgeon in the town of —, about ten miles from Weldon Edge. There were several others in the place, and we all knew each other, indeed formed a society for mutual instruction.

"Now one of us was out at this parish church on the day of the funeral botanizing, or for some such purpose, and seeing the sequestered character of the place, and reconnoitering the nature of the vault, formed an idea of stealing away the body of Mr. Vaspar, for the scientific purpose of anatomical

zation. Communicating the thought to us, three of us set out on the expedition.

"We managed to bend aside one limb of the crossed stanchion, and being all pretty slim fellows, got through the loophole into the vault with tolerable facility, and commenced digging by the light of a dark lantern, having previously hung up a couple of great-coats by way of blind before the loophole by which we had entered. Presently we came to the coffin, pried open the lid, and turned aside the drapery to see what sort of a subject we were likely to have.

"To our amazement we found him turned nearly completely round in his coffin! One ankle was dislocated, the leg being firmly locked between the sides, while that part of the bottom on which the head and shoulders lay was flooded with blood, which appeared to have come from the mouth. We lifted up our heads and looked at each other in horror. He had evidently been buried whilst animation was only suspended, and had recovered consciousness in the grave, and dreadful must have been his vain struggling against the walls and roof of his firm and narrow house. On turning his face up a new dread froze our veins. Never on any countenance, or in any painting, did I see such a ghastly picture of despair; every feature spoke sense of dreadful danger, agony of body and violent muscular straining, with sudden and total departure of all hope, whilst the mouth appeared to have poured forth gushes of blood.

"We were so struck that two of us were for burying him up again and having nothing to do with him, but the third, who now holds a high rank on the army medical staff, insisted on carrying him off.

"If he was buried alive," said he, "he is dead enough now for all practical purposes, there is no questioning that phenomenon, so let's precipitate him into the sack, bundle him up, and be off in a hurry. It will be long before we get such a precious chance again."

"And so we did, filling up the grave, lowering the flagstones that covered it, and bending back to its place the stanchion, so as to leave things as like what they had been as possible.

"The body was dissected in different portions by different students, and each preserved and carried with him to whatever part of the world fortune and his profession took him from our town, the bones of some of his members, or some of the organs of his body preserved in spirits. The rest of the flesh as it was dissected away piecemeal we flung into the river that ran through the town, nor was it ever suspected that he did anything but sleep undisturbed in his grave."

The end of Mrs. Vaspar was analogous in its misery. After the death of her husband, on whom she doted fondly to the last, it became evident her reason was impaired. She was put under restraint, and all the means that were then used or known in the treatment of mental disorders were put in requisition, but fruitlessly, and she ultimately died mad. Her mania was general,—on all subjects—but she had one particular hallucination that took the lead—one scene seemed to be continually passing before her mind, and she would constantly be enacting it, though the precise words and gesticulation might vary at times.

"Edmund, dearest Edmund," so would her ravings run, "how can you think of such a thing. Take him out!—let him perish—we shall be happy then. No, no; save his life, and you will make

me a murderess either of him or myself. We shall never separate more, my love—he is sure to die. Save him, then you may stab yourself and me. Oh, Edmund, I love you—my heart dotes on you. I have lost my soul for love of you. Take pity on me and love me; it is all the happiness I can ever have, and happiness indeed it is. Kiss me, Vaspar. We are happy, and he—my curse—is enduring the worst misery man can suffer—dying of hunger. While the kiss of our endearment falls soft upon the perfumed air of this chamber, his last groans sound hollow in the cold, murky pit. Whilst we are lost in blessed forgetfulness, he sleeps in the arms of death."

From Hood's Magazine.

## SEPTEMBER.

BY ANDREW WINTER.

UPON the upland, slanting to the plain,  
(Gently as slants a bird with outstretch'd wings,) Dreaming, with half-closed lids, I listless lie.  
The thistle downs float slowly past; each seed,  
Pendulous swaying from its parachute,  
Skims lightly o'er the hindering blades of grass:  
The purple heath-bells, sway'd by gentle gusts,  
Knock timidly against my brow and cheek:  
Whilst ever, in the amber fields below,  
The flashing sickle, by brown Labor urged,  
Gleams crescentwise through falling threads of corn.

Far off, along the tranquil landscape creeps  
The smoke's thin azure from the stubble fires.  
All's gentle motion and continual calm.  
Oh, that the scene's content we could drink in!  
With thirsty eyes and realizing brow  
I gaze, and it is gone; just like some star,  
That, in perusing, fades—to dreamy eyes.  
The vividness returns. Westward I look.  
The setting sun upon the hill's brim rests,  
Shooting a golden west along the ground.  
In life-lines o'er the bosom of the steep  
The sheep-tracks run, and ever from the sheep  
Long shadows stream. Over the broken wall,  
With bended knees, a ram leaps suddenly  
And stares, tinkling at intervals the bell  
Half muffled 'neath his woolly throat, full-brow'd  
Between his rib-carved horns, firmly he stands;  
And round him gather up the scatter'd flock,  
Till like a cloud the whole drive swiftly past,  
Seized with a panic fear. Upon the hills  
And o'er the plain, still crowned, Summer sits;  
But in the vale sad Autumn slowly steals.  
How melancholy, in my homeward walk,  
Between the avenue of limes, to see  
The leaves fall undulating one by one,  
And then upon the ground in eddies whirl!  
There are no bees about, no busy drones  
Curious within the painted chalices.  
The sundial in the garden day by day  
More idle seems. The pathway weedy grows;  
And we do watch no more a favorite flower,  
Counting the buds.

From the Gallery of Portraits.

## MADAME DE STAEL.

ANNE LOUISE GERMAINE NECKER, the celebrated daughter of a celebrated father, was born at Paris, April 22, 1766. In her earliest years she manifested uncommon vivacity of perception and depth of feeling; and at the age of eleven, her sprightliness, her self-possession, and the eager and intelligent interest which she took in all the subjects of conversation, rendered her the pet and the wonder of the brilliant circle which frequented her father's house. Necker himself, though he delighted in promoting the developement of his daughter's talents, was a watchful critic of her faults: "I owe," said she, "to my father's penetration, the frankness of my disposition, and the simplicity of my mind. He exposed every sort of affectation; and, in his company, I formed the habit of thinking that my heart lay open to view." She repaid his care and tenderness by a passionate and devoted affection, such as scarcely seems to belong to the relationship which existed between them. Throughout his life, the desire to minister to his pleasure was her first object, and his death threw a permanent shade of melancholy over her spirit.

Madlle. Necker paid the usual price of mental precocity, in its debilitating effects upon her bodily constitution. At the age of fourteen, serious apprehensions were entertained for her life; and she was sent to St. Ouen, in the neighborhood of Paris, for the benefit of country air, with orders to abstain from every species of severe study. Thither her father repaired at every interval of leisure; and being withdrawn from the strict line of behavior prescribed by her mother, who, having done much herself by dint of study, thought that no accomplishments or graces could be worth possessing which were not the fruit of study, she passed her time in the unrestrained enjoyment of M. Necker's society, in the indulgence of her brilliant imagination, and the spontaneous cultivation of her powerful mind. This course of life was more favorable to the development of that poetical, ardent, and enthusiastic temper, which was the source of so much enjoyment, and so much distinction, than to the habits of self-control, without which, such a temper is almost too dangerous to be called a blessing. Her character at this period of life is thus described by her relation and biographer, Mad. Necker de Saussure: "We may figure to ourselves Mad. de Stael, in her early youth, entering with confidence upon a life, which to her promised nothing but happiness. Too benevolent to expect hatred from others, too fond of talent in others to anticipate the envy of her own, she loved to exalt genius, enthusiasm, and inspiration, and was herself an example of their power. The love of glory, and of liberty, the inherent beauty of virtue, the pleasures of affection, each in turn afforded subjects for her eloquence. Not that she was always in the clouds: she never lost presence of mind, nor was she run away with by enthusiasm." In later life her good taste led her to abstain from this lofty vein of conversation, especially when it was forced upon her: "I tramp in the mire with wooden shoes, whenever they would force me to live always in the clouds."

Endowed with such qualities, the effect which Madlle. Necker produced upon her introduction to society was as brilliant as her friends could desire, though the effervescence of imagination and youthful spirits sometimes led her to commit breaches

of etiquette, which might have been fatal to the success of a less accomplished debutant. At the age of twenty, in 1786, she married the Baron de Stael Holstein, ambassador of Sweden at the court of France. He was much the elder, and the matter seems to have been arranged by her parents, with her acquiescence indeed, but without her heart being at all interested in the connexion. And we trace the effect of her ruling passion, love of her father, in the Baron de Stael's engagement not to take her to reside in Sweden, without her free consent. During a large portion of their married life they were separated from each other by the baron's absences from France; but when age and sickness weighed him down, she hastened to comfort him, and his last hours (in 1802) were soothed by her presence and watchful care. By this marriage Mad. de Stael had four children, of whom only a son and a daughter survived her: the latter became the wife of the Duc de Broglie; the former inherited his father's title, and has won for himself a creditable place in the literature of the age.

At the beginning of the revolution, Mad. de Stael watched the new prospects opening on her country with joyful anticipation: but she was shocked and disgusted by the ferocious excesses which ensued. Her love of liberty was too sincere to let her justify the policy, or join the party of the court, but, with an admirable courage, she used the powerful influence of her talents and her connexions to save as many as possible of the victims of that frenzied time. She arranged a plan for the escape of the royal family from the Tuileries; and after the death of Louis XVI., she had the boldness (for so it must be called) to publish her "*Défense de la Reine*." It needed all the author's tact and ingenuity, as well as eloquence, so to plead the queen's cause, as, on the one hand, not to compromise the dignity of her innocence, and, on the other, not to aggravate the rage of those who clamored for her destruction.

Having passed safely through the Reign of Terror, Mad. de Stael hailed the establishment of the Directory in 1795, as the commencement of a settled government. Through life she devoted a large portion of her attention to politics, which she designated as comprehending within their sphere, morality, religion, and literature; and at this period especially, while her fame in literature was not yet established, and the ardent enthusiasm of her temper was unchecked by misfortune, she not only took an eager interest in the course of affairs, but exerted her powers to gain some influence in the direction of them. Her brilliant conversation drew around her the ablest and most accomplished men of the French capital; and in Paris, where the public opinion of France is compressed into a narrow space, wit or beauty have always had an influence unknown to the more sedate nations of the north. To this period of her life belong the treatises—more interesting as specimens of her genius, than important for the truth of her theories—"De l'Influence des Passions sur le Bonheur des Individus et des Nations," published in 1796, of which only the first part, relating to individuals, was completed; and "*De la Littérature considérée dans ses Rapports avec les Institutions Sociales*," published in 1800: subjects, it has been truly said, which demand the observation and study of a whole life. It is not on these, therefore, that her fame is based. But the latter has the great merit, according to the testimony of Sir James Mackintosh, of

being the first attempt to treat the philosophy of literary history upon a bold and comprehensive scale.

But she could not aspire to "direct the storm," without running some danger of being caught in it; and it is probable, as indeed she herself admits, that if she had foreseen the troubles which political influence was to bring upon her, she would have been well pleased to resign all pretension to it. At the end of 1799, Bonaparte rose to power on the ruin of the Directory. That remarkable man inspired Mad. de Stael from the first with an indescribable fear and dislike, which she has expressed throughout her very interesting work, entitled "*Dix Années d'Exile*;" and as she saw at once the danger to which the cause of rational liberty was exposed by his ambition, and feared not to express her sentiments, her house became the focus of discontent. Benjamin Constant, then one of her intimate associates, having prepared and communicated to her a speech to expose the dawning tyranny of the First Consul, warned her that, if spoken, it would necessarily be followed by the desertion of the brilliant society which she loved, and by which she was surrounded. She replied, "We must do as we think right." It was accordingly pronounced on the following day, on the evening of which her favorite circle was to assemble at her own house. Before six o'clock she received ten notes of excuse. "The first and second I bore well enough, but as one note came after another, they began to disturb me. I appealed in vain to my conscience, which had bidden me resign the pleasures which depended on Bonaparte's favor: so many good sort of persons blamed me, that I could not hold fast enough by my own view of the question." And she says just before, with her usual candor, "If I had foreseen what I have suffered, dating from that day, I should not have been resolute enough to decline M. Constant's offer to abstain from coming forward, for the sake of not compromising me. The speech was followed by an intimation from Fouché, that Mad. de Stael's retirement from Paris for a short time would be expedient.

In the spring of 1800, Bonaparte's absence upon the campaign of Marengo, and the publication of her work on literature, brought Mad. de Stael again into fashion. From that time until 1802, she remained undisturbed, and divided her time chiefly between Paris, and her father's residence at Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva. In the latter year, (in which she published "*Delphine*,") her intimacy with Bernadotte caused the First Consul to regard her with suspicion, though the dread of being banished from the delights of Parisian society had taught her prudence. "They pretend," he said, "that she neither talks politics, nor mentions me; but I know not how it happens, that people seem to like me less after visiting her." Prudence, or the warning of her friends, detained Mad. de Stael at Coppet during the winter of 1802-3: but when war broke out, and she thought that Bonaparte's attention was fully occupied by the proposed descent upon England, she could not resist the thirst of conversation which always drew her to Paris. She did not venture to enter the city; but she had not been long in its neighborhood, when she was terribly disconcerted by a peremptory order not to appear within forty leagues of the metropolis. She candidly avows that "*la conversation Française n'existe qu'à Paris, et la conversation a été, depuis mon enfance, mon plus*

*grand plaisir.*" The rest of France, therefore, had no attraction for her, and she determined to visit Germany. Weimar was her first place of abode, where she became acquainted with Goethe, Wieland, and Schiller, and, under their auspices, commenced her study of the German language and literature. In 1804, she proceeded to Berlin; but she was suddenly recalled to Switzerland by the illness and death of M. Necker.

To this most painful loss Mad. Necker de Saussure attributes a deep and beneficial influence on her friend's character. It inspired a melancholy which perhaps never was entirely dissipated; it raised her thoughts to a more exalted strain of meditation, and gave vigor and consistency to those reverential feelings, which before were perhaps hardly definite enough to be termed religion. At this time she composed her account of the private life of M. Necker, of which B. Constant has said, that no other of her works conveys so good a notion of the author. Shortly after, she visited Italy for the first time. The grand and solemn remains of antiquity harmonized with the melancholy of her mind; and in this journey was developed a love of art, and, in a less degree, a taste for scenery, of which up to this time she seems to have been strangely deficient. The fruit of her travels appeared in "*Corinne*," written after her return to Coppet in 1805, and published at Paris early in 1807, which raised her to the first class of living writers. Mad. Necker de Saussure says, in the strain of high panegyric, "*Il n'eut qu'une voix, qu'un cri d'admiration dans l'Europe lettrée; et ce phénomène fut partout un événement;*" and Sir James Mackintosh, who read it in India, in a translation, says, "*I swallow Corinne slowly that I may taste every drop. I prolong my enjoyment, and really dread the termination.*" Dictated by the same leading idea as "*Delphine*," but far superior in depth and truth of sentiment, as well as eloquence, and genuine poetic ardor, it was also free from the moral objections to the former novel. Each heroine, according to the lively author first quoted, is a transcript from the author herself. "*'Corinne' is the ideal of Mad. de Stael; 'Delphine' is her very self in youth.*" A similar idea occurred to Mackintosh,—"In the character of '*Corinne*,' Mad. de Stael draws an imaginary self—what she is, what she had the power of being, and what she can easily imagine that she might have become. Purity, which her sentiments and principles teach her to love; talents and accomplishments, which her energetic genius might easily have acquired; uncommon scenes, and incidents fitted for her extraordinary mind; and even beauty, which her fancy contemplates so constantly, that she can scarcely suppose it to be foreign to herself, and which, in the enthusiasm of invention, she bestows on this adorned as well as improved self,—these seem to be the materials out of which she has formed '*Corinne*,' and the mode in which she reconciled it to her knowledge of her own character. \* \* \* The grand defect is the want of repose—too much, and too ingenious reflection—too uniform an ardor of feeling. The understanding is fatigued, the heart ceases to feel."

Before the publication of "*Corinne*," Mad. de Stael had ventured into the neighborhood of Paris. The book contained nothing hostile to Napoleon; but the new wreath of fame which the author had woven for herself revived his spleen, and she soon received a peremptory order to quit France. This was a bitter mortification. We have mentioned



her ruling love of conversation : and to her, Paris was the world ; beyond its limits life was vegetation. " Give me the Rue da Bac," she said to those who extolled the Lake of Geneva ; " I would prefer living in Paris on a fourth story, with a hundred louis a year." The chief studies of her exile were German literature and metaphysics. In the autumn of 1807 she visited Vienna, where she spent a year in tranquil enjoyment, soothed by the respect and admiration, and gratified by the polished manners and conversation of the exalted circles in which she moved, and undisturbed by the petty tyranny which, in her stolen visits to France, always hung over her head. In 1808 she returned to Coppet, to arrange the materials for her great work on Germany. Having devoted nearly two years to this task, she went to France in the summer of 1810, the decree of exile being so far relaxed, that she was permitted, as before, to reside forty leagues from the capital. Her principal object was to superintend the printing of her work, which was to be published at Paris. After passing safely, though with many alterations, through the censorship, the last proof was corrected, September 23. Scarcely was this done, and 10,000 copies struck off, when the whole impression was seized and destroyed. Mad. de Stael fortunately was enabled, by timely warning, to secrete the manuscript. This blow was accompanied by an order to quit France without delay. America, which she had expressed a desire to visit, and Coppet, were the only places offered to her choice : an attempt to reach England, which was her secret wish, would have been followed by immediate arrest. She chose to return to her paternal home. There the Emperor's persecution, and her hatred of him, reached their height ; and though not to be ranked with the graver offences of tyranny, his treatment of her was of a most irritating character, and unbecoming any but a low-minded despot. It was intimated that she had better confine her excursions to a circle of two leagues ; her motions were watched, even within her own house ; to be regarded as her friend was equivalent to a sentence of disgrace or dismissal, to any person dependent on the government ; her sons were forbidden to enter their native country ; M. Schlegel, their domestic tutor, was ordered to quit Coppet ; and worst of all, her two dearest friends, M. de Montmorency and Mad. Recaimer, were banished France for having presumed to visit her. These, and more trifling delinquencies are set forth with most stinging sarcasm, in her " Ten Years of Exile."

Harassed beyond endurance, she resolved to make an attempt to escape from these never-ending vexations. But whither to go ? She could not obtain permission to reside elsewhere ; and if Napoleon demanded her, no continental power, except Russia, could give her an asylum. To obtain a conveyance to England was impossible, except from some port to the north of Hamburg ; and to reach that distant region, it was necessary to traverse the whole of Europe, in constant danger of being intercepted and detained. After eight months of irresolution, she found courage and opportunity to make the attempt ; and quitting Coppet secretly, she reached Berne in safety, obtained a passport for Vienna, and hastily traversing Switzerland and the Tyrol, arrived at the Austrian capital, June 6, 1812. But this was neither a safe nor pleasant resting-place. The Emperor was in attendance on his son-in-law at

Dresden ; and the Austrian police thought fit to pay their court to Napoleon, by following up the example of annoyance which he had set. Mad. de Stael, therefore, hastened on her route to Russia, through Moravia and Galicia, honored all the way by the especial attention of the police, on whose happy combination of " French machiavelism and German clumsiness," she has taken ample revenge in her " Ten Years of Exile." She crossed the Russian frontier, July 14, and in the joy of having escaped at last from the wide-spread power of Napoleon, she sees and describes everything in Russia with an exuberance of admiration, which the position of the country at that moment, and the kindness which the writer experienced, may well excuse. The French armies had already crossed the Vistula, and the direct route to St. Petersburg being interrupted, she was obliged to make a circuit by Moscow. After a hasty survey of the wonders of that city, she continued her route to St. Petersburg, where she was received with distinction by the Emperor and his consort. But England was still the object of her desires, and towards the end of September, she quitted the metropolis of Russia for Stockholm. There, during a winter-residence of eight months, she composed the journal of her travels, to which we have so often referred ; and in the following summer she arrived in London.

She was received in the highest circles of our metropolis with an enthusiastic admiration, which no doubt was rendered in part to the avowed enemy of Napoleon, as well as to the woman of genius. Sir James Mackintosh, in his journal, gives a lively description of the manner in which she was *fêted*. " On my return I found the whole fashionable and literary world occupied with Mad. de Stael—the most celebrated woman of this, or perhaps of any age. \* \* \* She treats me as the person whom she most delights to honor. I am generally ordered with her to dinner, as one orders beans and bacon : I have in consequence dined with her at the houses of almost all the cabinet ministers. She is one of the few persons who surpass expectation ; she has every sort of talent, and would be universally popular, if in society she were to confine herself to her inferior talents—pleasantry, anecdote, and literature, which are so much more suited to conversation than her eloquence and genius." A very characteristic observation was made by the late Lord Dudley—" Mad. de Stael was not a good neighbor ; there could be no slumbering near her, she would instantly detect you."

The publication of her long-expected work on Germany maintained the interest which Mad. de Stael had excited, during the period of her residence in England. It is comprised in four parts,—on the aspect and manners of Germany,—on literature and the arts, as there existing,—on philosophy and morals,—and on religion and enthusiasm. For an analysis of it we may best refer to the elaborate criticisms of Mackintosh, in the Edinburgh Review, No. XLIII., who gives it the high praise of " explaining the most abstruse metaphysical theories of Germany precisely, yet perspicuously and agreeably ; and combining the eloquence which inspires exalted sentiments of virtue, with the enviable talent of gently indicating the defects of men and manners by the skillfully softened touches of a polite and merciful pleasantry ;" and of being " unequalled for variety of knowledge, flexibility of power, elevation of view, and comprehension of mind, among the works of women, and



in the union of the graces of society and literature with the genius of philosophy, not surpassed by many among men."

After the restoration of the Bourbons, Mad. de Stael returned to France. She stood high in Louis XVIII.'s favor, who was well qualified to enjoy and appreciate her powers of conversation; and he gave a substantial token of his regard by the repayment of two millions of francs, which the treasury was indebted to her father's estate. At the return of Napoleon, she fled precipitately to Coppet. She was too generous to countenance the gross abuse lavished on the fallen idol; and some sharp repartees, at the expense of the time-servers of the day, seem to have inspired Napoleon with a hope that he might work on her vanity to enlist her in his service. He sent a message, that he had need of her to inspire the French with constitutional notions: she replied, "He has done for twelve years without either me or a constitution, and now he loves one about as little as the other."

Concerning the last three years of her life, our information is very scanty. She had contracted a second marriage, with M. Rocca, a young officer, who, after serving with distinction in the French army in Spain, had retired, grievously wounded, to Geneva, his native place. For an account and apology for this most-censured and injudicious connexion, the date of which we have not found specified, but which should seem to have been previous to her flight to Coppet, since Rocca accompanied her on the occasion, we must refer to Mad. Necker de Saussure. It appears by her statement (and this is a material consideration in estimating the extent of the lady's weakness,) that though she must have been more than forty, and the gentleman was twenty years younger, she had inspired Rocca with a devoted and romantic passion. "Je l'aimerai tellement," he said to one of his friends, "qu'elle finira par m'épouser," and he kept his word. A less distinguished woman might have contracted a marriage in which the disparity of years was greater, at a slight expense of wondering and ridicule; but probably Mad. de Stael felt that the eyes of the world were upon her, and that any weakness would be eagerly seized by her enemies; and, perhaps, had a natural dislike to resign a name which she had rendered illustrious. She judged ill: the secrecy was the worst part of the affair. The union, though generally believed to exist, was not avowed until the opening of her will, which authorised her children to make her marriage known, and acknowledged one son, who was the fruit of it. The decline of M. Rocca's health, which never recovered the effect of his wounds, induced her to take a second journey to Italy in 1816. At that time, her own constitution was visibly giving way. She became seriously ill after her return to France, and died, July 14, 1817, the anniversary of two remarkable days of her life. These were, the commencement of the French revolution, and the day on which, by entering Russia, she finally escaped from Napoleon. M. Rocca survived her only half a year. He died in Provence, January 29, 1818.

Mad. de Stael's last great work, which was published after her death, is entitled "Considérations sur les principaux Evénemens de la Révolution Française," a book, says Mackintosh, "possessing the highest interest as the last dying bequest of the most brilliant writer that has appeared in our days, the greatest writer, of a woman, that any age or country has produced." That it was left unfinished is the less to be regretted, because it is

not a regular history of the revolution, but rather a collection of penetrating observations and curious details, recorded in the true spirit of historic impartiality, and therefore a most valuable treasure to the future historian. The scope of the book, in accordance with her warm admiration through life of the English constitution, is to show that France requires a free government and a limited monarchy. The catalogue of her works is closed by the *Œuvres Inédites* published in 1820, of which the principal is "Ten Years of Exile." They are collected in an edition of eighteen volumes 8vo., published at Paris, in 1819-20, to which the "Notice sur le Caractère et les Ecrites de Mad. de Stael," by Mad. Necker de Saussure, is prefixed.

The leading feature of Mad. de Stael's private character was her inexhaustible kindness of temper; it cost her no trouble to forgive injuries. There seems not to have been a creature on earth whom she hated, except Napoleon. "Her friendships were ardent and remarkably constant; and yet she had a habit of analysing the characters, even of those to whom she was most attached, with the most unsparing sagacity, and of drawing out the detail and theory of their faults and peculiarities, with the most searching and unrelenting rigor; and this she did to their faces, and in spite of their most earnest remonstrances. 'It is impossible for me to do otherwise,' she would say; 'if I were on my way to the scaffold, I should be dissecting the characters of the friends who were to suffer with me upon it.'" Though the excitement of mixed society was necessary to her happiness, her conversation in a tête à tête with her intimate friends is said to have been more delightful than her most brilliant efforts in public. She was proud of her powers, and loved to display and talk of them: but her vanity was divested of offensiveness by her candor and ever-present consideration of others. Of her errors we would speak with forbearance; but it is due to truth to say that there were passages in her life which exposed her to serious and well-founded censure. As a daughter and mother she displayed sedulous devotion, and the warmest affection. Though never destitute of devotional feeling, her notions of religion in youth seem to have been very vague and inefficient. But misfortune drove her sensitive and affectionate temper to seek some stay, which she found nothing on earth could furnish; and in later years, her religion, if not deeply learned, was deeply felt. Of this, the latter portion of Mad. Necker de Saussure's work will satisfy the candid reader. And though her testimony to the truth and value of religion were for the most part indirect, we may reasonably believe that it was not ineffective. "Placed in many respects in the highest situation to which humanity could aspire, possessed unquestionably of the highest powers of reasoning, emancipated in a singular degree from prejudices, and entering with the keenest relish into all the feelings that seemed to suffice for the happiness and occupation of philosophers, patriots, and lovers, she has still testified that without religion there is nothing stable, sublime or satisfying; and that it alone completes and consummates all to which reason and affection can aspire. A genius like hers, and so directed, is, as her biographer has well remarked, the only missionary that can work any permanent effect upon the upper classes of society in modern times—upon the vain, the learned, the scornful and argumentative, 'who stone the Prophets, while they affect to offer incense to the Muses.'" (*—Ed. Review, No. LXXI.*)

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

THIS number is a very good one: the biographical notices of Burke, Bernadotte and Campbell will be attractive. Each of these names might serve as a subject for Mr. Macaulay.—The Life of the King of Prussia, whose sufferings under Napoleon endeared him so much to his people, is the more interesting as coming from one of his subjects. English Education in China, and Chinese Emigration, show two different means of introducing the knowledge and religion of Europe into that vast empire.

The excavations made at Jerusalem may interest even more readers than will be attracted by the history of the superstructure.

We copy the following, dated 25 August, from the excellent Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer.

Our Paris press seemed to forget Mr. O'Connell, until the quarrel about Tahiti and Morocco bore promise of war. Then the Liberator and the situation of Ireland were brought into the calculation of results. At the meeting of the Repeal Association, in Dublin, on the 1st, the son of O'Connell, Daniel, Jr., who serves as his mouthpiece, referred to the lowering aspect of the political horizon in these terms:

"It was likely, in all appearance, that England would want the lion heart and stout arm of Ireland, and she could easily procure both the one and the other, —not by the means of the plausible hypocrisy and sweet words of Sir Robert Peel, but by the substantial instrumentality of doing justice to the Irish."

Mr. T. M'Nevin, another speaker, expressed absolute distrust of the professions and promises of the premier at the close of the session, with which, however, most of the Irish members of Parliament testified high satisfaction. The material business of the meeting was this paragraph:

"He could state it to be the opinion of Mr. O'Connell, that the association should take steps to get as many persons as possible, not being already pledged teetotallers, to take the abstinence pledge for a limited period; that is, until the repeal of the union. Mr. O'Connell had consulted Father Mathew, who approved of the limited plan for those who would not take the pledge for life. Four of Mr. O'Connell's grandsons had already taken it in the limited shape, and Mr. S. O'Brien, upon his return from the country, would probably shape a motion for an aggregate meeting at Clontarf, or some other suitable vicinity, to administer 'the Repeal Total Abstinence Pledge.' He also knew that Mr. O'Connell concurred in another suggestion of Mr. S. O'Brien, to have another pledge taken, as universally as possible, against the consumption of tobacco in any shape until the repeal of the union. That pledge, if universally, or even generally taken, would have a great effect upon the minds of British statesmen in favor of doing justice to Ireland. He knew that it was the intention of

Mr. O'Connell himself, upon the 30th of May, 1845, to institute a pledge for the non-consumption of excisable articles in Ireland, and also a pledge for the non-use of any article not of Irish manufacture. All these pledges would be upon the same footing as the total abstinence pledge."

Father Mathew probably thought that the pledge until the repeal was quite equivalent to the other, even for the youngest teetotaler. Perhaps the Association thought that the new pledge would increase the earnestness of many for repeal as the term of their abstinence. The vow against tobacco is meant to lessen the British revenue, but was the more favored, we may presume, as the plant comes from slaveholding states. Notwithstanding the extent of pauperism and starvation in Ireland, Mr. O'Connell and his fellow-prisoners have consented to feed most luxuriously from voluntary supplies.

Our journals furnish every day magnificent estimates of French resources for a death-struggle with Great Britain. The revolutionary *National* is boastful, confident, and unscrupulous beyond all. Privateering forms one of its chief reliances—free of course from all restraint of law or mercy. You will readily receive a translation of a part of its text touching foreign aid. The number of the 20th instant says:—"We must not positively count on the secondary navies of Europe. They may unite with us in destroying the common enemy, but that is not certain. If, however, we turn our eyes to the other side of the Atlantic, we shall see a nation for whom France lavished her treasure and blood, and that nation, no doubt, will discharge her sacred debt. The United States, whose growth we hail, will always find in France a powerful and glorious ally: on the other hand, they have everything to fear from the pretensions, jealousy, and resentments of Great Britain. Gratitude and policy, then, would cause them to espouse our quarrel with fervor. Success would not be distant nor doubtful. Swarms of privateers, in concert with the French, would cut up English commerce in every sea, on every coast. Meanwhile, the American ships of war, though few, yet bravely and skilfully managed, would not remain idle. If, against all probability, the government of the United States should fail us, we shall fight alone for the liberty of the seas, and reap the honor of having won freedom and equality for all the secondary powers. What we have said about American privateers would remain true, though the government should be recreant; those vessels would take letters of marque from the French government. American merchants would perceive this arming against England to be so *lucrative* that they could not forego so easy an expedient of enriching themselves by ruining too their old rivals. We French would construct numberless war-steamer in all our channel ports; some fine day, after a violent storm had completely swept the channel, we should throw fifty thousand soldiers on undefended points of the British coast. Such a debarkation and its results are a matter of mere time or opportunity." This is a faint specimen of the *National's* flourishes. Your government and people will, in any event, adhere to the Washington policy, and justify the complaint of other French organs—that you act only on your own particular grievances—in your own immediate questions. The letter of *marque morality* you can scarcely adopt; you may be assured that there is not more good will towards you here than elsewhere in Europe. A majority of the British cabinet and of the press are hostile; yet your merits and faculties are far better understood and appreciated in Great Britain than in France. The *Paris Globe* is edited in chief by a frank, ready, gifted writer, GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC, author of various books of repute, and particularly of the two good volumes on the French and Spanish West Indies. He ridicules and reprehends the papers of both Paris and London for their wild war-whoop, and their prodigious array of na-

tional advantages. They are, he says, mere vapors, spouts, organs of pride, passion, delirium; instead of sentinels of reason, justice, humanity, and civilization. His close connexion with the ministry, like that of the *Journal des Debats*, lends additional weight to such language as the following:

"We shall not lose our time in opposing calculation to calculation, in casting up the number of our ships, in making notes of the hatreds suspended over the head of England in the various quarters of the globe, in enumerating the Irish and the Chartists, who would increase the chances of an invasion of England. No! All this is wretchedly ridiculous, and we leave these labors to radical writers. But we will say, that for England, as much as for France, war would be a calamity, of the consequences of which no one can define the limits. If it be true that order would be disturbed in France, that our new-born dynasty would be endangered, that our railroads would remain unfinished—that Paris, that great seat of industry, would be deserted by foreigners, and that with them employment, profit, and wealth would depart; that every branch of our national industry would receive a rude shock; it is equally true, that on the day when the flames of war should break forth, the voice of O'Connell, now smothered, would be heard aloud; the element of democracy would make the aristocracy pay dear for the aid it might lend. You would sow disorder and uneasiness amongst us, but you would not produce a revolution. Go to! neither you nor we, nor any portion of Europe, have anything to gain by a war. All of us have need of order, undisturbed industry, and stability, and we all depend upon each other. The first cannon-ball you fire against us will strike all Europe to the heart."

The newspapers have betrothed the King of Saxony's youngest daughter, one of the prettiest, most amiable and accomplished of princesses, to the Duke of Bourdeaux; and this alliance they assign as the king's reason for not crossing from London to Paris. A suitable match for the duke occupies constantly the thoughts of the Council of Legitimists. He must have male progeny to prevent Louis Philippe or any of his lineage from becoming rightful possessor of the throne. While that monarch has still two fine sons to be married, it would be doubly ungracious in any dynasty, north or south, to prefer the pretender. The *Gazette de France* is an oracle for a large number of the Legitimists. I was struck with the liberality of the terms which it employed, on the 21st instant, in regard to Louis Philippe's sons: "These young princes serve France with devotedness: it is a felicity, a luck, which Heaven has granted them; it is a just matter of envy for others; they comprehend this luck of their situation. It does them credit thus to understand and improve their opportunity." Another leading print of the opposition observes: "The king's sons popularize the dynasty, while the cabinet's do the reverse." Another suggests that disorder in the succession, or weakness in the regency, may ensue from either of the younger becoming more distinguished by feats of arms, and consequently more dear to the nation, than the Duke of Nemours. The opposition blow the trumpets lustily for the Prince de Joinville, with the hope of turning him to account. Louis Philippe pushes all his sons forward in the public service—the more, in reference to the position of the Duke of Bourdeaux. According to the *Constitutionnel*, the organ of the Left Centre, the Emperor Nicholas cannot win favor in Germany, in spite of every effort by money and caresses with the chief politicians and journals. Therefore, no northern alliance is now possible. The recent visit of the King of Prussia to Vienna, and the known cordiality between the three potentates, may warrant a different conclusion. It is now surmised that the determination to wage war with Morocco, and the possible consequence of a rupture with England, occasioned the ministerial change of plan with the trans-atlantic steamers.

From *Frazer's Magazine*.

## CAMPBELLIANA.

I WISH to write about Thomas Campbell in the spirit of impartial friendship: I cannot say that I knew him long, or that I knew him intimately. I have stood, when a boy, between his knees; he has advised me in my literary efforts, and lent me books. I have met him in mixed societies—have supped with him in many of his very many lodgings—have drunk punch of his own brewing from his silver bowl—have mingled much with those who knew and understood him, and have been at all times a diligent inquirer, and, I trust, recorder of much that came within my immediate knowledge about him. But let me not raise expectation too highly: Mr. Campbell was not a communicative man; he knew much, but was seldom in the mood to tell what he knew. He preferred a smart saying, or a seasoned or seasonable story; he trifled in his table-talk, and you might sound him about his contemporaries to very little purpose. Lead the conversation as you liked, Campbell was sure to direct it a different way. He had no *arrow-flights of thought*. You could seldom awaken a recollection of the dead within him; the mention of no eminent contemporary's name called forth a sigh or an anecdote, or a kind expression. He did not love the past—he lived for to-day and for to-morrow, and fed on the pleasures of hope, not the pleasures of memory. Spence, Boswell, Hazlitt, or Henry Nelson Coleridge, had made very little of his conversation; old Aubrey, or the author of Polly Peacham's jests, had made much more, but the portrait in their hands had only been true to the baser moments of his mind; we had lost the poet of Hope and Hohenlinden in the coarse sketches of anecdote and narrative which they told and drew so truly.

Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777, the tenth and youngest child of his parents. His father was a merchant in that city, and in his sixty-seventh year when the poet (the son of his second marriage) was born. He died, as I have heard Campbell say, at the great age of ninety-two. His mother's maiden name was Mary Campbell.

Mr. Campbell was entered a student of the High School at Glasgow, on the 10th of October, 1785. How long he remained there no one has told us. In his thirteenth year he carried off a bursary from a competitor twice his age, and took a prize for a translation of *The Clouds* of Aristophanes, pronounced unique among college exercises. Two other poems of this period were *The Choice of Paris* and *The Dirge of Wallace*. When Galt, in 1833, drew up his autobiography, he inserted a short account of Campbell. "Campbell," says Galt, "began his poetical career by an Ossianic poem, which his 'school-fellows published by subscription, at two-pence a-piece;' my old school-fellow, Dr. Colin Campbell, was a subscriber. The first edition of *The Pleasures of Hope* was

also by subscription, to which I was a subscriber." When this was shown to Campbell, by Mr. Macrone, just before the publication of the book, the poet's bitterness knew no bounds. "He's a dirty blackguard, sir," said Campbell; "and, sir, if Mr. Galt were in good health, I would challenge him: I feel disposed to do so now, the blackguard." "What's to be done?" said Macrone; "the book is printed off, but I will cancel it, if you like." Here the heading of the chapter, "A Two-penny Effusion," attracted Campbell's attention, and his thin, restless lips quivered with rage. "Look here, sir," said Campbell, "look what the dirty blackguard's done here!" and he pointed to the words "A Two-penny Effusion." Two cancels were then promised, and the soothed and irritated poet wrote with his own hand the following short account of his early efforts:—"Campbell began his poetical career by an Ossianic poem, which was published by his school-fellows, when he was only thirteen. At fifteen, he wrote a poem on the Queen of France, which was published in the *Glasgow Courier*. At eighteen, he printed his Elegy called *Love and Madness*; and at twenty-one, before the finishing of his twenty-second year, *The Pleasures of Hope*."

Before Campbell had recovered his usual serenity of mind, and before the ink in his pen was well dry, who should enter the shop of Messrs. Cochran and Macrone, but the poor offending author, Mr. Galt. The autobiographer was on his way home from the Athenæum, and the poet of "Hope," on his way to the Literary Union. They all but met. Campbell avoided an interview, and made his exit from the shop by a side-door. When the story was told to Galt, he enjoyed it heartily. "Campbell," said Galt, "may write what he likes, for I have no wish to offend a poet I admire; but I still adhere to the *two-penny effusion* as a true story."

On quitting the Glasgow University, Mr. Campbell accepted the situation of a tutor in a family settled in Argyllshire. Here he composed a copy of verses printed among his poems on the roofless abode of that sect of the Clan Campbell, from which he sprung. The lines in question are barren of promise—they flow freely, and abound in pretty similitudes; but there is more of the trim garden breeze in their composition, than the fine bracing air of Argyllshire.

He did not remain long in the humble situation of a tutor, but made his way to Edinburgh in the winter of 1798. What his expectations were in Edinburgh no one has told us. He came with part of a poem in his pocket, and acquiring the friendship of Dr. Robert Anderson, and the esteem of Dugald Stewart, he made bold to lay his poem and his expectations before them. The poem in question was the first rough draft of *The Pleasures of Hope*. Stewart nodded approbation and Anderson was all rapture and suggestion. The poet listened, altered and enlarged—lopped, pruned,

and amended, till the poem grew much as we now see it. The fourteen first lines were the last that were written. We have this curious piece of literary information from a lady who knew Campbell well, esteemed him truly, and was herself esteemed by him in return. Anderson always urged the want of a good beginning, and when the poem was on its way to the printer, again pressed the necessity of starting with a picture complete in itself. Campbell all along admitted the justice of the criticism, but never could please himself with what he did. The last remark of Dr. Anderson's roused the full swing of his genius within him, and he returned the next day to the delighted doctor, with that fine comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of happiness which imaginative minds promise to themselves with all the certainty of hope fulfilled. Anderson was more than pleased, and the new comparison was made the opening of the new poem.

"At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?  
'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.  
Thus, with delight we linger to survey  
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;  
Thus from afar, each dim-discovered scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;  
And every form that Fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there."

There is a kind of inexpressible pleasure in the very task of copying the Claude-like scenery and repose of lines so lovely.

With Anderson's last *imprimatur* upon it, the poem was sent to press. The doctor was looked upon at this time as a whole Willis' Coffee-house in himself; he moved in the best Edinburgh circles, and his judgment was considered infallible. He talked wherever he went, of his young friend, and took delight, it is said, in contrasting the classical air of Campbell's verses with what he was pleased to call the clever, home-spun poetry of Burns. Nor was the volume allowed to want any of the recommendations which art could then lend it. Graham, a clever artist—the preceptor of Sir David Wilkie, Sir William Allan, and John Burnet—was called in, to design a series of illustrations to accompany the poem, so that when *The Pleasures of Hope* appeared in May, 1799, it had every kind of attendant bladder to give it a balloon-waist into public favor.

All Edinburgh was alive to its reception, and warm and hearty was its welcome. No Scotch poet, excepting Falconer, had produced a poem with the same structure of versification before. There was no Sir Walter Scott in those days; the poet of *Marmion* and the *Lay* was only known as a modest and not indifferent translator from the German: Burns was in his grave, and Scotland

was without a poet. Campbell became the lion of Edinburgh. "The last time I saw you," said an elderly lady to the poet one day, within our hearing, "was in Edinburgh; you were then swaggering about with a Suwarrow jacket." "Yes," said Campbell, "I was then a contemptible puppy." "But that was thirty years and more," remarked the lady. "Whist, whist," said Campbell, with an admonitory finger, "it is unfair to reveal both our puppyism and our years."

If the poet's friends were wise in giving the note of preparation to the public for the reception of a new poem, they were just as unwise in allowing Campbell to part with the copyright of his poems to Mundell, the bookseller, for the small sum of twenty guineas. Yet twenty guineas was a good deal to embark in the purchase of a poem by an untried poet: and when we reflect that Mundell had other risks to run—that paper and print, and above all, the cost of engraving, were defrayed by him—we may safely say, that he hazarded enough in giving what he gave for that rare prize in the lottery of literature, a remunerating poem. We have no complaint to make against the publisher. Mundell behaved admirably well, if what we have heard is true, that the poet had fifty pounds of Mundell's free gift for every after edition of his poem. Our wonder is, that Dr. Anderson and Dugald Stewart allowed the poet to part with the copyright of a poem of which they spoke so highly, and prophesied its success, as we have seen, so truly.

I have never had the good fortune to fall in with the first edition of the *Pleasures of Hope*, but learn from the magazines of the day, that several smaller poems, *The Wounded Hussar*, *The Harper*, &c., were appended to it. The price of the volume was six shillings, and the dedication to Dr. Anderson is dated "Edinburgh, April 13, 1799."

I have often heard it said, and in Campbell's life-time, that there was a very different copy of the *Pleasures of Hope*, in MS., in the hands of Dr. Anderson's family, and I once heard the question put to Campbell, who replied with a smile, "Oh dear, no; nothing of the kind. The alterations which the poem underwent by Anderson's advice, may have given rise to a belief that the poem was at first very unlike what we now see it."

It was said of Campbell, that by the time

"His hundred of gray hairs  
Told six-and-forty years,"

he was unwilling to remember the early attentions of Dr. Anderson. He certainly cancelled or withdrew the dedication of his poem to Dr. Anderson, and this is the only act of seeming unkindness to Dr. Anderson's memory which we have heard adduced against him. But no great stress is to be laid on this little act of seeming forgetfulness. He withdrew, in after-life, the dedication of *Lochiel* to Alison, whose *Essay on Taste*, and

early friendship for Campbell, justified the honor: and omitted or withdrew the printed dedication of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, to the late Lord Holland.

As soon as his poems had put money in his pocket, an early predilection for the German language, and a thirst for seeing some of the continental universities, induced him to visit Germany.

He set sail for Hamburg, where, struck with the sight of the many Irish exiles in that city, he strung his harp anew, and sung that touching song, *The Exile of Erin*, which will endear his name to the heart of every honest Irishman. On his road from Munich to Linz, he witnessed from the walls of a convent the bloody field of Hohenlinden, (Dec. 3, 1800,) and saw the triumphant French cavalry, under Moreau, enter the nearest town, wiping their bloody swords on their horse's manes. But he saw, while abroad, something more than "the red artillery" of war: he passed a day with Klopstock, and acquired the friendship of the Schlegels.

He was away altogether about thirteen months, when he returned to Edinburgh, to make arrangements with Mundell about the publication in London, of a quarto edition of his poems. Mundell granted at once a permission which he could not well refuse, and Campbell started for London by way of Glasgow and Liverpool. At Liverpool he stayed a week with the able and generous Dr. Currie, to whom he was introduced by Dugald Stewart. Currie gave him letters of introduction to Mackintosh and Scarlett.

"The bearer of this," Dr. Currie writes to Scarlett, "is a young poet of some celebrity, Mr. Campbell, the author of 'the Pleasures of Hope.' He was introduced to me by Mr. Stewart, of Edinburgh, and has been some days in my house. I have found him, as might be expected, a young man of uncommon acquirements and learning, of unusual quickness of apprehension, and great sensibility.

"He is going to London, with the view of superintending an edition of his poem, for his own benefit, by permission of the booksellers to whom the copyright was sold before the work was printed; and who, having profited in an extraordinary degree by the transaction, have now given him the permission above-mentioned, on condition that the edition shall be of a kind that shall not interfere with their editions. He is to give a quarto edition, with some embellishments, price a guinea; the printing by Bensley. You must lay out a fee with him; and if you can do him any little service you will oblige and serve a man of genius."

Currie's letter is dated 26th February, 1802, so that we may date Campbell's arrival in London (there was no railway then) on or about the 1st of March.

"When Campbell came first to London," said Tom Hill, to the collector of these imperfect "Ana," "he carried a letter of introduction to Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*. He was then a poor literary adventurer, unfitted with an

aim. Perry was so much pleased with him that he offered him a situation on his paper, which Campbell thankfully accepted. But what could Campbell do? he could not report, and he was not up to the art of writing leaders. At last it was agreed that he should receive two guineas a-week, and now and then contribute a piece of poetry to the corner of the paper. He did write, certainly," said Hill, "but in his worst vein. We know what newspaper poetry is, but some of Campbell's contributions were below newspaper poetry—many pieces were not inserted, and such as were inserted, he was too wise to print among his collected poems." Tom Hill's means of information were first-rate; he was, moreover, the intimate friend of Perry, and Campbell's neighbor for many years at Sydenham.

The quarto edition of his poem, which Campbell was allowed to print for his own profit, was the seventh. This was in 1803. The fourth edition, corrected and enlarged, was printed in Glasgow in 1800. His own edition is a fine specimen of Bensley's printing; but the engravings are of the poorest description of art.

In 1803, and before the publication of his subscription quarto, he printed, anonymously, at Edinburgh, and at the press of the Ballantynes, his "Lochiel" and "Hohenlinden." The title is simply "Poems," and the dedication is addressed to Alison. "John Leyden," says Sir Walter Scott, "introduced me to Tom Campbell. They afterwards quarrelled. When I repeated 'Hohenlinden' to Leyden, he said, 'Dash it, man, tell the fellow I hate him; but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years.' I did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer, 'Tell Leyden that I detest him; but I know the value of his critical approbation.'" Scott knew "Hohenlinden" by heart; and when Sir Walter dined at Murray's in 1809, he repeated at the table, as Wilkie tells us, Campbell's poem of "Lochiel."

What Campbell's profits or expectations were at this time I have never heard. When a poet is in difficulties, he is sure, said William Gifford, to get married. This was Campbell's case, for I find in the Scotch papers, and among the marriages, of the year 1803, the following entry:—"11th Oct., at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' to Miss Matilda Sinclair, daughter of R. Sinclair, Esq., of Park street."

The fruit of this marriage, the most prudent step the poet could have taken at that time, was a son, born at Edinburgh on the first of July, 1804, Thomas Telford Campbell, a helpless imbecile, still alive. If there was any one point in Campbell's character more amiable than another, it was his affection for his son. They were much together; and, before his imbecility became confirmed, it was a touching sight to see the poet's

fine eyes wander with affection to where his son was seated, and, at any stray remark he might make that intimated a returning intellect, to see how his eyes would brighten with delight, and foretell the pleasures of a father's hope.

In the volume of *Johnson's Scots Musical Museum* for the year 1803, there is a song of Campbell's addressed to his wife when Matilda Sinclair. It is in no edition of his poems that I have seen, and can make no great claim for preservation, beyond any little biographical importance which it may bear.

"O cherub Content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine  
I would all the gay hopes of my bosom resign;  
I would part with ambition thy votary to be,  
And breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee.

"But thy presence appears from my pursuit to fly,  
Like the gold-colored cloud on the verge of the sky:  
No lustre that hangs on the green willow tree  
Is so short as the smile of thy favor to me.

"In the pulse of my heart I have nourish'd a care  
That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;  
The noon of my youth slow departing I see;  
But its years as they pass bring no tidings of thee.

"O cherub Content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine  
I would offer my vows, if Matilda were mine;  
Could I call her my own, whom enraptur'd I see,  
I would breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee."

This is poor poetry, after the passionate love-sonnets of Burns, in the earlier volumes of the same publication.

On the 28th of October, 1806, Campbell had a pension granted to him from the crown, payable out of the Scotch Excise, of one hundred and eighty-four pounds a-year. It was Fox's intention to have bestowed this pension upon Campbell, but that great statesman died on the 13th of the preceding month. His successors, however, saw his wishes carried into execution, and the poet enjoyed his pension to the day of his death, a period of nearly eight and thirty years.

He now took up his residence in the small hamlet of Sydenham. Here he compiled his "Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens." Forty years of eventful history, compiled without much accuracy of information, or any great elegance of style. This was a mere piece of journeyman's work, done to turn a penny. Few have heard of it, fewer seen it, and still fewer read it. The most intelligent bookseller in London was, a week ago, unaware of its existence.

Some small accession of fortune about this time, and the glorious certainty of a pension, enabled him to think seriously of a new poem, to outstrip his former efforts, and add another stature to his poetic height. As soon as it was known that the celebrated author of "The Pleasures of Hope" was employed upon a new poem, and a poem of length, expectation was on tiptoe for its appearance. The information first got wind in the drawing-room of Holland House. Then the subject was named—then a bit of the story told by Lord

Holland, and a verse or two quoted by Lady Holland; so that the poem had every advertisement which rank, fashion, reputation, and the poet's own standing, could lend it. The story was liked—then the metre was named and approved—then a portion shown; so that the poet had his coterie of fashion and wit before the public knew even the title of the poem they were trained up to receive with the acclamation it deserved.

Nor was public expectation disappointed, when it became generally known that the poet had gone to the banks of the Susquehanna for his scene—had chosen the desolation of Wyoming for his story, and the Spenserian stanza for his form of verse. The poet, however, was still timidly fearful, though he had the *imprimatur* of Holland House in favor of his poem. I was told by Tom Hill that Campbell sent the first printed copy of his poem to Mr. Jeffrey (now Lord Jeffrey.) The critic's reply was favorable. "Mrs. Campbell told me," added Hill, "that, till he had received Jeffrey's approbation, her husband was suffering, to use his own expression, 'the horrors of the damned.'"

A whig poet was safe in those days, when in the hands of a whig critic. He had more to fear from the critical acumen of a tory writer; but only one number of the *Quarterly Review* had then appeared. If Gifford had dissected "little Miss Gertrude," he might have stopped the sale, for a time, of a new edition; but no critical ferocity could have kept down "Gertrude of Wyoming" for more than one season. But Gifford was prepossessed in favor of Campbell; he liked his versification and classical correctness; so the poem was entrusted to a friendly hand—one prepossessed like Gifford in his favor—the greatest writer and the most generous critic of his age—Sir Walter Scott.

No poet ever dreaded criticism more than Campbell. "Coleridge has attacked 'The Pleasures of Hope,' and all other pleasures whatsoever," writes Lord Byron: "Mr. Rogers was present, and heard himself indirectly rowed by the lecturer. Campbell will be desperately annoyed. I never saw a man (and of him I have seen but very little) so sensitive;—what a happy temperament! I am sorry for it; what can he fear from criticism!"

His next great work was the "Specimens of the British Poets," in seven octavo volumes, published in 1819. This was one of Mr. Murray's publications and one of his own suggesting. His agreement with Campbell was for 500*l.*, but when the work was completed he added 500*l.* more, and books to the value of 200*l.*, borrowed for the publication. Such fits of munificence were not uncommon with John Murray; he had many dealings, and dealt fairly, straightforwardly, beyond the bounds of common liberality. We wish we could say the same of Campbell in this transaction. No second edition of the "Specimens" was called for before 1841; and when Mr. Murray, in that

year, determined on printing the whole seven volumes in one handsome volume, he applied to Campbell to revise his own work, and made him at the same time a handsome offer for the labor of revision. Campbell declined the offer, and set his face at first against the publication. What was to be done? There was a demand for a new edition, and it had been a piece of literary madness on Mr. Murray's part if he had sent the book to press with all its imperfections on its head—not the imperfections, be it understood, of taste and criticism, but of biographical and bibliographical information. Good taste can never change—it is true at all times; but facts received as such for want of better information, may be set aside by any dull fact-monger who will take the pains to examine a parish register, a bookseller's catalogue, or a will in Doctor's Commons.

Mr. Peter Cunningham, at the eleventh hour, was called in by Mr. Murray to superintend the reprint, and correct the common errors of fact throughout the seven volumes. Various inaccuracies were removed; some silently, for it had been burdening the book with useless matter to have retained them in the text and pointed them out in a note; while others, that entangled a thought or gave weight, were allowed to stand, but not without notes to stop the perpetuity of the error. A quiver of rage played upon the lips of the poet when he was informed that any one had dared to revise his labors: but when he saw what was done, and knew the friendly hand that had gone with so much patient care through the whole work, he expressed his unfeigned pleasure, and, as we have heard, thanked Mr. Cunningham for his useful services.

The Essay is a charming piece of prose, fresh at the fiftieth reading, and the little prefatory notices abound in delightful criticism, not subtle and far-fetched, but characteristically true to the genius of a poet. He is more alive to beauties than defects, and has distinguished his criticism by a wider sympathy with poetry in all its branches, than you will find in any other book of English criticism. Johnson takes delight in stripping more than one leaf from every laurel—he laughs at Gray—Collins he commends coldly, and he even dares to abuse Milton. Dryden and Pope, the idols of Dr. Johnson's criticism, are the false gods of Southey's:

“Holy at Rome—here Antichrist.”

Campbell has none of this school of criticism; he loves poetry for its own sweet sake, and is no exclusionist.

The great fault of Campbell is, that he does not give the best specimens of his authors; but such pieces as Ellis and Headly had not given. Of Sir Philip Sydney he says, “Mr. Ellis has exhausted the best specimens of his poetry. I have only offered a few short ones.” No one will go to a book of specimens for specimens of a poet in his

second-best manner, or his third-rate mood. We want the cream of a poet, not the skimmed milk of his genius. A long extract from Theodric would not represent Mr. Campbell's manner in the fiery Hope, or the more gentle Gertrude. Specimens are intended for two classes of people—one who cannot afford to buy, and the second who do not care to possess, the British Poets in one hundred and fifty odd volumes. The poor want the best, and the other class of purchasers want surely not the worst.

In the year 1820 Mr. Campbell entered upon the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he conducted, we are told, “with a spirit and a resource worthy of his reputation, and of the then palmy estate of periodical literature.” We doubt this. He drew his salary regularly, it is true, but contributed little of his own of any merit. The whole labor, and too much of the responsibility, rested on the shoulders of the assistant. The poet's name carried its full value; the magazine took root and flourished, and the pay per sheet was handsome. He soon drew a good brigade of writers around him, and placing implicit confidence in what they did, and what they could do, he made his editorship a snug sinecure situation. “Tom Campbell,” said Sir Walter Scott, “had much in his power. A man at the head of a magazine may do much for young men; but Campbell did nothing, more from indolence, I fancy, than disinclination or a bad heart.

A series of articles appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* when Campbell was its editor, entitled *Boswell Redivivus*—a catch-peppy name, given by Hazlitt to a collection of Northcote's conversations and sayings, uttered, as was urged, by Northcote in all the confidence of friendship. An ill-natured saying or two brought the painter into trouble, and Northcote wrote to Campbell complaining of their appearance, in a letter in which he calls Hazlitt a wretch who had betrayed him. Campbell's answer is a striking illustration of the system he pursued in editing the *New Monthly*.

“I am afflicted beyond measure,” says the poet, “at finding my own inattention to have been the means of wounding the feelings of a venerable man of genius. Dictate the form and manner of my attempting to atone for having unconsciously injured you, if I can make any atonement. The *infernal* Hazlitt shall never more be permitted to write for the *New Monthly*. I mean not to palliate my own want of watchfulness over the magazine which has occasioned such a paper being admitted; I only tell you the honest truth, that a crisis in my affairs, which is never likely to occur again, fatally tempted me this last month to trust the revision of some part of the number to the care and delicacy of another person; that person, like myself, has slept over his charge.”

This want of watchfulness was, we fear, a monthly failing, not, as is here set forth, a rare occurrence.

The success of *Gertrude* induced him, in 1824, to put forth another poem, a domestic tale, entitled.



*Theodric*. A silence of fifteen years put expectation upon tiptoe, but when *Theodric* appeared it was much in the condition of Johnson's *Silent Woman*,—*there was no one to say plaudite to it*. The wits at Holland House disowned the bantling; the *Quarterly* called it "an unworthy publication," and friend joined foe in the language of condemnation. Yet Campbell had much to encounter, he had to outstrip his former efforts, and fight a battle with the public against expectation, and the applause awarded to his former poetry. There is a conscious feeling throughout the poem that the poet is fighting an unequal battle; he stands up, but his play is feeble, he distrusts himself, and is only tolerated from a recollection of his bygone powers.

"I often wonder," says Sir Walter Scott, "how Tom Campbell, with so much real genius, has not maintained a greater figure in the public eye than he has done of late." Scott is writing in 1826. "The magazine seems to have paralyzed him. The author not only of *The Pleasures of Hope*, but of *Hohenlinden*, *Lochiel*, &c., should have been at the very top of the tree. Somehow he wants audacity, fears the public, and what is worse, fears the shadow of his own reputation." \* \* \* "What a pity it is," said Sir Walter to Washington Irving, "that Campbell does not write more and oftener, and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies, and he does, now and then, spread them grandly, but folds them up again, and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch away. The fact is, Campbell is in a manner a bugbear to himself; the brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. *He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.*"

In 1827 he was elected lord-rector of his own mother university at Glasgow. He was elected by the free and unanimous choice of the students, and was justly proud of his election.

"It was a deep snow," writes Allan Cunningham, "when he reached the college-green; the students were drawn up in parties, pelting one another, the poet ran into the ranks, threw several snowballs with unerring aim, then summoning the scholars around him in the hall, delivered a speech replete with philosophy and eloquence. It is needless to say how this was welcomed."

When his year of servitude had expired, he was unanimously reelected, the students presenting him at the same time with a handsome silver punch-bowl, described by the poet in his will as one of the great jewels of his property.

On the 9th of May, 1828, he lost his wife. This was a severe blow to him. She was a clever woman, and had that influence over him which a wife should always have who is a proper helpmate to her husband. I have heard him say, and with much emotion, "No one can imagine how much I was indebted to that woman for the comforts of life."

In 1829 and 1830, he quarrelled with Colburn, threw up the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and lending his name to another publisher,

started a magazine called *The Metropolitan*. A *Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence*, in two octavo volumes, was advertised, with Campbell's name to it, about the same time. The *Life* was soon abandoned, and the new magazine, after a time, transferred to Saunders and Otley, with two editors instead of one, Tom Campbell and his friend Tom Moore. The after history of the magazine is well known—the two poets retired, and Marryat, with his "Peter Simple," gave it a swing of reputation which it had not before.

The sorrows of Poland, and the ebullitions of bad verse, occupied much of Campbell's time when editor of *The Metropolitan*. He lived in the Polish Chambers, and all his talk was Poland. Czartoryski and Niemcewicz were names everlastingly on his lips. A tale of a distressed Pole was his greeting when you met, and an alms or subscription the chorus of his song. Boswell was not more *daft* about Corsica than Campbell about Poland. Poor Tom Campbell, he exhausted all his sympathy on the Poles, and spent all his invectives upon Russia. Yet he did good—he was the means of assisting many brave but unfortunate men, whilst his ravings against Russia passed unheeded by, like the clamorous outcries for liberty of Akenside and Thomson.

In 1834, he published, in two octavo volumes, the "*Life of Mrs. Siddons*." Our great actress had constituted Campbell her biographer, and Campbell has told me, more than once, that he considered the work a kind of *sacred duty*. No man ever went to his task more grudgingly than Campbell; and no man of even average abilities ever produced a worse biography than Campbell's so-called "*Life of Mrs. Siddons*." The *Quarterly* called it "an abuse of biography," and its writer "the worst theatrical historian we have ever read." Some of his expressions are turgid and nonsensical almost beyond belief. Of Mrs. Pritchard he says, that she "electrified the house with disappointment." Upon which the *Quarterly* remarks, "This, we suppose, is what the philosophers call negative electricity."

Since Mr. Campbell's death, Mr. Dyce has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, disclaiming any partnership in the composition of what he calls "that unfortunate book." There was a rumor very rife, when the book appeared, that Mr. Dyce had had a main-finger in the pie; but the gross inaccuracies of the work gave the best answer to the rumor. Mr. Dyce's accuracy deserves to be proverbial, and no one could suspect that he could have had a hand in anything like "a very large portion" of the unfortunate performance. However, in disclaiming the share assigned him, he lets us a little behind the scenes on this occasion. We see Mrs. Siddons in Tom Campbell's *iring-room*.

"Soon after Campbell had received the materials which Mrs. Siddons had bequeathed to him for her biography, he wrote to me on the subject;

informing me, that, as he had a very slight acquaintance with stage-history, he dreaded the undertaking, and offering me, if I would become his coadjutor, one-half of the sum which E. Wilson was to pay him for the work. I refused the money, but promised him all the assistance in my power. He next forwarded to me his papers, consisting chiefly of Mrs. Siddons' memoranda for her life, and a great mass of letters which she had written, at various intervals, to her intimate friend Mrs. Fitz-Hughes. Having carefully gone over the whole, I returned them with sundry illustrations; and subsequently, from time to time, I sent him other notes which I thought might suit his purpose. As, on one occasion, he had spoken slightly of the letters to Mrs. Fitz-Hughes (calling them 'very dull,' and saying that 'the mind of Mrs. Siddons moved in them like an elephant') and was evidently inclined not to print them, I strongly urged him by no means to omit them, since they appeared to me, though a little pompous in style, extremely characteristic of the writer.

"While he was engaged on the biography, a report reached him that Mrs. Jameson was about to publish Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, and that Miss Siddons (now Mrs. Combe) had furnished her with many anecdotes. At this he was excessively angry; and showed me a letter which he had written to Miss Siddons, indignantly complaining that she should patronize Mrs. Jameson's work, when she must be aware that he had been specially appointed her mother's biographer. As the letter in question was perhaps the most extraordinary ever addressed by a gentleman to a lady, I entreated him to throw it into the fire; but he positively refused. Whether it was eventually sent or not, I never learned: if it was, Mrs. Combe cannot have forgotten it. He had afterwards some communication with Mrs. Jameson, in consequence of which she abandoned her design."

I have heard Campbell say that a little girl of eleven would write better letters of their kind than any half dozen addressed by Mrs. Siddons to Mrs. Fitz-Hughes. The poet was introduced to the actress by Charles Moore, the brother of Sir John Moore.

With the money which the publication of a bad book brought him, Mr. Campbell set off for Algiers. He told on his return more stories than Tom Coryatt, and began a series of papers upon his travels, for his old magazine, the *New Monthly*. These papers have since been collected into two volumes, and entitled, "Letters from the South."

His subsequent publications were a "Life of Shakspeare," a poem called "The Pilgrim of Glencoe," the very dregs and sediment of his dotage; "The Life and Times of Petrarch," concocted from Archdeacon Coxe's papers (a sorry performance); and "Frederick the Great and his Court and Times," a publication far below anything which Smollett's necessities compelled him to put his name to, and only to be equalled by the last exigencies of Elkanah Settle.

In 1837, he published his poems, in one hand-

\* *Literary Gazette*, 22d June, 1844. Mr. Dyce's letter is dated the 18th, three days after Campbell's death. After ten years of possessing his soul in peace—he might have waited a little longer.

some octavo volume, with numerous vignettes, engraved on steel, from designs by Turner; but Campbell had no innate love for art, and his illustrated volume, when compared with the companion volume of Mr. Rogers, is but a distant imitation. Mr. Rogers, it is true, had a bank at his back, and Campbell had little more than Telford's legacy of 500*l.* to draw upon; but this will not account for the difference, which we are to attribute altogether to an imperfect understanding of the beauties and resources of art.

When Mr. Campbell accepted the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, he forsook his favorite Sydenham, and leased the house, No. 10, Upper Seymour street West. It was in this house that Mrs. Campbell died. His next remove was to Middle Scotland Yard. Here he gave a large evening party, and then grew tired of his house. Milton's biographers pursue their favorite poet through all his garden-houses and tenements in London: I am afraid it would be no easy task to follow Campbell through the long catalogue of his London lodgings, for the last fifteen years of his life. I recollect him lodging at No. 42 Eaton street; in Stockbridge-terrace, Piccadilly; in Sussex Chambers, Duke street, St. James; at 18 Old Cavendish street; in York Chambers, St. James street; and at 61 Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. In November, 1840, he again set up house, for the sake of a young niece, to whom he has bequeathed the whole of his little property. The house he chose was No. 8 Victoria square, and here he made his will.

The last time I saw Mr. Campbell, was in Regent street, on the 28th of September, 1843. He was dressed in a light blue tail coat, with gilt buttons, an umbrella tucked under his arm, his boots and trowsers all dust and dirt, a perfect picture of mental and bodily imbecility. I never saw a look in the street more estranged and vacant, not the vacancy of the man described by Dr. Young, "whose thoughts were not of this world," but the listless gaze of one who had ceased to think at all. I could not help contrasting to myself the poet's present with his past appearance, as described by Byron in his *Journal*. "Campbell looks well, seems pleased, and dressed to sprucery. A blue coat becomes him, so does his new wig. He really looks as if Apollo had sent him a birth-day suit, or a wedding garment, and was witty and lively." This was in 1813, in Holland House. He has drawn a picture of himself in the streets of Edinburgh, when the "Pleasures of Hope" was a new poem: "I have repeated these lines so often," he says, "on the North Bridge, that the whole fraternity of coachmen know me by tongue as I pass. To be sure, to a mind in sober, serious, street-walking humor, it must bear an appearance of lunacy, when one stamps with the hurried pace and fervent shake of the head, which strong, pithy poetry excites." \*

Mr. Campbell died at Boulogne, on the 15th of June, 1844, and, on the 3d of July, was buried at Poets' Corner, about one foot above the ground, and over-against the monument to Shakspeare. I have heard that he had a wish to be buried in the Abbey—a wish which he expressed about a year before he died, at a time when a deputation from the Glasgow Cemetery Company waited on the poor enfeebled poet, to beg the favor of his body for their new cemetery. Who will say that Campbell lived unhonored in his native city!

Mr. Campbell was, in stature, small, but well made. His eyes were very fine, and just such eyes as Lawrence took delight in painting, when he drew that fine picture of the poet, which will preserve his looks to the latest posterity. His lips were thin, and on a constant twitter—thin lips are bad in marble, and Chantrey refused to do his bust, because his lips would never look well. He was bald, I have heard him say, when only twenty-four, and since that age had almost always worn a wig.

There was a *sprucery* about almost everything he did. He would rule pencil-lines to write on, and complete a MS. more in the manner of Davies of Hereford than Tom Campbell. His wigs, in his palmy days, were true to the last curl, of studious perfection.

He told a story with a great deal of humor, and had much wit and art in setting off an anecdote that, in other telling, had gone for nothing. The story of the mercantile traveller from Glasgow, was one of his very best, and his proposing Napoleon's health at a meeting of authors, because he had murdered a bookseller, (Palm,) was rich in the extreme.

Campbell was very fond of forming clubs. He started a poets' club at his own table at Sydenham, when Crabbe, Moore and Rogers were of the party. "We talked of forming a poets' club," writes Campbell, "and even set about electing the members, not by ballot, but *rivâ voce*. The scheme failed, I scarcely know how; but this I know, that, a week or so afterwards, I met with Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, who asked me how our poets' club was going on. I said, 'I don't know—we have some difficulty in giving it a name; we thought of calling ourselves *The Bees*.' 'Ah,' said Perry, 'that's a little different from the common report, for they say you are to be called *The Wasps*.' I was so stung with this waspish report, that I thought no more of the poets' club." Whatever is due to the foundation of the London University, I believe belongs by right to Campbell. He was the founder, moreover, of the Literary Union, an ill-regulated club, which expired in the spring of the present season,

"Unwilling to outlive the good that did it,"

like the Ipswich of Wolsey, as described by Shakspeare.

It is well known that Campbell's own favorite poem of all his composition, was his *Gertrude*. I

once heard him say, "I never like to see my name before *The Pleasures of Hope*; why, I cannot tell you, unless it was that, when young, I was always greeted among my friends as 'Mr. Campbell, author of *The Pleasures of Hope*.' 'Good morning to you, Mr. Campbell, author of *The Pleasures of Hope*.' When I got married, I was married as the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*; and when I became a father, my son was the son of the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*." A kind of grim smile, ill-subdued, we are afraid, stole over our features, when, standing beside the poet's grave, we read the inscription on his coffin:—

"THOMAS CAMPBELL, LL.D.  
AUTHOR OF THE '*PLEASURES OF HOPE*.'  
DIED JUNE 15, 1844.  
AGED 67."

The poet's dislike occurred to our memory—there was no getting the better of the thought.

There is a vigor and swing of versification in *The Pleasures of Hope*, unlike any other of Campbell's compositions, the *Lochiel* excepted: yet it carries with it, as Sir Walter Scott justly observes, many marks of juvenile composition. The *Lochiel* has all the faults and all the defects of his former effort, and, as if aware of a want, he sat down, when busy with *Gertrude of Wyoming*, to amend the poem. The four last lines originally ran:—

"Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!  
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Look proudly to Heav'n from the death-bed of fame."

A noble passage, nobly conceived; but hear how it runs as appended to the first edition of *Gertrude of Wyoming*:—

"Shall victor exult in the battle's acclaim,  
Or look to yon Heav'n from the death-bed of fame."

The poet restored the original reading, on the recommendation of Sir Walter Scott: he had succeeded in squeezing the whole spirit from out the passage.

I remember remarking to Campbell, that there was a couplet in his *Pleasures of Hope*, which I felt an indescribable pleasure in repeating aloud, and in filling my ears with the music which it made:—

"And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,  
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaskai's shore."

"Yes," he said, "I tell you where I got it—I found it in a poem, called *The Sentimental Sailor*, published about the time of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*." I have never been able to meet with this poem.

Campbell deserves a good biography and a good monument. His own works want no recommendations, but his friends may do much to perpetuate the memory of the man. Surely, his letters deserve collection, and his correspondence should not be suffered to perish from neglect. There is a subscription on foot to erect a monument to his memory in Poets' Corner. This is as it should be—but let it be something good. We have more than enough of bad and indifferent in the Abbey already.

From the Athenæum.

*Correspondence of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. Between the year 1744 and the period of his decease in 1797. 4 vols. Rivingtons.*

THE editors of this collection are the Earl Fitzwilliam and Lieut.-General Sir Richard Bourke, K.C.B. The original literary executors of Edmund Burke were Dr. Laurence and Dr. King, afterwards Bishop of Rochester. Mr. Burke's widow died in 1812, and by her last will bequeathed all the unpublished papers of her celebrated husband to Earl Fitzwilliam, the Bishop of Rochester, and the Right Hon. William Elliot. In the same year the bishop brought out the 9th and 10th volumes of the octavo edition of the works, and subsequently published six more, making a series of sixteen volumes,—a reasonably voluminous monument to the genius of one statesman. The death of Mr. Elliot, and subsequently of the Bishop of Rochester, left the late Earl Fitzwilliam sole possessor of the papers, and they passed, in the course of nature and law, into the hands of the present earl. Of the other editor, and the importance of his aid, the following account is given in a note :—

“Sir Richard Bourke is distantly related to the family of Edmund Burke, and having been at school and college in England during the last eight years of the latter's life, passed his vacations and what spare time he could command, in his kinsman's house. He has thus been enabled from his own observation, and the traditions of Beconsfield, to supply such portion of Burke's personal history as is to be found in the notes to these letters.”

The sources from which the contents of these four volumes are derived, and the principles on which the editors have proceeded, are thus stated :—

“Of the letters written by Burke, and now published, the most part were obtained many years ago, through the kindness of the persons to whom they were addressed, or of their representatives, in compliance with the applications of Dr. Laurence and the Bishop of Rochester. They were sent mostly in original, but a few in copy. Of the last, the greater part has been compared with the originals. A few additional letters in original have been obtained at a later period, and a very small number are printed from corrected drafts found amongst Mr. Burke's papers. Several letters, both to and from Mr. Burke, have, at various times since his death, and in various publications, been given by others to the world, without the authority of his executors or trustees. The rule adopted in the present publication has been, not to re-print any such letters, except in cases where their re-publication was essential to the illustration of his life or character at the period to which they belong. To the letters are added a few short pieces, which, though incomplete, are of some interest. Some papers written by his son Richard Burke, are also given in this collection.”

The letters commence from the early date of 1744, when Mr. Burke was but sixteen years of age. The letters to Richard Shackleton, the son

of his quaker schoolmaster, will be read with interest, as specimens of his early style, and evidences of both the pious and the poetical temperament which characterized the productions of his riper years. Portions of the letters to Shackleton are in verse. Some would, perhaps, find auguries of future renown in these juvenile rhymes, but we apprehend that many a boy who never grew up to be a great man has written better verses than the following :—

By the foul river's side we take our way,  
Where Liffey rolls her dead dogs to the sea;  
Arrived, at length, at our appointed stand,  
By waves enclosed, the margin of the land,  
Where once the sea with a triumphing roar,  
Roll'd his huge billows to a distant shore.  
There swam the dolphins, hid in waves unseen,  
Where frisking lambs now crop the verdant green.  
Secured by mounds of everlasting stone,  
It stands forever safe, unoverthrown.

In one letter to Shackleton is a striking account of Burke's collegiate pursuits, which he describes as a succession of *furors* :—

“You ask me if I read? I deferred answering this question, till I could say I did; which I can almost do, for this day I have shook off idleness and begun to buckle to. I wish I could have said this to you, with truth, a month ago. It would have been of great advantage to me. My time was otherwise employed. Poetry, sir, nothing but poetry, could go down with me; though I have read more than wrote. So you see I am far gone in the poetical madness, which I can hardly master, as, indeed, all my studies have rather proceeded from sallies of passion, than from the preference of sound reason; and like the nature of all other natural appetites, have been very violent for a season, and very soon cooled, and quite absorbed in the succeeding. I have often thought it a humorous consideration to observe, and sum up, all the madness of this kind I have fallen into, this two years past. First I was greatly taken with natural philosophy; which, while I should have given my mind to logic, employed me incessantly. This I call my *furor mathematicus*. But this worked off, as soon as I began to read it in the college; as men, by repletion, cast off their stomachs all they have eaten. Then I turned back to logic and metaphysics. Here I remained a good while, and with much pleasure, and this was my *furor logicus*; a disease very common in the days of ignorance, and very uncommon in these enlightened times. Next succeeded the *furor historicus*, which also had its day, but is now no more, being entirely absorbed in the *furor poeticus*, which (as skilful physicians assure me) is as difficultly cured as a disease very nearly akin to it; namely, the itch.”

Burke became a member of the Middle Temple in 1747, and although he was never called to the bar, he prosecuted the study of law for some time, and with his accustomed vigor. Writing from Monmouth in 1751, he remarks to Shackleton :—

“I hope my present studies may be attended with more success; at least, I have this comfort, that though a middling poet cannot be endured, there is some quarter for a middling lawyer. I read as much as I can, (which is, however, but a little,) and am but just beginning to know some-

thing of what I am about ; which, till very lately, I did not. This study causes no difficulty to those who already understand it, and to those who never will understand it ; and for all between those extremes God knows they have a hard task of it. So much is certain, though the success is precarious ; but that we must leave to Providence."

He gives an amusing and humorous account of the speculations which his residence at Monmouth, and afterwards at Turlaine, in Wilts, gave rise to. The companion of his studies at this time was a Mr. William Burke, a distant relative :—

"The most innocent scheme they guessed was that of fortune-hunting ; and when they saw us quit the town without wives, then the lower sort sagaciously judged us spies to the French king. You will wonder that persons of no great figure should cause so much talk ; but in a town very little frequented by strangers, with very little business to employ their bodies, and less speculation to take up their minds, the least thing sets them in motion, and supplies matter for their chat. What is much more odd is, that here, my companion and I puzzle them as much as we did at Monmouth ; for this is a place of very great trade in making of fine cloths, in which they employ a vast number of hands. The first conjecture which they made was that we were authors, for they could not fancy how any other sort of people could spend so much of their time at books ; but finding that we received from time to time a good many letters, they concluded us merchants ; and so, from inference to inference, they at last began to apprehend that we were spies, from Spain, on their trade. Our little curiosity, perhaps, cleared us of that imputation ; but still the whole appears very mysterious, and our good old woman cries, 'I believe that you be gentlemen, but I ask no questions ;' and then praises herself for her great caution and secrecy. What makes the thing still better, about the same time we came hither, arrived a little person, equally a stranger ; but he spent a good part of his hours in shooting and other country amusements—got drunk at night, got drunk in the morning, and became intimate with everybody in the village. He surprised nobody ; no questions were asked about him, because he lived like the rest of the world : but that two men should come into a strange country, and partake of none of the country diversions, seek no acquaintance, and live entirely recluse, is something so inexplicable as to puzzle the wisest heads, even that of the parish clerk himself."

From a letter of the same year we find that Mr. Burke then meditated a remove to America. But the same letter alludes to his essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful," which had then been published, and the fame of this, as well as of the "Vindication of Natural Society," probably induced him to abandon the design of emigration. He sends Shackleton a copy of the "Sublime and Beautiful," and says—

"This letter is accompanied by a little performance of mine, which I will not consider as ineffectual, if it contributes to your amusement. It lay by me for a good while, and I at last ventured it out. It has not been ill received, so far as a matter on so abstracted a subject meets with readers. Will you accept it as a sort of offering in atone-

ment for my former delinquencies ! If I would not have you think that I have forgot you, so neither would I have your father, to whom I am under obligations that I neither can nor wish to shake off. I am really concerned for the welfare of you all, and for the credit of the school where I received the education that, if I am anything, has made me so."

We find a curious and valuable letter from Chief Justice Aston (C. J. of the Common Pleas in Ireland) to Mr. Secretary Hamilton. The editors observe that it is given to the public "as evidence, that eighty years ago there were disturbances in Ireland, arising from the very same causes as at present ; and as perversely attributed then, as now, to matters wholly foreign to their real origin."

We believe the following to be the language of truth and soberness, and, *mutatis mutandis*, to be as true and instructive now, as in 1762 :—

"In obedience to your commands, I have the satisfaction to assure you, that upon the strictest inquiry into the causes of the many outrages committed in the different parts of the province of Munster, there did not appear to me the least reason to impute those disturbances to disaffection to his majesty, his government, or the laws in general ; but, on the contrary, that these disorders really, and not colorably, took their rise from declared complaints and grievances of a private nature ; and which, at the time of the several tumults, were the motives avowed by the rioters themselves ; and not broached ostensibly only, when, in fact, some other cause or expectation was the latent spring of their actions. Whether the charge was burning houses, killing cattle, destroying mills, levelling inclosures, or disturbances of a different nature, to the possessions of others, no opportunity was missed of inquiring into the supposed inducement to the committing such an outrage ; and it ever turned out to be the result of some local dissatisfaction, which these miserable delinquents affected to act upon by way of redress, though they ever pursued vindictive, rather than relevant measures, and were extravagantly daring and violent in the execution of them. The subject-matter of their grievance was, chiefly, such as—price of labor too cheap—of victuals too dear—of land excessive and oppressive. In some instances their resentment proceeded against particular persons, from their having taken mills or bargains over the head of another, (as it is vulgarly called,) and so turning out, by a consent to an advanced price, the old tenant. Such was the nature of their complaints ; to redress these, they acted in a very open and violent manner, and might, I think, have fallen under the statute of 25th Edward III., by carrying their schemes to such an excess as to magnify their crimes into a constructive treason, of levying war against the king. But yet, daring as their proceedings were, there was no ingredient of any previous compact against government, or, as I may say, the original sin of high treason. I believe, indeed, that if the Dey of Algiers had landed, with any forces and a stand of arms, at such a time, people in such a temper of mind would have been readily induced to join him, or a prince of any religion, either for the sake of revenge, redress, or exchange of state, rather than continue in their conceived wretchedness. In the perpetration of these late disorders, (however industriously the contrary has been promoted,) papist and protestant

were promiscuously concerned; and, in my opinion, the majority of the former is with more justice to be attributed to the odds of number in the country, than the influence arising from the difference of principles."

It is curious to find, that in the south of Ireland, in 1762, as in Wales lately, the genius of insurgency assumed the feminine gender, exacting an oath of fidelity to "Sive and her children," as the Welsh peasantry recently did to "Rebecca and her daughters."

There is given an unfinished paper of Mr. Burke's, relative to the Irish disturbances of the same period, in which he traces those in the county of Cork entirely to a local cause, and to the machinations of a crazy protestant attorney. Probably this race of incendiaries is not yet extinct in Munster.

There are a good many letters in relation to a pension of 300*l.* a year, which Mr. Burke obtained in 1763, in the viceroyalty of Lord Halifax, to compensate his political services to Mr. Secretary Hamilton. The editors observe:

"In those days such pensions were by no means unusual, and were held, without imputation or blame, by persons of station and character. Burke had been about two years with Secretary Hamilton in Ireland, when this pension was granted; and he had during that time been actively and, no doubt, usefully employed in the service of government, though without any ostensible office or any salary. His connexion with Hamilton, as has been mentioned in a former note, had been of earlier date, beginning in 1759; and in applying for the pension, Hamilton probably had reference to the services which Burke had rendered him, prior to his appointment as chief secretary in Ireland."

The following stipulation of a man of genius with a minister of state, is an interesting proof of the reluctance with which a great intellect bows itself to the yoke imposed either by necessity or ambition. Burke writes thus to Hamilton in March, 1763:—

"You may recollect, when you did me the honor to take me as a companion in your studies, you found me with the little work we spoke of last Tuesday, as a sort of rent-charge on my thoughts. I informed you of this, and you acquiesced in it. You are now so generous, (and it is but strict justice to allow, that upon all occasions you have been so,) to offer to free me from this burthen. But, in fact, though I am extremely desirous of deferring the accomplishment, I have no notion of entirely suppressing that work; and this upon two principles, not solely confined to that work, but which extend much farther, and indeed to the plan of my whole life. Whatever advantages I have acquired, and even that advantage which I must reckon as the greatest and most pleasing of them, have been owing to some small degree of literary reputation. It will be hard to persuade me that any further services which your kindness may propose for me, or any in which my friends may wish to coöperate with you, will not be greatly facilitated by doing something to cultivate and keep alive the same reputation. I am fully sensible,

that this reputation may be at least as much hazarded, as forwarded, by new publications. But because a certain oblivion is the consequence, to writers of my inferior class, of an entire neglect of publication, I consider it such a risk as sometimes must be run. For this purpose, some short time, at convenient intervals, and especially at the dead time of the year, will be requisite to study and consult proper books. These times, as you very well know, cannot be easily defined; nor indeed is it necessary they should. The matter may be very easily settled by a good understanding between ourselves; and by a discreet liberty, which I think you would not wish to restrain, nor I to abuse. I am not so unreasonable, nor absurd enough, to think I have any title to so considerable a share in your interest as I have had, and hope still to have, without any or but an insignificant return on my side; especially as I am conscious that my best and most continued endeavors are of no very great value. I know that your business ought, on all occasions, to have the preference; to be the first and the last, and, indeed, in all respects, the main concern. All I contend for is, that I may not be considered as absolutely excluded from all other thoughts, in their proper time and due subordination; the fixing the times for them, to be left entirely to yourself."

It would appear that Hamilton agreed to these stipulations, and that the pension was received on the faith of them. However, the connexion between Hamilton and Burke did not subsist long. It would appear that the former was too exacting, and the latter not sufficiently pliable. In a subsequent letter Burke thus addresses the secretary:—

"So far as to the past: with regard to the present, what is that unkindness and misbehavior of which you complain? My heart is full of friendship to you; and is there a single point which the best and most intelligent men have fixed, as a proof of friendship and gratitude, in which I have been deficient, or in which I threaten a failure? What you blame is only this; that I will not consent to bind myself to you, for no less a term than my whole life, in a sort of domestic situation, for a consideration to be taken out of your private fortune; that is, to circumscribe my hopes, to give up even the possibility of liberty, and absolutely to annihilate myself forever. I beseech you, is the demand, or refusal, the act of unkindness? If ever such a test of friendship was proposed, in any instance, to any man living, I admit that my conduct has been unkind; and, if you please, ungrateful."

The secretary thus replied:—

"Dear Sir,—As you thought it polite to answer my letter, I conclude you would think it impolite if I did not at least acknowledge yours. I have only to say, that I have thought as coolly as I can, and what is more, as I wish to think, upon a subject on which I am so much hurt. I approve entirely of your idea, that we should not write, in order to avoid altercation; and, for the same reason, I am of opinion we should not converse. Yours, &c."

In 1765 Mr. Burke escaped the golden chain. No passage in the biography of a public man affords a more instructive warning to rising talents than

the fate of Mr. Burke's connexion with the Irish government under Lord Halifax, supposing him to represent truly in his letters his relations with Mr. Hamilton, and the losses of time and reputation he sustained in consequence of them. He thus writes to Mr. J. Henry Hutchinson, subsequently Provost of Trinity College, Dublin :—

"You are already apprized, by what Mr. H. has himself caused to be reported, that he has attempted to make a property—a piece of household goods of me, an attempt, in my poor opinion, as contrary to discretion as it is to justice; for he would fain have had a *slave*, which, as it is a being of no dignity, so it can be of very little real utility to its owner; and he refused to have a faithful *friend*, which is a creature of some rank, and (in whatever subject) no trivial or useless acquisition. But in this he is to be excused; for with as sharp and apprehensive parts, in many respects, as any man living, he never in reality did comprehend, even in theory, what friendship or affection was; being, as far as I was capable of observing, totally destitute of either friendship or enmity, but rather inclined to respect those who treat him ill. \* \* \* \* Six of the best years of my life he took me from every pursuit of literary reputation, or of improvement of my fortune. In that time he made his own fortune, (a very great one,) and he has also taken to *himself* the very little one which I had made. In all this time, you may easily conceive how much I felt at seeing myself left behind by almost all my contemporaries. There never was a season more favorable for any man who chose to enter into the career of public life; and I think I am not guilty of ostentation, in supposing my own moral character, and my industry, my friends and connexions, when Mr. H. first sought my acquaintance, were not at all inferior to those of several whose fortune is at this day upon a very different footing from mine."

There are several interesting letters in the first volume, from James Barry, the historical painter, to Edmund and William Burke, who patronized his genius, and enabled him to improve himself, by a residence at Rome.

In a letter to Shackleton, 1768, Burke gives an account of the purchase of his seat at Beaconsfield, in Bucks.

"Again elected on the same interest, I have made a push, with all I could collect of my own, and the aid of my friends, to cast a little root in this country. I have purchased a house, with an estate of about six hundred acres of land, in Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London, where I now am. It is a place exceedingly pleasant; and I propose (God willing) to become a farmer in good earnest. You, who are classical, will not be displeased to hear that it was formerly the seat of Waller the poet, whose house, or part of it, makes at present the farm-house within an hundred yards of me. When you take a journey to England, you are obliged, by tenure, to come and pay due homage to the capital seat of your once favorite poet."

Mr. Burke then represented Lord Verney's borough of Wendover. We quote the interesting note of the editors respecting "The Gregories," and its fate.

"This place, called Gregories in the more ancient deeds, and Gregories or Butler's Court in some of later date, continued from this time in the family of Burke, until the death of his widow in 1812. It is situated about a mile from Beaconsfield, a market and post town in Buckinghamshire, twenty-three miles from London. Upon his first residing there, Burke dated his letters from Gregories, but soon after, probably to avoid the necessity of giving the name of the post town, in addition to that of the house, he dated from Beaconsfield; and continued to do so to the end of his life, but latterly spelling it Beconsfield. A considerable portion of the estate was wood-land, and there was a detached farm; but surrounding the house, which was large and handsome, there was a considerable extent of arable and pasture land, which Burke delighted to cultivate, seeking in that occupation the most agreeable relaxation from the toils and vexations of politics. Some of his letters to the celebrated agriculturist, Arthur Young, given in this collection, show with what earnestness Burke entered into the details of his farm. The proximity of this place to London rendered it the easy resort of the most distinguished characters of the time, who sought Burke's society or advice. Here, also, he received with the greatest hospitality and attention, the numerous foreigners who desired his acquaintance. It was his greatest pleasure to accompany these strangers to the most beautiful places of this beautiful country, and especially to Windsor, which he had great pride in showing, as a residence worthy of British kings. When the French revolution drove a large portion of the nobility and clergy of France to England, Burke's house received many of the most distinguished, during any length of time they chose to remain; and for some, he procured lodgings in the town of Beaconsfield, requesting them to use his table as their own. Some years after her husband's death, Mrs. Burke sold the estate to Mr. Dupré, of Wilton Park, near Beaconsfield; reserving the occupation of the house, gardens, and some of the grass land of Gregories, for her life. On her death, in 1812, this portion of the property came into Mr. Dupré's hands. He let the house soon after to Mr. Jones, a clergyman, who kept a school there. On the 23d of April, 1813, it was burned to the ground. The land is now laid out in farms, and hardly a trace remains, by which the residence of Burke can be distinguished."

A letter of Burke's, to Charles Townshend, noticing the imputation of the authorship of Junius, is worth quoting :—

"I am much obliged to you for the kind part you have taken, on the report of our friend Fitzherbert's conversation about the author of Junius. You have done it in a manner that is just to me, and delicate to both of us. I am indeed extremely ready to believe, that he has had no share in circulating an opinion so very injurious to me, as that I am capable of treating the character of my friends, and even my own character, with levity, in order to be able to attack that of others with the less suspicion. When I have anything to object to persons in power, they know very well, that I use no sort of managements towards them except those which every honest man owes to his own dignity. If I thought it necessary to bring the same charges against them into a more public

discussion than that of the House of Commons, I should use exactly the same freedom, making myself in the same manner, liable to all the consequences. You observe very rightly, that no fair man can believe me to be the author of *Junius*. Such a supposition might tend, indeed, to raise the estimation of my powers of writing above their just value. Not one of my friends does, upon that flattering principle, give me for the writer; and when my enemies endeavor to fix *Junius* upon me, it is not for the sake of giving me the credit of an able performance. \* \* \* For some years, and almost daily, they have been abusing me in the public papers; and (among other pretences for their scurrility) as being the author of the letters in question. I have never once condescended to take the least notice of their invectives, or publicly to deny the fact upon which some of them were grounded. At the same time, to you, or to any of my friends, I have been as ready as I ought, in disclaiming in the most precise terms, writings, that are as superior perhaps to my talents, as they are most certainly different in many essential points from my regards and my principles."

Still more positively and distinctly he denies the authorship in a subsequent letter:—

"I have, I dare say, to nine-tenths of my acquaintance, denied my being the author of *Junius*, or having any knowledge of the author, as often as the thing was mentioned, whether in jest or earnest, in style of disapprobation or of compliment. Perhaps I may have omitted to do so to you, in any formal manner, as not supposing you to have any suspicion of me. I now give you my word and honor that I am not the author of *Junius*, and that I know not the author of that paper, and I do authorize you to say so."

This valuable collection of letters is not to be disposed of in one notice. It abounds with interesting documents, and it is an additional proof, if proof were wanting, of the fertility of Mr. Burke, that, after sixteen volumes of his works have been published, four more are now given to the world, which will add to his reputation, and be received as an important contribution to literature.

The importance of the matter contained in these volumes excites our surprise that it has been so long suffered to remain unpublished. Upon all the great political events during the life of Mr. Burke, the transactions in India, America, France, and Ireland, will be found numerous literary documents, all deserving of attentive perusal, and many so elaborately written as to claim the consideration of state papers. The greater number of the letters are those of Burke himself, but they are largely interspersed with those of his various illustrious correspondents.

Opening the second volume we light upon a remarkable letter addressed to the Marquis of Rockingham. The date is August 23d, 1775, when this country had just been fully committed to the fatal quarrel with the American States. The design of Mr. Burke is to incite his noble correspondent to make one last great effort at the head of his friends, to avert impending evils. The state of popular feeling at the period is thus described:—

"As to the good people of England, they seem to partake every day, more and more, of the character of that administration which they have been induced to tolerate. I am satisfied, that within a few years, there has been a great change in the national character. We seem no longer that eager, inquisitive, jealous, fiery people, which we have been formerly, and which we have been a very short time ago. The people look back without pleasure or indignation, and forward without hope or fear. No man commends the measures which have been pursued, or expects any good from those which are in preparation; but it is a cold, languid opinion, like what men discover in affairs that do not concern them. It excites to no passion; it prompts to no action."

He then proceeds to show that no improvement is to be looked for, unless individuals of authority and mental power aspire to create the national spirit that is wanting. In the following passage we have a great truth written for statesmen of all times:—

"I do not think that weeks, or even months, or years, will bring the monarch, the ministers, or the people, to feeling. To bring the people to a feeling, such a feeling, I mean, as tends to amendment, or alteration of system, there must be plan and management. All direction of public humor and opinion must originate in a few. Perhaps a good deal of that humor and opinion must be owing to such direction. Events supply materials; times furnish dispositions; but conduct alone can bring them to bear to any useful purpose. I never yet knew an instance of any general temper in the nation, that might not have been tolerably well traced to some particular persons. If things are left to themselves, it is my clear opinion that a nation may slide down fair and softly from the highest point of grandeur and prosperity to the lowest state of imbecility and meanness, without any one's marking a particular period in this declension, without asking a question about it, or in the least speculating on any of the innumerable acts which have stolen in this silent and insensible revolution. Every event so prepares the subsequent, that, when it arrives, it produces no surprise, nor any extraordinary alarm. I am certain that if pains, great and immediate pains, are not taken to prevent it, such must be the fate of this country."

He then, with earnest eloquence, presses upon Lord Rockingham the duty of taking a decided step before the meeting of Parliament:—

"As sure as we have now an existence, if the meeting of parliament should catch your lordship and your friends in an unprepared state, nothing but disgrace and ruin can attend the cause you are at the head of. Parliament will plunge over head and ears. They will vote the war with every supply of domestic and foreign force. They will pass an act of attainder;—they will lay their hands upon the press. The ministers will even procure addresses from those very merchants, who, last session, harassed them with petitions; and then,—what is left for us, but to spin out of our bowels, under the frowns of the court and the hisses of the people, the little slender thread of a peevish and captious opposition unworthy of our cause and ourselves, and without credit, concurrence, or popularity in the nation! \* \* I am confident that



your lordship considers my importunity with your usual goodness. You will not attribute my earnestness to any improper cause. I shall, therefore, make no apology for urging again and again, how necessary it is for your lordship and your great friends, most seriously to take under immediate deliberation, what you are to do in this crisis. Nothing like it has happened in your political life. I protest to God, I think that your reputation, your duty, and the duty and honor of us all, who profess your sentiments, from the highest to the lowest of us, demand at this time one honest, hearty effort, in order to avert the heavy calamities that are impending; to keep our hands from blood, and if possible, to keep the poor, giddy, thoughtless people of our country from plunging headlong into this impious war. If the attempt is necessary, it is honorable. You will, at least, have the comfort that nothing has been left undone, on your part, to prevent the worst mischief that can befall the public. Then, and not before, you may shake the dust from your feet, and leave the people and their leaders to their own conduct and fortune. I see, indeed, many, many difficulties in the way; but we have known as great, or greater, give way to a regular series of judicious and active exertions. This is no time for taking public business in their course and order, and only as a part in the scheme of life, which comes and goes at its proper periods, and is mixed in with occupations and amusements. It calls for the whole of the best of us; and everything else, however just or even laudable at another time, ought to give way to this great, urgent, instant concern. Indeed, my dear lord, you are called upon in a very peculiar manner. America is yours. You have saved it once, and you may very possibly save it again. The people of that country are worth preserving: and preserving, if possible, to England."

The same principle of the wisdom of creating events instead of waiting for them, is enforced in a letter of Mr. Fox to Burke, dated from Chatsworth, 1777:—

"With respect to public affairs, it seems to be the opinion of everybody, that one must wait for events, to form a plan of operations; now, my opinion, is, that no event likely to happen, can be anything to the purpose; but from the days of Demosthenes down to ours, it has ever been the resource of all indolent people to prefer the waiting of news to the taking of any decisive measure. '*Is Philadelphia taken?*'—'*No; but there are hopes of it.*' &c., is something like, though twenty thousand times more futile, than the inquiries about Philip's death, which are so well treated in the first Philippië."

Mr. Burke's pen was of course in constant request amongst his friends in both houses. Here are the Duke of Richmond's instructions for drawing up a protest:—

"We all want a protest. I wished to see you here to-night, and desired C. Fox to beg you to come to me. I send you a mere skeleton, just to point out the line, and beg you will fill it up with good flesh and blood, not forgetting a little acid and gall; it must be temperate and strong, full and short, and finished early. I would give such a work to you alone."

Our next quotation is from a letter to Robert-

son, acknowledging the present of a copy of his '*History of America*,' then opportunely published:—

"The part which I read with the greatest pleasure is the discussion on the manners and characters of the inhabitants of that new world. I have always thought with you, that we possess, at this time, very great advantages towards the knowledge of human nature. We need no longer go to history to have it in all its periods and stages. History, from its comparative youth, is but a poor instructor. When the Egyptians called the Greeks children in antiquities, we may well call them children; and so we may call all those nations which were able to trace the progress of society only within their own limits. But now the great map of mankind is unravelled at once, and there is no state or gradation of barbarism, and no mode of refinement, which we have not, at the same instant, under our view:—The very different civility of Europe and of China;—the barbarism of Persia and Abyssinia;—the erratic manners of Tartary and Arabia;—the savage state of North America and of New Zealand;—indeed, you have made a noble use of the advantages you have had. You have employed philosophy to judge of manners, and from manners you have drawn new resources for philosophy. I only think that, in one or two points, you have hardly done justice to the savage character."

Burke was the great public instructor of his time, "the school-master abroad" in his generation. A letter to a member of the Bell Club, Bristol, is full of sound advice to constituents, and is distinguished by the usual high moral tone of the writer. We give an extract:—

"You will, therefore, not listen to those who tell you that these matters are above you, and ought to be left entirely to those into whose hands the king has put them. The public interest is more your business than theirs; and it is from want of spirit, and not from want of ability, that you can become wholly unfit to argue or to judge upon it. For in this very thing lies the difference between freemen and those that are not free. In a free country, every man thinks he has a concern in all public matters; that he has a right to form, and a right to deliver an opinion upon them. They sift, examine, and discuss them. They are curious, eager, attentive, and jealous; and by making such matters the daily subjects of their thoughts and discoveries, vast numbers contract a very tolerable knowledge of them, and some a very considerable one. And this it is that fills free countries with men of ability in all stations. Whereas, in other countries, none but men whose office calls them to it having much care or thought about public affairs, and not daring to try the force of their opinions with one another, ability of this sort is extremely rare in any station of life. In free countries, there is often found more real public wisdom and sagacity in shops and manufactories, than in the cabinets of princes in countries where none dares to have an opinion until he comes into them. Your whole importance, therefore, depends upon a constant, discreet use of your own reason; otherwise you and your country sink to nothing. If upon any particular occasion you should be roused, you will not know what to do. Your fire will be a fire in straw, fitter to waste and consume yourselves, than

to warm or enliven anything else. You will be only a giddy mob, upon whom no sort of reliance is to be had. You may disturb your country, but you never can reform your government. In other nations, they have for some time indulged themselves in a larger use of this manly liberty, than formerly they dared."

In what spirit he received accounts of the disasters of the British arms in America, appears from a letter to Mr. Champion, sending him an account of the fate of General Burgoyne :—

"The fate of my worthy and unhappy friend, the brave General Burgoyne, and his whole army, must be a subject of a very melancholy interest to this country, in whatsoever light it may be considered; and nothing but the success of that army in wasting and ruining a country, just beginning to emerge from a hideous desert by the indefatigable industry of its inhabitants, could be more deplorable. But such must be the events of a war, from the very nature of which no sort of good whatsoever to any side would, or ever could, possibly arise."

There is a letter from the celebrated Boswell, manifesting a strong disposition to do for Mr. Burke what he did for Dr. Johnson, and great is the pity that Burke had not such a biographer. Boswell writes thus :—

"Upon my honor I began a letter to you some time ago, and did not finish it, because I imagined you were then near your *apotheosis*—as poor Goldsmith said upon a former occasion, when he thought your party was coming into administration; and being one of your old barons of Scotland, my pride could not brook the appearance of paying my court to a minister, amongst the crowd of interested expectants on his accession. At present, I take it for granted that I need be under no such apprehension; and, therefore, I resume the indulgence of my inclination. This may be, perhaps, a singular method of beginning a correspondence; and, in one sense, may not be very complimentary. But I can sincerely assure you, dear sir, that I feel and mean a genuine compliment to Mr. Burke himself. It is generally thought no meanness to solicit the notice and favor of a man in power; and, surely, it is much less a meanness to endeavor by honest means, to have the honor and pleasure of being on an agreeable footing with a man of superior knowledge, abilities, and genius."

Edmund Burke is worthy all honor and commemoration in the country of his birth. He is unquestionably her greatest ornament. To the interest of Ireland he was enthusiastically devoted, and in her cause he was always ready to sacrifice the objects dearest to his ambition. The pressure of the American war compelled the ministry to think of some relaxation of the commercial chains of Ireland, and Lord North introduced some propositions with that view, which are thus strikingly alluded to by Mr. Burke in a short note to his friend Mr. Champion, of Bristol :—

"I sent a letter to Merchants' Hall, with the resolutions relative to Ireland. Do not be afraid, the things pretended to be done for Ireland are frivolous; and if they were considerable, they

have not capital to carry them on. They are intended to keep Ireland from diverting you with another rebellion. Keep, if you can, our fellow-citizens from exposing themselves upon this subject. Service heartily to all friends."

The editors make the following explanatory remarks, as true as they are discreditable to the merchants of England in 1778 :—

"These were propositions introduced by Lord North for removing certain restrictions from the trade of Ireland. They were at first well received on both sides of the house, as being founded in justice, and a liberal policy required by the circumstances of the time. Subsequently, the jealousy of the English manufacturers and traders was so strongly expressed, and so much influenced the conduct of many of the representatives of those interests in parliament, that in the bill founded on the resolutions, it was thought necessary, towards the end of the session, to give up most of the advantages originally intended for Ireland. Notwithstanding Mr. Burke's earnest representations and advice, the merchants of Bristol were amongst the loudest against the measure; and here began the difference between him and his constituents, which led to his defeat at the general election of 1780."

In a letter to Mr. Noble, referring to the same proposed measures, Mr. Burke generously observes—

"To represent Bristol is a capital object of my pride at present; indeed, I have nothing external on which I can value myself, but that honorable situation. If I should live to the next general election, and if being a member of parliament at that time should be desirable to me, I intend to offer myself again to your approbation. But far from wishing to throw the memory of the present business into the shade, I propose to put it forward to you, and to plead my conduct on this occasion, as a matter of merit, on which to ground my pretensions to your future favor. I do not wish to represent Bristol, or to represent any place, but upon terms that shall be honorable to the chosen and to the choosers. I do not desire to sit in parliament for any other end than that of promoting the common happiness of all those who are, in any degree, subjected to our legislative authority; and of binding together, in one common tie of civil interest and constitutional freedom, every denomination of men amongst us."

With what a narrow spirit the traders of Bristol were actuated at this period, appears from the remonstrance we find in a letter to a Mr. Span.

"No pains have been omitted to make an amicable adjustment of a business, whose very principle is the concord of the British dominions. The gentlemen of Ireland, who attend to the matter here, have been found very moderate and practicable, and have given up some points, for the present, which in justice ought to have been granted to them. As to those members of the British parliament whom you speak of as advocates for the bills, and as interested persons who have nothing in view but the improvement of their extensive estates in Ireland, I really do not directly know to whom you allude. Many members of parliament have considerable estates in Ireland; but whether the

enlargement of these be their motive for the vote they give, is more than I can tell; nor am I very solicitous to know, as it is much more easy for me, and much more my business, to judge of the arguments they use, than the motives on which they act. As to the rest, I take it, that the interest which a party has in a cause, though it disables him to be a witness, does not at all lessen the favor with which he ought to be heard as an advocate. The desire of improving one's private fortune by the general improvement of a country, I have always considered rather as praiseworthy than blamable; and, in particular, I cannot comprehend how the wish of increasing an Irish fortune, the whole product of which is spent in England, can be objected to by any of the people of this kingdom."

In the year 1779, the Roman Catholics testified their gratitude to Mr. Burke "for his many eminent services to their body," by voting him a tribute of 500 guineas, of which 300 were actually remitted to him in a letter from Mr. Anthony Dermott, given in the second volume of these papers. Mr. Burke honorably declined the gift, saying, amongst other things, in reply:—

"If I am so happy as to have contributed in the smallest degree to the relief of so large and respectable a part of my countrymen as the Roman Catholics of Ireland, from oppressions that I always thought not only grievous to them, but very impolitic with regard to the state, I am more than enough rewarded. If I were to derive any advantage whatsoever, beyond what comes to my share in the general prosperity of the whole, from my endeavors in this way, I should lose all the relish I find in them, and the whole spirit which animates me on such occasions. My principles make it my first, indeed almost my only earnest wish, to see every part of this empire, and every denomination of men in it, happy and contented, and united on one common bottom of equality and justice. If that settlement were once made, I assure you I should feel very indifferent about my particular portion, or my particular situation, in so well-constituted a community. It was my wish that the objects of such a settlement should be much more extensive, and have gone not only beyond the Irish Sea, but beyond the Atlantic Ocean. But since it has happened otherwise, I hope we shall be wise enough to make the most of what is left."

On the same subject, in a letter to Dr. John Curry, he writes thus:—

"My endeavors in the Irish business, in which I was, indeed, very active and very earnest, both in public and in private, were wholly guided by a uniform principle, which is interwoven in my nature, and which has hitherto regulated, and I hope will continue to regulate, my conduct,—I mean an utter abhorrence of all kinds of public injustice and oppression; the worst species of which are those which, being converted into maxims of state, and blending themselves with law and jurisprudence, corrupt the very fountains of all equity, and subvert all the purposes of government. From these principles, I have ever had a particular detestation to the penal system of Ireland, and I am yet very far from satisfied with what has been done towards correcting it,—which I consider as no more than a good beginning. \* \* \* I am glad that you have thought of collecting some little

fund for public purposes. But if I were to venture to suggest anything relative to its application, I think you had better employ that, and whatever else can be got together for so good a purpose, to give some aid to places of education for your own youth at home, which is, indeed, much wanted. I mean, when the legislature comes to be so much in its senses, as to feel that there is no good reason for condemning a million and a half of people to ignorance, according to act of parliament. This will be a better use of your money, than to bestow it in gratuities to any persons in England; for those who will receive such rewards very rarely do any services to deserve them."

The incident related in the following extract is so interesting, as a proof of the ill-requited fidelity of the Catholic gentry of Ireland, that we cannot forbear to quote it. The writer is George Goold, Esq., grandfather, a note informs us, of the present baronet of the same name. The letter is dated from Cork, 1781:—

"You no doubt have known our alarm must be much, from an apprehension of our being visited by the French in this city. Sir John Irwine, commander-in-chief, came down here on the occasion. One of his aides-de-camp came to me a few days since, reporting that Sir John had been in much distress for money, as apprehension had run among the people, and he could not find guineas for Latouche's paper. I answered him that I was singularly happy to have in my power some supply. I gave him about five hundred guineas, and desired his informing Sir John, I would give to him my last guinea, and support his Majesty's service, &c. The next morning I had General Baugh and Lord Ross, to announce Sir John's feelings at my doing this. They (that is, the general) wanted some guineas, and such I gave him. A day or two after, I had a message from the general by his aide-de-camp, to know if I could supply them with money for his Majesty's services. I answered him by letter, and he, in consequence sent me that of the 13th, which I beg leave to send you. My interview with Sir John was on the 10th, and, I find, my word was conveyed by Sir John's letter to Lord Carlisle. The letter I received this day has been in consequence. Yesterday morning, I paid to Captain James Allen, aide-de-camp, five thousand guineas. My letter has been sent to Dublin, and probably may go further. Hence, you see, a Roman Catholic stepped forth in the hour of danger to support the government, when others would not risk a guinea. Your sense of us is, in this small instance, proved. I am singularly happy to have had in my power the doing what I have done; and hope our legislators will see that there are not a people more steady in this quarter, nor a people that less merit a rod of severity, by the laws, than we. I took in my fellow-subjects in my report, at the time when I took every shilling in advance on my own shoulders."

There is an admirable letter from Mr. Burke to a Scotch clergyman, with reference to the Popery riots at Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1779. The letter is a powerful rebuke to the spirit of persecution, and a lesson which may still be read with profit by many a fanatic preacher and furious pamphleteer.

"I have lived long enough, and largely enough

in the world, to know for certain, that the religion which (I believe most firmly) the Divine wisdom has thought proper to introduce, for its improvement, not for its deprivation, contains in all its parts,—(perhaps I am presumptuous in thinking so, but, mixed as I think they are all with a great deal of human imperfections,)—so much of good, as not wholly to disappoint the wise purposes for which it was intended, and abundantly to merit my esteem and veneration. I think so of the whole Christian church; having, at the same time, that respect for all the other religions, even such as have mere human reason for their origin, and which men as wise and good as I, profess,—that I could not justify to myself to give to the synagogue, the mosque, or the pagoda, the language which your pulpits so liberally bestow upon a great part of the Christian world. If, on this account, people call me a Roman Catholic, it gives me not the smallest disturbance. They do me too much honor, who will aggregate me as a member to any of these illustrious societies; for I do not aspire to the glory of being a zealot for any particular national church, until I can be quite sure I can do it honor by my doctrine or my life, or in some better way than by a passionate proceeding, against those who are of another description. I am not yet ripe for such confidence in myself."

The third volume of this Correspondence consists principally of letters relative to the French Revolution, some of which are curious, while all are illustrative of the furious zeal with which Burke threw himself into the cause of the falling monarchy. Amongst other things, we find the bold confidential criticisms of Sir P. Francis upon the most celebrated of his friend's anti-revolutionary pamphlets. The following is an extract of a letter from Francis, dated Feb. 19, 1790. A note informs us that the printed paper referred to was probably a proof sheet of the "Reflections," which were not published until October, 1790:—

"Waiving all discussion concerning the substance and general tendency of this printed letter, I must declare my opinion, that what I have seen of it is very loosely put together. In point of writing, at least, the manuscript you showed me first, was much less exceptionable. Remember that this is one of the most singular, that it may be the most distinguished, and ought to be one of the most deliberate acts of your life. Your writings have hitherto been the delight and instruction of your own country. You now undertake to correct and instruct another nation; and your appeal, in effect, is to all Europe. Allowing you the liberty to do so in an extreme case, you cannot deny that it ought to be done with special deliberation in the choice of the topics, and with no less care and circumspection in the use you make of them. Have you thoroughly considered whether it be worthy of Mr. Burke,—of a privy-councillor,—of a man so high and considerable in the House of Commons as you are,—and holding the station you have obtained in the opinion of the world, to enter into a war of pamphlets with Dr. Price? If he answered you, as assuredly he will, (and so will many others,) can you refuse to reply to a person whom you have attacked? If you do, you are defeated in a battle of your own provoking, and driven to fly from ground of your own choosing. If you do not, where is such a contest

to lead you, but into a vile and disgraceful, though it were ever so victorious, an altercation? '*Du meliora.*' But if you will do it, away with all jest, and sneer, and sarcasm; let everything you say be grave, direct, and serious. In a case so interesting as the errors of a great nation, and the calamities of great individuals, and feeling them so deeply as you profess to do, all manner of insinuation is improper, all gibe and nick-name prohibited. In my opinion, all that you say of the queen is pure soppery. If she be a perfect female character, you ought to take your ground upon her virtues. If she be the reverse, it is ridiculous in any but a lover, to place her personal charms in opposition to her crimes. Either way, I know the argument must proceed upon a supposition; for neither have you said anything to establish her moral merits, nor have her accusers formally tried and convicted her of guilt. On this subject, however, you cannot but know that the opinion of the world is not lately, but has been many years, decided. But in effect, when you assert her claim to protection and respect, on no other topics than those of gallantry, and beauty, and personal accomplishments, you virtually abandon the proof and assertion of her innocence, which you know is the point substantially in question. Pray, sir, how long have you felt yourself so desperately disposed to admire the ladies of Germany? I despise and abhor, as much as you can do, all personal insult and outrage, even to guilt itself, if I see it, where it ought to be, dejected and helpless; but it is in vain to expect that I, or any reasonable man, shall regret the sufferings of a Messalina, as I should those of a Mrs. Crewe, or a Mrs. Burke; I mean all that is beautiful or virtuous amongst women. Is it nothing but outside? Have they no moral minds? Or are you such a determined champion of beauty as to draw your sword in defence of any jade upon earth, provided she be handsome? Look back, I beseech you, and deliberate a little, before you determine that this is an office that perfectly becomes you. If I stop here, it is not for want of a multitude of objections. The mischief you are going to do yourself, is, to my apprehension, palpable. It is visible. It will be audible. I snuff it in the wind. I taste it already. I feel it in every sense; and so will you hereafter; when, I vow to God, (a most elegant phrase,) it will be no sort of consolation for me to reflect that I did everything in my power to prevent it. I wish you were at the devil for giving me all this trouble; and so farewell!"

That Burke, whose mind was at this period in a state of irritability amounting to disease, felt such criticisms as the foregoing intolerably galling, may be gathered from the letter which we now proceed to quote, addressed to Sir P. Francis by Richard Burke, inclosing his father's answer to Sir Philip's severe strictures. The peevish deprecation of any more epistolary criticism, agrees ill with the pompous manner in which the writer asserts his father's claims to supreme wisdom. Richard Burke writes thus:

"You must conceive that your letter, combating many old ideas of his, and proposing many new ones, could not fail to set his mind at work, and to make him address the effect of those operations to you. I must, therefore, entreat you

not to draw him aside from the many and great labors he has in hand, by any further written communications of this kind, which would, indeed, be very useful, because they are valuable, if they were conveyed at a time when there was leisure to settle opinions. If you find anything in my father's letters or conversation on this subject, which, being in conformity to your general principles and thoughts, may bring your present impressions a little nearer to those of my father, I shall be glad of it. There is one thing, however, of which I must inform you, and which I know from an intimate experience of many years. It is, that my father's opinions are never hastily adopted, and that even those ideas which have often appeared to me only the effect of momentary heat, or casual impression, I have afterwards found, beyond a possibility of doubt, to be the result of systematic meditation, perhaps of years; or else, if adopted on the spur of the occasion, yet formed upon the conclusions of long and philosophical experience, and supported by no trifling depth of thought. \* \* Are you so little conversant with my father, or so enslaved by the cant of those who call themselves his friends, only to insure themselves through him, as to feel no deference for his judgment, or to mistake the warmth of his manner for the heat of his mind! Do I not know my father at this time of day! I tell you, his folly is wiser than the wisdom of the common herd of able men."

The "*I tell you*," in this last passage, and the remainder of the sentence, (making all allowance for filial veneration,) is in a strain of offensive rudeness, as if the writer was revenging a personal insult offered to his father. We believe it is not true that the follies of great men are on a level with the average wisdom of the world. On the contrary, common men rarely commit the extravagancies into which genius occasionally plunges, when it stoops with the wing that should only mount.

We now come to the letter of Burke himself. He replies thus to the charge of loose composition:—

"The composition, you say, is loose, and I am quite sure of it:—I never intended it should be otherwise. For, purporting to be, what in truth it originally was,—a letter to a friend, I had no idea of digesting it in a systematic order. The style is open to correction, and wants it. My natural style of writing is somewhat careless, and I should be happy in receiving your advice towards making it as little vicious as such a style is capable of being made. The general character and color of a style, which grows out of the writer's peculiar turn of mind and habit of expressing his thoughts, must be attended to in all corrections. It is not the insertion of a piece of stuff, though of a better kind, which is at all times an improvement."

He defends the "foppery" of the passage respecting Marie Antoinette, in the following excited mood:—

"I really am perfectly astonished how you could dream, with my paper in your hand, that I found no other cause than the beauty of the queen of France, (now, I suppose, pretty much faded,)

for disapproving the conduct which has been held towards her, and for expressing my own particular feelings. I am not to order the natural sympathies of my own heart, and of every honest breast, to wait until all the jokes of all the anecdotes of the coffee-houses of Paris, and of the dissenting meeting-houses of London, are scoured of all the slander of those who calumniate persons, that, afterwards, they may murder them with impunity. I know nothing of your story of Messalina. Am I obliged to prove juridically the virtues of all those I shall see suffering every kind of wrong, and contumely, and risk of life, before I endeavor to interest others in their sufferings,—and before I endeavor to excite horror against midnight assassins at back-stairs, and their more wicked abettors in pulpits! What!—Are not high rank, great splendor of descent, great personal elegance and outward accomplishments, ingredients of moment in forming the interest we take in the misfortunes of men! The minds of those who do not feel thus, are not even systematically right. 'What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, that he should weep for her!'—Why, because she was Hecuba, the queen of Troy,—the wife of Priam,—and suffered, in the close of life, a thousand calamities! I felt too for Hecuba, when I read the fine tragedy of Euripides upon her story; and I never inquired into the anecdotes of the court or city of Troy, before I gave way to the sentiments which the author wished to inspire; nor do I remember that he ever said one word of her virtue. It is for those who applaud or palliate assassination, regicide, and base insult to women of illustrious place, to prove the crimes (in sufferings) which they allege, to justify their own. But if they have proved fornication on any such woman,—taking the manners of the world and the manners of France,—I shall never put it in a parallel with assassination!—No: I have no such inverted scale of faults, in my heart or my head. \* \* Pray why is it absurd in me to think, that the chivalrous spirit which dictated a veneration for women of condition and of beauty, without any consideration whatever of enjoying them, was the great source of those manners which have been the pride and ornament of Europe for so many ages! And am I not to lament that I have lived to see those manners extinguished in so shocking a manner, by means of speculations of finance, and the false science of a sordid and degenerate philosophy! I tell you again,—that the recollection of the manner in which I saw the queen of France, in the year 1774, and the contrast between that brilliancy, splendor, and beauty, with the prostrate homage of a nation to her,—and the abominable scene of 1789, which I was describing,—*did* draw tears from me and wetted my paper. These tears came again into my eyes, almost as often as I looked at the description;—they may again. You do not believe this fact, nor that these are my real feelings; but that the whole is affected, or as you express it, downright foppery. My friend,—I tell you it is truth; and that it is true, and will be truth, when you and I are no more; and will exist as long as men with their natural feelings shall exist. I shall say no more on this foppery of mine."

Sir Philip Francis was not silenced by the answers of the two Burkes, for we find a very able letter from him to the elder, dated November, 1790, after the publication of the "*Reflections*," and commenting freely and largely upon the style

and matter of that work. As to the composition, Sir Philip denies that Burke's style is English :—

“Once for all, I wish you would let me teach you to write English. To me, who am to read everything you write, it would be a great comfort, and to you, no sort of disparagement. Why will you not allow yourself to be persuaded that polish is material to preservation?”

Coming to the substance of the work, he thus briefly but completely demolishes the passionate declamations of his friend :—

“From the plain, unlabored narrative of history, I can produce you pictures of the constant miseries of the people of France, that would surpass everything that you, with all the efforts of your eloquence, have painted of the sufferings, great, I own, and much to be regretted, of a few individuals in a single day. But it seems that they had their *Etats généraux* to appeal to. A French historian, now open before me, and who writes with great guard and moderation, says, ‘une assemblée des Etats généraux, tenue en 1412, mérita le reproche qu'on a fait quelquefois à ces grandes assemblées, de voir et d'exposer tous nos maux sans en soulager un.’ This, I believe to have been constantly the case. The people derived very little, if any, protection from the states-general; certainly not within any period in which the history of modern nations is distinctly written, and may be safely relied on. If this state of the case be generally true, it follows that the French of this day could not act as we did in 1688. They had no constitution as we had to recur to. They had no foundation to build upon. They had no walls to repair. Much less had they the *elements of a constitution very nearly as good as could be wished*. A proposition so extraordinary as this last, so likely to fill the minds of common readers with doubt and surprise, ought to have been made *in limine*, since the most important deductions are drawn from it. If it be not true, or if it be left to stand upon an assertion, for which no argument or evidence is produced, all that part of your ‘*Reflections*’ which impeaches the French Assembly for taking new ground to act on, is a *petitio principii*, and will be, in effect, a justification of the revolution you condemn, if the French can show that your premises are not founded in fact. If they had no model in their own country, they must, of necessity, begin anew. They could not, in this respect, be guided by the example of England, because in our own case there was a constitution to resort to; in theirs, there was none. Allowance should be made for men whose duty it is to act in such a situation. They may commit many errors; but neither will I charge them with the fury of the populace, nor with the crimes of individuals. Many things have been done which greatly deserve to be lamented; and the more, because they weaken and disgrace a cause essentially just and honorable. The loss of a single life in a popular tumult, excites individual tenderness and pity. No tears are shed for nations.”

The fourth and last volume contains a mass of valuable correspondence relative to Irish affairs, a field whereon the genius of Burke shone with its original brightness. The high opinion which a man of the stamp of Burke entertained of the Catholic Church of Ireland, (an opinion expressed

in the following extract from a letter to Dr. Hussey,) is worthy of reverent attention, particularly at a period like the present, when the ecclesiastical affairs of that country are soon to come under a general review, and when, important as it is to accumulate every ray of light upon a subject so arduous, it is of greater consequence still to increase and multiply feelings of good-will and sentiments of Christian charity.

“I wish very much to see, before my death, an image of a primitive Christian Church. With little improvements, I think the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland very capable of exhibiting that state of things. I should not, by force, or fraud, or rapine, have ever reduced them to their present state. God forbid! But being in it, I conceive that much may be made of it, to the glory of religion, and the good of the state. If the other was willing to hear of any melioration, it might, without any strong, perceivable change, be rendered much more useful. But prosperity is not apt to receive good lessons, nor always to give them; re-baptism you won't allow, but truly it would not be amiss for the Christian world to be re-christened.”

Burke felt no respect whatever for the political Protestantism of Ireland. We shall quote a striking passage from a letter to his son, where he reprobates, in his fervent way, the self-styled Protestant ascendancy, and vindicates both Catholic clergy and laity :—

“Gentlemen who call themselves Protestants, (I do not well know what that word means, and nobody ever would or could inform me,) are dupes of their own calumnious representations, which serve to mislead them, and irritate those against whom they are made. In order to render the Catholics contemptible, they have ever represented them as men, in all cases incapable of forming any ideas or opinions, or even wishes of their own; but that their bodies and souls were at the entire disposal of their priests. These miserable creatures, the zealots of the ascendancy, have been fed with this stuff as their nurse's pab, and it is never to be got out of their habit. Their low and senseless malice makes them utterly incapable of forming a right judgment on anything. Such is their notion. But I, who know the Catholics of Ireland better than these gentlemen who never have conversed with them, and who, of course, are more ignorant of the real state of their own country than that of Japan, know that at no time within my observation have the Catholic clergy had a great deal of influence over the Catholic people. I have never known an instance, (until a few of them were called into action by the manœuvres of the Castle,) that in secular concerns they took any part at all.”

In the opinion of Burke the influence of the Protestant divines over their flocks exceeded that possessed by the Catholic over theirs. In the same letter he observes :—

“At present, being stripped of all adventitious aids, and having nothing but the mere credit belonging to them, I think that, though not wholly without influence, (and God forbid they or any clergy should,) they have rather less than any other clergy I know. You and I have talked

over this matter. To those who are acquainted with the prescript form to which the church of Rome binds its clergy, both as to opinions and the exercise of their functions, (which dogmas, forms, and rules, are just as well known to laity as to priests,) it will easily appear that they have not that range of influence which doctors have, who can teach just what they please, and what they think is most likely, for the time being, to be acceptable and to gain the people. No Roman Catholic priest can make a pleasing discovery to his congregation. He and his congregation are bound by the authority of their whole church in all times and in all countries, whose general and collective authority infinitely lessens the individual authority of every private pastor, as the strictness of other laws lessens the power of individual magistrates. Whereas, most of us, who examine critically full as little as any of them, and for the greater part think less about it, and are indeed incapable of doing so, we do and must receive our doctrine from our priest, who himself is not bound up to anything beyond his own ideas; and consequently, the mass of us depend more upon the individual pastor."

In another letter to Richard Burke, he censures the Society of United Irishmen for the error of supposing that the evils of their country were hatched in England; he maintains that they are of Irish parentage, the workings of faction in Dublin, and not of tyranny in London. How far this doctrine may be in accordance with the state of facts at the present time, is a question into which we must forbear to enter.

"They think that the conduct of the Castle is the result of directions from hence, and that here they do nothing but plot some mischief against Ireland. Alas! I wish they could be got seriously, and with a ruling spirit, to think of it at all. But things move in the reverse order from what they imagine. They think that ministers here instruct the Castle, and that the Castle sets the jobbing ascendancy in motion: whereas, it is now wholly, and has, ever since I remember, been, for the greater part, the direct contrary. The junto in Ireland entirely governs the Castle; the Castle, by its representations of the country, governs the ministers here. So that the whole evil has always originated, and does still originate, amongst ourselves."

In the next extract, also from a letter to his son, we find Burke dashing with his bold hand the general outline of the national policy which we have since seen fully developed by great talents of another order, and the ultimate issue of which is still hidden from our view.

"What signifies their sputtering out a few hasty and undigested invectives against an armed and systematic tyranny? If they are not capable of a quiet, determined, manly sullenness, and cannot feel a resentment far above the loquacity of womanish invective or lamentation, at the nefarious and unparalleled insults of last session, and at all the slanderous tales propagated ever since, they are never likely to obtain the object they seek;—the first object which rational men ever

had, or ever can have in view. The grand juries (the thirty-two mouths of the Castle) have aimed a deadly blow. It cannot now be returned. It must be borne; but borne as by men who are unworthy to suffer such wrongs. Let them at least not court insults, by again kissing the feet of the insulting enemies of their nation. Let them use a still, discontented, passive obedience. In that mode, I assure them, there is ten thousand times more force than in a giddy unsupported resistance."

The Post Office appears to have labored, in 1795, under the same suspicions which have lately agitated the public mind with respect to that important establishment. We find Mr. Burke and his friends in Ireland fearful to trust their letters to the public conveyance, and communicating through private channels. Dr. Hussey says, in one of his letters:—

"I wrote two short letters to you since the notification of recall to Earl Fitzwilliam. When I have your letters to guide me, I march on with courage and confidence. I will not trust this Post Office; it shares in the general corruption of the country. The gentlemen who wait upon you will give a full account of this country. I advise them to stop under your hospitable roof in their way to London; you will enable them to see their way clearly. They will also tell you what is the voice and wish of this kingdom concerning you."

Mr. Burke observes, in reply:—

"Such is the state of the Irish post, that whether my two last letters, or either of them, ever came to your hands, is more than I am able to divine. I had began a third, and had made some progress in it. It would have been, I fear, a long one; but the precipitancy of the late revolution got the start, not only of my pen, but of my conceptions. While I was discussing the merits of a single measure of a government, the government itself was no more. It is an age of astonishing events. Nothing happens in the ordinary course."

The revolution alluded to is the fatal recall of Lord Fitzwilliam. How dangerous was the crisis to the Catholics and their friends, appears from another passage in the same letter:—

"The only amends I can make you for having betrayed you into your present situation, is to request you to quit it as speedily as possible. Consult Mr. Grattan, with whom I have no reserves, and I wish you to have none. Show him this. Except he advises you to remain, my opinion is, that your liberty and your life are not safe for an hour. Had I imagined that the old junto would have been the ruling power, I should just as soon have asked you to go to Paris as to Dublin."

Here we must close our notices, which we have extended beyond our usual limits on account of the space occupied by this illustrious man in the eyes of the world, and the veneration with which men of all parties are wont to receive his precepts, even when they cross their own political prejudices or party interests.

From Hood's Magazine.

## EL MORENITO.

## A ROUGH SKETCH IN THE PYRENEES.

It was on a brilliant August morning of the year 183— that I found myself mounted on a stout Gascon pony, and preceded by a long-legged slip of a mountaineer, jogging through the defile of the Aladues, a narrow pass in the Pyrenees, distant a league or two from the quiet little town of St. Jean Pied de Port. I was returning northwards after a ramble through a portion of the Peninsula, and had made an appointment to meet a friend at Tarbes, upon the Toulouse road, whence we were to visit Bagnères and the other French baths in that neighborhood. It still wanted three or four days to that of our rendezvous, and I had been able to devise no better way of passing at least one of them than to step over the frontier, eat a farewell olla with the Dous, and, if possible, smuggle a few good cigars upon my return.

The lower Pyrenees, although of a less imposing character than the more easterly parts of the chain, are still in the highest degree picturesque and beautiful. The road along which I was now proceeding, was shut in between mountains covered for the most part with trees and brushwood, from amongst which protruded here and there some pinnacles of grey rock. There was no scarcity of magnificent oaks, but the trees that most abounded were chestnuts, which seemed to flourish there in unusual luxuriance, draped with wild vines that crept and twined over and over them, to a height which I had no idea the vine ever attained in so northerly a latitude. In some places the rocks rose perpendicularly or impended over our heads, their sharp hard outline cut out with beautiful distinctness against the glowing azure of the August sky. The lofty trees that bordered the road shaded us from the sun, which was blazing out with tremendous power, and here and there some streamlet plashing down from the hills formed itself a shallow channel across the path, rippling with a cool and merry sound over the many-colored pebbles, and then vanishing in some ravine amidst a tangle of bushes and wild flowers, or falling into and swelling some larger watercourse.

Besides being enclosed in the manner already described, the road was so serpentine and zig-zag that we could scarcely ever see more than eighty or a hundred yards before and behind us. At last, however, it became evident that we were approaching the termination of the defile. The mountains on either side grew gradually lower, and the pass less narrow, and presently, on turning an angle, we came in sight of the plain, stretching out wide before us, thickly wooded, and intersected by lines of hills, where one or two streams wound their way like silvery ribands through the bright yellow of the cornfields, and the green of the pastures and orchards. No town was visible from where we stood; but here and there a village or hamlet might be seen, invariably with a lofty church tower, and not unfrequently with the massive walls of a convent rising above its darkened or stone-colored houses. One of the largest of these villages, which my guide designated by some unpronounceable name, rich in the *za* and *itz* of the Basque tongue, lay at a distance of two or three miles from us, and thither I determined to proceed. A few minutes more brought us upon comparatively level ground, and we struck into a country road leading in the direction of the village.

In most instances, when one approaches the imaginary line of demarcation between two countries, one finds a gradual blending of the character and habits of the people, as well as of the natural productions and features of the country. Spain forms a striking exception to this rule; and the great mountain wall by which nature has marked the northern boundary of the Peninsula serves also to separate the habits and character of the two nations as effectually as though it were some mighty parapet, strongly fortified and strictly sentinelled to prevent all intermingling of race and communication of ideas and customs. The contrast obtained in the course of a four or five hours' ride is most striking. The neat French villages, with their white cottages and orderly population, are exchanged in that short space of time for groups of irregular, grimy-looking habitations, some of them retaining vestiges of old Moorish and Gothic architecture, clustering round churches and monasteries, the solid construction and venerable appearance of which bespeak an existence of many centuries, and occupied by a wild-looking people, a mixture of the smuggler and the guerrilla, in a garb and appearance totally dissimilar to the peasantry of Gascony and Languedoc. This contrast was apparent in everything; in the clumsy carts which met me upon the road, their solid wheels creaking discordant music as they were dragged slowly along by the lazy oxen; in the embroidered and many-buttoned jackets of the muleteers, and jingling of the innumerable bells with which their mules were accoutred; in the very mode of cultivation of the maize fields, around the edges and between the rows of which, melons were trailing and tomatos springing up, proving at once the fertility of the soil, and the irregular system of agriculture.

On arriving at the entrance of the village, I was struck by its deserted appearance. No untrammelled, half-clad children rolling and playing in the streets, no women spinning at their house doors, nor men puffing the cigarette, and enjoying the *dolce far niente*. Not a human creature was visible. My guide, to whom I addressed an inquiry, was unable to account for this unusual state of things, and we rode down the straggling street until we came in sight of an open space of ground near the centre of the village, where the whole population seemed to have assembled. Upon reaching the outskirts of the crowd I drew rein, and paused to contemplate the scene before me, which, although not the first of the kind that I had witnessed, was still in the highest degree characteristic and striking.

The square was enclosed on two sides by rows of houses, the street formed the boundary of the third side, while on the fourth were fields and open country. About one half of the ground was kept clear of the mob by a line of sentries, who patrolled up and down with fixed bayonets, repulsing any of the spectators who pressed too far forward. Five or six companies of Spanish infantry, poorly clad in long, ill-made grey coats, forage caps, and some with hempen sandals, instead of shoes upon their feet, but all with snow-white belts, and musket barrels burnished till they shone like silver, were drawn up in line at right angles with a detachment of about a hundred men, whose dark-blue uniforms and low-crowned shakos, laced with silver, indicated them to be carabineros, a corps employed in the prevention of smuggling and capture of banditti. Seven or eight officers, one of



whom wore the insignia of colonel on his coat-cuff, were grouped a few yards in front of the troops; and again at a short distance from them were a dozen soldiers, who at the moment of my arrival were busy loading their muskets. At the same instant there emerged from a side street leading to the plaza, a party of soldiers surrounding a man whose arms were bound behind him, and beside whom two priests were walking. The crowd opened a lane, the prisoner and his escort passed through, and halted on the farther side of the square.

I at once saw that a military execution was about to take place, and I looked around for some one of whom I could inquire its object. A clean shaven, dapper little man, whom I set down in my mind as the village barber, was standing a couple of paces from me, eyeing me with some curiosity, and to him I addressed myself. The readiness and loquacity with which he answered my questions, convinced me that my conjecture as to his trade must be a correct one.

"*Muy gran picaro, señor,*" said he, "a shocking rogue is that Juan Alamo, *El Morenito*, as they call him; the greatest smuggler in the Pyrenees from Perpignan to the Bidassoa, and, moreover, the most cruel, murdering villain unhung. We Spaniards do not wish much harm to the contrabandistas," continued he, with a sly smile, and lowering his voice a little, "but this fellow is a downright robber and murderer. Two nights ago, he and some of his comrades attacked the country house of Don Gregorio Pinta. There was only one man in the house besides old Don Gregorio, who was almost bedridden, but had there been more, it would have been of little use, for they were taken by surprise, when they were all sleeping. God knows the horrors the brigands committed. They murdered every creature of them, except one of the daughters, who hid herself under a bed where they did not think of looking; but she could give little account of it, for she was found in the morning a slaving idiot. A peasant who had seen them leaving the house brought the news, and the carabineros set out after the villains, and surprised them as they were sleeping off the effects of Don Gregorio's good wine. Three of them were killed, and the Morenito himself was stunned by a blow on the head and brought in prisoner. Brave fellows, these carabineros, *muy valientes.*"

I had more than once heard speak of this Morenito, who had been described to me as one of the most blood-thirsty bandits in all Spain; and it was with much interest that I now looked at him, expecting to find an exterior corresponding with the vices and crimes for which he had made himself so notorious. In this I was totally mistaken. Instead of the truculent, ferocious-looking ruffian I anticipated, I beheld one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. *El Morenito* was apparently about thirty years of age; his figure the perfection of manly symmetry; his head that of a Grecian statue. No bad expression degraded the beautifully regular features; the slightly contracted brow and compressed lips gave a martial and resolute air to his countenance, better befitting a gallant soldier than a midnight murderer. The disciples of Lavater would have been sorely puzzled to account for this glaring disparity between physiognomy and character.

"And that is the Morenito!" I exclaimed aloud. "The same, señor," said my little friend the

barber, whose presence I had forgotten, but who was still at my elbow. "Once caught, there was no occasion for much trial. He has been tried and condemned to death twice already, but both times he managed to break out of prison, and there has been a price set on his head these two years. So as soon as he was taken, the military governor ordered him to be put in *capilla* for twenty-four hours, previous to being shot. He won't have had too much time to confess all his crimes. It is almost too bad that he should die the same death so many brave soldiers die, but there is no *garrote* nearer than Pampeluna, so lead is to do the work. Look, the villain, he is spitting on the priest! *Santa Maria, que indigno!*"

And the chattering little man crossed himself repeatedly. There was a general murmur and movement of indignation amongst the crowd. The prisoner, who it appeared had refused to confess, and turned a deaf ear to the exhortations of the priests, had actually spit in the face of one of the latter, who was holding a crucifix before him, and urging him to repentance.

"Kneel down!" said the officer commanding the parade, in a stern voice, to the prisoner.

"I will die on my feet," was the dogged reply.

The officer made a sign to two soldiers, who stepped forward, and seizing the prisoner, tried to force him down on his knees. But although his arms were bound, his resistance was so violent, that two more men were necessary to put him in the required position, kneeling, with his back to the firing party. Scarcely had they left him, when he again started to his feet, and faced his executioners, the foam upon his lips, and venting the most horrible curses and imprecations.

"Even at the eleventh hour, my son!" said the priest, a meek, venerable-looking old man with white hair and trembling hands, that clasped an ebony crucifix. A blasphemy too frightful to write down was the only reply.

"Attention!" commanded the officer, in a tone in which I thought I recognized something like impatience to put an end to this disgusting scene.

The other commands immediately followed. At the word "Fire!" there was the rattle of a dozen muskets, and *El Morenito* fell upon his face, pierced by as many balls.

A right pleasant sunny-looking town is Tarbes, with its broad, open square planted with rows of plane trees, and surrounded by neat houses and well-kept flower gardens. As in most French provincial towns, however, a stranger in the place, unless he has acquaintances there, finds himself much embarrassed to get rid of his time. The theatre and the coffee-house are his only resources, and the former happened to be closed on the evening of my arrival. After despatching an excellent dinner, which included a *foie gras* of dimensions that must have been exceedingly inconvenient to the goose to which it had belonged, I found I had nothing left for it but to go to bed or to the *café*; and it being rather too early for the former way of disposing of myself, I chose the latter alternative.

The *café* was occupied as such places usually are in fourth-rate French towns. Two or three couple of old grey-mustached captains, pipe in mouth, playing at chess and piquet; a noisy group of subalterns, chatting round a bowl of punch; several parties of peaceable burghers deep in the

mysteries of dominos, and drinking sugar and water with a perseverance that would have delighted Father Mathew. The tables were all full, with the exception of one, at which a single person was seated. I took a chair opposite to him, and called for some refreshment.

The first glance I gave at my neighbor convinced me that he was of a different race and country from the other occupants of the *café*. He seemed about five or six and twenty years of age, tall in person, slender, yet muscular and strongly built; and his style of face betrayed a northern, probably a German, origin. His clear and well-cut eyes were of a bright and sparkling blue; his hair, which he wore long and curling, was almost flaxen in its lightness; while his small peaked beard and twisted mustache, as well as the whole cast of his features, reminded me strongly of the handsome and well-known countenance of Vandyk, the painter.

The young man replied courteously to the slight salutation I made him as I sat down at his table. He had just lighted one of the vile fabrications which the French *régie* sell as Havana cigars. It would not draw, and, after puffing it for two or three minutes, he threw it away with an energetic "*Donnerwetter!*"

"Ha, ha!" thought I, "a German. I was right then." I had some excellent cigars in my pocket, which I had brought from the other side of the Pyrenees, and I offered one to the stranger. He accepted it; I lighted another, and we fell into a conversation that lasted the greater part of the evening. My new acquaintance was very open and communicative; and I soon learned that he was a native of Lower Saxony, and an artist by profession, whom a passionate love of travelling, and a desire to take some sketches of the magnificent scenery of the Pyrenees, had brought to the south of France. He had been already a fortnight at Tarbes, and thought of remaining there some time longer, its situation being central and convenient for his object. The dullness of the place mattered little to him, for he merely used it as a sort of head-quarters, whence he made excursions of greater or less duration. I found that he had travelled much and with profit. He was a lively and entertaining companion; and when the *café* closed, and he left me at the door of my hotel, I gladly accepted an invitation to visit him the next day and look over his sketches. The friend I expected to meet could not arrive till after noon, and I was too happy to find so agreeable a means of passing the morning.

As soon as I had breakfasted, upon the following day, I inquired my way to the address the young German had given me; and on arriving there, was shown into a large light room, where my new acquaintance was seated, pencil in hand, before his easel. A Meerscham pipe and a brace of handsomely-mounted pistols decorated the wall of the apartment; a small compact knapsack, adapted for the pedestrian tourist, was lying upon a chair, while a portmanteau, of very moderate dimensions, composed what its owner termed his heavy baggage.

The young Saxon welcomed me with the frank cordiality of his country, and produced a couple of sketch-books, filled principally with Pyrenean subjects, in the examination of which I was soon busied, appealing to him for explanations of the various sites. He evidently possessed considerable talent as an artist; although he cultivated it, he told me, chiefly for his amusement, and for the last five years he had been rambling over Europe, seek-

ing subjects for his pencil, and indulging a truant disposition. I remarked that in the course of his wanderings he must have seen much, and probably had many adventures well worth narrating. He admitted that he had; and I expressed my regret that our period of companionship was likely to be so short, as otherwise I should have begged him to tax his memory for my benefit.

"I should not have very far to go back," he answered. "Only a few days ago, I had an adventure that was comical enough in its way; and if you are disposed to listen to it, ensconce yourself in that arm-chair, and I will tell it you, while I give the finishing touches to this sketch of the Pas de Roland, which I shall then be glad if you will accept as a memorial of our brief acquaintance."

Delighted with this proposal, I obeyed the young artist's directions to the letter, and begged him to commence his narrative without a moment's delay. He smiled at my impatience, and at once complied.

"About three weeks back," he began, "I was in the heart of the Pyrenees, and having visited all the beaten tracks and every point of view usually repaired to by travellers, I conceived a desire to examine such spots as are apparently reserved for the exclusive haunts of the izard and the bear, certain that I should there not have been preceded either by tourists or landscape painters. I set out one fine morning from a mountain inn at which I had passed the night; alone, but armed with the pistols you see yonder, and instructed as to the route I should follow. The commencement of my excursion was somewhat discouraging. I had to cross, at the risk of my neck, half-a-dozen foaming and roaring torrents, and that over rocks and stepping stones as smooth and slippery as ice. Occasionally, but with little benefit, I abandoned this perilous footing, and scrambled over one of the large pine-trees which the floods bring from the uplands, and leave stretched across the water-courses, stripped of bark and branches. Having surmounted these first difficulties, I at last found myself on a narrow path, covered with green and slippery moss, sloping towards precipices right and left, the depths beneath which bristled with pointed crags, and were barely to be distinguished in the strange sort of light afforded by the foam of the cataracts. At intervals the ravine widened; and the stream, flowing less rapidly, reflected the blue sky, and the vivid green of the plants which crept over the rocks and dangled from the edge of the precipices. But these changes were brief. Again the dingy peaks closed in, and the watercourse became as impetuous and noisy as before. Farther on, the precipice was closed on one side by advancing cliffs, beetling above the narrow path I was following, and seeming as though they would push me over the opposite declivity. Every moment the path became narrower, and my progress was impeded by blocks of stone, some of which I rolled into the ravines, while I scrambled over the larger ones with no small difficulty and peril. After a long ascent and many changes of scenery, I found myself above the clouds, which I saw drifting about below me, and sweeping across the midway slopes and levels. Nevertheless, and in spite of the great elevation I had attained, it appeared to me that the mountain, on the lofty shoulder of which I stood, was crushed into insignificance by the huge masses and glittering peaks which towered above and around me, displaying innumerable varieties of tint and outline.

"In the regions in which I now was, there are

only two classes of human beings to be found—the smuggler and the custom-house officer. There take place their frequent struggles and stratagems, in which wonderful strength, courage, and address are frequently exhibited. The smuggler may be compared with the *izard*, the *douanier* with the dog, who, although not hunting for his own benefit does not on that account display less ardor in the chase. It is generally at one particular spot that these encounters take place—a pass which opens the descent on the Spanish side of the mountain. When, however, the smugglers are too few in number to risk an encounter, they avail themselves of circuitous paths and defiles, such as the wolf and bear only enter when pressed by some unflinching hunter; creeping along the narrow shelves of precipices, or forcing their way through forests where the trees are allowed to perish from age, and the succeeding generation of saplings has hardly room to spring up amidst the decaying trunks of dead oaks and firs.

I had just emerged from one of these virgin forests, and was proceeding along a narrow and rugged path, wondering as I went at the wild and extraordinary scenery around me, when, on turning a sharp angle, I suddenly perceived a small gray *swirl* of smoke rising from behind a huge block of stone. I was well aware that the Pyrenean smugglers not unfrequently unite with their avowed profession the even less honorable one of banditti, and scruple not to rob and murder travellers, well knowing that the neighboring authorities are not likely to explore those deep ravines in quest of missing strangers, living or dead. I quietly cocked one of my pistols, grasped my iron-shod staff firmly in my right hand, and cautiously approached the smoke. I was within a bound of the rock, when I beheld a man's head and the muzzle of a carbine rising above its surface. Before, however, the owner of the head had time to distinguish me or to execute any evil intentions he may have had, his carbine was struck from his grasp by a blow of my stick, and the muzzle of one of my pistols touched his breast. My movement had been so rapid, and the fellow had thought himself so perfectly secure in his fastness, that he had no time to guard against the attack, and now stood completely at my mercy.

"Hullo! comrade," I exclaimed in French—"you exercise a villanous sort of hospitality. Down upon your face, or you are a dead man!"

My antagonist seemed to hesitate whether he should not yet make a fight of it, disarmed though he was, but he saw that he was entirely in my power, and probably observed also that my finger was gradually tightening upon the trigger. Had he made the least struggle, I must have shot him. It was evidently his life or mine. He threw himself sullenly back upon a ledge of rock, the seat which he had apparently been occupying before my arrival, and opposite to which a fire of sticks was smoking and smouldering in the sun-beams. I picked up his carbine and flung it over the precipice, and then in my turn seated myself on a tree trunk within a few feet of my captive, for such he might now be considered.

"You may console yourself for your failure," said I. "You would have made but a sorry booty had you shot or overcome me; for I am but a poor travelling artist, living, like yourself, from hand to mouth, and having, like you, to struggle against ignorance and bad taste, those everlasting *douaniers* who let nothing pass without subjecting it to their

vile ordeal. But come, my good fellow, I am hungry and thirsty; yonder haversack looks full and comely, and I am persuaded there is something stronger than water in the leathern bottle beside you. Hand them over here; but beware of disturbing my meal by the least suspicious movement, or —"

And I glanced at the pistol which lay full cocked upon my knee.

"Keep quiet, and we shall part friends."

Bread, *aguardiente*, and some boiled goat's flesh, yet warm from the fire, were the provisions now sulkily thrown to me. My walk had been long and difficult, and my appetite was such as to make this food, plain though it was, highly acceptable.

Whilst eating, and occasionally taking a pull at the flask, I was able to survey my surly companion more deliberately than I had yet done. A more picturesque *Salvator Rosa* looking fellow I had never beheld. Above the middle height, his square shoulders, broad chest, and full and symmetrical limbs were set off to the greatest advantage by the only picturesque costume remaining in Europe, the close-fitting jerkin and breeches, the silken sash, and *montero* cap, composing the Spanish national dress. His complexion was a rich olive, his forehead high and spreading, with large and brilliant eyes, bushy whiskers, and jet black mustaches curling over a well-formed mouth. He was a perfect study, and the idea suddenly struck me that I might avail myself of him as such. I had done eating. I took out my pencil and sketch-book.

"Now, my fine fellow," said I, "we are going to part, and I wish you better luck next time. I have still ten minutes to spare, however, and I mean to employ them in making a sketch of your particularly picturesque physiognomy. Have the goodness to sit quietly while I take your portrait."

The smuggler, who understood all I said, although he had not as yet uttered a word in reply, now ejaculated a tremendous oath, and sprang to his feet in a rage that was perfectly dramatic. I was on my guard, and instantly covered him with my pistol.

"One step, and I fire."

The fellow ground his teeth, but did not advance.

"It is no use," said I; "you are in my power. If you had shot me just now, as you kindly intended to do, you would have stripped me and thrown my body into the ravine. The tables are turned, and you must own I use my advantage with moderation. You will hardly think of resisting the will of one who has your life in his hands. Sit down again. Very good. The eyes turned more this way. So. Now raise your head, and let your hand fall naturally. Take off your cap. Now stretch out your right leg. No, cross it over the other. Capital!"

My model grumbled and swore, but that did not in the least disturb me. With a pistol in one hand, and my pencil in the other, I kept him in position full a quarter of an hour, while I took a rough sketch of him. When it was finished, I put up my drawing materials, took off my hat, wished him good morning, and left him to his reflections, or to whatever mode of passing his time he might think proper to adopt; taking care, however, to treat him with due respect, and to keep my face turned towards him till I was a tolerable distance from his bivouac. I was little apprehensive of an attack from him, disarmed as he was; but as it was possible he might have comrades in the neigh-

borhood, whom he might summon to pursue me, I made the best of my way downwards, and, after two or three hours' walk, reached a village on the mountain-side, where I took up my quarters for the night. I have since then made another excursion in the Pyrenees, but saw nothing more of my friend, nor, to say the truth, am I particularly desirous of encountering him a second time. I might not come off so victoriously as at our former meeting."

I had listened with much interest to the young German's narrative. It was something to have baffled upon his own ground one of the Basque smugglers, perhaps the most hardy and daring race of men in Europe. I felt convinced there was no exaggeration or boasting in what I had heard. My new friend was just the man to achieve such a feat, possessing, as he evidently did, great coolness and presence of mind, and, moreover, an active and vigorous frame, which might well give him confidence in himself, and render him a match for any single opponent.

"Of course you have preserved the sketch which you made under such unusual circumstances?" said I.

"Certainly I have," replied my companion, rising and going to a drawer. "I have since finished it, and I can assure you it is a most exact likeness. I am only vexed that I forgot to ask my model his name; for I am almost sure, from his very *distingué* appearance, he must be of some note amongst his fellows."

As he spoke, he held out to me a boldly-executed pencil portrait, which I immediately recognized.

"The likeness is indeed admirable," said I; "and the more valuable as the original no longer exists. I can help you to the name you are so desirous of learning."

My companion gazed at me with astonishment as I took up a pencil and wrote two words at the foot of the drawing.

"El Morenito!" exclaimed he, reading them as I wrote.

From the Asiatic Journal.

#### THE ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL AT JERUSALEM.\*

THE establishment of an English Protestant bishopric at Jerusalem, and the erection, in connection therewith, of a cathedral church on Mount Zion, are not amongst the least remarkable occurrences which distinguish the present age, fertile as it has been in extraordinary incidents. The reflections to which such an event naturally leads can scarcely be indulged with propriety when we are considering "the progress and result of the building operations, until their suspension last year," which Mr. Johns, the architect, has made the subject of a very handsome work, containing some highly-finished illustrations, and an interesting account of the discoveries in preparing the foundations for the sacred edifice.

This church, it is perhaps sufficiently known, was projected by the London Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, with a view not merely to the spiritual benefit of that people resi-

dent at Jerusalem, and the Mahomedans, but of corrupt Christian churches in that country. The ground was purchased in 1838, but the preparations for the building were not commenced till February, 1840, and Mr. Johns, the architect, appointed to design and superintend the progress of the structure, did not arrive in Jerusalem till July, 1841.

The first difficulty was to form a foundation, owing to "the honeycomb nature of the *debris* accumulated on the rock of this portion of Mount Zion, arising from the numberless sieges and earthquakes Jerusalem has been subjected to, from the time when David wrested his 'stronghold' from the Jebusites, till the wars of Mehemit Ali. Such uncertainty of soil and rubbish existed," Mr. Johns adds, "that you could not form any conjecture as to what the next blow of the pickaxe would alight upon, whether a portion of a ruined chamber, loose rubbish, some part of a destroyed arch, perhaps in an inverted position, a portion of a broken floor, or of tolerably solid masonry, and this would probably rest upon loose rubbish." He was accordingly compelled to proceed down to the rock itself, upon which, on the 28th January, 1842, the first stone was laid by Bishop Alexander, at the depth of thirty-five feet from the surface. On the 2d November, the first stone above ground was laid by Mrs. Alexander. The work advanced till the middle of January, 1843, when it was stopped through the interference of the Turkish authorities, at which time it had reached five feet from the ground. Some idea may be formed of the laborious nature of the operations when it is known that the greatest depth of the foundation is forty-two feet, the least upwards of thirty, and that the cubical contents amount to more than 40,000 cubic feet of masonry.

Mr. Johns has given a tariff of the prices of labor and materials in Jerusalem at the time, whence it appears that Arab masons were paid, according to abilities, from five to fourteen piastres a day, the piastre being worth about 2*d.*; laborers four piastres.

The discoveries made in the course of the extensive excavations necessary for forming the foundations, though not numerous, are interesting to the antiquary and architect. Only four coins were found, and those of the Lower Empire and common. In the course of the first excavations, marks were discovered on the rock of there having been wine-presses; also a door-way and lintel; the commencement of an arched roof to a chamber-cellar cut in the solid rock, and a flight of steps also cut out of the rock; a Corinthian or Composite capital was found, of little merit, and a portion of a Doric capital, beautifully executed in good taste. The last excavation was the richest in point of discovery.

We descended upwards of twenty feet, when the workmen alighted upon a mass of apparently solid masonry; but on carefully removing the rub-

\* The Anglican Cathedral Church of St. James, Mount Zion, Jerusalem. By J. W. JOHNS, Architect. London, 1844

bish, it turned out to be the *extrados* of an arched chamber. On descending downwards by the side of it, we discovered a door-way of good proportions, with an immense lintel running across, and resting on the solid jambs. When the accumulated rubbish had been removed, we obtained access to a room or chamber, 9 feet 6 inches long, by 5 feet 8 inches wide, and elliptically arched, of a very superior construction, and being in height 8 feet 10 inches in the centre, and 5 feet 10 inches to the springing course, and of solid masonry, the whole remarkably well wrought, and put together with the greatest precision, remaining in a state of great perfection and splendid repair, and had not been injured or displaced by earthquakes, which was evidently owing to its resting upon the solid rock. Finding it absolutely necessary to destroy this chamber for the purposes of the church, I had the arch stones carefully removed, and discovered that there were within steps, the whole breadth of the chamber, and running downwards towards a very solid mass of stone-work, laid in courses, with some of the joints apparently fresher in appearance than those surrounding them. On carefully removing one of the stones, my surprise cannot easily be described on finding an entrance into a passage of no ordinary construction, the bottom of which was some little depth below the floor of the chamber. On entering it, I perceived it had been an immense conduit, partly hewn out of the solid rock, and where this was not the case, solidly built in even courses, and cemented on the face with a coating of hard cement about one inch thick, and covered over with large stones still retaining a fine surface. These stones were about 4 feet long, 2 feet 6 inches broad, and 8 inches thick. The direction of this aqueduct was east and west: I traced it west and south-west till I arrived at a modern cistern or well, sunk for the use of a bakery and oil-press in some adjoining premises: eastward I traced it upwards of two hundred feet, and at last I came to an immense collection of rubbish, which, from its quicksand nature, prevented me at that time from proceeding further without hindering the progress of the church.

Mr. Johns suggests that the aqueduct may have been one of the conduits to supply the city from without, when Jerusalem was besieged by the Assyrian host of Sennacherib, and Hezekiah "took counsel with his princes and his mighty men to stop the waters of the fountains that were without the city." The arched chamber he has little doubt was one means employed for obtaining pure water for Herod's palace.

We have been much gratified by this work, which has something to attract various classes of readers,—including the architect, the antiquary, and the friend of missions.

The author, we understand, is about to publish another work, from notes made during his residence in Syria and Palestine.

It is rumored that a large section of Calvinistic Methodists, one thousand at least, from Carnarvonshire and Anglesey, are preparing to emigrate to the United States, with the view to forming a community on the banks of the Mississippi.—*Carmarthen Journal*.

## ENGLISH EDUCATION IN CHINA.

THE Report of the Morrison Education Society, (now located at Hong-Kong,) for the last year,\* has very forcibly suggested to us the great benefit which might be conferred upon the Chinese nation, and the intimate relation which might be established between that nation and the English, by the extension amongst them of educational institutions like that which bears the name of the late Dr. Morrison. The Chinese are an intelligent, inquiring, and eminently a reading people. Their vices are not the fruits of natural indolence, but they result in a great measure from the want of a wholesome literature. They are not less distinguished from other Eastern people by their institutions, than by their national character, which disposes them to assimilate more readily with Europeans than Orientals in general, and to adopt their habits, tastes, and modes of thinking. Nothing is wanting to give a proper tone to the Chinese mind but early intellectual discipline, to which the better classes are, in fact, subjected, but it is not of the right sort. A few hundred young natives, moderately well instructed in the English language and in European science, if care were taken not to awaken the political jealousy of the government, would work a change in the next generation in China which might have the happiest effects.

Hitherto the Morrison Education Society has derived its very slender means from the contributions of a few temporary residents, English and American in China. It was fixed at Macao, a very ineligible place, and it has been compelled, for four years, to struggle against the adverse circumstances of the war, and the unpopularity of everything European, and especially English in China. Brighter scenes are now opening, and pecuniary encouragement is alone wanting to make it an instrument of cosmopolitan utility. "We have made but a beginning," says the Report; "neither in the extent of its provisions for the education of the Chinese, nor the means of its support, is it at all equal to the demand: we have undertaken a work that will continue to call for all the aid that can be obtained; one obvious mode of doing this is, to make the institution known in its objects and operations to those from whom this aid might be expected. "The treaty concluded at Nanking has extended the intercourse with this country, (China,) and with that extension a greater duty devolves on western nations to make it a means of doing the people greater good."

The school has had forty-two Chinese youths permanently resident upon the society's premises; several were taken away when the institution was removed from Macao to Hong-Kong, but the num-

\* Fifth Annual Report of the Morrison Education Society, for the year ending Sept. 28th, 1843. Macao, 1844.

ber in the school, on the 26th September last, was twenty-four. "Now that the school has a fixed place, and is better known among the Chinese," says the Report, "there will be no need to seek for students (as, indeed, there has never been,) nor will there be the same liabilities to changes among the pupils that formerly existed." Some applicants, it appears, had already been repelled for want of accommodation and of adequate means of instruction.

The pupils are taught Chinese and English lessons, half of the day to each; the latter by the Rev. S. R. Brown, the master; the former by a native teacher. The eldest of the three classes, into which the school is divided, is taught Keightley's *History of England*, Colburn's *Intellectual Arithmetic*, English composition, and penmanship. The text-books, English and Chinese, are carefully explained to them, and they are rigidly examined in them. "It is not with these lads in any study, as it is with those who speak English from their birth," the report observes; "a lesson in any book, for the first two or three years after one of them enters the school, is at once both a lesson on language and on the particular subject of which the book treats. Hence, let it be arithmetic, geography, or history, or whatever else, the language must first be made intelligible, and the subject-matter must be arrived at by this laborious process. We often find it necessary to spend more time in interpreting the text-book than in merely reciting the lesson. Not only every new word needs to be defined, but every new form of expression, and every peculiar idiom or combination of words; and it is not unfrequently a half-hour's task to unravel and expound a paragraph of moderate length, so that the pupil shall clearly perceive, not merely what each part signifies, but how all the parts hinge upon one another, and are combined together so as to convey an unbroken train of thought." The result is, that the boys of the first class have pretty well mastered the history, with great interest to themselves, and have made a steady advance in the English language; they have also finished the manual of mental arithmetic, and reviewed it, and have commenced the study of the *Sequel* by the same author. In English composition, the historical exercise has been the most frequent, though the pupils have occasionally written upon themes of their own selection. The second class are taught Colburn's *First Lessons in Arithmetic*, reading, writing, and spelling, and somewhat of composition. The youngest, or third class, (who entered in April last,) have been taught to speak and read English, with some degree of readiness and accuracy of pronunciation, and to write pretty well. The ages of these youths range from eight to sixteen, the average being twelve. Only two have been dismissed for bad conduct, and two for "stupidity." The effect of instruction upon their moral character is one of the most striking and gratifying facts. Mr. Brown says:

"During the whole of the last year, the morals

of the school-boys have appeared to me in general unexceptionable. No instance of theft or falsehood in the two upper classes has come to my knowledge. I believe, indeed, that it may be said, without the least exaggeration, that they are all habitually impressed with a feeling of contempt for the character of a liar. I have heard them, when some instance of falsehood or low cunning has occurred among the natives around them, say, with a look of disgust, 'that is Chinese.' They know the value of a character for veracity, and the meanness and guilt of its opposite; so that when these boys shall have completed their course of studies, I most certainly expect that at least they will be men of truth, and their superiority in this respect over the generality of their countrymen will be unquestioned. To have a class of Chinese young men, on whom we may depend for truth, even though partially educated, living among us in our public and private offices, will assuredly be worth to the foreign community all that their education costs. Nor will it be to our comfort and advantage alone, for such a class will influence others that have not enjoyed equal advantages with themselves. The good implanted in the minds of a few will not die with them, but by its self-propagating virtue, will be diffused more and more widely as time advances. In addition to this, if those who are first sent forth into the world from the school shall, any of them, go not as they came, idolaters and full of all manner of superstition, but changed by the transforming influence of our holy religion, happier still will it be for us, for them, and for their country."

The outlay for the school last year was Drs. 5,626, or about £1,200, more than two-thirds of which were expended in erecting a house at Hong-Kong.

We are quite satisfied that, as there is in English education nothing *alarming* in China, as in India, so there is nothing so likely to work a rapid and beneficial change in the Chinese people.

Whilst upon the subject of English education in China, we may not inappropriately notice the following eulogistic critique of a work of Mr. Robert Thom, our consul at Ningpo, which appears in the *Journal des Débats*. It is understood to be from the pen of M. Stanislas Julien, member of the Institute and Professor of Chinese in the College of France:

The Bibliothèque Royale has just had transmitted to it from Canton a work, which, if we are not mistaken, bids fair to open China to us in a way far more efficacious than even the force of arms has done; and this by enabling the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire to acquaint themselves, without any other assistance than that which itself affords, with the ideas and scientific attainments which prevail in Europe. The work alluded to is a Chinese and English vocabulary, published for the use of the Chinese. It is headed by a preface in Chinese, written in a moderate and conciliatory tone, which the emperor must have read with no less interest than satisfaction, should it have been brought under his notice. This last-named circumstance is by no means improbable, as, according to the *Hong-Kong Gazette* of the 26th October, 1843, a considerable number of the copies had been forwarded to the court of Peking, and as

information has been received since their arrival of many of the high functionaries of that capital having read and having been delighted with the work. Hitherto the almost exclusive object of sinologists has been to compile dictionaries for the service of Europeans; but the opening of four new ports has given birth to new wants, and, among its other consequences, has created a sort of necessity for the publication of the vocabulary which we have now the pleasure of announcing. It was an idea at once happy and bold to aim at furnishing the Chinese with the opportunity of acquiring, through the medium of their own language, an acquaintance with that of England. But an immense difficulty had to be encountered in attempting to set forth to the eye the sounds of a foreign tongue, the pronunciation of which is so arbitrary, by employing for that purpose the signs of a language which has no alphabet. To triumph over this obstacle, and others which need not be enumerated, nothing less was required than the learning and experience of a man who has had his abode in China for the last ten years, and to whom the spoken language of the Chinese is as familiar as his vernacular tongue. The author is Mr. Robert Thom, whose abilities are well known throughout Europe; the gentleman who, in connection with the younger Morrison, acted as interpreter to Sir Henry Pottinger during his negotiations with the Chinese plenipotentiaries; and this, not only in arranging the terms of the recent peace, but likewise in since discussing and settling the articles of that commercial treaty which now throws China open to European enterprise and activity. To him the public was previously indebted for his edition of *Æsop's Fables* in Chinese and English, and for an interesting tale translated from the Chinese.

The volume now before us presents, first of all, a paradigma, or specimen sheet, on which each letter of the English alphabet, small and capital, written and printed, is accompanied by its pronunciation in Chinese phonetic signs, as well as in Mandchou letters. The author then instructs the Chinese in all those principles which are necessary to be understood by them, in order to their finding, in the conventional signs which he employs, the pronunciation of the English words; a thing which he does almost as accurately as if he had availed himself of the sounds of the French language to give expression to them. In this publication, which is merely the first part of the work, all the words and all the phrases are arranged according to an order the most methodical. Each Chinese word is followed by Chinese phonetic signs, which give the pronunciation of the English synonyme placed opposite. The second part will contain the rules of English syntax. We may add, that Mr. Thom has published this work at his own expense, and that he has distributed copies gratuitously to foreigners who reside in China, as well as to the native merchants at the new ports, henceforward to be brought into constant intercourse with Europeans, and requiring the assistance which such a work affords.

#### THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH OF JULY" AT PHILADELPHIA.

THE account has reached us from our (native) American correspondent of the rejoicings which took place at Philadelphia on the fourth of last July; the anniversary of that independence which, our correspondent observes, "his forefathers wrested from the

proud Britishers, after having licked them with an elegance unparalleled in history."

The Philadelphians appear to have celebrated this day with uncommon splendor; which our correspondent ascribes to the circumstance that they had a double triumph to commemorate; for, as their ancestors, formerly, had burst their bonds in general, so they, recently, had cancelled their own in particular.

We omit all notice of such festivities as are the common attendants on a holiday; and shall record those only which were distinctive of this special occasion.

Pleasure parties were formed in various parts of the city and its neighborhood; also on the Delaware, whereon floated an immense number of boats, crowded with dense masses of human beings. The greatest harmony, morally speaking, prevailed; although, in a physical sense, this does not seem to have been the case, since patriotic vociferations, intermingled with the discharge of fire-arms, and the hissing and popping of squibs and crackers, resounded on every side: added to which, hundreds of bands were playing, and thousands of people singing, different tunes at once—the national anthem of "Yan-kee Doodle" preponderating over the rest considerably.

Military and civic processions paraded, at intervals, about the city all day, halting from time to time in front of the different stores to partake of mint julep and other refreshments. They bore numerous banners, displaying appropriate legends and devices. The more conspicuous and generally admired were the following:—

A colossal head of Liberty, painted on an immense sheet of canvass, her cap adorned with a huge feather; the word "REPUTATION!" in bronze characters, being inscribed thereon.

A black flag, with a skull and cross-bones depicted on it, and "NO LIQUIDATION!" in large capitals, underneath the same.

A standard, exhibiting an allegorical figure in a garment of drab, meant as a representation of Pennsylvania, one hand clutching a bag of dollars, marked, "LOAN!" the other derisively applied, with a peculiar gesture, to the nose.

Other flags, banners, and placards, of various sizes, stencilled, and painted in different colors, with the sentences, "WE NEVER WILL REFUND!" "DISTRAIN IF YOU CAN!" "WE DEFT PROSECUTION!" and many manifestoes of like tendency. There was also an emblem carried about, consisting of a bucket, labelled "WHITEWASH," on the end of a long pole.

At the various dinners, public and private, which took place in the afternoon, speeches of a tone highly moral, with sentiments to match, were delivered in great abundance. A State, it was contended, was an irresponsible abstraction, and amenable to no law whether of honesty or honor. Liberty of conscience, it was asserted, was an American's birth-right; liberty of conscience involved liberty of action; liberty of action rendered payment or non-payment optional. One speaker remarked, in a glow of philanthropy, that the interest of Pennsylvania was now identical with that of the human race, since she had appropriated everybody's principal; and another, unaccustomed to public oratory, contented himself with declaring that, as to the merits of the question, people might say what they liked, but for his part, before he would agree to pay one cent, all he had to say was, he would be hanged—a declaration which was received with unbounded applause. Among the toasts proposed, "WASHINGTON AND WIPE OUT YOUR SCORE," "JEFFERSON AND JOCKEY THE UNIVERSE," "DUFF GREEN AND DO YOUR CREDITORS BROWN," may be enumerated.

The day and fire-works went off without any, beyond the average, damage to eyes, apparel, and property, nor does it appear that the numbers lodged in the lock-up houses at night were greater than they have usually been on previous occasions.—*Punch*.



From the Examiner.

*Notes of my Captivity in Russia, in the years 1794, 1795, and 1796.* By J. U. NIEMCEWICZ. Translated from the original by Alexander Laski, Captain in the late Polish Army. Tait.

WE have read this little book with great interest. The writer was Kosciusko's friend, was wounded by his side in the last desperate battle after the second partition of Poland, and went into captivity with him. On their release by Catherine's death, they proceeded to America, passing through England and Sweden. On their return to France, Niemcewicz seems to have looked favorably on the intentions of Napoleon. Kosciusko knew him better. After many disappointments therefore, which were saved to Kosciusko, and many unavailing struggles, but with a lofty spirit unimpaired to the last, Niemcewicz died in Paris three years ago, in his fourth exile, at the great age of eighty-four.

The manuscript of this volume was bequeathed by him to the Polish Historical Committee of Paris, and by their order first published last year. It was written in America, immediately after the close of the captivity it describes, and is in some respects a very curious illustration of the condition of Russia at that time. Custine would inform us of no less a barbarism and ignorance existing still, in matters of not less vital moment: and the little book, irrespective of its own interest, may help in the exposure of that bugbear of modern Europe.

Niemcewicz wrote as well as he fought. He wrote memoirs and histories, and, to excite his countrymen, wrote tragedies; like a Polish *Æschylus* as he was. He was an English scholar too; and the amusement of his captivity was to translate the *Rape of the Lock* and *Rasselas*. Many passages of the little descriptive history before us show what a shrewd observer he was, and how calmly, after shedding his blood by Kosciusko's side, he could discriminate and discuss true freedom.

These remarks on the American Republic were written soon after its establishment, nearly fifty years since.

"In all the countries through which I have travelled, I have generally observed that the difference between an absolute and a free government consists chiefly in this, that where the former is established, however miserable the condition of the inhabitants may be, everything under public management, such as roads, public conveyances, posting, and police regulations, store-houses, sometimes even hospitals, and especially the army, is in the greatest order, and superintended with the strictest accuracy. In free countries, on the contrary, the inhabitants, enjoying all the advantages which are unknown to those under oppression, and possessing the power of turning them to the greatest weal of society, seem to confirm every day the old adage, 'the public property belongs to nobody.' Thus, as we see those republicans happy and in easy domestic circumstances, so we find

them very indifferent to everything connected with public establishments, which, generally, in their country are conducted as Dame Fortune pleases. The cause of this appears to me to lie, first, in the difficulty of making the bulk of a republican community understand that order and obedience are not at all incompatible with a wise liberty; and, in the second place, in the want of public spirit, and in the selfishness with which the modern republicans enjoy their liberty. That patriotism and national pride which animated the Greeks and Romans scarcely exist now-a-days. The Greeks and Romans, in the most glorious period of their history, however sober and modest in their private life, spared neither trouble nor expense in anything that could add to the public usefulness and splendor; the mere ruins of their buildings astonish us still. The modern republican thinks only of himself; he eats well, goes to the tavern and drinks his brandy for a dollar, loses ten dollars in a cock-fight, and when he returns home, and is asked two shillings for the repair of a bridge, he complains immediately of oppression, and swears that liberty is lost. England is the only country I have hitherto seen, where the valuable benefits of liberty are united with the advantages of an energetic administration, so necessary for the weal of all. The Americans, sheltered by their laws and geographical situation from the wars which ravage Europe, enjoy a pure and quiet life, but they enjoy it only because they do not yet know either the refinements of pleasure or the uproar of passion to which these give rise. Centuries must elapse before the increase of population can create among them luxury and fictitious wants, or draw a distinct line between rich and poor, and compel the great mass of the latter to sell their labor at a low price; it is then only that the hands not engaged in employment for acquiring the necessaries of life, will turn to the production of articles of luxury and magnificence."

From which it would seem as if Niemcewicz thus early anticipated those who now believe the United States to have been unfortunate in the prematurity of their separation from this country; before they had among them those materials of moral society which would better have given their government the sense of stability, and more steadily regulated the feelings of the people.

But we turn to the more immediate interest of the narrative. Here is a graphic picture of the battle field of Maciejowice, at the close of the fatal day:

"Among the new arrivals was General Chruszczew's wife, with her two daughters and niece. These ladies came from the place where the fight had been the most bloody; and nothing could better prove how much they were accustomed to war, than seeing them jumping lightly over the naked bodies of grenadiers, which obstructed their passage at every step.

"Between four and five o'clock in the evening, we saw a detachment of soldiers approaching head-quarters, and carrying upon a hand-barrow, hastily constructed, a man half dead. This was General Kosciusko. His head and body covered with blood, contrasted in a dreadful manner with the livid paleness of his face. He had on his



head a large wound from a sword, and three on his back, above the loins, from the thrusts of a pike. He could scarcely breathe."

Chruszczew was one of the Russian generals. His little son had an *embarras des richesses* among stolen playthings, and enjoyed with a more than Eastern satiety the robbery of the nurseries of Poland!

"They took even the children's toys; and among the number of Chruszczew's forty wagons, loaded with spoils, there was one which contained only those playthings. This confused heap of wooden horses, wooden carriages, pasteboard castles, and all sorts of dolls, placed at random one over the other, presented a grotesque sight. Little Iwan, Chruszczew's son, was the richest child in the world in dolls, thus at the age of seven years he was already satiated with every juvenile pleasure. Wherever we stopped, those treasures were displayed before him; he amused himself for some time, then soon became tired with everything. He took one doll after the other, looked at it, then broke its arms and legs, and threw it on the floor. He mounted a wooden horse, balanced himself on it for an instant, and was, likewise, disgusted with it. He was a true Beaujon in his house of the Champs Elysées, in the midst of his millions, splendid furniture, mistresses, tired with everything, as much with the world as himself, and yawning in his cradle suspended with garlands of roses."

The mean atrocities of this Russian march are almost beyond belief; but, we do not doubt, are given with strict veracity. Well may the good Niemcewicz enjoy such anecdotes of Russian stupidity as afterwards enlivened his dungeon. Here is one:

"They brought me once the complete works of Bernardin de Saint Pierre, with the exception of the first volume. I insisted that they should give me it, but they tried to evade my request. Two, three hours passed; no book. At length the officer brought it. 'Tell me,' said I, frankly taking it, 'why have you detained this volume?' 'There was something written in it,' replied he, 'and I have orders not to give you such a book. Being unable to make out the writing, I sent it to Alexander Siemianowicz, the inspector of the prison, who also finding the sentence unintelligible, took the book to Procurator-General Samoilow's, but he understood it no better, and this increased his suspicion.' In short, the book passed through the hands of many great personages of the empire, who all agreed that the sentence must be written in a mysterious language, and as they at last remembered that the old metropolitan Bishop of St. Petersburg was a learned philologist, they sent him the cabalistic writing; and it was he who at last passed the definitive sentence in this matter, declaring that the words in question were written in a known language, and that they contained nothing dangerous to the Gracious Sovereign of all the Russias. Being anxious to know what it was that could so long puzzle the learned and the great of the realm, I took the book, opened it, and found to my great surprise the following words: '*Ex libris Stanislai Sokolnicki!*' For the first time since my imprisonment I laughed, and laughed heartily. This then is the empire where, accord-

ing to Voltaire, the arts and sciences had taken refuge!"

Nor can we wonder at the bitter delight with which he dwells on the most revolting incidents in the death of Catherine.

Among the most striking incidents are the night marches of the prisoners' escort through the snow-covered Russian forests; the examinations; and the final release. Kosciusko was treated with greater consideration than the rest. It was a glimpse of magnanimity in the wayward soul of Catherine.

BURIAL SOCIETIES.—Admitting, as we do, the excellence of the principle, on which the poor may obtain decent interment for their children by the payment of a small weekly sum, we cannot but feel sensible of the facility such a system affords to a result which it is truly horrible to contemplate. A report has recently appeared in one of the medical journals, calling attention to the fearful mortality amongst children, which has been found to exist in connexion with a practice of placing the names of infants on the lists of several burial societies at once, so that the death of a child is productive of a considerable sum, in the aggregate, to the parents surviving it. Humanity revolts at the base notion that the children are sacrificed for the sake of the profit to be obtained by their death; but, unfortunately, certain facts are alleged, which tend not merely to raise, but to confirm a suspicion so terrible. It has been ascertained that parents frequently place the names of newly-born infants on the books of several burial societies, an act which, of itself, ought to be regarded as strong circumstantial evidence, in case of the child's death, that foul play has been exercised. If it is well that these societies should exist, we think that parents should be prohibited from turning them into the means of trafficking in the blood of their offspring, a practice which, dreadful as it is, there can be no doubt has been resorted to. No parent should be allowed to claim against more than one of these institutions, or suffered to recover more than the sum actually expended in the burial of the child, a principle adopted even in the case of property consumed by fire, where sufficient to compensate the party for his actual loss, is all that can be claimed by the sufferer.

ITALY.—Letters from Leghorn state that Austria is so well aware of the dangerous position to which the evils of pontifical misgovernment has brought the papal states, that it has opened negotiations with the Holy See, with a view to the secularization, as far as possible, of that government. It is said that the Austrian government has addressed the French cabinet, to invite it to join with Austria, Naples, and Tuscany to oblige the Pope to make such reforms as the safety of Italy may demand. The King of Sardinia is not included in the negotiation, from which it is supposed that he is opposed to it.

It is rumored that the government has acceded to Captain Warner's proposition; and will moor a line-of-battle-ship off the Goodwin Sands for him to destroy, as he alleges he will do, with his projectile, at a distance of five miles. One of the old hulks in the Medway, that are unfit for further service, will be selected for the experiment.—*Morning Post*.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE KING OF SWEDEN.

BY A GERMAN OFFICER IN THE SWEDISH SERVICE.

WHEN I saw King Charles John for the first time, he was in his sixty-fourth year; but, from his glossy black hair, his fine figure, retaining all the vigor of his prime, and the vivacity and agility of his movements, he might have passed for a hale man of fifty. His angular, marked, but extremely pleasing features, his beautifully formed mouth, and his large, brilliant eyes, composed a whole, the highly intellectual, and, at the same time, amiable expression of which was extremely fascinating. The gaze of his eagle eye, which fixed upon and penetrated any one who was conversing with him, had such a spell, that I think it would have been very difficult to tell the king to his face an untruth, without confusion or trepidation. I have seen courtiers and placemen, whose consciences might not be perfectly clear, stand abashed and confounded, as if thunderstruck, by that piercing look, which seemed to read the inmost recesses of the heart. Bernadotte appeared to be aware of this effect of his looks, and he is said to have formed beforehand an unfavorable opinion of those who could not bear their scrutiny.

The expression of that searching eye changed with inconceivable rapidity. On my return to Stockholm, after a long journey, which I had performed, as the bearer of despatches on matters of great importance, with such expedition that it was noticed as an extraordinary circumstance both in the German and French newspapers, I waited immediately upon the king, and being admitted to his presence, had occasion to observe the expression of the kindest benevolence in his face suddenly changed into the flashing look of indignation. He had laid upon the table the despatches which I had brought, and, while he carelessly sprinkled me from the bottle of *eau de Cologne*, as he frequently did, to take off the smell of tobacco, to which he had a strong aversion, he put various questions, to which I gave satisfactory answers. At last, he inquired in what time I had performed the journey. When I mentioned the precise number of days and hours, his eyes, till then all kindness, all at once darted at me an annihilating look. "Monsieur," he thundered forth, "*souvenez vous que c'est à moi que vous parlez, et que je ne souffre pas les mauvaises plaisanteries.*" I assured him most respectfully that nothing was further from my intention than to take such a liberty; but it was not till he opened the letters, and found the truth of my statement confirmed by the date of them, that his good humor returned.

For the rest, there was nothing whatever in his manner that tended to intimidate; on the contrary, he possessed in the highest degree the talent so useful to a sovereign, of saying to every one what was likely to be most agreeable to him, and of so prepossessing by his conversation all who approached him that they went away delighted. Of his extraordinary power of persuasion, and the great effect of his personal appearance, I will give a remarkable instance. When on one occasion (I forget in what year) the Norwegian Storting, which, as everybody knows, is always in opposition to the government, had again rejected all the propositions of the latter, and a formal breach was anticipated, the king, on receiving this intelligence,

attended by a single aide-de-camp, hastened to Christiana, where he arrived quite unexpectedly. He spoke the same evening with some of the leading members, went on the following day to the assembly, harangued it, and in a short time produced such a change of sentiments that the ferment subsided, order and tranquillity were restored, and the measures proposed by the government, which were in reality fit and moderate, were adopted.

This faculty of rendering himself beloved, not by words alone, but by real kindness and beneficence, contributed not a little to raise him to the throne of Sweden. Other French marshals had acquired as high military reputation as Bernadotte, but by his longer residence at Anspach, and subsequently in Hanover, he had gained the character of a good, just, and clement governor, and, by his humane treatment of the Swedes taken prisoners by him near Lübeck, in the campaign of 1806, that of a noble and generous enemy. In this Swedish corps were several officers belonging to the most influential families in Sweden, who, fascinated by the amiable disposition of the marshal, and by the lively interest with which he inquired concerning the state of their country, carried home with them a high idea of his acute, comprehensive mind, and profound gratitude for his favors. The influence of these officers and their families contributed not a little to the election of the marshal as Crown-Prince of Sweden at the diet of Oerebro, in 1810.

The opinion which has prevailed that the object of the Swedes in electing a French marshal was to flatter Napoleon, who was then all-powerful, is erroneous. The Swedes knew, as well as every one who was at all acquainted with the state of things at the French court, that for a long time past the emperor could not endure Bernadotte, and that he was even in some respects afraid of him. Napoleon neither wished nor favored the election of the Prince of Ponte Corvo as Crown-Prince of Sweden. He knew the character of this man, who had on several occasions openly and boldly opposed him, and was but too well aware that Bernadotte would never stoop to the subordinate and degrading part of a French prefect, to which the emperor doomed his brothers and relatives whom he invested with European sovereignties. Experience showed that he was not mistaken, for he soon received the strongest proofs that his former marshal had become in heart and soul a Swede, and that, as might be expected of such a man, he preferred the interest of the country which had adopted him to that of the country in which he happened to be born.

The continental system, that fixed idea of the emperor, to which he sacrificed so much, and by which he plunged into misery and estranged whole nations, who might otherwise have been and remained devoted to him—the continental system was the rock upon which the good understanding hitherto kept up, apparently at least, between these two extraordinary men, suffered shipwreck. The introduction of the continental system, required unconditionally by Napoleon, would have been a deathblow to the commerce of Sweden: the crown-prince wrote to this effect to the emperor, and when the latter persisted in his unreasonable demand, flatly refused to comply. I have myself had occasion to peruse great part of this correspondence, which is stamped on the part of Napoleon with the character of despotism and irritability; and on the part of the crown-prince

with that of a firm, dignified resistance, of a bold, noble independence, and a perfect consciousness of the duties which he owed to his new country. The emperor, in his letters, calls the crown-prince a traitor, a rebel; and the latter replies that he should deserve those names, if, unmindful of his oath and his engagements, he should sacrifice the interests of Sweden to those of France. The conduct of Bernadotte on this occasion was as prudent as that of Napoleon was impolitic.

I have frequently heard it alleged as a ground of reproach against the crown-prince of Sweden, by Prussian officers more especially, but also by Swedish, that his conduct during the campaign of 1813 was not frank and straightforward—that he was not to be trusted—that he let slip several opportunities of beating the French, and, on the other hand, seized every occasion to spare them, and that, on this account, he led his own troops, the Swedes, into action as little as possible. This imputation is not quite just. The crown-prince of Sweden could not have a real interest in sparing the French, or, to speak more correctly, Napoleon: on the contrary, it was decidedly to his interest to annihilate him,—for he knew his former commander too well not to be thoroughly convinced that if he should come off conqueror from the conflict for life and death, he would never forgive the conduct of Bernadotte, nor forego his revenge. If he took the field against his countrymen without ardor, nay, with a certain lukewarmness, or even repugnance, this, in my opinion, rather redounds to his honor, and the more so as, from the very first, he communicated his views to his allies, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, and not only advised them to drive the French out of Germany, but insisted that there could be no question of peace with Napoleon while a single French soldier remained on German ground. It is true that he strove also to persuade the two sovereigns not to enter France, frankly declaring that, though he was ready to coöperate in the first-mentioned object with all his might, he would not contribute in any way to the occupation of France.

About this period, he wrote several times, with the knowledge of the monarchs of Russia and Prussia, to Napoleon, earnestly exhorting him to peace, strongly and clearly representing to him the impossibility of any long resistance in his situation, and accurately predicting what must befall him if he would not lend a hand to peace. As this advice proved fruitless, Bernadotte cheerfully and honestly assisted in clearing the German territory of the French. If, in so doing, he manifested no hatred, no personal enmity to them, this is as natural as the animosity of the Prussians, who had great outrages to revenge; and I will take leave to add that these latter, perhaps, conceived themselves authorized to censure with the more severity this coolness of the commander-in-chief, because they could not help recollecting that this was the same general who, in 1806, had proved to them near Halle that he was not deficient in energy.

The rather remarkable supineness of the crown-prince at Grossbeeren, where he placed his whole Swedish corps, with the exception of the artillery, which, under General Cardell, contributed materially to the victory, in the reserve, and would not suffer it to take part in the engagement, proceeded from the motive already touched upon—his reluctance, unseasonably indulged, it is true, to permit his own troops to act against the French.

"The point," said he, "was to save Berlin. It was but just that the Prussians should fight in first line for their capital, and that the Swedes should be there to afford assistance only in case of defeat. Thanks to my dispositions, to the ability with which they were executed by the Prussian generals, and to the enthusiasm and valor of their troops, that assistance was not necessary."

These sentiments I have heard Charles John himself express more than once, if not in the same words, yet in others of precisely the same signification. After the battle of Leipzig, the crown-prince separated from the allies, operated with his army against the Danes, and subsequently against the French in Belgium; and, adhering to his principle, halted his Swedish corps on the French frontier, which he would not allow it to cross.

Bernadotte's way of living was extremely simple. To his established habit of temperance, he owed the astonishing conservation of his person and his robust health. Very often, indeed generally, he passed great part of the forenoon in bed, where, however, from eight o'clock, he gave audience and transacted business. About two, he generally rode out in fine weather, and frequently repaired to his favorite retreat, the elegant little palace of Rosendal, built by himself, in the park, and tastefully fitted up and furnished, where he sometimes dined. He rarely visited the table of the queen, who regularly dines with the gentlemen and ladies in attendance on her. In general, the king dined in company with only two or three men, courtiers of distinction, high officers of state, scholars, foreigners, or other interesting persons, with whom he wished to converse. He seldom went to the theatre, chiefly because he was not sufficiently conversant with the Swedish language. The last hours of the day he spent either in writing, or in the family circle.

With pleasure and with just pride, the thoughts of Charles John dwelt upon his earlier career, and he frequently spoke with fondness of the time when he held the very lowest military ranks. "*Lorsque j'étais sergent,*" or, "*A cette époque je venais d'être nommé officier,*"—were expressions which I have often heard him use. He had an astonishing memory for old comrades and acquaintance, and when I was first introduced to him, I had to give him all the information I could concerning a great number of his old companions in arms. On many of them, who fell into distress, he conferred substantial favors, but he adopted the prudent resolution not to permit any of them to come to Sweden. On this point he has been so consistent that he had about him but a single Frenchman, his foster-brother, General Camps, and that, as far as I know, none of his relations, who are people of good property, ever came to Sweden. Had not the king adhered so firmly to this principle, a great number of Frenchmen, dissatisfied with the government of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, would gradually have found their way to Sweden to importune their former general with applications for appointments, the granting of which would have been mortifying to the Swedes.

Though the king, as I have already observed, generally lay long abed, he was attentive to his health, rarely rode on horseback, scarcely ever went a-hunting, and in general exposed himself to as little fatigue as possible, still he could, upon occasion, in spite of his age, endure more than even the younger of his attendants liked to encour-

ter. In great manœuvres, I have seen the king for several successive days, passing eight or ten hours on horseback, and distinguished by his noble military bearing, and the great simplicity of his dress, among the brilliant uniforms of his numerous staff. His frequent journeys to Norway were often performed with the utmost celerity, in winter, in the most intense cold, and on roads which in that season are not always the best.

I shall here introduce one trait from Bernadotte's life, which does him great honor, and attests as well his integrity as his powers of persuasion, and the influence which he always exercised upon those around him. At the breaking out of the revolution in 1789, Bernadotte had recently been appointed sergeant by his captain. This captain, a native of the same province as himself, and who wished him well, had often reproved him for his fondness for the revolutionary ideas which were gradually gaining ground, assuring him that they could not lead to any good; and declaring that he was "une mauvaise tête," and, in spite of his superior education and acquirements, he would come to nothing. When the troubles actually commenced, and order and discipline were banished from the army, several regiments deposed their officers, or refused to obey them, and elected others out of their own midst. The regiment to which Bernadotte belonged followed this example, arrested its colonel and its officers, and unanimously chose sergeant Bernadotte for its commander.

Having accepted this new dignity, he assembled the regiment and thanked his comrades for their confidence, of which, he said, he felt and would prove himself worthy.

"Above all," he thus concluded his speech, "I must impress it upon you, that without discipline no military body can subsist, and if I am to command you, and to operate efficiently for your welfare, you must promise me absolute, implicit obedience."

"That we will," cried the men, with one voice.

"It follows of course then," resumed the sergeant-colonel, "that whoever does not instantly obey my orders, shall be punished according to the laws of war. Do you swear this?"

"We swear it!" responded the soldiers.

Bernadotte immediately took a company—the one to which he belonged, and on which he could reckon implicitly—put himself at its head, led it to the prison, and brought out the officers, with whom he proceeded to the front of the still assembled regiment.

"Soldiers," said he, taking the hand of the colonel, "you have, of your own accord, conferred on me the command over you, and sworn obedience to me; I now command you to recognize again your former colonel and officers. Let us not disgrace a good cause by rebellion and disorder. My command is at an end—I resign it to our former chief."

The latter, however, had seen too much, and was too well informed of what was going on in Paris, and throughout all France, to accept the proffered command again. He declined it, and with most of the officers quitted the regiment, of which Bernadotte then assumed the command.

In process of time, when he came as Marshal of France and Prince of Ponte-Corvo to Anspach, he there met with his former captain, who had emigrated and made that place his residence. He received him with great cordiality, offered him his

services, invited him to his table, and introduced him to his officers as his old chief, by whom he had been made subaltern.

"Vous voyez," said he to him, smiling, "que, malgré ma mauvaise tête, et vos prédictions, je n'ai pas trop mal fait mon chemin."

But, notwithstanding his good-nature and amiable disposition, Bernadotte knew perfectly well how to refuse importunate petitioners in an indirect way. After he had become marshal, he had an aide-de-camp, who had done him good service, but for which he had already been rewarded with the rank of lieutenant-colonel and the cross of the legion of honor. Not content, however, he seized every opportunity to urge his chief to propose him for colonel. One evening, after this officer had, even in the presence of his comrades, taken the liberty to make palpable allusions to unrequited services, slow promotion, and the like, the marshal related the following apologue:

"When I was still a subaltern, I once went with some of my comrades to see the performances of a company of dogs. I was delighted, and still more astonished at the dexterity of these animals, and asked the proprietor how he contrived to bring his pupils into such admirable training.

"If," said he, 'you will come to-morrow about noon, you will comprehend at once my system of education; it is extremely simple.'

"I did not fail to attend at the appointed hour, and the master began with one of the older dogs, and which was already trained, but which, it seemed, needed another lesson. Showing to the animal a large tempting piece of meat, he held it up in his hand; the dog danced capitably, and did all that was required of him. When this had continued for some time, I begged the man not to make the docile brute wait any longer for his reward, and to give him the meat.

"Oh, no! not yet," he replied; 'you don't understand it. So long as I show the dog the meat, he works hard in the hope of getting it; but as soon as he has attained the object of his wishes, he flings himself down, and will not stir without driving.'

The greatest and cleverest of men have their weaknesses. Peter the Great could not touch a lizard; Marshal Saxe almost swooned if a cat came too near him; and it is well known that King Gustavus Adolphus had a particular antipathy to spiders. Charles John is said to have felt an invincible repugnance to dogs, partly arising from the circumstance that a friend of his died from the bite of a mad dog, and partly from his having seen, on the field of battle, the corpse of another friend torn in pieces by dogs, among which was the deceased officer's own dog. Whether this is true or not, I cannot tell; but the king's aversion to dogs was well known at court. The crown-prince had a very beautiful hound, which had been trained, as soon as the king was seen at a distance, or whenever he heard the words, "The king is coming," to run away; or, if this was not possible, to hide himself under the furniture, where he lay quiet while the king remained in the room.

Several biographical accounts of Charles John have appeared, some of which, especially that by Touchard Lafosse, though considered somewhat romantic, is said to be tolerably faithful. It is, however, to be hoped that the memoirs of this remarkable man, which he is reported to have dictated to one of his orderly officers, will be given to the public. They must furnish the most interest-

ing elucidations of many still dark points in the history of the directory, the consulate, and the empire.

The private life of Charles John, as husband and father was irreproachable. Even busy fame, with her thousand tongues, has nothing but good to relate, and the *chronique scandaleuse* is silent. Particularly praiseworthy was his behavior towards his adoptive parents, Charles XIII. and his consort, born Princess of Holstein, the latter of whom, it is said, could not endure him. The crown-prince has the reputation of having uniformly paid them all the attentions of a dutiful son, and all the respect of an obedient subject; and of having always spoken of his adoptive father with reverence and affection.

If the king was an imposing character, as well on account of the glory which he had acquired, and the grand recollections attached to his person, as on account of that person itself, you can scarcely meet with a handsomer and more interesting couple in every respect, than his son, the present king, and his consort. King Oscar combines expressive features, of extraordinary beauty, with a fine manly figure. His eyes are of that dark black, which a French lady once described as "*des yeux de velours noir doré de feu*:" and their looks attest superior understanding, firmness and resolution, united with a kindness which there is no mistaking. In a certain respect, the character of Oscar may be better suited to the Swedes than that of his father. The chief fault found with the latter is, that he always promised more than he could or meant to perform. In his desire to render himself beloved, and to satisfy everybody, it happened not unfrequently that he granted petitions, though he well knew that the thing was impossible in the execution. Hence arose many disappointments, much ill blood, and want of confidence in the royal word. Oscar, on the other hand, has hitherto promised but little, and rarely: he listened to people quietly and sympathizingly, investigated their rights, their claims, and the greater or less probability of the success of their efforts and wishes, frankly expressed his opinion on the subject, assisted when it was in his power, but took good care not to excite false hopes. For the rest, Oscar, as a member of the council of state, as commanding general, as chief of the artillery, and high admiral, has always proved himself an efficient man of business, an accomplished officer, a just and paternal chief. He is beloved by the people, the army and the fleet; and it is alleged that the frequent manifestations of this love and attachment were rather displeasing to his predecessor, and that this was the real cause why the prince had recently withdrawn from almost all business, and relinquished almost all direct influence, in order to occupy himself with the sciences, the fine arts, and the education of his highly-gifted children. In the opinion of all who know him, an opinion to which I cheerfully subscribe, Oscar must be numbered among the most distinguished sovereigns of Europe. With a lively sense for all that is good and true, with calm manly courage, with a sincere aspiration to what is excellent, he unites a highly cultivated mind and strong natural talents. He is said to be, in particular, a clever mathematician and a good astronomer, and I have myself often had occasion to admire his abilities as a musician and composer.

"Quel dommage," once exclaimed an old French lady, when I was describing Prince Oscar

to her, "quel dommage, que tout cela ne soit pas légitime!"

The present queen, a daughter of the noble duke of Leuchtenberg, not only surpasses the ladies of the court in beauty and grace, but sets them a pattern of every female virtue. She has hitherto abstained from all influence, immediate or mediate, on public affairs. For the rest, amiableness is innate and inherent in the whole family of Leuchtenberg. With all the most amiable traits of French mind, "*solide dans le sérieux, et charmant dans les bagatelles*," the members of this house combine the noblest and most valuable qualities of the German national character; and they have thereby acquired, wherever Providence has called them, the attachment of their subjects, or the love of those around them.

From Miss Barrett's Poems.

### THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

So the dreams depart,  
So the fading phantoms flee,  
And the sharp reality  
Now must act its part  
Westwood's "BEADS FROM A ROSARY."

LITTLE Ellie sits alone  
Mid the beeches of a meadow,  
By a stream-side, on the grass;  
And the trees are showering down  
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,  
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by;  
And her feet she has been dipping  
In the shallow water's flow—  
Now she holds them nakedly  
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,  
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,—  
And the smile, she softly useth,  
Fills the silence like a speech;  
While she thinks what shall be done,—  
And the sweetest pleasure, chooseth,  
For her future within reach!

Little Ellie in her smile  
Chooseth.... "I will have a lover,  
Riding on a steed of steeds!  
He shall love me without guile;  
And to him I will discover  
That swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,  
And the lover shall be noble,  
With an eye that takes the breath,—  
And the lute he plays upon,  
Shall strike ladies into trouble,  
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed, it shall be shod  
All in silver, housed in azure,  
And the mane shall swim the wind!  
And the hoofs, along the sod,  
Shall flash onward in a pleasure,  
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize  
All the glory that he rides in,  
When he gazes in my face!  
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes  
Build the shrine my soul abides in;  
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

"Then, ay then—he shall kneel low,—  
With the redroan steed a-near him

Which shall seem to understand—  
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!  
For the world must love and fear him  
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,  
I shall feel my own lips tremble  
With a yes I must not say,—  
Nathless, maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'  
I will utter and dissemble—  
'Light to-morrow, with to-day.'

"Then he will ride through the hills,  
To the wide world past the river,  
There to put away all wrong!  
To make straight distorted wills,—  
And to empty the broad quiver  
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page  
Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,  
And kneel down beside my feet—  
'Lo! my master sends this gage,  
Lady, for thy pity's counting!  
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"The first time, I will send  
A white rosebud for a guerdon,—  
And the second time a glove!  
But the third time—I may bend  
From my pride, and answer—'Pardon—  
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run—  
Then my lover will ride faster,  
Till he kneeleth at my knee!  
'I am a duke's eldest son!  
Thousand serfs do call me master,—  
But, O Love, I love but *thee*!'

"He will kiss me on the mouth  
Then, and lead me as a lover,  
Through the crowds that praise his deeds!  
And, when soul-tied by one troth,  
Unto *him* I will discover  
That swan's nest among the weeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile  
Not yet ended, rose up gaily,—  
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe—  
And went homeward round a mile,  
Just to see, as she did daily,  
What more eggs were with the *two*.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse  
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,  
Where the osier pathway leads—  
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops!  
Lo! the wild swan had deserted—  
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow!  
If she found the lover ever,  
With his red-roan steed of steeds,  
Sooth I know not! but I know  
She could show him never—never,  
That swan's nest among the reeds!

**SCHOOLMASTERS IN SCOTLAND.**—A parliamentary return has been published, showing the number of schoolmasters in Scotland who have vacated their berths in consequence of the last secession. The amount is stated to be ninety-two, and several are under suspension for having joined the seceders.

**COMMEMORATION OF PURCELL.**—Thursday the annual commemoration of the greatest of English musicians was held, in the usual manner, by the society which bears his name. The morning service at Westminster Abbey consisted entirely of his music, the choir of the Abbey being strengthened by the professional members of the society. It consisted of the *Benedicite*, the *Magnificat*, the chant to the Psalms, and two anthems, one of which, "O God, thou hast cast me out," is among the noblest of his sacred compositions. The effect of this music, sung by between thirty and forty thoroughly trained voices, was in the highest degree grand and solemn. The Abbey was crowded, as it always is when this fine performance of Purcell's music takes place. In the evening there was a meeting in Gresham College, assembled by Professor Taylor, who is the president of the Purcell Society, when a most interesting selection from Purcell's secular compositions was performed.

**RECREATION FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.**—The Duke of Norfolk has promised, on the expiration of a few leases, to give up fifty acres of his land for a pleasure ground, for the recreation of the people of Sheffield. In Birmingham the question has already been discussed in the town council, and the great advantage and benefit of public parks unanimously affirmed. That body has opened a communication with government, for the purpose of obtaining a grant towards providing the public walks, which, in Birmingham, with its 220,000 inhabitants, are felt to be imperatively needed.

**PRESENCE OF MIND.**—It is the custom on the coast of Normandy, near Caen, to raise the seaweed from the shore to the land by means of a crane, with ropes and pulleys to haul up the baskets filled with it by persons from below. The *Journal de Caen* relates, that a few days ago some men thus employed at Benouville, near that town, found that there was at the end of their line a much greater weight than usual, and were terror-struck when at last they found, not a load of weed, but the wife of one of them. In a very few minutes she was safely placed on *terra firma*, and able to relate that, when the men ashore began to haul, the hook caught her petticoats, instead of the basket, and she became unable to release herself. Preserving her presence of mind, she caught the rope with her hands, and, though big with child, held a firm grasp, keeping herself from striking the abutments of the cliff with her feet, and thus made her ascent to upwards of 200 yards above the sea, without any material injury.

**DR. LAMBE**, now in his 80th year, states that he has lived on a purely vegetable diet since 1804, and has brought up a large family on the same plan with success.—*Medical Times*.

**MOGADOR.**—The town of Mogador is built upon a small arm of land jutting into the sea, and in high tides is nearly surrounded by water. The island of Mogador facing the town is about a mile in circumference, and possesses what is called a "strong castle." The port is between the town and the island, and from the shallowness of the water only admits vessels of moderate tonnage; hence, we suppose, the reason of the Prince de Joinville taking possession of the island. Mogador is walled round, but the defences are of too ancient a date to withstand the effects of modern gunnery. The town is about 123 miles west by south from Morocco.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

THE most poetical chronicler would find it impossible to render the incidents of Montrose's brilliant career more picturesque than the reality. Among the devoted champions who, during the wildest and most stormy period of our history, maintained the cause of Church and King, "the Great Marquis" undoubtedly is entitled to the foremost place. Even party malevolence, by no means extinct at the present day, has been unable to detract from the eulogy pronounced upon him by the famous Cardinal de Retz, the friend of Condé and Turenne, when he thus summed up his character :—"Montrose, a Scottish nobleman, head of the house of Grahame—the only man in the world that has ever realized to me the ideas of certain heroes, whom we now discover nowhere but in the Lives of Plutarch—has sustained in his own country the cause of the king his master, with a greatness of soul that has not found its equal in our age."

But the success of the victorious leader and patriot, is almost thrown into the shade by the noble magnanimity and Christian heroism of the man in the hour of defeat and death. It is impossible now to obliterate the darkest page of Scottish history, which we owe to the vindictive cruelty of the Covenanters—a party venal in principle, pusillanimous in action, and more than dastardly in their revenge; but we can peruse it with the less disgust, since that very savage spirit which planned the woful scenes connected with the final tragedy of Montrose, has served to exhibit to the world, in all time to come, the character of the martyred nobleman in by far its loftiest light.

There is no ingredient of fiction in the historical incidents recorded in the following ballad. The indignities that were heaped upon Montrose during his procession through Edinburgh, his appearance before the Estates, and his last passage to the scaffold, as well as his undaunted bearing, have all been spoken to by eye-witnesses of the scene. A graphic and vivid sketch of the whole will be found in Mr. Mark Napier's volume, "The Life and Times of Montrose"—a work as chivalrous in its tone as the *Chronicles of Froissart*, and abounding in original and most interesting materials; but, in order to satisfy all scruple, the authorities for each fact are given in the shape of notes. The ballad may be considered as a narrative of the transactions, related by an aged Highlander, who had followed Montrose throughout his campaigns, to his grandson, shortly before the splendid victory of Killiecrankie :—

## I.

COME hither, Evan Cameron,  
Come stand beside my knee—  
I hear the river roaring down  
Towards the wintry sea.  
There's shouting on the mountain side,  
There's war within the blast—  
Old faces look upon me,  
Old forms go trooping past.  
I hear the pibroch wailing  
Amidst the din of fight,  
And my old spirit wakes again  
Upon the verge of night!

## II.

'T was I that led the Highland host  
Through wild Lochaber's snows,

What time the plaided clans came down  
To battle with Montrose.  
I've told thee how the Southrons fell  
Beneath the broad claymore,  
And how we smote the Campbell clan  
By Inverlochy's shore.  
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,  
And tamed the Lindsays' pride;  
But never have I told thee yet  
How the Great Marquis died!

## III.

A traitor sold him to his foes;\*  
O deed of deathless shame!  
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet  
With one of Assynt's name—  
Be it upon the mountain's side,  
Or yet within the glen,  
Stand he in martial gear alone,  
Or back'd by armed men—  
Face him, as thou would'st face the man  
Who wrong'd thy sire's renown;  
Remember of what blood thou art,  
And strike the caulf down!

## IV.

They brought him to the Watergate†  
Hard bound with hempen span,  
As though they held a lion there,  
And not a fenceless man.  
They set him high upon a cart—  
The hangman rode below—  
They drew his hands behind his back,  
And bared his lordly brow.  
Then, as a hound is slipp'd from leash,  
They cheer'd the common throng,  
And blew the note with yell and shout,  
And bade him pass along.

\* "The contemporary historian of the Earls of Sutherland records, that (after the defeat of Invercarron) Montrose and Kinnoull 'wandered up the river Kyle the whole ensuing night, and the next day, and the third day also, without any food or sustenance, and at last came within the country of Assynt. The Earl of Kinnoull, being faint for lack of meat, and not able to travel any further, was left there among the mountains, where it was supposed he perished. Montrose had almost famished, but that he fortified in his misery to light upon a small cottage in that wilderness, where he was supplied with some milk and bread.' Not even the iron frame of Montrose could endure a prolonged existence under such circumstances. He gave himself up to Macleod of Assynt, a former adherent, from whom he had reason to expect assistance in consideration of that circumstance, and, indeed, from the dictates of honorable feeling and common humanity. As the Argyle faction had sold the king, so this Highlander rendered his own name infamous by selling the hero to the Covenanters, for which 'duty to the public' he was rewarded with four hundred bolls of meal."—*NAPIER'S Life of Montrose.*

† "Friday, 17th May.—Act ordaining James Grahame to be brought from the Watergate on a cart, bareheaded, the hangman in his livery, covered, riding on the horse that draws the cart—the prisoner to be bound to the cart with a rope—to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and from thence to be brought to the Parliament House, and there, in the place of delinquents, on his knees, to receive his sentence—viz., to be hanged on a gibbet at the cross of Edinburgh, with his book and declaration tied on a rope about his neck, and there to hang for the space of three hours until he be dead; and thereafter to be cut down by the hangman, his head, hands, and legs to be cut off, and distributed as follows—viz., His head to be affixed on an iron pin, and set on the pinnacle of the west gravel of the new prison of Edinburgh; one hand to be set on the port of Perth, the other on the port of Stirling; one leg and foot on the port of Aberdeen, the other on the port of Glasgow. If at his death penitent, and relaxed from excommunication, then the trunk of his body to be interred, by pioneers, in the Greyfriars; otherwise, to be interred in the Boroughmuir, by the hangman's men, under the gallows."—*BALFOUR'S Notes of Parliament.*

## V.

It would have made a brave man's heart  
Grow sad and sick that day,  
To watch the keen malignant eyes  
Bent down on that array.  
There stood the Whig west-country lords  
In balcony and bow,  
There sat their gaunt and wither'd dames,  
And their daughters all a-row;  
And every open window  
Was full as full might be,  
With black-robed Covenanted carles,  
That goodly sport to see!

## VI.

But when he came, though pale and wan,  
He look'd so great and high,\*  
So noble was his manly front,  
So calm his steadfast eye;—  
The rabble rout forbore to shout,  
And each man held his breath,  
For well they knew the hero's soul  
Was face to face with death.  
And then a mournful shudder  
Through all the people crept,  
And some that came to scoff at him,  
Now turn'd aside and wept.

## VII.

But onwards—always onwards,  
In silence and in gloom,  
The dreary pageant labor'd,  
Till it reach'd the house of doom:  
But first a woman's voice was heard  
In jeer and laughter loud,†  
And an angry cry and a hiss arose  
From the heart of the tossing crowd:  
Then, as the Græme look'd upwards,  
He caught the ugly smile  
Of him who sold his king for gold—  
The master-fiend Argyle!

## VIII.

The Marquis gazed a moment,  
And nothing did he say,  
But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale,  
And he turn'd his eyes away.  
The painted harlot at his side,  
She shook through every limb,  
For a roar like thunder swept the street,

It is needless to remark that this inhuman sentence was executed to the letter. In order that the exposure might be more complete, the cart was constructed with a high chair in the centre, having holes behind, through which the ropes that fastened him were drawn. The author of the *Wigton Papers*, recently published by the Maitland Club, says, "the reason of his being tied to the cart was in hope that the people would have stoned him, and that he might not be able by his hands to save his face." His hat was then pulled off by the hangman, and the procession commenced.

\* "In all the way, there appeared in him such majesty, courage, modesty—and even somewhat more than natural—that those common women who had lost their husbands and children in his wars, and who were hired to stone him, were upon the sight of him so astonished and moved, that their intended curses turned into tears and prayers; so that next day all the ministers preached against them for not stoning and reviling him."—*Wigton Papers*.

† "It is remarkable, that of the many thousand beholders, the Lady Jean Gordon, Countess of Haddington, did (alone) publicly insult and laugh at him; which being perceived by a gentleman in the street, he cried up to her, that it became her better to sit upon the cart for her adulteries."—*Wigton Papers*. This infamous woman was the third daughter of Huntly, and the niece of Argyle. It will hardly be credited that she was the sister of that gallant Lord Gordon, who fell fighting by the side of Montrose, only five years before, at the battle of Aldford!

And hands were clench'd at him,  
And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,  
"Back, coward, from thy place!  
For seven long years thou hast not dared  
To look him in the face."\*

## IX.

Had I been there with sword in hand  
And fifty Camerons by,  
That day through high Dunedin's streets  
Had peal'd the slogan cry.  
Not all their troops of trampling horse,  
Nor might of mail'd men—  
Not all the rebels in the south  
Had borne us backwards then!  
Once more his foot on Highland heath  
Had stepp'd as free as air,  
Or I, and all who bore my name,  
Been laid around him there!

## X.

It might not be. They placed him next  
Within the solemn hall,  
Where once the Scottish kings were throned  
Amidst their nobles all.  
But there was dust of vulgar feet  
On that polluted floor,  
And perjured traitors fill'd the place  
Where good men sate before.  
With savage glee came Warristoun †  
To read the murderous doom,  
And then uprose the great Montrose  
In the middle of the room.

## XI.

"Now by my faith as belted knight,  
And by the name I bear,  
And by the red Saint Andrew's cross  
That waves above us there—  
Ay, by a greater, mightier oath—  
And oh, that such should be!—  
By that dark stream of royal blood  
That lies 'twixt you and me—  
I have not sought in battle field  
A wreath of such renown,  
Nor dared I hope, on my dying day,  
To win the martyr's crown!

\* "The Lord Lorn and his new lady were also sitting on a balcony, joyful spectators; and the cart being stopp'd when it came before the lodging where the Chancellor, Argyle, and Warristoun sat—that they might have time to insult—he, suspecting the business, turned his face towards them, whereupon they presently crept in at the windows; which being perceived by an Englishman, he cried up, it was no wonder they started aside at his look, for they durst not look him in the face these seven years bygone."—*Wigton Papers*.

† Archibald Johnston of Warristoun. This man, who was the inveterate enemy of Montrose, and who carried the most selfish spirit into every intrigue of his party, received the punishment of his treasons about eleven years afterwards. It may be instructive to learn how he met his doom. The following extract is from the MSS. of Sir George Mackenzie:—"The Chancellor and others waited to examine him; he fell upon his face, roaring, and with tears entreated they would pity a poor creature who had forgot all that was in the Bible. This moved all the spectators with a deep melancholy; and the Chancellor, reflecting upon the man's great parts, former esteem, and the great share he had in all the late revolutions, could not deny some tears to the frailty of silly mankind. At his examination, he pretended he had lost so much blood by the unskillfulness of his chirurgeons, that he had lost his memory with his blood; and I really believe that his courage had been drawn out with it. Within a few days he was brought before the parliament, where he discovered nothing but much weakness, running up and down upon his knees, begging mercy; but the parliament ordained his former sentence to be put to execution, and accordingly he was executed at the cross of Edinburgh."



## XII.

"There is a chamber far away  
Where sleep the good and brave,  
But a better place ye have named for me  
Than by my father's grave.  
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,  
This hand has always striven  
And ye raise it up for a witness still  
In the eye of earth and heaven.  
Then nail my head on yonder tower—  
Give every town a limb—  
And God who made shall gather them.—  
I go from you to Him!"\*

## XIII.

The morning dawn'd full darkly,  
The rain came flashing down,  
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt  
Lit up the gloomy town:  
The heavens were speaking out their wrath,  
The fatal hour was come,  
Yet ever sounded sullenly  
The trumpet and the drum.  
There was madness on the earth below,  
And anger in the sky,  
And young and old, and rich and poor,  
Came forth to see him die.

## XIV.

Ah, God! That ghastly gibbet!  
How dismal 't is to see  
The great tall spectral skeleton,  
The ladder, and the tree!  
Hark! hark! It is the clash of arms—  
The bells begin to toll—  
He is coming! he is coming!  
God's mercy on his soul!  
One last long peal of thunder—  
The clouds are clear'd away,  
And the glorious sun once more looks down  
Amidst the dazzling day.

## XV.

He is coming! he is coming!  
Like a bridegroom from his room, †  
Came the hero from his prison  
To the scaffold and the doom.  
There was glory on his forehead,  
There was lustre in his eye,  
And he never walk'd to battle  
More proudly than to die:  
There was color in his visage,  
Though the cheeks of all were wan,  
And they marvell'd as they saw him pass,  
That great and goodly man!

\* "He said he was much beholden to the parliament for the honor they put on him; 'for,' says he, 'I think it a greater honor to have my head standing on the port of this town, for this quarrel, than to have my picture in the king's bedchamber. I am beholden to you, that, lest my loyalty should be forgotten, ye have appointed five of your most eminent towns to bear witness of it to posterity.'"—*Wigton Papers*.

† "In his downgoing from the Tolbooth to the place of execution, he was very richly clad in fine scarlet, laid over with rich silver lace, his hat in his hand, his bands and cuffs exceeding rich, his delicate white gloves on his hands, his stockings of incarnate silk, and his shoes with their ribands on his feet; and sarks provided for him with pearling about, above ten pund the elne. All these were provided for him by his friends, and a pretty cassock put upon him, upon the scaffold, wherein he was hanged. To be short, nothing was here deficient to honor his poor carcass, more becoming a bridegroom than a criminal going to the gallows."—*Nicholl's Diary*.

## XVI.

He mounted up the scaffold,  
And he turn'd him to the crowd;  
But they dared not trust the people,  
So he might not speak aloud.  
But he look'd upon the heavens,  
And they were clear and blue,  
And in the liquid ether  
The eye of God shone through:  
Yet a black and murky battlement  
Lay resting on the hill,  
As though the thunder slept within—  
All else was calm and still.

## XVII.

The grim Geneva ministers  
With anxious scowl drew near,\*  
As you have seen the ravens flock  
Around the dying deer.  
He would not deign them word nor sign,  
But alone he bent the knee,  
And veil'd his face for Christ's dear grace  
Beneath the gallows-tree.  
Then radiant and serene he rose,  
And cast his cloak away:  
For he had ta'en his latest look  
Of earth, and sun, and day.

## XVIII.

A beam of light fell o'er him  
Like a glory round the shrive,  
And he climb'd the lofty ladder  
As it were the path to heaven. †  
Then came a flash from out the cloud,  
And a stunning thunder roll,  
And no man dared to look aloft,  
For fear was on every soul.  
There was another heavy sound,  
A hush and then a groan;  
And darkness swept across the sky—  
The work of death was done!

\* The Presbyterian ministers beset Montrose both in prison and on the scaffold. The following extracts are from the diary of the Rev. Robert Traill, one of the persons who were appointed by the commission of the kirk "to deal with him."—"By a warrant from the kirk, we staid a while with him about his soul's condition. But we found him continuing in his old pride, and taking very ill what was spoken to him, saying, 'I pray you, gentlemen, let me die in peace.' It was answered, that he might die in true peace, being reconciled to the Lord and to his kirk."—"We returned to the commission, and did show unto them what had passed amongst us. They, seeing that for the present he was not desiring relaxation from his censure of excommunication, did appoint Mr. Mungo Law and me to attend on the morrow on the scaffold, at the time of his execution, that, in case he should desire to be relaxed from his excommunication, we should be allowed to give it unto him in the name of the kirk, and to pray with him, and for him, *that what is loosed in earth might be loosed in heaven.*" But this pious intention, which may appear somewhat strange to the modern Calvinist, when the prevailing theories of the kirk regarding the efficacy of absolution are considered, was not destined to be fulfilled. Mr. Traill goes on to say, "But he did not at all desire to be relaxed from his excommunication in the name of the kirk, *yea, did not look towards that place on the scaffold where we stood*; only he drew apart some of the magistrates, and spake a while with them, and then went up the ladder, in his red scarlet cassock, in a very stately manner."

† "He was very earnest that he might have the liberty to keep on his hat; it was denied: he requested he might have the privilege to keep his cloak about him—neither could that be granted. Then, with a most undaunted courage, he went up to the top of that prodigious gibbet."—"The whole people gave a general groan; and it was very observable, that even those who at his first appearance had bitterly inveighed against him, could not now abstain from tears."—*Montrose Redivivus*.

From the *Athenæum*.AMERICAN MANNERS AND BRITISH CRITICS.  
BY MRS. HOUSTOUN.

THE following extract we have carried to some length, because of the good sense and importance of the remarks which it contains. Such friendly and reasonable estimates are the proper antidote to the rancorous feelings generated by the unphilosophic statements of writers aiming at point and attaining vulgarity. They are the more important, because the charge against which they direct themselves lies, too, we are very sorry to say, at the door of writers of a far higher class,—from whom more thoughtful views might have been expected. It is impossible to say what lamentable political consequences such idle throwing of paper-pellets may ultimately involve. Nations are never philosophers in their aggregate character; and all history shows that national susceptibilities cannot, for a length of time, be played on with impunity. No thinking reader can fail to see that such observations as follow contain more of the truth, than reports that put the accidental for the essential—a part for the whole—the merely formal for the fundamentally true; and we are willing to give our part to the circulation of arguments that answer the trifling of those social phrenologists (so to speak) who flippantly appreciate all the moral and intellectual *status* of a people, by the casual bumps on the surface of its society of today:—

“It struck me, however, that the manners of the Americans were deficient in that real dignity which consists in finding one’s own place in society and keeping it. In such a society as exists in America, all stations are ill defined; nor can there ever be a standard of good breeding, where so many causes concur to render the grades of society forever fluctuating. Much, therefore, is left to the intuitive tact and natural good sense of each individual; but the peculiar sensitiveness of the Americans renders them perhaps ill qualified to manage these delicate matters well. This is particularly to be remarked when they are brought in contact with foreigners. The American who, in his own country, and towards his own people, is courteous and polite,—neither vainglorious, nor apt to take offence,—becomes in Europe, or amongst Europeans, (from this very want of knowing his station,) abrupt, rude, and offensively boastful. He lives in constant fear of transgressing those rules of etiquette, of which he greatly overrates the importance; and fearful of not being enough considered, and aiming at achieving a trivial and unworthy importance, he ceases to be the manly, independent character for which nature and education intended him. \* \* \* The English are too apt to assert as an undeniable fact, that ‘the Americans are ungentlemanlike;’ thus arrogating to themselves the right of deciding upon the manners of a whole nation. But let us ask, on what grounds they claim this exclusive censorship! We have, I admit, set up for ourselves a standard of refinement, and *savoir faire*, very different from anything we are likely to meet with in the United States; but does it, therefore, follow

that we must be right; or that, allowing that our habits are more refined, there are not advantages in their democratic state of society, which more than counterbalance those of which we are so proud? \* \* \* Originality, and absence of affectation, are the essential characteristics of American manners; I speak of the gentleman of the United States, when in his own country. Whatever is original, and natural, carries with it a certain respectability; but directly this is lost, indifferent imitations take its place, and the imitative American, like every one else in similar circumstances, becomes ridiculous. The manners of the Americans in general, however, are not bad; and it can only be alleged against them that they have no artificial manners at all. This, in our estimation, is a grievous fault; and it must be admitted, that infinite pleasure is taken by our countrymen in turning into ridicule the peculiarities of a people, of whose real excellences they are too prejudiced to judge impartially. That the ridicule is returned by the Americans, and with interest, and often with as much legitimate food for its exercise, there is no doubt. The manners and habits of the English differing so essentially from their own, are not likely to escape with impunity; and whilst the members of our aristocratic community are laughing contemptuously at the want of courtly breeding displayed by the Americans, the latter are still less lenient to our devotion to trivial etiquette, and what they consider our servile adulation of rank and station. After all, what can be the motives which induce two great nations to be constantly attacking each other in this puerile way? They are on different sides of the wide Atlantic: surely there is room enough in the world for both. The hostile feeling existing between the countries is kept alive by the constant attacks of authors, many of whom are ignorant of the nature of really good society. These people cross the Atlantic, from the east and west. A clever, but possibly an underbred English writer, makes a tour of the States, sees absolutely nothing of good American society, and publishes a book criticising that of which he or she is totally unqualified to give an opinion. This work is then sent across the Atlantic, as a faithful picture of the habits and national characteristics of a great nation. Upon this, there follows squib after squib from either side. The great features of national character are disregarded, and the points of attack are small personal defects, faults of language, and coarseness of behavior. Animosity is excited in both nations—for who can deny that ridicule is harder to bear than abuse? \* \* \* One of the principal charges brought against our friends across the Atlantic is, that they are in the habit of boasting, both of themselves and their country, in an offensive and indiscriminate manner. If we were not endowed with a considerable share of pride ourselves, we should not complain so much when we meet with it in others; for that which renders the vanity of others so insupportable, is that it wounds our own. The Americans are proud, and justly so, of their self-earned freedom, of the liberal constitution of their country, and of the place in the scale of nations in which their own exertions have placed them. It is unfortunate, however, that they cannot bear their honors meekly, but do injury to their own and their country’s cause, by their habits of exaggeration and self-praise. There is a want of quiet and genuine dignity about the American’s sense of freedom and equality. If he

feels that the advantages he thus enjoys are great, let him value them in silence, and let their fruits be seen. The Americans, however, would not be half so boastful, did they feel that they were correctly judged, and rightly appreciated by us. That they will be so in time, I have little doubt; but time must elapse before either party will be softened. It is a good, genuine brotherly hatred, —the strongest of any when it once takes root, because, in fraternal feuds, jealousy has always, more or less, a share."

#### RUBBISH OF EGYPT.

*Alexandria, July 24, 1844.*

ONE of the most remarkable features both of ancient and modern cities in Egypt is that vast accumulation of rubbish which is found in and around them. These accumulations about Alexandria extend for miles, and those about Cairo nearly surround that city with a chain of hills which, here and there, exceed in height the loftiest houses.

In Alexandria, as far as one can judge from the excavations that are made in these mounds in many parts of the city, they are composed of the ruins of temples and houses of various epochs, while the hills that surround Cairo are entirely the produce of that city, to which the houses by their rapid decay have mainly contributed. These excavations are the quarries of the modern city. It was out of one of them that Mr. Harris obtained that colossal foot, now in the British Museum, and the late French Consul procured several interesting fragments, among which a statue of Herodotus and a bronze vase were conspicuous. Every day, now that materials for building are in great request for the docks and fortifications, brings to light some fragment of antiquity of which commonly all that is marble, such as the capitals of columns and fragments of statues, is broken up on the spot for the lime-kiln which is usually built by the side of the excavation; while the foundations of the ancient buildings are quarried into stones of more portable dimensions for the modern erections, which, like all Turkish structures, are not likely to hand down to very remote posterity the name of the founders. But with regard to the mounds of Cairo, there is another curious circumstance, the never failing indication of an ancient site; and from which it would appear that the former, like the present inhabitants of Egypt, indulged largely in the luxury of *vessels for cooling water*, the fragments of which, as in the Monte Testaccio of Rome, form no inconsiderable part of their bulk. These vessels for cooling water are made of unglazed baked clay of an extremely porous nature, by which means, in the climate of Egypt, the evaporation is abundant, and the water rendered excessively cool; but as these vessels soon lose their porosity, and not being available for other purposes, they furnish a regular contribution of a mass of imperishable material, which has aided considerably in the formation of these mounds. The most approved bottles for cooling water are made at Kenneh, a town in the Thebaid, on the east bank of the Nile. They are of a grayish clay color, excessively thin and porous, and not unfrequently elegant in form. It is usual in the houses of the best Levantine families of Egypt to impart to these bottles an agreeable

odor, which is retained some time and transferred to the water, by perfuming the inside with the smoke of gum mastic; a practice which has given occasion to imagine that in the Thebaid was preserved the curious art of making bottles that imparted to the water an agreeable odor. The extent and elevation of these artificial hills of Cairo is very extraordinary. Approaching the city from the north-east, the traveller might imagine himself far in the desert many miles from any human habitation, till he is close to the walls, when the view of the city suddenly bursts upon him like one of those fairy creations of the Arabian authors. Of late years, however, this illusion has been considerably marred by the establishment of wind-mills on the most elevated points. Shutting one's eyes, however, to that circumstance, and the geological structure of the hills, the effect on the mind is really magical.

To the south-west of the city, one of the mounds has been employed in the salutary measure of filling up a lake that existed in that direction; and still nearer to old Cairo, one is now, by the advice and contrivance of the Frank residents, in the process of being profitably diminished in the manufacture of nitre, of which salt the earth being deprived, it is carried to some olive plantations in the neighborhood.—*Athenæum*.

CAVE IN IRELAND.—A distressing account is given in the *Kerry Examiner* of the melancholy consequences of the discovery of a cave, at a place called Gehard, about three miles from Ballybunion, county Kerry. A farmer and his servant-boy proceeded, on Thursday, to view the place, and entered as far as possible, until they reached a flag, when they found the air so oppressive that they instantly retraced their steps. On Saturday, about twelve or one o'clock, several boys entered its dark recess, for the purpose of exploring it, and having gone some distance, again returned; one of these boys came again in the evening, accompanied by other persons, and, in endeavoring to obtain accurate information regarding this extraordinary passage, penetrated too far into those chambers of death, abounding with carbonic gas, and there fell a victim to his temerity. The father of the boy, suspecting all was not right, hastened to discover the cause of his son not returning, in company with four of the bystanders, when, dreadful to relate, they also fell a prey to the noxious vapors. The Rev. Mr. Enright, Catholic curate of the parish, who accompanied them, fortunately escaped from a similar fate, having been brought out in a most alarming condition, all but dead. Two of the bodies were got out in the course of the night. The next morning, crowds of persons of every age assembled, and all seemed to vie with each other in endeavors to recover the bodies for their distracted friends. At one time, five persons entered, four of whom had a rope fastened under their arms, while the fifth, a young and athletic man, who unfortunately neglected to use this precaution, after advancing some distance, fell lifeless to the ground. A scream issuing from the cave, in consequence, was the signal for pulling the rope, and thus were the other four saved. Another attempt was then made, and, after much risk and difficulty, only two more were drawn out. Thus, of the seven who unfortunately lost their lives, three still continue in their fatal cell.

From Hood's Magazine.

## THE GAMBLER'S LAST STAKE.

## A SCENE IN MADRID.

In an inner room of his counting-house, which occupied a wing of his splendid mansion in the Calle Alcalá, sat Don José Solano, one of the richest bankers in Madrid, ruminating with much self-complacency upon the profitable results of a recent speculation. He was interrupted in his meditations by the entrance of one of his clerks ushering in a stranger, who brought a letter of introduction from a banker at Mexico, with whom Don José had had occasional transactions. The letter stated that the bearer, the Conde de Valleja, was of a highly-respected family of Mexican nobility, that he was desirous of visiting Europe, and more especially the country of his ancestors, Spain; and it then went on to recommend him in the strongest terms to the Madrid banker, as one whose intimacy and friendship could not fail to be sought after by all who became acquainted with his many excellent and agreeable qualities.

The appearance of the count seemed to justify, as far as appearance can do, the high terms in which he was spoken of in this letter. He was about eight-and-twenty years of age, dark complexioned, with a high clear forehead, short crisp curling hair, an intelligent and regular countenance, and a smile of singular beauty and fascination. His eyes were the only feature which could be pronounced otherwise than extremely pleasing: although large, black, and lustrous, they had a certain fixity and hardness of expression that produced an unpleasant impression upon the beholder, and would, perhaps, have been more disagreeable had not the mellow tones of the count's voice, and his suavity and polish of manner, served in great measure to counteract the effect of this peculiarity.

Doing due honor to the strong recommendation of his esteemed correspondent, Don José welcomed the young Conde with the utmost hospitality, insisted on taking possession of him for the whole of the day, and, without allowing him to return to his hotel, dragged him into the house, presented him to his son and daughter, and charged them to use their utmost exertions to entertain their guest, while he himself returned to his occupations till dinner-time. At one o'clock the old banker reappeared in the sala, where he found Rafael and Mariquita Solano listening with avidity to the agreeable conversation of the count, who, in his rich and characteristic Mexican Spanish, was giving them the most interesting details concerning the country he had recently left. The magnificence of Mexican scenery, the peculiarities of the Indian races, the gorgeous vegetation and strange animals of the tropics, formed the subjects of his discourse, not a little interesting to a young man of three-and-twenty, and a girl of eighteen, who had never as yet been fifty leagues away from Madrid. Nor had the stranger's conversation less charms for the old banker. Valleja had been at the Havannah; was acquainted with scenes, if not with persons, with which were associated some of Don José's most agreeable reminiscences: scenes that he had visited in the days of his youth, when he laid the first foundation of his princely fortune. To be brief; the agreeable manners and conversation of the count so won upon father, son, and daughter, that when at nightfall he rose to take his leave, the banker put his house *à su disposi-*

*cion*, and followed up what is usually a mere verbal compliment, by insisting upon Valleja's taking up his abode with him during his stay in Madrid. Valleja raised many difficulties on the score of the inconveniences or trouble he might occasion; but they were all overruled, and the contest of politeness terminated in the count's accepting the hospitality thus cordially pressed upon him. The very next day he was installed in a splendid apartment in the house of Don José.

Several days, even weeks, elapsed, during which Valleja continued to be the inmate of the Casa Solano. He appeared very well pleased with his quarters, and, on the other hand, his hosts found no reason to regret the hospitality shown him. He soon became the spoiled child of the family; Don José could not make a meal without Valleja was there to chat with him about the Havannah; Rafael was the inseparable companion of his walks, rides, and out-door diversions; while the blooming Mariquita never seemed so happy as when the handsome Mexican was seated beside her embroidery frame, conversing with her in his low soft tones, or singing to the accompaniment of her guitar some of the wild melodies of his native country. Indeed, so marked were the count's attentions to the young girl, and so favorably did she receive them, that more than one officious or well-meaning friend hinted to Don José the propriety of instituting some inquiry into the circumstances and antecedents of a man, who it seemed not improbable might eventually aspire to become his son-in-law. But the banker's prepossession in favor of Valleja was so strong that he gave little heed to these hints, contenting himself with writing to his correspondent at Mexico, expressing the pleasure he had had in making the count's acquaintance, and receiving him as an inmate in his house; but without asking for any information concerning him. In fact, the letter Valleja had brought was such as to render any further inquiries nearly superfluous. It mentioned the count as of a noble and respected family, and credited him to the amount of ten thousand dollars, a sum of sufficient importance to make it presumable that his means were ample.

Before Valleja had been three days at Madrid he had obtained his *entrée* to a house at which a number of idlers and fashionables were in the habit of meeting to play *monté*, the game of all others most fascinating to the Spaniard. Thither he used to repair each afternoon accompanied by Rafael Solano, and there he soon made himself remarked by his judgment in play, and by the cool indifference with which he lost and won very considerable sums. For some time he was exceedingly successful. Every stake he put down doubled itself; he seemed to play with charmed money; and the bankers trembled when they saw him approach the table, and after a glance at the state of the game, place a pile of golded ounces on a card, which almost invariably won the very next moment. This lasted several days, and he began to be considered as invincible, when suddenly his good fortune deserted him, and he lost as fast, or faster, than he had previously won; so that after a fortnight of incessant bad luck, it was estimated by certain old gamblers who had taken an interest in watching his proceedings, that he had lost not only all his winnings, but a very considerable sum in addition. Rafael, who rarely played, and then only for small stakes, urged his friend to discontinue a game which he found so losing; but Val-

leja laughed at his remonstrances, and treated his losses as trifling ones, which a single day's good fortune might retrieve. Gambling is scarcely looked upon as a vice in Spain, and young Solano saw nothing unusual or blamable in the count's indulging in his afternoon *juego*, or in his losing his money if it so pleased him, and if he thought an hour or two's excitement worth the large sums which it usually cost him. Indeed, the circumstance of their visits to the gaming-room appeared to him so unimportant, that it never occurred to him to mention it to his father or sister; and they, on their part, never dreamed of inquiring in what way the young men passed the few hours of the day during which they absented themselves from their society.

The *monté*-table which Valleja was in the habit of frequenting was situated on the third floor of a house in a narrow street leading out of the Calle Aleala, within two or three hundred yards of the Casa Solano. Amongst the persons to be met there were many of the richest and highest in Madrid; generals and ministers, counts and marquises, and even *grandees* of Spain were in the habit of repairing thither to while away the long winter evenings or the sultriness of the summer day; and the play was proportionate to the high rank and great opulence of most of the players. The bank was held, as is customary in Spain, by the person who offered to put in the largest sum, the keeper of the room being remunerated by a certain tax upon the cards; a tax which, in this instance, was a heavy one, in order to compensate for the luxury displayed in the decoration and arrangements of the establishment. The three rooms were fitted up in the most costly manner; the walls lined with magnificent pier-glasses; the floor covered in winter with rich carpets, and in summer with the finest Indian matting; the furniture was of the newest French fashion. Splendid chandeliers hung from the ceiling; musical clocks stood upon the side-tables; the gilt balconies were filled with the rarest exotics and flowering plants. Two of the rooms were devoted to play; in the third, ices and refreshments awaited the parched throats of the feverish gamblers.

On a scorching June afternoon, about a month after Valleja arrived at Madrid, the Mexican and Rafael left Don José's dwelling, and bent their steps in the usual direction. While ascending the well-worn stairs of the gaming-house, young Solano could not forbear addressing a remonstrance to his friend on the subject of his losses. Although the count's perfect command over himself and his countenance made it very difficult for so young and inexperienced a man as Rafael to judge of what was passing in his mind, the latter, nevertheless, fancied that for three or four days past there had been a change in his demeanor denoting uneasiness and anxiety. It was not that he was duller or more silent; on the contrary, his conversation was, perhaps, more brilliant and varied, his laugh louder and more frequent than usual, but there was a hollowness in the laugh, and a strained tone in the conversation, as if he were compelling himself to be gay in order to drive away painful thoughts—intoxicating himself with many words and forced merriment. Rafael attributed this to the annoyance caused by his heavy losses, and now urged him to discontinue his visits to the *monté*-table, at least for a time, or until his luck became better. The count met the suggestion with a smile.

"My dear Rafael," cried he, gaily, "you surely do not suppose that the loss of a few hundred miserable ounces would be sufficient to annoy me for a moment? As to abandoning play, we should be puzzled then to pass the idle hour or two following the siesta. Besides that, it amuses me. But do not make yourself uneasy; I shall do myself no harm, and, moreover, I intend this very day to win back all my losses: I feel in the vein."

"I heartily hope you may do as you intend," said Rafael, laughing, quite reassured by his friend's careless manner; and, as he uttered the words, the count pushed open the door and they entered the *monté*-room.

The game was already in full activity and the play very high; the table strewed with the showy Spanish cards, on which, instead of the spades and diamonds familiar to most European cardplayers, suns and vases, sabres and horses were depicted in various and brilliant colors. An officer of the royal guard and a dry, snuffy old marquis held the bank, which had been very successful. Large piles of ounces and of four and eight dollar pieces were on the green cloth before them, as well as a roll of paper nearly treble the value of the specie. Twenty or thirty players were congregated round the table, while a few unfortunates, whose pockets had already been emptied, were solacing themselves with their cigars, and occasionally indulging in an oath or impatient stamp of the foot when they saw a card come up which they would certainly have backed—had they had money so to do. Two or three idlers were sitting on the low sills of the long French windows, reading newspapers and enjoying the fragrance of the flowers; protected from the reflected glare of the opposite houses, on which the sun was darting its rays, by awnings of striped linen that fell from above the windows, and hung over the outside of the small semicircular balconies.

After standing for a few minutes at the table, and staking a doubloon, which he instantly lost, Rafael Solano took up a paper and threw himself into an arm-chair, while Valleja remained watching with keen attention the various fluctuations of the cards. For some time he did not join the game, rather to the astonishment of the other players, who were accustomed to see him stake his money, as soon as he entered the room, with an unhesitating boldness and confidence. Half an hour passed in this manner, and the presence of Valleja was beginning to be forgotten, when he suddenly drew a heavy rouleau of gold from his pocket and placed it upon a card. The game went on; Valleja lost, and with his usual *sang-froid* saw his stake thrown into the bank. Another followed, and a third, and a fourth. In four *coups* he had lost three thousand dollars. Still not a sign of excitement or discomposure appeared upon the handsome countenance of the Mexican; only an officer who was standing by him observed, that a pack of the thin Spanish cards, which he had been holding in his hands, fell to the ground, torn completely in half by one violent wrench.

The four high stakes, so boldly played and so rapidly lost, rivetted the observation of the gamblers upon Valleja's proceedings. Everybody crowded round the table, and even the slight buzz of conversation that had before been heard, totally ceased. His attention attracted by this sudden stillness, Rafael rose from his chair and joined his friend. A glance at the increased wealth of the bank, and the eagerness with which all seemed to

be awaiting Valleja's movements, made him conjecture what had occurred.

"You have lost," said he to the count, "and heavily, I fear. Come, that will do for to-day. Let us go."

"Psha!" replied the Mexican, "a mere trifle, which you shall see me win back." And then turning to the banker, who was just commencing a deal,

"Copo," said he, "the king against the ace."

For the uninitiated in the mysteries of *monté* it may be necessary to state, that by uttering these words Valleja bound himself, if an ace came up before a king, to pay an equal amount to that in the bank, as well as all the winnings of those who had backed the ace. If, on the other hand, the king won, the whole capital of the bank was his, as well as the stakes of those who bet against him.

"Copo al Rey."

There was a general murmur of astonishment. The bank was the largest that had been seen in that room since a certain memorable night, when King Ferdinand himself, being out upon one of the nocturnal frolics in which he so much delighted, had come up in disguise with an officer of his household, and lost a sum that had greatly advantaged the bankers and sorely diminished the contents of his Catholic Majesty's privy purse. There were at least thirty thousand dollars on the table in gold and paper, and besides that, scarcely had the Mexican uttered the name of the card he favored, when, on the strength of his previous ill luck, some of the players put down nearly half as much more against it. The two bankers looked at each other: the guardsman shrugged his shoulders and elevated his eyebrows. Both movements were so slight as to be scarcely perceptible; but they were, nevertheless, excellently well observed and understood by his partner, the high-dried old Marquis, sitting opposite to him, who laid the pack of cards upon the table, their face to the cloth, and, after placing a piece of money on them to prevent their being disturbed by any chance puff of wind, opened his gold box, and took a prodigious pinch of snuff. Having done this with much deliberation, he let his hands fall upon his knees, and leant back in his chair with a countenance expressive of inexhaustible patience. The players waited for nearly a minute, but then began to grow impatient of the delay. At the first question put to the Marquis, as to its motive, he waived his hand towards Valleja.

"I am waiting for the Señor Conde," said he.

"For me?" replied Valleja. "It is unnecessary."

"There were about twenty thousand dollars in the bank," said the marquis, leaning forward, and affecting to count the rouleaus lying before him, "and some eight thousand staked by these gentlemen. Will your Señoría be pleased to place a similar sum upon the table?"

Several of the gamblers exchanged significant glances and half smiles. The rule of the game required the player who endeavored, as Valleja was doing, to annihilate the bank at one fell swoop, to produce a sum equal to that which he had a chance of carrying off. At the same time, in societies like this one, where the players were all, more or less, known to each other,—all men of rank, name and fortune,—it was not unusual to play this sort of decisive coup upon parole, and, if lost, the money was invariably forthcoming the same day.

Valleja smiled bitterly.

"I thought I had been sufficiently known here," said he, "to be admitted to the same privilege as other players. Rafael," added he, turning to his friend and handing him a key, "your father's ten thousand dollars have melted, but I have a packet of notes and current securities to considerably more than the needful amount, in the brass-bound box, in my apartment. Will you have the kindness to fetch them for me? I do not wish to interrupt my observation of the game."

"With pleasure!" replied Rafael, taking the key, and eager to oblige his friend.

"And, perhaps," continued Valleja, smiling, and detaining him as he was about to hasten out of the room, "perhaps you will not object to tell these gentlemen, that, until you return with the money, they may take Luis Valleja's word for the sum he wishes to play."

"Most assuredly, I will," answered the young man hastily, "and I am only sorry that the Señor Marquis should have thought it advisable to put anything resembling a slight upon a friend of mine and my father's. Gentlemen!" he continued, to the bankers, "I offer you my guarantee for the sum Count Valleja is about to play."

The old marquis bowed his head.

"That is quite sufficient, Don Rafael," said he. "I have the honor of knowing you perfectly well. His Señoría, the Count Valleja, is only known to me as Count Valleja, and I am certain that, on reflection, neither he nor you will blame me for acting as I do, when so heavy a sum is at stake."

Don Rafael left the room. The formal marquis removed the piece of money from off the pack, and took up the cards with as much dry indifference as if he were no way concerned in the result of the important game that was about to be played. Valleja sauntered to the window, humming a tune between his teeth, and stepping out, pushed the awning a little aside, and leaned over the balcony.

The banker began to draw the cards, one after the other, slowly and deliberately. Nearly half the pack was dealt out, without a king or an ace appearing. The players and lookers on were breathless with anxiety; the fall of a pin would have been audible; the tune, which the count continued to hum from his station on the balcony, was heard, in the stillness that reigned, as distinctly as though it had been thundered out by a whole orchestra. Another card, and another, was drawn, and then—the decisive one appeared. The silence was immediately exchanged for a tumult of words and exclamations.

"*Que es eso?*" said Valleja, turning half round, and smelling, as he spoke, at a superb flower, which he had just plucked from one of the plants in the balcony. "What's the matter?"

"The ace"—said the person nearest the window, who then paused and hesitated.

"Well!" said Valleja, with a sneer, "the ace—what then? It has won, I suppose."

"It has won."

"*Muy bien.* It was to be expected it would, since I went on the king." And, turning round again, he resumed his tune and his gaze into the street.

"*Ha de ser rico,*" said the Spaniard to another of the players. "He must be rich. It would be difficult to take the loss of thirty thousand dollars more coolly than that."

Five minutes elapsed, during which the bankers were busy counting out their bank, in order to see

the exact sum due to them by the unfortunate loser. When the jingle of money and rustle of paper ceased, Valleja looked round for the second time.

"How much is there, Señores!" cried he.

"Thirty thousand four hundred and thirty dollars, Señor Conde," replied the old marquis, with a bow of profound respect for one who could bear such a loss with such admirable indifference.

"Very good," was the count's answer; "and here comes the man who will pay it you."

Accordingly, the next minute, a hasty step was heard upon the stairs. All eyes were turned to the door, which opened, and Rafael Solano entered.

"Where is the count?" exclaimed he, in a hurried voice, and with a discomposed countenance.

Again every head was turned towards the window; but the count had disappeared. At the same moment, from the street below, which was a quiet and unfrequented one, there arose an unusual uproar and noise of voices. The monté players rushed to the windows, and saw several persons collected round a man whom they were raising from the ground. His skull was frightfully fractured, and the pavement around sprinkled with his blood. Rafael and some others hurried down; but, before they reached the street, Count Luis Valleja had expired. The gambler's last stake had been his life.

When young Solano reached his father's house, and, repairing to the count's apartment, opened the desk of which Valleja had given him the key, he found that it contained neither notes nor anything else of value, but merely a few worthless papers. Astonished at this, and, in spite of his prepossession in favor of the count, feeling his suspicions a little roused by what he could hardly consider an oversight, he hurried back to the monté-room, where his arrival served as the signal for the catastrophe that has been related.

The same evening, the amount lost was paid by Rafael Solano into the hands of the winners. The following day, the body of the count was privately interred.

After the lapse of a few weeks, there came a letter from Mexico, in reply to the one which Don José Solano had written to announce the arrival of Valleja. His Mexican correspondent wrote in all haste, anxious, if still possible, to preserve Don José from becoming the dupe of a swindler. The Conde de Valleja, he said, was the last and unworthy scion of a noble and once respected family. From his early youth he had made himself remarkable, as well for the vices of his character, as for the skill with which he concealed them under a mask of agreeable accomplishments and fascinating manners. His father, dying shortly after he became of age, had left him the uncontrolled master of his fortune, which he speedily squandered; and when it was gone, he lived, for some time, by the exercise of his wits, and by preying on all who were sufficiently credulous to confide in him. At length, having exhausted every resource,—when no man of honor would speak to him, and no usurer lend him a maravedi at any rate of interest,—he had, by an unworthy artifice, duped the very last person who took any interest in him, out of a few hundred dollars, and taken ship at Vera Cruz for Europe.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the letter of credit was a forgery.

**FIGHTING MISSIONARIES.**—It is a pity that Exeter Hall should ever be confounded with Woolwich Arsenal. A pity is it, that a fabric expressly built and dedicated to the gatherings of Christian charity—where she pleases to call her working children, the bright ones of the earth, together—should be made to "smell woundily of gunpowder." But so, within these few days, it has been. A meeting of the London Missionary Society has been held at the hall, for the purpose of considering the naughty doings of the French blusterers at Tahiti; and the means proposed to meet the wrong committed, was, to do further wrong. The best remedy for the wound was a gunpowder plaster! One reverend gentleman proved that he had been misplaced by fate: certes, he should have been a post-captain, and not a meek, black-coated preacher of the Christian mission,—for, with a quickness, worthy of Sir Charles Napier, he enumerated the English naval force off Tahiti, indignantly compared it with the force of France, on the same station, made a bold joke about Jack Ketch, and, finally, implied the necessity of sending Mr. Pritchard back to his consulate, with all the hubbub and glory of shot and gunpowder. For our own part, we think the lips of Christian charity all-sufficient to settle the difference, and should be very loth to call in the teeth of a man-of-war. If, however, the London Mission think otherwise, we would earnestly counsel them to address themselves to Captain Warner, whose secret is still in the market, and who, doubtless, if only to spite Peel and the other unbelievers, would be very happy to treat with the peace-loving men of Exeter Hall for a reasonable remuneration. Thus, with the London Mission, possessed of Warner's secret, they might disseminate practical benevolence by means of the long range, and insinuate true Christianity among the heathen by the invisible shell.—*Punch*.

**DEMOCRACY AND JUDICIAL DEPENDENCE.**—There is no point upon which the advance of democracy has been more felt than in the diminution of judicial independence; and there is no principle which, if unchecked, is more likely to prove fatal, not merely to good government, but to the cohesion of society. Formerly, in Philadelphia, judges were appointed during good behavior; it is now only for a term of years; and the same is, I believe, the case in all the other states: in some, the office has been made directly elective, and in a few, even annually changeable. The inadequacy, too, of the judge's salaries is very prejudicial to the composition of the bench. It is impossible to expect first-rate lawyers to give up their business for such a paltry remuneration as is allowed in almost all the states. A gentleman, belonging to the Maryland bar, told me one or two curious anecdotes illustrative of this. One of the judges lately descended from the bench, and accepted the situation of *clerk in his own court*! a situation in the gift of himself and his brother justices: his own salary had been 2,500 dollars a year, that of the clerk whom he succeeded, amounted, with fees, to 5,000 dollars. The late chief justice of New Hampshire, whose salary was 1,300 dollars a year, has also left his post to become superintendent of one of the Lowell factories. When such is the emolument and dignity of the judicial office, it is only astonishing that it has not fallen into utter contempt, or become, as in Russia, a recognized system of bribery.

*Godley's Letters from America.*



From the New Monthly Magazine.

## A SPANISH CRIMINAL CASE.

DURING that unnatural war which a few years since drenched great part of Spain with blood, and the effects of which were but too severely felt in the city of Malaga, an extraordinary sensation was excited there by an event wholly unconnected with political or party animosities. It would be unjust to take a detached fact like that which occurred during my residence in the above-mentioned city as a standard of the morals of the inhabitants; yet it must be confessed that the accessory circumstances arising from it are of a nature to produce not the most favorable impressions of the Spanish character.

One night, in the month of October, 1838, Don José —, a young gentleman, belonging to one of the most respectable families in Malaga, had just left a friend's house, accompanied by a *sereno*, when a hired assassin, lying in wait for him, threw his cloak over the head of the *sereno*, and, running to Don José, plunged a knife into his body. The victim fell weltering in his blood, and instantly expired. Though the *sereno*, as soon as he could rid himself of the cloak, hastened in pursuit of the murderer, the latter would no doubt have escaped, had he not chanced to encounter in his flight a patrol of the military, by which he was stopped. Being taken before the captain-general, his hands yet dyed with the blood of his victim, he said that his name was Rosas, and confessed that he had been paid eight ounces of gold to commit the crime by the advocate Don Juan —. The police thereupon proceeded forthwith to the house of this advocate, whom they found snug in bed. Being immediately confronted with Rosas, Don Juan at first maintained, with great assurance, that he did not even know his accuser; but when he was afterwards brought to the corpse of Don José and the *juge d'instruction* required him, in proof of his innocence, to take hold of the hand of the murdered man, and to pronounce these awful words of justification: "May my soul be eternally damned if I have any part whatever in his death!" —Don Juan could not comply without manifesting symptoms of the deepest agitation.

The further depositions of Rosas implicated a third accomplice, and this was no other than the wife of Don José. It appeared that, during the absence of the latter in Madrid, his lady had conceived a passion for Don Juan, and concerted with the latter a plan for getting rid of her husband, that she might be enabled to marry him.

Next morning, the murderer and Don Juan were conducted with great military solemnity, to the spot where the crime was perpetrated, while the *juge d'instruction* proceeded to the judicial examination. Rosas, a man of the most sinister and audacious aspect that I ever beheld, had his hands confined in two small wooden boxes, to prevent the removal of the stains of blood which covered them at the time of his apprehension, and a cord bound them across at the height of his neck. As for Don Juan, in the assurance of his demeanor it was easy to perceive rather the look of a man who fancies himself certain of impunity, than of one who is really innocent.

The whole city was in commotion on account of this affair, because it concerned two equally influential families, the one on account of its great wealth, the other because it belonged to the bar, which in Malaga can do all that it dares. Will

they be bold enough to execute an advocate? was the question universally asked. A considerable wager was even laid on this subject by two of my acquaintance, a procurador and an officer of dragoons. The latter, who could not endure lawyers, declared not only that he believed, but that he hoped the advocate would suffer: the other, from *esprit de corps*, insisted that matters would not be carried to such a length; alleging that, in case of capital condemnation, the captain-general, fearing for himself, would not permit the sentence to be executed, but be anxious to solicit the queen for a commutation of the punishment.

That same morning the father of Don José called upon the captain-general, claiming vengeance against the murderers of his son. He was dismissed with the assurance that justice should be left to take its course. With a view to prevent either the escape of the culprits, or any attempt to tamper with the judges, the captain-general caused Rosas and Don Juan to be confined in an apartment of his own palace, and, as Malaga was at this time in a state of siege, and the military authorities assumed the whole criminal and civil jurisdiction, he moreover ordered that the six captains summoned to sit in the council of war should not be designated by lot till an hour before the assembling of the court in the convent of St. Philip.

At the time appointed for its meeting, an immense crowd filled the ancient edifice and all the approaches to it. The authorities being apprehensive lest disaffected persons might take advantage of this extraordinary assemblage to excite some new commotion, all the troops were under arms, and literally besieged the convent.

At ten o'clock at night the accused and their counsel were introduced into the hall. Rosas walked first, looking about him to the right and to the left with incredible effrontery. Next came Don Juan: his age was twenty-nine. A light-colored mustache covered his lip, and his countenance exhibited no expression of cruelty: his dress was extremely *recherché*. The president ordered the act of accusation to be read, the result of which was, that Rosas, after having confessed himself guilty of the murder committed on the person of Don José, retracted this first confession, and declared Don Juan to be the only and real murderer; that the latter opposed but feeble denials to the accusations of his accomplice; lastly, that, though it appeared that Don Juan did not actually strike the blow; it was, nevertheless, proved that he paid the assassin, and was, moreover, personally present at the execution of the crime.

The reading being finished, the president rapped the table with his cane. The line of soldiers surrounding the council, immediately broke, and four men entered, bearing an open coffin, which they deposited at the feet of the prisoners. In it lay the body of the victim, naked to the waist. His head was bent back; long locks of black hair in disorder concealed his features; and his bosom was encrusted with blood. Over his legs were placed a cloak, a cutlass, black with blood, and a broken lantern. The president, without giving the prisoners time to recover from the emotion which this unexpected sight could scarcely fail to produce, thus addressed them:

"Accused, here is the body of your victim: before him and God, who hears you, it is for you to disprove—you, Rosas, the charge of having murdered Don José; you, Don Juan, that of having hired the assassin!"



Rosas, without hesitation, turning towards Don Juan, in a grave and solemn tone, thus apostrophised him:

"Villain! behold the victim at your feet! Do you recognize him? Alas! if he could but speak, it would be seen which of us two is the real murderer."

"Would to God," exclaimed the agitated Don Juan, "that he could speak!"—

Rosas, interrupting him, resumed—

"Wretch! you would not be able to bear the mere sound of Don José's voice; you who, after assassinating him, are bent on the destruction of the generous man who sacrificed himself to save you. Dare you deny that, on Sunday evening you came to fetch me to accompany you while waiting for Don José's departure from the house which you had seen him enter? Dare you deny that, as soon as you had stabbed him, you gave me the knife, that I might prevent the sereno from pursuing you? Dare you deny your long and useless efforts to persuade or to force me to take upon myself the assassination of Don José? Reduced to the utmost distress, want wrung from me a promise to perform the deed which you required of me; but having received the money, I was gone, and you heard no more of me till hunger again drove me to you."

"Wretch!—wretch!—what a tissue of lies!" interposed Don Juan.

"Hearken, villain!" continued Rosas, "for I have not done. You must recollect the day when you sent me a message by the maid of Don José's wife, whom you were courting, to call upon you at your office. There I found you, seated beside your mistress, with your hands clasped in hers, and planning a horrible marriage. She said to me, 'Rosas, I am four months advanced in pregnancy, and shall be undone if you do not rid me of my husband, who is on the point of returning from Madrid. You must absolutely make away with him; we are very rich; we will give you twenty thousand reals, and you shall be made comfortable for the rest of your life.' And you added, 'Rosas, my family is very powerful at Malaga, and I expect myself to be soon elected alcalde of the city. You shall have a good appointment; and, happen what may, I will contrive by my influence to get you out of the scrape.' Deny this, infamous wretch! Mr. President, I request that the wife of Don José may be examined by medical men, and it will then be seen whether I speak truth."

The sinister physiognomy and incredible arrogance of the assassin, the gradually increasing confusion of his cowardly accomplice, the open coffin containing the body of their victim, the solemn hour of the night, the imposing gravity of the council, all contributed to the effect of this dramatic scene. To no purpose did the president several times call upon Don Juan to rebut the charges of his accomplice. Borne down by so many overwhelming proofs, he did once attempt to speak, but vague protestations of innocence were all that he could stammer forth. His counsel wished to speak for him, but the president cut him short with this impressive rebuke:

"Mr. Advocate, you shall be heard by and bye; here counsel do not answer instead of the accused, unless the latter have lost their tongue."

After the pleading of the advocates and the reply of the captain-accuser, the president desired the council to deliberate upon the verdict, intimating

that each of them was expected to give his vote in writing. Nobody could entertain the least doubt of the guilt of the two prisoners. It was evident that Don Juan was the accomplice of Rosas; that the latter, aware how impossible it was for him to escape, was determined at least, in dying, to revenge himself on the man, who, after promising him impunity and fortune, now consigned him to perdition. Accordingly, after a short deliberation, the council unanimously pronounced sentence of death upon both prisoners, and then broke up. As the law of Spain allows capital convicts forty-eight hours to prepare themselves for execution, the prisoners were immediately shut up in the church of the convent, and confessors were assigned to them.

In the morning, Don Juan's advocate attempted in vain to invalidate the sentence, on the ground that, the council having proceeded to trial without having previously heard the mass of the Holy Ghost, as the military law requires, the sentence was consequently illegal. On the part of the captain-general, it was replied that this objection ought to have been made before the breaking up of the council, not afterwards. The family of Don Juan then authorized the sum of 10,000 duros to be offered towards the equipment of the army of reserve, at that time organizing in Andalusia, provided the sentence pronounced upon their relative were commuted. The captain-general ordered the bearer of this proposition to be turned out of the palace, telling him that it was an insult both to the queen's army and to himself.

The execution took place at four in the afternoon, on a spacious esplanade situated outside the Granada gate, before an immense concourse of people. A few moments before the appointed time, a long procession of brothers of Peace and Charity brought Don José's coffin to the spot, and deposited it upon the ground, in the space between the two stools destined for the assassins. The coffin was uncovered, as on the night of the trial, and the corpse exposed to public view. Soon afterwards, the convicts arrived, escorted by the executioner, proclaiming to the people their horrible crime, and the death by which they were about to atone for it. They were required to seat themselves on the two stools, and there, with the corpse of their victim before their eyes, they were shot.

Rosas was not forsaken for a moment by that imperturbable composure which he manifested from the first moment, and fell, saying to his accomplice, "What grieves me most is to die by the side of a coward like you!"

As for Don Juan, he was completely unmanned, and incessantly interrupted his confessor, who exhorted him to repentance, saying in a stifled voice: "That is enough, father, that is enough; let me be shot, and have done with it!"

I had a strong curiosity to learn what was the prevailing sentiment among the populace present at the execution; and I should say that in some it was compassion for the fate of Don Juan, whose recent atrocious crime was overlooked, while his attachment to his family, and certain acts of charity towards the poor, were highly extolled; the minds of others were especially occupied by the disastrous effects which the discharge of musketry must necessarily produce, not in Don Juan's body, but in the superb cloak which he had on his back. This sentiment was so undisguised that I heard a muleteer say to one of his comrades: "*Mira, Matolito, que capa tan buena lleva Don Juan!*"

*Que lástima!*—(Look, Manuel, what a magnificent cloak Don Juan has on! What a pity!)")

I must not omit mentioning a very singular incident, which shows to what lengths *esprit de corps* can be carried. The brothers of Peace and Charity had already deposited the bodies of Rosas and Don Juan in their respective coffins, together with two small plates, on which they had taken care to collect the mould steeped with the blood that flowed from them when they had dropped from their seats, when a man, bringing a third coffin on his shoulders, inquired for the adjutant of the place, and informed him that he came to claim the corpse of Don Juan on behalf of his family. He likewise intimated that a deputation of the advocates of the city would presently be there, for the purpose of following their unhappy colleague to the grave. Accordingly, they soon arrived, and the body being delivered to them, they accompanied it with great solemnity to the cemetery, where it was interred.

Ferdinand VII. had a strong antipathy to the lawyers of Malaga. When a gentleman was one day presented to him, and he learned that he was a native of that city, he exclaimed, "Man, you belong to a capital place! Kill the king, run to Malaga, and you are safe!"

From the Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review.

#### LIFE OF FREDERIC WILLIAM III.

[The following notice, translated from the German of our correspondent, the distinguished lady to whom we were indebted in the last No. for a communication, will be perused without doubt by our readers with feelings of kindred emotion to the spirit in which it has been penned. Frederic William the Third and his beautiful Queen always were regarded in this country in the light of those victims to lofty principle, which it is the highest effort of tragic art to represent, and which a system of higher art and immortal development alone can worthily portray. We sincerely regret that it does not lie in our power to give full effect by translation to the beautiful original, to the exquisite style of our correspondent, or the deep and solid sense and nervous reasoning of Frederic William the Third, on Christian Education especially, and other subjects.]

*Charakterzüge und historische Fragmente aus dem Leben des Königs von Preussen, Friedrich Wilhelm III., gesammelt nach eigenen Beobachtungen und selbstgemachten Erfahrungen und herausgegeben von Bischoff Eylert.* (Characteristic Traits and Historical Fragments from the Life of the King of Prussia, Frederic William III., collected from private Observation and personal Experience, and published by Bishop Eylert.)

THE work, of which we have set forth the title at the head of this cursory notice, has excited great interest in Germany. The late much-lamented monarch of Prussia held the reins of government for forty-two years, during which he experienced the greatest and most variable vicissitudes of fortune, more especially in that one decennium from 1806 to 1816, which witnessed more important and wonderful events than have often chanced in an entire century of this world's history. But the work now under our notice has nought to do with these mighty events and vicissitudes; it speaks not of wars, of lost and won battles, of the strife of politics, or of judicial legislation and state gov-

ernment; it shows us only how all these outward events and circumstances were mirrored in Frederic William's inward life, and how his great and noble soul remained the same in fortune and misfortune—forever pious, firm, and good. The contents of this work, then, have been drawn chiefly from the private life of the king; a source more particularly open to the author, who remained ever near his royal master, as his court chaplain, for upwards of thirty years, up to the period of the monarch's death. He kept a diary, in which he noted all things that he saw and heard in the innermost circle of the king; from his diary he has now extracted his "souvenirs," and thus his communications bear the stamp of truth. It is true that one might call this work a picture without any shading; for even the best of men is but a man—and but comparatively do we call him the best who has the fewest faults. The late lamented monarch also had his faults; and, in truth, the extirpation of such faults is far more difficult to the ruler on his throne than to him who lives in quiet peace and rest. Frederic William, with his naturally excitable temperament, had himself experienced and recognized this; to the outward conflicts of his elevated existence were added the inward also, and most remarkable self-confessions on this subject will be found in the book before us. In him, however, the good by far predominated; the shading, or more evil parts of his character, were mere human weaknesses, which were lightened and purified in the course of his bitter trials. In the school of misfortune did he become what he afterwards showed himself; and by the revivifying power of a truly pious and Christian will, did he gain that purity of intention which stimulated all the words and actions of his eventful life. At the same time he was a severe warder over his own feelings, and never for a moment forgot himself and the duties which he owed his station; although clear, open and sincere, he still remained discreet and circumspect, and avoided with great care all passionate or precipitate actions, in which faults and weaknesses may be so easily betrayed. Many, especially celebrated men, appear greater in the distance and smaller when near; the direct contrary might be asserted of the deceased monarch; those who stood most near to him, and knew him most intimately, also honored and loved him the most, and his inward peace and mildness increased with his increasing years. The greatest merit of the work before us is, that it gives a true picture of its hero. Here do we see his noble, manly person, with its dignified bearing and truly royal countenance, wherein seriousness and mildness were united, and its characteristic quiet and enduring gaze. His face was the mirror of his soul. When misfortunes which had stricken others were named before him, one might see the sympathy for those others' sorrows in the slight but quick movement of the nerves of his countenance, as also in the momentary raising of the shoulders; then would he make a knot in his handkerchief to prevent the possibility of his forgetting to send all possible relief to the sufferers. When he stood or walked to and from amongst his guards, the chosen and finest men of the Prussian nation, a stranger needed not to ask, Which is the king? All recognized him at once. The king liked to be simply dressed;—in the country he wore a large and convenient great coat; at watering-places he laid aside everything which could have possibly marked the monarch. He also had an affection for old garments, and did not

like to part from them. Just as simple was he in his dwellings. When he first came to the government he did not take up his abode in the splendid palace of his ancestors, but remained in the mansion which he had inhabited as crown prince. Many private persons in Berlin dwelt in more stately houses than their monarch. His rooms were decorated by fine pictures and perennial flowers; but tapestries of great value, such as the old palace contained, he did not like. His robust state of health he preserved up to his very last years, by a strictly regulated and simple mode of life. Everything around him went as by clock-work; all that was to be done in the course of the day was arranged according to a settled plan, and every business had its appointed time fixed to the very minute. He was moderate in all things, more especially in eating and drinking; gourmandism he detested. Although everything was conducted with pomp and splendor at festivals, and when eminent guests were invited to his table; yet generally, when in the circle of his family, the royal fare was like that of a private person well to do in the world. When the court-marshal, after the unfortunate war, asked the king on his return, in 1809, whether he should order champagne? the answer given was, "Not yet, nor ever, until all my subjects, even the poorest, can drink their beer again." When he commenced his reign, and the court-marshal begged for a new bill of fare for the royal table, he received the answer, "Has my appetite, then, grown larger since I became a king? Let it be as it has been." And when he entered the dining-saloon for the first time as monarch, and the lacqueys threw open both the folding doors, he said, with a smile, "Have I grown twice as fat, then, of a sudden, that I can no more enter through one door?"

Of all articles of food he enjoyed fruits the most. Daily he received some baskets full of the most beautiful kinds of fruit from the hot-houses of Sans-souci, which were placed upon a table; little tickets, on which the names of his children were inscribed, lay beside them. Smiling, then, he stood before these, choosing, and laid the name of one of his children on each of the little baskets that were decorated with fresh flowers; this was day by day the father's morning greeting. He was at all times a most loving father of his family; and his parental affection for all his subjects also, was, indeed, an example for all present or future princes. Whilst his consort was still living, he loved to pass the summer months with her and the children on the so-called Peacock's Island, (*Pfaueninsel*), where everything measured, formal and restrictive, which must naturally accompany a court life, was, as far as possible, laid aside. The monarch and his consort lived there in the most heartfelt union with their children, and these were the happiest days of the king's life.

After passing several hours in his cabinet, where he looked through the papers arrived there for him, and marked his marginal observations, his notes of interrogation and admiration, on them, by means of a lead pencil, he stepped out into the open air; and those who saw him there and then, felt in their inmost hearts, that a monarch burdened with affairs of state may yet be truly happy, if his soul is noble, if his heart is kind. Then he wandered through the island in all directions, now reading in some book which he carried with him, now meditating and gazing around whilst he leaned against some stately tree. Then would he seat

himself perchance on one of the many green grass plots round, or stand with inward gladness silently before a bed of flowers, or converse with the shepherds or happy children passing by.

Here did he pass many happy years, by the side of his beautiful and graceful consort, still unchanged by the disasters of the times. All who then saw the royal pair, and witnessed their truly joyous harmony, speak still with rapture of it and them. Whilst they dwelt in the Peacock's Island, strangers were not permitted to enter. One day, in 1799, two English travellers, ignorant of this order, had landed on the shore at a point some way from the usual landing-place, where no one had observed them. The court-marshal happened to meet them, and ordered them to leave the island. The two strangers, however, took an indirect course in their return, and met on their way a gentleman and lady in perfectly simple attire. The gentleman asked them how they were pleased with the island, and on their expressing their admiration of its situation and beautiful culture, the lady kindly called on them to proceed with her and her husband—she would show everything to them, she said. "We would do so gladly," replied the Englishmen; "but Monsieur le Maréchal has just ordered us back, and charged us to leave the island forthwith. Their Majesties are here, he tells us, and therefore no stranger is allowed to land." "The crime is not so very great," said the friendly and handsome lady; "come with us and we will excuse you: the Herr von Masson is a good friend of ours." It was only after a long continued morning walk, during which a gay and lively conversation was maintained, that the strangers discovered who their new companions were, and received from them a friendly invitation to breakfast with the king and queen!

Thus simple, thus natural, was the king at all times; he played with the children, he celebrated their birthdays and other family festivals in the very gayest manner; in short, he laid all the cares and honors of a crown aside, and was simply the father of his family. After the death of his beloved consort he dwelt with most pleasure in Charlottenburg, where a monument had been erected to her memory; he had there had a little building erected, close to the great palace, and furnished according to his own taste. The screens and cushions worked by his daughters were the chief ornaments of his rooms. The cover of his bed was a large and beautiful shawl, which had been long borne by and an especial favorite of the deceased queen. In the morning, when the servant made the bed, he was charged to lay this shawl on a chair beside the couch, and when the king retired for the night he always spread it out again himself. There have been more "spirituel" princes—his predecessor, Frederic the Great, was such a one; but few, very few, who were gifted with such healthy, natural understanding, who saw through matters so clearly, who judged so justly the character of men, and the course of events. The choice of his highest state servants, of his friends, clearly proves this. Each thing, each event, in the moment when it made its first appearance, did he grasp, as it were, in the concrete, and fathom, and his conclusions were ever decided, and seldom or never incorrect. His entire life, rich with manifold experiences, had taught him the difficult art of *biding the right time*, and therefore it was that he laid a greater stress on the ability, conscientiousness and fidelity of his ministers and crown servants, than on the mere emi-

sion of laws and edicts, because in the execution of these latter everything depends upon the wills and inclinations of the former. He was firm and immovable in the maintenance of that, which, guided by his peculiar power of defining what would go well, what ill, what fail and what succeed, he had once recognized and upheld as the right—and this even when all voices and all counsels were opposed to his opinion.

This was the case in the year 1812, when the Emperor Napoleon prepared for, and set in motion, his intended invasion of Russia. The king was then placed in the most painful position, inasmuch as he was called upon to give a portion of his troops to his most mighty and most deadly enemy, who had made him and his country miserable, and this in a war against his own friend, the emperor of Russia. His most influential counsellors all advised to negotiate no longer with Napoleon, who had plainly shown his aversion to Prussia and its king; but to take a decisive step, resign everything for the moment, and form a firm alliance with Russia against France. The king alone did not approve of this counsel. "Who," he said, "can give us any security, when I, too weak to wage the conflict alone with the French armies, have crossed the frontiers, joined the Russians, and thus resigned everything,—who, I ask, can give us any security that the French emperor will not then at once change his plans, abandon the intended invasion of Russia, and seize by the right of conquest on this the other half of my country, in which case all would be lost to us forever? No! when such mighty events are passing—events that control the fortune of the world, and which are swayed by a mightier hand—we must not forestall the will of Divine Providence, but await its signals. These I do not yet perceive. According to my view, two results only of the approaching conflict are possible. Either the French emperor will succeed again, and then he will not be able to take what we still have from us, because I shall have performed his will, and given him the aid of my troops;—or he will fail, as I hope, and then the event will show what must be our course." The truly talented minister, Von Stein, once said, "The king is the most far-seeing and sensible of us all, without knowing it himself, just as the truly good man is never sensible of his own goodness."

Frederic William III. entertained a great reverence for Frederic the Great, and when surrounded by those he loved and esteemed at Sans-souci, he was fond of talking of him. Thus, on one occasion, he said, "Ay, ay, a great man, indeed! I was made quite happy by his kindly feelings towards me—a feeling that was akin to tenderness. He examined me in scientific matters, in which I then received instruction, particularly in history and mathematics. He made me talk French with him; then of a sudden he drew Lafontaine's Fables out of his pocket, one of which I translated to him. Accidentally, it happened to be one of those which I had just gone through with my tutor, and therefore knew well. This I told him when he praised my readiness. His severe countenance lighted up; he patted my cheeks gently, and added, 'That is right, dear Fritz, (Fred;) always be honest and sincere! never strive to seem what thou art not! be ever more than thou seemest!' This exhortation made an indelible impression on my mind, and falsehood and deceit were hateful to me from my earliest childhood upwards. More

especially he counselled me to study French; it was the diplomatic language of the world, he said, and particularly adapted to all diplomacy, from its extreme flexibility. When Frederic was about to dismiss me he said, 'Well, Fritz, be something worth speaking of "*par excellence*;" great things will be trusted to you. I am at the end of my "*carrière*," and my day's work is soon completed. I fear things will go "*pêle mêle*" after my death. Everywhere lie sources of fermentation and agitation; and unhappily the rulers, more especially in France, nourish these, instead of calming and extirpating them. The masses are already beginning to push upwards from below; and if all this comes to an outbreak, the devil will be to pay, indeed. I fear you will have a hard task to keep your station one day. Prepare, arm, be firm; think on me; keep watch over our honor and our glory; commit no injustice, but also suffer none.' Whilst he spoke thus, we had come to the grand issue from Sans-souci, where the obelisk stands. 'Look at it!' he said to me; see how it shoots upward, slender and lofty, and yet stands firmly, when storms and tempests howl around it. This pyramid says to thee, "*ma force est ma droiture*." The culminating point, the highest summit, overlooks and crowns the whole; yet it bears not, but is borne by all that lies beneath it, chiefly by the invisible foundation stones that rest far below. This bearing foundation is the people in its unity. Act ever so towards it that it may love thee, and trust in thee; thus and only thus caust thou be strong and happy.' He measured me with a penetrating glance, from the soles of my feet up to the hair of my head, gave me his hand, kissed me, and dismissed me with the words, '*Forget not this hour!*' I never did forget it."

In all state affairs, Frederic William III. was excessively exact and diligent. The decisions which he formed on the petitions and supplications daily presented to him, he usually wrote himself on the margin. He had a truly admirable expertness in giving apt and striking answers, and never required to seek long for them. When the authorities, on the occasion of the organization of the Landwehr or National Militia, for the so-called War of Freedom, had proposed the energetic motto, "*wehrlos chelos*," (no arms no honor,) for the caps of the Landwehr soldiers, and laid it before the king for his approval, he forthwith rejected it. "This inscription is unjust," he said; "how many valuable, true-hearted men are there in our country, whose age, calling, family circumstances, &c. do not permit them to bear arms, but who can be very useful without arms at home. We may not deny honor to such men. The motto shall be, "*Mit Gott für König und Vaterland!*" (With God for our King and our Country!)

The king was a friend, too, of pleasantry. When he had had a carriage built for his intended journey to Italy, he was assured by the manufacturer that he might drive in it as far as Rome, without displacing a single nail. He did drive accordingly from Charlottenburg to Berlin on trial, and "under the Limetrees,"\* precisely opposite the hotel of "the City of Rome," the forward axletree broke. The king stepped out of the carriage quietly. "The man has kept his word," he said; "I have got as far as the city of Rome."

Once, when the steward was about to turn a ser-

\*"Unter den Linden." Name of a street in Berlin.

vant angrily away, who had been sipping some red wine secretly, and in his terror at being surprised had spilt it over himself, the king entered the room, and desired that the matter might be allowed to rest. "Another time take white wine, not red," said he, smiling, to the grateful servant.

All phantasies and phantoms, and chimeras, excited his displeasure, which he expressed openly and warmly. On this account, project-makers promising great things could never gain a hearing from him; great as was the number of those who offered their counsels, particularly in the unhappy years from 1801 to 1812, no one of them could succeed in his object. "I do not like phantasmagorical phantoms," he said; "I do not need fantastical advisers."

The king had an admirable memory for individuals. Whoever had once come into friendly contact with him, could be convinced that he would never be forgotten. Amongst those who greeted him on the road, he once recognized, in driving by, a merchant from Königsberg, who had shown great attachment for him in the unfortunate years 1806—1809. The king immediately stopped the carriage, called the astonished man by his name, and reproached him for not having sought his presence long before. The next day the burgher of Königsberg, with his entire family, was invited to the king's table. The memory of the king was so faithful, because his heart was faithful. What he had once clearly conceived by the former, lay well preserved and carefully treasured in the latter, and thus he remained up to the very last. He was extremely charitable, but gave with most pleasure secretly, and endeavored to avoid thanks. "I dislike," he said, "hearing such things spoken of. The little good which could possibly lie in them is altogether destroyed when it is thus talked and prated about."

When he was but a boy of ten years old, he already turned away from the little basket that tempted him with the first cherries, the price of which was to be five thalers, and the moment after gave twenty groschens to a poor woman from his child's purse. Few days of his life passed in which he did not perform some benevolent action; and his own family, as well as the servants of the state whom he most cherished, enjoyed full many a little surprise which he prepared for them; indeed, he particularly delighted in such surprises. He has been known even to refuse some prayers, apparently, to grant them afterwards suddenly, when the petitioner had abandoned all hope.

During the six years of trial in which Napoleon's power had shaken the Prussian monarchy to its very core, so that it threatened a momentary dissolution, in which the voice of Germany even was raised against the unhappy king, reviling and accusing him of weakness, in which all misfortunes at once assailed him, it was his heartfelt religious feeling only which supported and maintained him; never did he abandon the hope of better times, or the confidence in an overruling Providence. On Sunday he never failed to go to church; in his latter years, when sickness prevented this, he had a chapel erected within the palace, where he celebrated the service of the church with his family. He partook of the Lord's Supper regularly, and spoke much and with pleasure of his religious views. He would not permit any philosophy to shake his faith, and he was particularly displeased by the conflicts of the clergy amongst themselves.

'The servants of the church hurt the church most

of all," he once said. "What have the theologians been doing? and what do they still? The clear and profound words of the Lord, conceived and spoken in the most manifold unity, which undoubtedly his very disciples who first heard, comprehended each differently, according to his personal ability and susceptibility of impression, and yet all alike in loving confidence; these words theologians force and press blindly and ignorantly into a dead and senseless formula, and thus confine the divine word to a confessional and spiritual dogma. What the Lord wished to collect and gather together into one herd, under one shepherd, they tear asunder, then bring dissensions into the intended communities, and attach a blessing or a curse to their settled form; and thus the holy feast of love has become a feast of separation and of hate. Fearful!"\*

His religious feeling showed itself in all his actions; he proved that he could perform the most difficult of all Christian duties, the forgiveness of his foes. Colonel von Massenbach, a talented but ill-intentioned man, exasperated by misfortune, had written "Memoirs of the King of Prussia, Frederic William the Third, his Personality and his Court,"—and inserted in this the most horrible calumnies, not only against the king, but also against the deceased queen. He sent the manuscript to the king, and offered to suppress it for a sum of money; in acting thus, he reckoned on the monarch's long suffering. There are, however, attacks and insults which must be severely punished, especially when they injure not only ourselves, but those most near and dear to us. The king sent the manuscript to the minister of justice, with the remark, that inasmuch as he felt himself and his beloved consort to be most deeply injured, he should abstain from all judgment in a matter of so personal a nature; but he demanded a thorough examination, and an unprejudiced inquiry, and should await the final decision, when the cause should have been brought on before all the courts calculated to entertain such questions. Colonel von Massenbach was unanimously condemned to death for his crime against outraged majesty, which punishment the king changed to that of imprisonment for life.

In 1820, the son of this man came to Berlin, addressed himself to the General von Witzleben, and begged for an audience of the king, in order to thank his Majesty for the liberty which he had restored to his father. When accordingly the king, who was then ill, was spoken to on the subject a slight red flush spread over his pale countenance. "The affair is in due order," he said. "When I had a sleepless night in the course of last week, I thought on my eventful past; then suddenly the Colonel von Massenbach occurred to me, and his image, which had so long seemed hateful to me, appeared in a softer and better light before my soul. At last I fell asleep. When I awoke again, invigorated by the slumber I had prayed for, and the sun shone in upon my bed, then came into my mind, I know not how, that beautiful passage of God's holy word, 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you;' and I called forthwith for paper, pen, and ink, and wrote,

\* *Translator's Note.*—We cannot refrain from observing that the late truly lamented monarch speaks somewhat like a theoretical German here. Truth is ever truth—and falsehood, falsehood; and as long as men have the power of erring or not erring, some men will necessarily err whilst others maintain the truth.

to avoid all talking on the subject, an order to the governor of the fortress at Glatz myself, commanding him to set Colonel von Massenbach free. But I do not wish to speak to his son—I should only embarrass him. I do not like scenes, but tell him from me, that I wished his father might be peaceful and happy in his reunion with his family—that all was forgotten and forgiven."

In ordinary conversation, Frederic William the Third was sparing of words; useless speeches he called "*phrases*, too much ballast;" he expressed his meaning therefore as briefly as possible, and left even articles and conjunctions out to make his speech so much the shorter. But if his richly stored mind met with any electric cause of excitement, he would pour it forth in the most unrestrained, agreeable and instructive communications, as, for instance, when he conversed with such men as Alexander Humboldt and the Bishop Doctor Ross. If in the company of such men as these without witnesses, he would speak long and uninterruptedly, and expose his views. On ecclesiastical matters he discoursed at great length in his conversation with Bishop Eylert, who was so truly and cordially attached to him; and this man, who brings his character in traits of affection before us, has also communicated to us many of the king's views, which bear witness to his truly enlightened spirit and noble endeavors. Such words are like brilliant torches or sunbeams, which cast the truest and the clearest light upon the monarch's character; and we doubt not that England also will receive such a communication in a friendly spirit.

"I wish so cordially to see all my subjects happy; but no man can be truly happy, who is not good—and good in the inmost heart can no man become, save by the silent recreative power of religion."

"This cannot be doubted, when we speak of those first and highest relations in which man stands to his God—but it is also equally true of the relations which man bears to his fellow-men. If sacred ties and bonds do not awaken, attract, and enliven the soul, those of human origin soon lose all restrictive power.

"Deceived and fearfully mistaken are those who deem that the study of the arts and sciences alone can make man happy; cultivate, smooth and polish, render agreeable, it may indeed; but that which would render the heart pure and sincere, firm and faithful, must have another origin. Egotism leads the understanding, and more especially and most easily the quickest and most comprehensive understanding, to sophistry and pettifogging negation; teaches it to play at hide and seek in a thousand holes and corners; and if the understanding is thus led, then the character must become cunning, artful and insidious. Everything which encourages egotism makes man bad,—only those things which humble him improve him, and these may only be found in a Christian tone of mind. Intellectual cultivation, without moral improvement, poisons the human community, the more the former waxes and the latter decreases. Society at large in all classes then becomes a congregation of '*figurants*,' each of which endeavors to deceive and betray the other after the most polite fashion, and, what is most horrible of all, with mutual consciousness of one another's baseness. No man then trusts his neighbor more; everything must be made hypothetically, must be assured in writing; the noble word

of honor, and honest grasp of the hand of our fathers, '*in trust and confidence*' become a legend of by-gone days. Where there is no faith, there is also no truth and no honesty!"

"With respect to the louder and ever louder demand of the spirit of the age for the education of the people; by means of improvement in the schools, I find myself in a somewhat painful position, which has often caused me much anxiety. Undoubtedly national education is the basis on which national prosperity must rest. A neglected, half-savage, ignorant people, cannot be good, and therefore cannot be happy. I have, therefore, yielded to the general cry in this respect, and gladly granted and allotted as much as possible, and as the administration of the state finances permitted. With pleasure, too, I hear the many praises of the advances of our Prussian lands in this respect. But very recently a curious statistical parallel amused me much, from which I learned that in my country, as compared with others, the greatest number of children received instruction, whilst on the other hand there were still territories in Europe in which no schools whatever could be found.

"And yet, just where they are flourishing with the most complete and admired success, a whole number of doubts and scruples force themselves upon my notice. Ought we not to inquire whether the people's education should have boundaries or not? If it have no boundaries, one may not think of restraining or interfering, but must let the thing go as far and in what direction it pleases. This I do not feel inclined unconditionally to admit; but if the existence of due boundaries is confessed, where should they be drawn? So much has been written *pro* and *contra* on this subject, that I feel almost confused. What one man counsels, another rejects. Such things dispirit one so, that one feels inclined to drive the thought out of one's brain, and give the matter up altogether. But this one may not do; it is of far too great importance.

"My opinion is this; every human being without exception, in every rank, has, as man, a twofold destination—one for heaven and eternity, the other for this earth and his earthly calling. Considered as an immortal being, there may be no boundaries to his moral cultivation—the course opened before him is endless, and ceaselessly should he strive to become better and better, that is, ever more pleasing to God, and more similar in unity of spirit to his blessed Lord and Saviour. Never can he be so good that he could *not* become better. And the more moral and truly noble he is, and ever waxes, the more quiet and contented, the more serviceable and useful will he be. The perfectibility of the human nature, its constant power of improvement, is also its most noble faculty, and gives the clearest proof that it has come from God himself, and when attracted to him, will and should return again to the centre of all goodness. In this point of view a '*stability*' such as has been marked in our days by the frightful word '*Verdunnung*,' (forced or artificial blockishness,) is most hateful to me; and everything which can be called an advance in this respect I have ever welcomed and aided with lively sympathy, and ever will aid and forward with the most ready assistance as long as I live and rule. In this respect too much or enough can never be done in or by means of either schools or churches. Here to awaken, to excite, and to advance, as often and wherever this can be done, is indeed

praiseworthy. All schoolmen and clergymen who have performed aught in this sphere, I therefore cherish, and mark by my special favor.

"The spread of cultivation and intelligence in all directions through national schools is not to be blamed; but this must not be the highest, the utmost goal; after all, the great, nay the only point to secure, is true excellence in a man's calling, his character and his being."

"Fearful is the diabolic power which lies in the nature of man. What has not been already essayed to hem and restrain its eruptions! We have scaffolds, houses of correction, courts of law, police authorities, arms and watchmen; and yet in every monthly report I find myself forced to read, to my deep sorrow, that the houses of correction are full—nay—that they become fuller than ever.

"If I do not see the fruits of the people's education, I cannot feel any great confidence in it. But the fault does not lie in the schools only; it lies also elsewhere. It is not true, at least not exclusively so, that, as some say, the real cause is the barbarism and ignorance of the people. Instruct and educate that people, awake in them a sense of honor, let men be made happy, and they will then of themselves become better."

So much of the opinions of the king. There is something beautiful in affection, it imparts itself to others, just as warmth or electricity. There is something beautiful, too, in heartfelt admiration. The author who loves and admires his theme, can always count on sympathy and applause. Bishop Eylert's work has rejoiced a numerous and thankful public in Germany; it has been received as an historical monument; it has been much talked of and much read. The reviewer deems, therefore, that this universal sympathy will also find an echo in England, as the deceased monarch has no doubt met there with that esteem and reverence, which the great and the noble command in all pure hearts and lofty spirits.

\* *Remark of the Translator.*—This reasoning of the king's, admirable as far as it goes, appears yet incomplete. He justly distinguishes between man's earthly and heavenly destiny; he justly states that the latter is endless, and that man's moral and religious education is without a boundary. He has as clearly shown that man's earthly destiny is to fill his calling worthily according to rank and station; but he has omitted to draw the conclusion that his scientific education should therefore be adapted to his calling, and, like that calling, have a boundary. True it is, that in a civilized state, every man, even the lowest and poorest, may possibly rise to eminence; but these cases will be exceptions, and for exceptions we must not legislate. Genius, too, in such cases, will of itself break through the trammels of custom, and force out a way for itself. That this is the king's true intention and meaning, it is utterly impossible to deny; and perhaps it may safely be asserted, that so clear and admirable a definition of the true utility of education, as the one here given, was never made before.

**THE STATUE OF GOETHE.**—The *Journal des Debats* announces that the colossal statue of Goethe which was cast in bronze, at the royal foundry at Munich, according to the model of Schwanthaler, has been completed. This statue is intended to ornament one of the squares of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, his native place. Goethe is represented clad in a mantle, but having his hands free. He wears the simple costume of the present period. His right arm is resting on the trunk of an oak tree, and in his left he holds a laurel crown. His eyes are turned towards heaven. The subjects of the bas-reliefs on the pedestal are borrowed from his works of Goethe.

SEVERAL of the Irish Repeal papers are gloating over the French triumphs in Africa, and looking forward to similar attacks upon the United Kingdom. The *Newry Examiner*, for instance, asks why Irishmen should fight to aggrandize England; says that "peace" has two meanings; and exclaims "We bide our time." But the *Belfast Vindicator* bears away the bell in this traitorous pleasantry—

"The Prince de Joinville has won his laurels before the ramparts of Tangier. We are sure they will not be his last. We are full of confidence in his future triumphs. He has a mother, whose prayers are, no doubt, offered up for his honor and his welfare: that mother is a living saint, and her prayers are not offered in vain. More triumphs await him in the Mediterranean, and perhaps on the Atlantic. What if he should invade Ireland? Why, in that case, all that we can take upon ourselves to say is, that the Irish people could offer no resistance, seeing that their government has left them no arms. We could not be expected to fight him with sticks. But if he should happen to bring with him 100,000 stand of arms, and offer them gratis to those who may be willing to possess them, why, in that case, we should leave people to judge for themselves of the propriety of accepting them. This country was thrice invaded by France in the last century, and it would not surprise us that the present century saw one or two more invasions before its close."

THE *Manchester Guardian* mentions a remarkable resort of mechanics to coöperative land-occupancy as an auxiliary means of subsistence—

"One of the wool-sorters' societies in Bradford have taken a lease of a small farm in the neighborhood, which they intend to convert into a pretty Eden spot, for their own amusement, (and interest, if possible,) and that of the public generally. It consists of eight acres, which are divided at present into four fields: in one of which there is an excellent spring of water, which the wool-sorters intend to convert into a swimming-bath, to be constructed in one of the fields. Part of the land, at least, is of excellent quality, and no doubt the whole of it might soon be brought into good condition. The wool-sorters intend to cultivate it as a society, not as individuals; and in this respect the speculation differs from the principle of the small allotment system. The idea of renting the land was suggested during the late depression of trade in the town, and the land was intended as a field on which the society might employ its members when out of regular work."

WE understand that instructions have been sent out by the last packet to the governors of our West Indian possessions, to have the existing naval and military defences of the colonies placed in the most efficient state, and to make whatever additions may be deemed necessary, so as to be prepared for any emergency that may arise.—*Morning Herald.*

ON Sunday afternoon Mr. Robert Owen, the Socialist, left London, on his way to Portsmouth, whence he proceeds to New Harmony, Indiana. His friends and disciples assembled in St. James' park in numbers amounting to some thousands, and accompanied him as far as Vauxhall bridge, where Mr. Owen bade them farewell.

THE late Dr. Dalton was the first and only Quaker upon whom the honor of Doctor of Laws was conferred by the University of Oxford.



From the Colonial Magazine.

## CHINESE EMIGRATION.

**SIR** :—The opinion is daily gaining ground that slavery and the slave-trade can only be terminated by the promotion of systematic emigration from India, Africa, and China, to our various tropical possessions, so as to enable planters to raise tropical produce cheaper by free than it can by slave labor; and that the measures which have been adopted by this country for putting a stop to the slave-trade, entailing an enormous expenditure and loss of life, have only tended to aggravate its horrors without materially diminishing its extent.

The West Indian islands, Guiana and Mauritius, as soon as they fully obtain the advantages of free labor, will be enabled to increase their exports and supply this country with sugar and other tropical productions; but it must be borne in mind that they are not cotton-growing countries to any considerable extent.

With few exceptions, the best descriptions of cotton are grown in America; hence there can be little doubt that, whilst that country possesses this advantage, slavery, in its worst aspects, will continue to prevail there. Now, since England, as she is the chief purchaser of slave-labor produce, is also indirectly the great cause of slavery in many parts of the world, especially in North and South America, whence she receives the greater portion of her cotton, it appears to be the bounden duty of the government, if it be really serious in its avowed intentions of putting down slavery and the slave-trade, to encourage as much as possible the produce raised by free labor on tropical climes.

New South Wales is a country admirably adapted for the growth of cotton, and many other articles of tropical produce, such as coffee, nutmegs, silk, and tobacco. This is the opinion of Captain Grey and others intimately acquainted with the country. Cotton and nutmegs in many parts grow wild. I have seen an excellent sample of cotton grown at Moreton Bay. It has thousands of miles of coast line and numerous islands within the tropics, subject to periodical rains, in many parts extremely fertile, and with English capital and cheap labor, might be rendered very productive. Moreover, the north-west coast is within three weeks' sail of India and China, from whence any number of laborers may be procured, and maintained at much less cost than slaves in the slave-holding states of America. It is also within a few days' sail of the islands of Java, Bally, and Lomboek, where rice and other provisions are procurable at a remarkably cheap rate; and what is of more importance, it possesses one of the healthiest tropical climates in the world; residents there being delivered from the perpetual fear of the yellow fever, as in the West Indies, or of the malignant cholera, as in the East. Captain Grey and his party were exposed night and day, for many weeks, to the climate, without suffering the least in health. Port Essington has now for many years been occupied, and very little sickness has occurred amongst the residents there.

As colonists, the Chinese are undoubtedly superior to the natives of India. They are a harder and more industrious race, endowed with a more robust constitution—better able to endure fatigue, and to withstand vicissitudes of climate, and superior to the Indian laborer as agriculturists. Moreover, they are more likely to become permanent residents on the soil, and the hope of their

conversion to Christianity under more favorable auspices than obtain in their own country, is anything but chimerical. Next to the English, perhaps the Chinese, of all the nations of the earth, are most disposed to emigrate; and the extent to which emigration has reached of late years among them is truly surprising, when we consider that it is left to individual enterprise. It has been computed that upwards of fifty thousand adults, chiefly males, annually emigrate from the shores of China to seek a home and livelihood in a foreign land. These emigrants have found their way in great numbers, and at their own expense, to Siam, Borneo, the Philippine Islands, Moluccas, Java, Singapore, Malacca, Pinang, Madras, Calcutta, Bombay, Mauritius, and to the Islands of Bally and Lomboek, situated only a short distance from the Australian continent. In Singapore they form the bulk of the laboring population, and are, with few exceptions, the only clearers and cultivators of the soil. In Borneo, in the very teeth of its hostile inhabitants, they have formed flourishing settlements. At Batavia, they form a large and industrious portion of the population; the same at Manilla. Thousands exist under British rule at Hong Kong, where all the public and private works are carried on by them. In his own country the pay of a Chinese laborer averages from fourpence to sixpence a day; on this stipend he contrives to maintain himself, together with his wife and family. His food is principally rice and fish, with occasionally a little meat.

From the inquiries I made when in China, of persons long resident there, I am satisfied that with the prospect of bettering their condition, any number of Chinese laborers and mechanics of every description might be easily induced to emigrate, and form settlements on the northern coasts of New Holland, and when the country should become known to them, multitudes, at their own expense, would speedily find their way thither.

The fisheries in Torres Straits might be rendered productive in the hands of the Chinese; and the colonization of New Guinea, one of the largest and most fertile islands on the globe, would not be far distant.

I am further confident that the country which shall direct and promote the emigration of the Chinese cannot fail of reaping a rich harvest therefrom, and of giving a death-blow to slavery and the slave-trade.

The experiment might be easily tried at or near Port Essington, and that at an inconsiderable expense.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,  
JENNER FLOMLEY.

**DEATH FROM DISAPPOINTMENT.**—A melancholy instance of sudden death occurred this week at Havre, at the distribution of prizes, at the Ursuline Convent. Madame Monnier, the wife of the proprietor of the Café des Abattoirs, proceeded to the ceremony, in full expectation of finding her niece amongst the successful pupils. Not being well placed for seeing what was going on, she inquired of those around her if the name of her niece had been mentioned, and receiving a reply in the negative, the disappointment gave her so great a shock that she fell down senseless. Medical aid was immediately afforded, but life had fled. The deceased was an exceedingly strong, healthy woman, of about thirty years of age.—*Galignani.*



EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENT OF  
THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

Paris, August 27, 1844.

You have been informed of the sensation produced here by the speeches delivered at the meeting of the London Missionary Society, in reference to the Tahiti affair. The language of the Rev. Baptist Noel, a member of the established church, (though not deemed orthodox at home,) gave the deepest offence. "He (the honorable and reverend gentleman) protested against the introduction into Tahiti of French brandy; he protested against French priests, against French cannon, and against the debauchery of French soldiers. [Loud cheers.] He rejoiced that the difficulties which had occurred, were calculated to fix an eternal hatred on the Roman Catholic religion." And this, too, was sanctioned by cheers! The French assuredly are not a devout nation; but they are tenacious of their title of Catholics, and of the credit of their soldiers and sailors. No one of the orators seemed to bear in mind how many of the subjects of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, profess the same faith. All the outrageous passages of the clerical effusions were immediately quoted and zealously aggravated. A higher excitement, owing to the letters which the *London Times* issued about the bombardment of Tangier, has filled every daily French sheet with language of the utmost rage and resentment, and the fiercest retorts on British history and character. The *Morning Herald*, in which several important semi-official articles have appeared of late on the subjects of international reckonings and the results of war, signifies that the *Times* was imposed on by forged signatures of officers holding her Majesty's commission; and it adds that, if the signatures, by any possibility, be genuine, the officers have utterly disgraced themselves, and must be detected and punished. The sting, however, inheres in the French spirit; and, in the event of a war, will operate to envenom the struggle. It is moved now in the wound by the successes of Prince de Joinville and Marshal Bugeaud;—however strong the French exultation everywhere, their curiosity is not less vivid to know how the British will take the news of the *occupation* of the island which commands the batteries and port of Mogador; and the blockade, besides the immediate *crushing* or demolition of the town and its defences. The interests of Great Britain suffer, virtually, as those of the emperor of Morocco. His Majesty, the king of the French, and Mr. Guizot expected to be able to preserve peace with Great Britain, through the extremely pacific dispositions and views of the British cabinet, and thus to provide, by hostilities with the Moors, a *safe* war to gratify the temper of this nation, requiring some martial achievements, and help the cause of the dynasty, needing trophies for the princes; but the public excitement in France, and the course of events in Africa, may be such that the French government cannot keep to the limits stipulated with my Lord Aberdeen, and then, his lordship must satisfy the jealousies and apprehensions of the British people, or give way to a negotiator of the Palmerston school.

Interest will be taken in any narratives which may appear from the American officers who witnessed the bombardment of Tangier. They are competent and *impartial* judges.

The *Journal des Debats* gives us a series of essays on the several ports and whole coast of Morocco, which have been digested from the most

recent and authentic accounts, and seem to have been prepared with the assurance of an extensive and protracted warfare. It would be signal good fortune for the royal family, if the Duke d'Aumale, who reigns in the province of Constantine, had been with Bugeaud, to share the danger and triumph. France, say our journals, is now everywhere the brilliant champion of Christianity: England, the instigator and protector of Islamism. They have seized on the Irish manifestations of joy at the French achievements, and the prospect of a collision between France and Great Britain. The articles of the repeal editors, on these heads, are translated *in extenso*. The *Belfast Vindicator*, the *Newry Examiner*, the *Waterford Chronicle*, the *Galway Vindicator*, the *Nation*, and others, are introduced—perhaps for the first time—with peculiar favor to the French public. You may be amused with the annexed exposition by the *London Times*:

"THE IRISH REPEAL JOURNALS.—The Irish repeal journals are running famous lengths in their anti-English demonstrations. They are rejoicing in the bombardment of Tangier, on the bare chance of the French power receiving a stimulus from that movement, and being led by it into an ambitious collision with this country. They are positively glorifying in the visionary prospect of this country being subjugated by France. The excited imagination of the repeal journalists pictures the Prince de Joinville a hero of a hundred fights before he has fairly been in one, and conjures up, out of the smoke at Tangier, a blaze of prospective glory for the future naval Napoleon. Success after success; allies gained; England deserted; France swelling with triumph; maritime supremacy gone over from England to her; and, lastly, French troops making their appearance in Ireland, and a French invasion, in which the Irish will join: all this is conjured up, in one, thick, glowing image, out of the bombardment of Tangier. Never, since the case of the unfortunate seller of crockery, in the *Arabian Nights*, who had just established himself as vizier and married a princess, when his basket of pots descended with a crash, has there been such castle-building. The *Belfast Vindicator* is not content with foreseeing this imaginary revolution in Europe with a political eye, but he must needs convert it into a religious prophecy. He imagines the saintly mother of the prince winning laurels from heaven for him, by her prayers. What makes them now set up the Orleans family and the Prince de Joinville as the favorites of Heaven and the devoted sons and deliverers of the church? Why, only this time, last year, O'Connell was attacking Louis Philippe, in the fiercest way, on the express ground of his tyranny and oppression, both political and ecclesiastical, and declaring that, if Henry V. would claim the throne of his ancestors, he would promise him a regiment of Irish volunteers. The Irish were then Bourbonists; now, they are Louis Philippists."

MEHEMET ALI, you will see, has returned to Alexandria, and resumed the reins of government. There is some probability in the following paragraph:

"The real cause of his sudden departure to Cairo was his having at length heard of the baneful consequences, resulting from the iniquitous system of taxation pursued by his government on the wretched population, a great portion of whom are literally starving. The effect of this has been,

that secret emigration to Syria has been going on to an incalculable extent, thus leaving a large portion of the country uncultivated. It is said that his Highness is determined on turning over a new leaf. In consequence of the decrease in the population, an immense deficiency will be found in the present year's crop."

My impressions of the nature of his rule are from the best oral testimony and the French book entitled *Egypt under Mehemet Ali*, written by Monsieur Hamon, who resided a long time in the province, in the service of the viceroy, and had ample opportunity of observation. He draws a melancholy picture of the misery and exhaustion of the population in general, which, twenty years ago, was two and a half millions, and now, does not exceed one and a half. Our Paris editors assumed that Ibrahim, the son, whom the British drove out of Syria, would remember his expulsion and losses, and prefer alliance and concert with France. On the other hand, the London Chronicle observes:

"On whatever terms, and with whatever ideas, Mehemet returns, it is evident that Ibrahim Pasha must assume greater and greater influence in the government. Some represent him as unfavorable to England, and as likely, if a difference arise between us and France, to aid the latter. We believe this to be a mistake. Ibrahim has always had a marked jealousy of Frank influence and encroachment. He always expressed himself strongly on the conquest of Algiers, and the attack on Morocco by France will not allay the fears and feelings of the Musselman."

#### A DISH OF GLORY.

THE Oran correspondent of the *Times* relates a fact touchingly illustrative of the moral condition of the French army of Africa.

In November last, one Embarack, the Khalif of Abd-el-Kader, with between seven and eight hundred infantry, was set upon by General Tempour, with four squadrons of cavalry. Nearly four hundred of the Moors were slaughtered, and among them Embarack, after he had wounded six Frenchmen. The Khalif dead—then came in the sweets of revenge! The *Times* says:

"The Spahis, or native cavalry, immediately after Embarack fell, cut off his head. The head of Embarack was then *covered with honey* by the Spahis, and sent to Oran; arrived at Oran, the head of Embarack was then *salted*, and thence despatched to Algiers. At Algiers, the head of Embarack was '*served up*' at a *soirée* of Marshal Bugeaud, *something in the style of the serving up on a charger of the head of John the Baptist mentioned in the New Testament*. When all eyes had been sufficiently regaled with the sight of the head of the brave chief of the desert—the unconquerable enemy of the French (conquered only by accident)—the marshal, yielding to his instincts as a soldier, gave the head a funeral with the ceremony awarded to the rank of a lieutenant; and the head of Embarack was at last buried, either at Médéah or Miliana, with all due honors."

We think the marshal acted without due consideration. He ought to have carried out the principle manifested in the "serving up" of a human head at the table of a Christian hero, and not have buried it. What an idle ceremony was this serving up, if a funeral with military honors

was to follow! What a waste of honey and salt—what a piece of useless show, the charger! In the straitened condition in which the French army too often finds itself in Africa, we think—we hazard the opinion with all modesty—that a much better use might be made of slaughtered enemies.

Man is the victim of many foolish prejudices, until philosophy with her sweet voice—"musical as is Apollo's lute"—converts him from his darkness, and makes him all her own. Now, philosophy has evidently done much with Marshal Bugeaud and men of his plastic, yet heroic substance: nevertheless, the Marshal has his best lesson to learn, otherwise he would never have buried the barbarian's head; no, he would have consummated the tasteful, the humane yearnings that set the head before him, by supping off it. He would have paid Embarack the most delicate compliment by incorporating him with himself: he would thus—in the sweet slang of the French army—have fraternized with the fallen Bedouin.

That soldiers do not eat soldiers, has always appeared to us a gross prejudice, altogether unworthy of tradesmen in war: a squeamishness inconsistent with the atmosphere of fire, and blood, and blasphemy, in which the laurel is usually cultivated. It is, however, something to find that Marshal Bugeaud and his African heroes are getting a little in advance of the rest of Europe, and vindicating French claims to superior civilization in the art of war, as in the art of cookery and mantua-making. It is a step gained, that a hero will have a hero's head served before him in a charger; the next movement will, of course be, for the hero to say grace and fall to. We can discern the hankering, the liquorishness of appetite, that has the human joint put upon the table,—and then the latent weakness, the deference to popular prejudice, that, with a sigh, bids the untasted dish be taken off. And after all, what folly, what waste, to give to worms that which might have done so much good to Marshal Bugeaud!

The human lawfulness and wisdom of war once granted, we confess we look upon any indisposition to make the most of our enemies, by eating them, as a mere sickness of sentiment—an affectation unworthy of the natural majesty of man, made more majestic by musket and seventy rounds of ball-cartridge. Let us consider a *razzia* by the French—one of those interludes which, to the employment, if not the delight of the recording angel, they are every day enacting in Africa. These Christian men come swoop upon an unarmed village. They cut the throats of the men—bayonet their wives and children, if at all troublesome—set fire to the growing crops—and drive off every head of cattle. Consider the scene—the heroes, with another sprig of laurel, marched away—and say, if it be not a place for devils to revel in! Consider the blackened earth, the smouldering ruin, the human form divine gashed and stabbed, and, worse than all, outraged beyond the decency of words to tell; and what is there in the spectacle that Beelzebub himself might not feel a diabolic pleasure to claim as his own especial handiwork—his own doing!—albeit committed by men, whose creed it is to "love one another!"

As then, apparently to us, it really requires a greater amount of moral courage to kill a man, than to eat him when killed, we must again express our satisfaction that Marshal Bugeaud has so cunningly, so adroitly touched the pulse of human prejudice to feel its present cannibal con-

dition. Be it our duty to assist Marshal Bugeaud, by every argument at our command, in the praiseworthy purpose.

The commissariat difficulties with which the French have to contend in Africa are well known: they are constantly, though in the face of the enemy, on short commons. Now, let the marshal's hint be ripened into practice, and so long as an enemy is to be found, so long will the soldier be supplied with a sufficiency of rations. He may satisfy his glory and his appetite at the same time. It becomes as much a war of the knife and fork as of the sword; glory, as we have said, going hand in hand with full eating. Thus, the Frenchman kills his enemy, and he devours him—as we eat a custard—flavored with bay-leaves.

The refinement of the French army, may, possibly, revolt at the dish; but we beg to assure our lively and chivalrous neighbors that, to use one of their own adages, the appetite will come with eating. The acute Doctor Muffett, an Elizabethan philosopher, writes of a certain king of Lydia, who “having eaten of his own wife, said he was sorry to have been ignorant so long of a good dish.” To be sure, the Lydian king may have spoken more as a husband than as a *gourmet*—but we have the assurances of New Zealanders, and others, that the human animal is very excellent feeding. Hence, as Marshal Bugeaud has gone so far as to familiarize his army to the sight of human heads—honeyed and salted—in chargers, we trust that his next lesson will be to make them draw to and eat. The saving to France will be enormous. No Arab so tough that he may not be edible; for the aforesaid Doctor Muffet observes, —“a lion being showed to a strong bull three or four hours before he be killed, causeth his flesh to be as tender as that of a steer; fear dissolving his hardest parts, and making his very heart to become pulpy.” Upon this theory, we can judge of the effect of the French lions upon even the oldest and hardest Bedouins.

Instead of burying the killed, as is sometimes done with the usual military honors, they might be eaten, after a grace composed quite in the spirit of the same Christianity that compasses their destruction. If such a dish becomes common in the French camp, (and after the exhibition of the head in the charger we have great hopes,) we would advise Parisian cooks to study some new condiment to add, if possible, to the delicacy of its flavor. Let us, for instance, suggest a *sauce piquante à la baïonnette*.—Punch.

#### A Descriptive Account of an Improved Method of Planting and Managing the Roots of Grape Vines. By CLEMENT HOARE. Longman.

THE results of Mr. Hoare in the management of vines are so wonderful, considering the simple means he takes to produce them, that we should be inclined to view his assertions as too marvellous for belief, if we did not know that he is himself one of the most successful cultivators of the vine who ever lived in England, and if he did not assure us that he “has not recommended any point of culture the merits and advantages of which he has not himself for years repeatedly and carefully tested.” We glance at a few of the principal topics in this ingenious treatise, which we earnestly commend to the notice not only of the horticultural world, but of every one who loves a garden,

and desires to see it yield at a very small cost an ample supply of delicious grapes.

For the management of vines in greenhouses, Mr. Hoare strongly reprobates the practice of planting the roots in richly-manured borders. His theory is, that grapes are formed and brought to perfection, not from any nourishment received from their roots, but by solar heat and light alone, and that the roots of vines in this country are so far from requiring any stimulative power, that they require to be checked, that the growth of the branches may not be too rapid. This check, he explains, is afforded in warmer countries than our own by the greater dryness of the climate and the superior heat of the sun, so that the tops of the shoots as they advance in growth are turned into a kind of jelly, and rapidly harden into wood, which thus becomes firm and close in texture, and bears buds at very short intervals. But from that check not existing to the same extent in England, our climate being more humid, and our sun less fervent, the vine has a natural tendency to luxuriance in growth, the branches are long and tender, and the buds on them at much longer intervals. This theory is explained with delightful clearness in Mr. Hoare's treatise, and illustrated by a decisive example:—

Some few years since the author received a bundle of vine cuttings from one of the most celebrated vineyards in Spain. They were the entire growth of the year, as each had a portion of the preceding year's wood attached to it. The longest shoot measured eight and a half feet, but the average length was about eight feet. The wood was perfectly cylindrical, and of the closest texture, and almost as hard as heart of oak. The buds were large, prominent, and highly symmetrical, and stood out in bold relief on the sides of the canes. They were produced so near to each other as to be only one and three quarters of an inch apart. Now, a corresponding shoot produced in this country by an established vine would be about twenty-five feet in length, and the buds would be, on an average, distant from each other betwixt four and five inches. The shoots produced in these different countries, therefore, would each contain pretty nearly the same number of buds; and the question immediately arises, what was the cause of the great disproportion that existed in the length of these shoots? Simply, no other than the greater intensity of the light and heat which the Spanish shoots enjoyed over the English shoot. Nature was as long manufacturing one and three quarters of an inch of wood in Spain as she was four and a half inches in this country; but then, in the former instance, the bright light of the sun, and the intensity of his rays, would not let the shoot go ahead. Their united influence caused it to linger in its growth, and its watery sap, therefore, was turned into a jelly-like substance almost as fast as it was produced, and then fine fruit buds were the natural consequence. And these shoots may be considered as types of all others produced within the vinous latitude.

It follows, then, that in England the roots of vines do not want stimulating, but that the soil for them should be like that which they enjoy in the finest countries, dry, rocky, and warm. He considers it extremely detrimental to a vine that its roots should be in a soil where perhaps the temperature is 35 or 40 degrees, while the branches should be luxuriating in a temperature of 70 or 80 degrees. He would, therefore, for all vines in

greenhouses prepare an artificial bed for their roots, as he prepares an artificial climate for their branches and fruit. The principle on which he would form this bed, for we do not here pretend to enter into details, is that of making a pit in the earth, three feet deep, and four or five feet square, lining it with solid brickwork, so that the roots of the vine shall not pierce through, and filling it with broken bricks, mortar, charcoal, and bones. These materials should be used in equal proportions, without admixture of any other substances. The bricks should not be too hard-burned, and the mortar should be old. Those, with the charcoal, should be in lumps, about the size of an egg. The bones, if hollow, should be broken in half, that the roots may creep into the cavities. Any will do, but they should be of animals that have arrived at maturity, from their greater hardness. These substances should be well packed, and the vine-root carefully placed in them. The flooring should be of firm brickwork, with one row of bricks loosely laid, that they may be taken up to afford the roots moisture when required.

The result of this treatment is that the roots, being furnished with the largest possible extent of surface, and with the best nutriment in the shape of bones, will give vigor to the vine, and that grapes will be produced six weeks earlier than on other vines, while the bed will last good, if not forever, for an immense number of years.

All this part of the treatise may be read with much advantage by those who possess greenhouses. We come now to that more novel part of the volume, intended for those who would like, with little cost or trouble, to grow grapes in the open air.

In commencing this part of his subject, Mr. Hoare lays it down as a rule that the roots of a vine will strike equally well upwards as downwards. The great requisites for the soil are warmth, moderate dryness, and great extent of surface. He proposes to secure those requisites by building of good brickwork a hollow column, three feet in diameter, and five feet high. He prefers circular erections because the vine may be easier trained, and during the height of summer the sun will shine all round it. The base of this column should be formed of solid brickwork level with the earth, and four feet square. When that is finished the erection of the column should be commenced on it; half bricks will do, if they are perfectly strengthened at four equally distant parts of the circle by one course of whole bricks. When two courses of bricks have been thus laid down over the foundation of brickwork, the interior of the column should be filled with the substances before described, broken bricks, old mortar, charcoal, and bones, all being closely packed. A half circular hole should now be cut in a brick on that side of the column facing the south, for the stem of the vine to be brought through. It should be one and a half inch in diameter, and the like hole should be cut in the brick meant to fit on it, so that the cavity may be round, and the dimension of it one and a half inch. The vine should now be planted. It should be three years old, and the bole of earth round the roots be loosely bound round in flannel well soaked in soap-suds. So much of the stem should be left outside the column as contains three good buds. The soil should be a little raked away for the roots to lie in, and the substances should then be packed closely round the roots, care being taken that they are so placed

that no mice shall creep in through the hole made for the stem of the vine to pass through. The next course of the bricks should then be laid on, the soil being filled in as the column rises, and so on until the column rises within three courses of its intended height. Then a course of bricks is laid over the well-packed substances at top, being jointed with mortar only, and not laying a bed of it. With two more top courses the column will be finished, care being taken so to lay them as that they shall slope towards the centre of the column, forming a cavity to catch moisture, which, piercing through the brickwork, will descend to the soil. In this cavity mignonette or any shrub of the kind may be placed, which will give it a pretty finish, and hang over from its top. The hole for the stem of the vine may be filled in with moss to give it a pretty appearance. As the vine grows it is to be trained round the column, and, with moderate care, Mr. Hoare asserts, may be made to bear fifty pounds of fine grapes in one season. The cost of the column, he believes, should not exceed 25s., but we hardly imagine it could be properly erected for that sum.

It is easy to believe that such columns, when erected in suitable situations, and the vines are well trained around them, and clusters of grapes appear, must add to the beauty of grounds. They may be planted singly or in groups; and the cost is so slight, and the gain in fruit, according to our author, so certain and so large, that the experiment is well worth trying. We have but given an outline of Mr. Hoare's plan. Those who are desirous of further information must consult this pleasing treatise. They will find it full of instructive details, the result of extensive management, directed by an intelligent mind, and of long experience. The manner of the remarks is clear and pleasing, and the whole treatise of eminent utility to those who have the care of vines, or who propose to engage in their culture.—*Britannia*.

WILL OF SIR HUDSON LOWE.—The will is dated in 1816, and contains no legacy of public interest, inasmuch as the whole of the property is left to his wife and children; but in the second codicil, which is in the deceased's hand-writing, the following remarkable passage occurs:—"I trust my wife will apply to the king for a pension (which I was led to expect) of not less than £1,500 a-year, and that at her death a pension of half that amount be granted to my children; I also wish her to apply for the expenses of my outfit to St. Helena, about £2,000." This codicil is dated from an hotel in Paris in the year 1825. The personal property has been sworn under £3,000.

#### ON DREAMING OF MY MOTHER.

STAY, gentle shadow of my mother, stay!

Thy form but seldom comes to bless my sleep.

Ye faithless slumbers, fleet not thus away,

And leave my wistful eyes to wake and weep.

Oh! I was dreaming of those golden days,

When, Will my guide, and Pleasure all my aim,

I rambled wild through childhood's flowery maze,

And knew of sorrow scarcely by her name.

Those scenes are fled,—and thou alas! art fled,

Light of my heart, and guardian of my youth!

Then come no more to slumbering Fancy's bed,

To aggravate the pangs of waking Truth.

Or if kind Sleep these visions will restore,

O let me sleep again and never waken more.

## MODEL FARMS IN IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

An important step has been made to promote agricultural education in Scotland. During the late agricultural meeting in Glasgow, a number of gentlemen favorable to the establishment of elementary schools for the purpose met in the Merchant's Hall; when, besides gentlemen connected with the Agricultural Chemistry Association of Scotland, several strangers attended, including Lord Wallscourt, Lord Clements, Lord Ranelagh, Sir Robert Bateson, Sir R. Houston, and others. The Lord Justice Clerk took the chair; and Professor Johnston explained the object of the meeting. Mr. Skilling, superintendent of a model-farm at Glasnevin, near Dublin, under the Irish Board of Education, made a statement of the measures carried out by the board since 1838. There are now three thousand teachers under the board; there are seven training establishments to supply teachers, but there will shortly be twenty-five; and it is intended to plant one in every county of Ireland. Mr. Skilling described the plan pursued at the Glasnevin training-school, established in 1838; the class of labor is limited to spade-husbandry, only the spade and wheelbarrow being used—

"The scholars, amounting to sixty or seventy, were lodged near the farm, and fed from it. After being engaged on the farm in the mornings of five days in the week, they went into the town for their literary education; but the whole of Saturday was appropriated to examinations. They had a garden, and, in connexion with it, a competent gardener, who lectured for one half-hour in the morning; and he (Mr. Skilling) also lectured to the young men on agricultural subjects. At stated periods, the teachers attended the farm, and witnessed every practical operation which was going on upon it. They observed every system of cropping, and got explanations on every subject with which they were unacquainted; and the result was, that when they went away at the end of the course, they were found to be vastly improved in the scientific knowledge of agriculture and its practical details. During the course, they were enabled to obtain a considerable knowledge of agriculture, chemistry, and geology; they also received practical information as to the principles of rotation in cropping, the cultivation of green crops, and the like. The practical errors which existed as to the management of land were also pointed out to them—such as the loss caused by bad fences, seedling-beds for weeds, &c.; and on the other hand, they were shown the advantages of draining, and opening and turning the land, and the beneficial results of these on the general management."

This model-farm had not only paid its rent, but returned a profit of 150*l.* or 170*l.* a year. Afterwards, five boys educated in a training-school at Larne, in the north of Ireland, were introduced and examined—

"They seemed to belong to the better class of peasantry, being clad in homely garbs; and they appeared to be from twelve to fourteen or fifteen years of age. They were examined, in the first instance, by Mr. Gibson (inspector of schools) on grammar, geography, and arithmetic; and scarcely a single question did they fail to answer correctly. They were then examined by Professor Johnston on the scientific branches; and by Mr. Finnie of Swanston and Mr. Alexander of Southbar, on the practical departments of agriculture. Their acquaintance with these was alike delightful and

astonishing. They detailed the chemical constitution of the soil, and the effect of manures, the land best fitted for green crops, the different kinds of grain crops, the dairy, and the system of rotation. Many of these answers required considerable exercise of reflection; and as previous concert between themselves and the gentlemen by whom they were examined was out of the question, their acquirements seemed to take the meeting quite by surprise; at the same time that they afforded it the utmost satisfaction, as evincing how much could be done by a proper system of training. The youths and their teacher retired amidst much applause."

Lord Clements bore testimony to the eagerness for instruction evinced by the peasantry near his property, in the wildest part of Connaught; men twenty years of age coming from a distance of many miles to attend the school. Mr. Atlee, the teacher of an agricultural school, on Lady Noel Byron's property, at Ealing, reported the success of that establishment; there were at that moment five hundred applicants for admission to the farm as boarders.

Principal Macfarlan advocated education in agriculture; but exhorted the meeting to carry on their improvements in accordance with the feelings of the people, not shocking their habits by rash innovations. He moved a resolution, that elementary instruction should be afforded to the rural population of Scotland. This was seconded by Mr. Alexander of Southbar, and carried unanimously.

Colonel Lindsay, of Balcarras, declared that the people of Scotland must make haste lest they should be behind in the progress of improvement—

"He must congratulate these young men from Ireland on the admirable display they had made. To be a Scotsman was often found a recommendation in procuring employment elsewhere; but these young men from Ireland would soon show to Scotsmen that they were behind the Irish, and that, if they would maintain their high character for industry and intelligence, they must be instructed as they were. These lads from Ireland had evinced so much agricultural information, that, when ready for employment, they had only to ask to obtain it. He was almost ashamed to admit his belief, that there was not a similar class of youths in Scotland who would answer the questions as these Irish lads had done."—*Spectator*.

THE statue of the Apostolic Bishop of Bordeaux, Cardinal Cheverus, was inaugurated on the 8th instant, in his native town of Mayenne, with the pomp, civil and religious, due to the occasion. It is not to the honor of the dead, but of themselves, that men erect monuments to such as Cardinal Cheverus. No city that has such a son can afford to let the record perish. The statue, which is by the sculptor David, is highly spoken of, and is described as expressing, in attitude and sentiment, the *Sinite parvulos* of the Gospel. Four bas-reliefs present passages in the life of the cardinal; one exhibits his heroic bearing amid the tempest, on the coast of France; another his meeting, in the American forest, with the native converts who had lost their pastor; a third represents him administering consolation in the hut of an aged negro; a fourth shows him bearing wood to the sick chamber of the poor woman, whose husband returns home unexpectedly to find the holy man discharging this work of lowly charity.

## THE CULTIVATION OF THE CURRANT.

*Cephalonia, July, 1844.*

I HAVE made a great many inquiries as to the method of cultivating the currants grown in these islands, (Cephalonia, Zante, &c.) and consulted many works that treat on the subject, so that, combined with my own personal observations, I hope to be able to give you a true and particular account of everything connected with this subject—in the hope and belief that some of your West Indian readers, if there be any not yet quite ruined, may profit by it.

Currants are delicious in their raw state—we eat them regularly at breakfast. They grow exactly like grapes, in bunches, but each berry close to the other, so that they form a compact mass, something like a fir cone. They differ also from the common grape, in having no stones, that is to say, there is only one berry on each bunch (which they call the male currant) that has them. This one is always much larger than the others. They grow them in large fields, just like vineyards—but unlike the grape, the inhabitants take the greatest care of them—whereas the grape is allowed very much to take care of itself, the cultivator being quite satisfied to make the wretched country wine, which is not drinkable, instead of trying to improve the quality and render it fit for exportation, which I have no doubt might very easily be done: I have in fact tasted some very fair wine, something like champagne—the Zante wines too, are preferable to the Cephalonian, of a dry flavor, and if pains were taken with them they would make a very agreeable table wine, something like those of the Cape. But to return to the currants. The islands at which they are principally cultivated, are Zante, Cephalonia, and Ithaca.

Abundance of water is necessary, and essential to the fertility of the currant vine, and the plantation is enclosed with mounds and ditches, provided with sluices, to let in or keep out the water as may be necessary. The vines are planted in rows, with perfect regularity, three or four feet asunder. A new plantation is formed, either by layers, shoots, (cuttings,) or grafting the currant on the common vine. The latter is the best. The shoots (cuttings) are cut in December, and planted in spring. It requires six or seven years to bring them to full bearing. The grafts produce in three or four years. The proper pruning of these vines is the great thing to be attended to. In December, the dead, weakly and unpromising branches, are cut off. In January, the remaining branches are curtailed—three or four eyes only are generally left. Each eye throws out three branches, one large and one small on each side. The large one only bears. In February, the earth is scooped out, about the roots to warm them. In April, the surface is levelled. Manure is not generally used. The ends of the shoots of the currant vine are not broken. Some say they are always supported by stakes, but here this is seldom done. Great care must be taken that the shoots are not broken, so much so, that an annual general order comes out, forbidding us to shoot, or allow our dogs to hunt in the vineyards. The gathering takes place about August. The fruit is generally ripe enough for eating about the middle of July, and is much more agreeable to the taste, than when it is fully ripe, as it becomes then almost too sweet. Unlike other fruits, they say

here that while in its three-quarter ripe state it may be eaten with impunity, but that it becomes unwholesome when perfectly ripe. As soon as the fruit is fully ripe, when it is almost black, it is carried to the drying ground, which is a spot in the vineyard, cleared and levelled, sometimes flagged and covered with a coating of *cow-dung*. The fruit is then exposed to the sun and frequently turned until perfectly dry. It is then separated from the stalk, and brought to the magazine—over one of which I am at this moment sitting, the houses here having in fact no habitable ground floor, the whole of it being taken up by these magazines; and a dreadful nuisance they are—for at the time of packing the stench is intolerable, and the hallooing, fighting, and swearing amongst the laborers, in that odious modern Greek which they manage, when in a rage, to speak in a high squeaking tone, through the nose, is a dreadful way of being roused in the morning. Before exportation the currant is packed in casks, and trodden down by the dirtiest Greeks, with naked feet, so that the quantity of dirt in an English plum-pudding may be guessed at. When the currants are drying the fears of the grower are highest, for should rain come they are lost; a single shower destroys immense quantities, and anything like heavy rain entirely destroys the crop. Cephalonia has 6,242 acres of currant plantation, Zante has 6,440 acres: they make no wine of them, they are too valuable for that. I tasted some made by a private gentleman, but it was sweet and sickly.—*Athenæum*.

## THE MOURNFUL MOTHER,

*(Of the Dead Blind.)*

“Dost thou weep, mournful mother,  
For thy blind boy in grave?  
That no more with each other  
Sweet counsel ye can have!—  
That he, left dark by nature,  
Can never more be led  
By thee, maternal creature,  
Along smooth paths instead?  
That thou canst no more show him  
The sunshine, by the heat;  
The river's silver flowing,  
By murmurs at his feet!  
The foliage, by its coolness;  
The roses, by their smell;  
And all creation's fulness,  
By Love's invisible?  
Weepst thou to behold not  
His meek blind eyes again,—  
Closed doorways which were folded,  
And prayed against in vain;  
And under which sat smiling  
The child-mouth evermore,  
As one who watcheth, willing  
The time by, at a door?  
And weepst thou to feel not  
His clinging hand on thine—  
Which now, at dream-time, will not  
Its cold touch disentwine?  
And weepst thou still after,  
Oh, never more to mark  
His low soft words, made softer  
By speaking in the dark?  
Weep on, thou mournful mother!”

*Miss Barrett's Poems.*

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—Aug. 5.—M. Arago read the report of a committee on a system of "barrage mobile," proposed by M. Thénard, with a view to render navigable at all periods of the year those rivers in France which are now during the summer occasionally nearly dry in parts, and therefore unnavigable. M. Thénard's system consists in barring a river from bank to bank in those parts where the water is usually shallow, and placing gates upon such a principle as to regulate themselves, and keep up a permanent level from bar to bar, with sluice gates to enable barges and other vessels to pass through.—A paper was read on the Pyramids of Egypt. The author, M. Persigny, is of opinion that the use of the vaults of the pyramids was not the original object of the construction of these stupendous specimens of human labor. He thinks that they were intended as barriers to the sands of the deserts. His theory is that the pyramids, by dividing the column of air, prevent it from carrying with it enormous masses of sand: the sand falling at the foot of the pyramids, as against a wall.—A communication was made by M. Coulvier Gravier on the meteors vulgarly called falling stars. He thinks that all the changes which take place in the terrestrial atmosphere have their origin in the upper regions. If, says M. Gravier, we watch at night the direction, number, and changes of color of the falling stars, we shall be able to predict with certainty the wind that will prevail, and the rain, storms, &c., that will take place on the following day. M. Gravier declares that he has for several months passed entire nights in observing the falling stars, and that every morning at seven o'clock he delivered to M. Arago, at the observatory, his prediction for the day, without having been once in error!—M. Masson laid before the academy some observations on what he calls electrical photometry. He has endeavored to ascertain the relation that exists between the quantities of light and heat developed by the same electrical current, and also the degree of sensibility of the human eye. M. Masson estimates that the eye can distinguish the differences of light to the minute degree of a sixty-fourth.—M. Selligie, who recently made a communication respecting a mode of impelling vessels of large burthen by means of a piston, acted upon by successive explosions of a mixture of hydrogen gas and atmospheric air, this day informed the Academy that the explosion of the small quantity of five litres of hydrogen gas produces a force of impulsion equal to 3,475 kilogrammes (about three tons and a half).—M. Thénard, jun., read a paper on the formation of phosphuretted hydrogen. He shows that this hydrogen, which is spontaneously inflammable, owes that property to the presence of a small quantity of the vapor of a liquid hydrogen phosphure, which is alone spontaneously inflammable.

August 19.—M. Arago gave a summary of a work by Don José Garay, on the means of connecting the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. The author is of opinion that it would be much better to form the communication by the Rio Coatzacoalcos than to execute the project of a connection either by Panama or Nicaragua; the canal of twenty leagues proposed by Don José would, he says, cost only sixty millions of francs, and would be navigable by frigates.—A paper by M. Christoffe, on the danger to be apprehended from the

galvanic process in the depreciation of coins, was read to the Academy. "If," says the author, "this process is of immense service in the application of one metal to another, it may be employed to the injury of the public, for a piece of gold or silver placed at the negative pole is reduced without any apparent change." He announces that he places at the disposal of the Academy the sum of 2,000fr. as a prize to the author of the best legal project of preventing the application of electricity to such a purpose.—M. Breton, an engineer of the Ponts-et-Chaussées, submitted some observations tending to show that the sun and the whole of the solar system are surrounded by an atmosphere in the same way as the earth has its atmosphere.—M. Coulvier Gravier, who had already stated that he is able to predict the weather by attending to the direction of the meteors called the falling stars, read another paper to the academy, containing a number of instances in support of his assertions. Our readers will recollect that on a former occasion M. Coulvier Gravier stated that he had communicated the result of his observations to M. Arago, and that he called upon that gentleman to confirm or refute him. M. Arago this day answered the appeal made to him, by saying that the predictions which M. Coulvier Gravier had made to him frequently in the morning, after having observed the direction of the falling stars during the preceding night, were exceedingly vague, and could be interpreted in various ways. M. Arago added that it was impossible to turn such observations to any useful end.—M. Dumas made a report on some experiments made by M. Boussaingault relative to the feeding of cows with beetroot and potatoes. M. Boussaingault states that two cows which were fed exclusively on beetroot fell off in flesh in seventeen days nearly one-sixth, and their milk diminished from eight to nine litres each per day to five litres. They were then turned into pasture, and soon resumed their former weight, and gave the former quantity of milk. They were next fed exclusively on potatoes, when they fell off still more in flesh than they had done with beetroot, and the milk was reduced to two litres each per day. On being placed on a mixed food of hay, chopped straw, beetroot, and potatoes, they again recovered their flesh, and gave the former quantity of milk. The conclusions of this gentleman are, that beetroot and potatoes do not perform the part usually imputed to them, of fattening cattle, or increasing the quantity of the milk of cows. His experiments show that this is the case when this food is given to the exclusion of all other; but there is not, we believe a cow-keeper in France who would think of suppressing the use of beetroot or potatoes as part of the food to their animals. Experience upon a large scale, which is far better than scientific experiments and conclusions of the nature of those of M. Boussaingault, proves that beetroot and potatoes in proper proportions, form excellent food for horned cattle.

CARBONATE OF SODA IN THE PREPARATION OF COFFEE.—M. Pleischel states from experience, that the infusion of roasted coffee acquires a far superior taste, and is rendered more concentrated, consequently that a much larger amount of beverage can be prepared from the same quantity of coffee, by adding to the boiling water, just before pouring it over the coffee, 1 gr. of crystallized carbonate of soda for every cup, or 2½ grs. for every half ounce of coffee.—*Med. Jahrb. des Oestr. St., in Gardeners' Chronicle.*



A VERY remarkable discovery has recently been made by M. Bessel, of Königsberg, which opens out new views of the constitution of the sidereal universe. By a long and laborious examination of the places of Sirius and Procyon, as deduced from the observations of different astronomers since the year 1755, (the epoch of Bradley's observations,) including his own, carried on at the Königsberg Observatory, he has come to the conclusion that the *proper motions* of these two stars are not *uniform*, but deviate from that law,—the former in right ascension, and the latter in declination, in a very sensible degree. Astronomers will at once perceive the importance of this conclusion, which proves that the stars describe orbits in space, under the influence of dynamical laws and central forces. Reasoning on the observed character of the deviations which he has established, M. Bessel comes to the singular and surprising conclusion, that the apparent motions of these two stars are such as might be caused by their revolutions about attractive but *non-luminous* central bodies, not very remote from them respectively; that, in short, they form systems analogous to those of the lunar double stars, but with this peculiarity—that they have dark, instead of bright partners, to which they of course perform the friendly office of revolving suns!—*Athenæum*.

THE Prussian government, with the view of reducing the chances of disaster by railway conveyance, is about to found a school for express instruction in the art of driving locomotives. The number of pupils is to be 400, the course of instruction to extend over a year; and a legislative ordinance will enact that no one shall be employed in driving an engine upon a railway who shall not have a certificate of capacity from this establishment. Something of the kind has been in contemplation in France; and it is understood that its institution only awaits the acquisition of a plot of ground of sufficient capacity for the establishment of a model railway, presenting all the difficulties common to railways, varieties of curve, slope, &c., and all other incidents calling for care and skill on the part of the engineer.—In the same capital, an exhibition of the produce of the Trades, similar to that which has just closed in Paris, opened on the 19th inst. All the trades of Germany, it is said, are represented at this industrial congress; the number of objects sent in for exhibition amounting to about 36,000.—When we recently adverted to the spirit of association which seems the active moral agent of the day, we scarcely expected to have to record its application to trivialities like the following:—It is stated, that in the same metropolis, a society has been formed, having for its object the abolition of the practice of *salutation by taking off the hat*. The announcement reads more like a squib than a serious statement. However, as the Berlin police have seized the cockades by which the members were distinguished—and it is not likely that they would meddle with a mere absurdity—they probably see beneath the hats so doggedly worn, heads capable of entertaining thoughts dangerous to the public peace.—*Id.*

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.—We are informed by a rev. gentleman who lately visited Birr Castle, and experienced the courteous attention of its noble owner, in being conducted by his lordship through his extensive workshops, and in a minute examination of the "monster" telescope—a stupendous monument of scientific skill and mechani-

cal contrivance—that the colossal tube, in length about 50 feet, and in diameter nearly 8 feet, is now suspended in its permanent position, between two walls of solid masonry, built to correspond with the architecture of the castle. It is attached at its lower extremity—where the speculum, weighing four tons, is to be placed—by a massive universal joint of beautiful workmanship, and weighing nearly three tons; and its counterpoise, about seven tons' weight, is so skilfully contrived and adjusted that it easily adapts itself to every alteration in any required elevation or depression of the instrument. At the time of our informant's visit the speculum was in the actual process of being ground, which, together with the subsequent polishing, would occupy perhaps a fortnight; so that in about a month or six weeks from the present time the public anxiety will probably be gratified in learning the first results, upon which it is impossible to calculate, of an undertaking which, we may confidently expect, will redound no less to our national honor than it already does to the acknowledged talents and munificent liberality of the patriotic and noble proprietor.—*Belfast Chronicle*.

A LETTER from Milan states that, on the occasion of the Scientific Congress, which is to open there on September 12, there will be an exhibition of industry in the great Ecclesiastical School, which will be at that period available, in consequence of the vacation. This will be the fourth exhibition held in Europe during the year 1844. One took place at Archangel in May, when the Grand Duke Constantine was there; another in Paris in May and June, and one is open at Berlin at the present moment.

A FIRST trial of M. Andrau's new locomotive power, by means of compressed air, was made on Monday on the Versailles railroad (left bank) in the presence of Messrs. Bineau and Baude, commissioners appointed by the government, of the engineers of the railroad, and a great number of spectators. Although the locomotive was charged upon the low pressure system, because there was not a sufficient power to compress the air to a greater extent, the experiment perfectly succeeded. In expending two or three atmospheres the locomotive ran a quarter of a league with great rapidity and regularity. The trial is to be repeated in the course of the next month. M. Andrau, who is an engineer of great skill, has for the last four years been engaged in experiments with compressed air.

THE Agricultural Society of the Var has addressed a memorial to the Prefect of that department, entreating him to prevent rigorously the shooting of sparrows and other small birds, their value in destroying insects far exceeding that of the grain which they consume.

#### OBITUARY.

THE death of the Rev. Henry Francis Cary must be regretted by every lover of earnest and severe scholarship; a kind of literary man now unfortunately too rare. Mr. Cary well deserved the place in Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, which on the 21st August was granted to his remains. His translation of Dante is one of the master-pieces in our language, and will ensure his name an abiding place in our literature, in connexion with that of the Florentine poet. Nor is



his version of Pindar less deserving of notice, though most unjustly neglected. A correspondent of the *Times* has given a brief memoir of him; and as, from that modesty which always accompanies extraordinary merit, the amiable and accomplished author himself has left few autobiographical notices, we think it desirable to refer to the statement, though on some points it is strangely erroneous. "At the early age of fifteen," says the writer, "Mr. Cary published an ode on the death of Kosciusko, which attracted public notice, and was mentioned in several periodicals of the day as giving evidence of great youthful genius." Here is evidently some blundering, for Kosciusko was alive nearly twenty years after this ode was published; neither could it have been written by Cary at fifteen. The facts, we believe, are these: the poem referred to as written at the age of fifteen, was "An Ode to General Elliot," and published in 1787. This was followed, the next year, by "Sonnets and Odes," and ten years after, or in 1797, by the "Ode to Kosciusko." The memoir writer thus proceeds, we believe correctly:—"At the age of eighteen, he was entered as a commoner of Christ Church, Oxford, where he proceeded to the degree of M. A. While at Oxford, he pursued his studies with unremitting diligence; and not being shackled by the stringent rules of modern academic instruction, made himself conversant not only with the great authors of antiquity, but with almost the whole range of Italian, French, and English literature, as the notes to the first edition of the translation of Dante fully evidenced. In 1805, he published the 'Inferno' of Dante in English blank verse, with the text of the original. An entire translation of the 'Divina Commedia' appeared in 1814, but the work lay almost unnoticed for several years, until Samuel Taylor Coleridge, forming at the same time an acquaintance with the translator and his great work, drew public attention to its merits; from that time the work has taken its place among our standard English authors. To this Mr. Cary afterwards added a translation of the 'Birds' of Aristophanes and of the 'Odes' of Pindar. But, perhaps, the not least valuable part of his literary labors is to be found in his continuation of Johnson's 'Lives of the English Poets,' and his 'Lives of Early French Poets,' all of which have hitherto only appeared anonymously in the old *London Magazine*. In 1826, he was appointed assistant librarian in the British Museum, which office he resigned about six years since. From that period he had continued his literary labors with almost youthful energy, having edited the poetical works of Pope, Cowper, Milton, Thomson, and Young, together with a fourth edition of his own Dante, to which he added many valuable notes. The late government marked its sense of his literary merits by granting him a pension of 200*l.* a year."

FROM Carlsbad we learn the death of Herr Wolfgang A. Mozart, the second son of the immortal composer, and himself a distinguished musical author and pianist. The 'Requiem' of his great father was performed on the occasion of his funeral by a body of 500 professors and *dilettanti*.

LORD KEANE.—The decease of this gallant nobleman, at his seat in Hants, took place on the 26th of August, the immediate cause of his death being dropsy. John Keane, Baron Keane of

Ghuznee in Affghanistan, and Cappelquin, county Waterford, was born in 1781, and married first, in 1806, Miss Smith, second daughter of General Smith, by whom he had issue several children, and secondly, in 1840, to the youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Boland. He entered the army at a very early age; his commission as ensign dating as far back as 1793. In 1812 he was destined to join the army under the Duke of Wellington at Madrid, and immediately on his arrival there, intrusted with the command of a brigade in the third division, in which corps he served until the end of the war with France, in 1814. In August, 1814, he was appointed to a command, ordered for particular service, and, on his arrival at Jamaica, being senior officer, assumed the command of the military force destined to coöperate with Sir Alexander Cochrane, for the attack on New Orleans and the province of Louisiana. On the morning of the 8th of January, 1815, he was severely wounded in two places. Subsequently, as is well known, the gallant general held the sole command of the forces employed during the campaign in Affghanistan and Beloochistan, and it was owing to the brilliant achievement of the assault and capture of Ghuznee, that he was rewarded with the honor of a peerage, receiving the thanks of the House of Commons, and a pension of 2,000*l.* during his life, and entailed, on his decease, to his two successors. For his services in Egypt he was rewarded with a medal, and for his services at Martinique, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Orthes, and Toulouse he gained a cross and two clasps. The deceased lord is succeeded by his eldest son, Captain the Hon. Edward Arthur Wellington Keane, born in 1815, appointed major (by brevet) March 5, 1841. The present peer acted as aid-de-camp to his father throughout the war in Affghanistan.—*Examiner*.

CURIOUS AND INSTRUCTIVE.—A stone crossed the Firth with the S. W. wind of the 5th. A single plant of sea-weed had grown upon it, and being covered with numerous air bladders, migrated with the stone to the north shore. Upon being lifted out of the water the stone weighed 3 lb. 11 oz., and the material of the plant 2 lb. 3 oz., making in all a weight of nearly 6 lb., which the buoyancy of the air inclosed in a multitude of small pods had safely ferried over. The plant did not seem to be loaded to its full floating power; although some of the pods had been injured and some burst, enough remained entire to transport the stone, thus suggesting an idea to all makers of floating jackets, chairs, and other contrivances to be used in shipwrecks, never to inclose the air in one mass, but in a great number of subdivisions, each watertight, and containing each a number of little balls filled with the gas. A slight injury, such as perforation of a pin, may now render the best Mackintosh floater fatal. Not so, however, with the algæ, when they go a-sailing, and execute on a small scale what icebergs are said to have performed, in transporting the large boulder stones over the globe.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

THE Ministers of the Interior and of war have, says the *Moniteur Parisien*, under their consideration a plan for forming an agricultural colony on the southern of Sahel, in Algeria. The Abbé Fissiaux, founder of the penitentiary of Saint-Pierre, at Marseilles, is to be charged with the realization of this project.

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21. Extracts from Eöthen, . . . . .	<i>Traces of Travel</i> , 690
22. Isthmus of Tehuantepec, . . . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , 691
23. The Tree Lifter, . . . . .	" 692
24. William Thom, the Scottish Weaver, . . . . .	<i>Examiner</i> , 694
25. Scotland—and the living Burns, . . . . .	<i>Punch</i> , 697
26. PUNCH.—French Model Farm in Africa—Song of the Sportsman—Letter from Satan Montgomery—Lord Non-content—Name of a Prince—Accident to the Liberator—Early Hours—Love in Reason—To the Genteel—Lovers—Impudence of Steam—Daniel O'Connell 'd no mischief to brew, 699.	
27. Late Improvements in Steam Navigation and War, . . . . .	<i>Athenæum</i> , 703
SCRAPS.—Royal Courtesies, 656—Archæological Society, 670—Land Slip, Isle of Wight—To keep English armies out of Paris, 671—Emperor of Morocco and Queen Victoria—Prayers for O'Connell, 672—Wandering Jew, 680—Abyssinia, 685—The World—Surgical cure for Consumption—Trade of Western Africa—Early Business Hours—Peace—Prince de Joinville—Troops in Ireland, 688—Silesian Poachers, 700—Who liberated O'Connell—Several Deaths, 703—Gallantry of Louis Philippe—Lighting London—Brougham's Penal Settlement—Capt. Warner's Secret—Panama Canal, 704.	

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[From the Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.]

Paris, Sept. 16, 1844.

At the moment I write, the cannon of the *Hôtel des Invalides* are celebrating the telegraphic news of yesterday, which appeared officially in the evening journals, viz., that *Peace was concluded, on the 10th inst. with Morocco*. I enclose the bulletin from the Prince de Joinville. Emotion pervaded the whole capital last night. The interest of the matter consisted chiefly in the suppression of an inflammatory topic between Great Britain and France. In this point of view—as the confirmation of amity between the two countries—the event disappoints and otherwise annoys the war-party, and must be quite distasteful to *Young Ireland*; I mean the more impetuous and exasperated portion of the repealers, who have not been duly impressed with this passage, the finest of the O'Connell speeches:—

"Oh, my Protestant fellow-countrymen, listen to this—they knew that I was the first apostle of that

political sect that proclaims the possibility of effecting all great changes by moral means alone, and that there is no human revolution worth the shedding of a single drop of blood to obtain. No, human blood is not a cement to the public state, it possesses rather a crumbling than a binding property, and it brings down to the ground any public edifice in the erection of which it has been expended. We proceeded without crime; we shuddered at the shedding of a single drop of human blood."

The treaty with Morocco effaces and precludes a multitude of sinister speculations and mischievous alarms on the two sides of the channel. It must delight the Soult-Guizot cabinet and comfort the dynasty; the public would not have been appeasable without some operations against the Moors; and if those operations had proved unsuccessful, it might have become impossible for the king to retain the cabinet. We are told in the bulletin that the French conditions were accepted; but the conditions are not specified; the official evening organs gave no detail or explanation; the *Moniteur* and the semi-official papers of this day are not more communicative. The *Journal des Débats* expatiates on the wisdom and success of the belligerent measures, and describes the peace as

"made with honor." But the opposition editors observe: "The main object of the war was the surrender of Abd-el-Kader, or the confinement of the redoubtable Emir in the interior of the empire; the news may be good and great, yet nothing is reported of him. What would a mere Moorish promise in relation to him signify? You have evacuated Mogadore, and we may therefore presume that absolute guarantees have been obtained; otherwise, the evacuation could not be too severely blamed; the peace would be a delusion—a mere armistice for the Moors, by which they gain time for preparation as vindictive foes. Do we owe Muley's compliance to British mediation? Are we sunk to the level of Spain, whose disputes abroad England settles at will? Has this arrogant power imposed the peace on her humble servant M. Guizot? Until we see the terms, we may doubt the glory and security of the conclusion." You have here my abstract of the opposition perplexities and cavils this morning. The *Debats* of the 14th instant employed a strain which affords color for their doubt and hesitation:—

"We require from the Emperor of Morocco that he should remove from our frontiers and from his empire an enemy at least as dangerous for him as for us. It is possible that he may not be able to comply with this demand; it is possible that Abd-el-Kader may have become too powerful—may have gained too great an influence over the Mussulman population of Morocco, to allow the emperor to get rid of his presence. It is a misfortune; but if the Emperor of Morocco is not master in his own states, we are not obliged to bear the penalty of his weakness; if he cannot carry into execution the police regulations of his own kingdom, we shall evidently be obliged to do it for him. France has no other aim than to assure the security of her possessions of Algeria; but it is a necessity which she cannot withdraw from, and of which she will accept all the consequences. Meanwhile, France ought to do all she can to establish sound right on her side, because right cannot but add to her strength."

Inasmuch as an intermission of hostilities on the coast and in the interior of the Morocco empire was indispensable until the next spring, the French seem to me to act judiciously in concluding a peace on the faith of adequate engagements by the emperor; if he should not fulfil them, the war may be renewed on him, with the semblance at least of double right, and an argument against all British interference or any limitation of enterprise and object. The evacuation of the island of Mogadore (now *Joinville*) is the only real concession, if not a temporary convenience. Muley Abd-er-Rhaman would deserve the execration of all his race and religion were he to deliver up the noble and indomitable champion of their common cause.

The Bombay Times of 19th July relates a serious affray between the mob at Canton, on the 17th May, and the Americans. The latter repulsed the assailants from their factory; the Times adds:—

"A Chinaman, who turned out to be an innocent and unconcerned shopkeeper, was shot. At 10 P.M., the Chinese soldiers made their appearance and cleared the square. The populace continued in a great state of excitement, and Canton was placarded with threatening notices that the factories would be attacked and burned."

This was from private letters of the 19th, received at Bombay. We may suppose that nothing grave ensued, as the intelligence from Macao extends to the 28th May. The Commercial Retrospect takes some views worth noting:

"The increased consumption of goods in China must be met by a corresponding export; hitherto, with the exception of tea and silk, China has been unable to furnish other articles to any amount, suitable to the English market; and so far as is now

known, it is with these commodities that the enormous importations from England and India must be paid. The opium trade is draining the bullion out of the country, and the American bills on London, which have long afforded a safe remittance, are decreasing—the Americans, finding that their own manufactured cottons yield a handsome profit, will send goods to procure their tea charges. That China will, in the course of time, be an outlet for a very large quantity of the staples of British manufacture, is undoubted. But the question now is, how is she to pay for them? With the enormous drain upon her in the shape of compensation money, and the heavy annual burthen of some twenty millions of dollars for opium, all paid in specie—unless there are mines in the interior of which Europeans are in ignorance—a few years will drain the greater part of the silver out of the country, and raise what remains to a factitious value."

The London Sun lays awful stress on "the coincident appearance in the Yellow (Chinese) Seas of an American man-of-war with the considerable French force." We might have expected better sense and feeling from the London Spectator than the following paragraph of the 14th: "China is threatened with more intrusive negotiations, American and French. Like boys who have seen one of their number rob an orchard, the American and French must noisily step in, too, and even at the risk of spoiling the sport for all." Our opposition press is compensated, in a degree, for the loss of the Morocco question as a *casus belli* with Great Britain, by the annexed disclosure of the London Morning Herald, of which the last sentence is not a little curious:

"ENGLAND AND EGYPT.—We are assured that a treaty, the origin of which may be referred to 1840, is on the eve of being concluded, by which England will obtain possession of the port of Suez, free passage from Alexandria to that port, and other advantages of importance in Egypt and Syria. This treaty, to which France is said to be no party, is guaranteed by Russia, Austria, and Prussia. We know not by what intrigue the king of the French has been prevented from participating in it, but have reason to believe that England has had nothing to do with her exclusion."

As the Herald is believed to receive "inspirations" from both the London and Paris cabinets, our alarm belwethers ring all the changes about the honor and interests of France, and accept the information implicitly and literally. They are a little relieved, indeed, for the untoward effect of the Morocco and Tahiti adjustments, in rendering the management of the Irish question less difficult for the British government, by the intelligence that dissatisfaction prevails in *Australia*! On the 6th of next month Louis Philippe will enter the seventy-second year of his age, and on the 7th or 9th embark on his visit to Queen Victoria, for a week's absence from his kingdom. The London sheets received this day, of the 14th, teem with details of Queen Victoria's glorious landing at Dundee, and her progress from castle to castle. The Repeal banquet, in celebration of the deliverance, at Dublin, fixed for the 19th instant, excites expectation of abundant and pregnant oratory.

The weather in the middle and south of France has continued auspicious for the Vintage: the best quality of wine is anticipated at Bordeaux. It is supposed, owing to the removal of all specks or clouds of war, that the next winter of Paris will be more crowded, brilliant, and prosperous than any antecedent. The Polytechnic school, when reorganized, is likely to be translated to the neighborhood of Saint Germain—five leagues from the capital. Assassinations, poisonings by arsenic, suicides, criminal trials, and cases of hydrophobia, almost surfeit the public appetite, usually strong at this season.

From the Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review.

## AMERICAN WORKS OF FICTION.

1. *The French Governess; or the Embroidered Handkerchief.* A Romance. By FENIMORE COOPER. 1 vol. London: Bentley. 1843.
2. *The Attaché; or Sam Slick in England.* By the Author of "The Clock Maker." 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1843.
3. *A New Purchase; or Seven Years and a Half in the Far West.* By ROBERT CARLTON, Esq. 2 vols. London: Wiley and Putnam. 1843.
4. *Twice Told Tales.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. 1 vol. Boston: American Stationers' Company. 1843.

WE should fear that the dotage of the world was past doubt, were it to be proved that Fiction, or a desire thereof, was really becoming extinct. With us, partial pauses from invention cannot be mistaken for total cessation or complete exhaustion. Our stock of wares is not yet used up, nor is the last slide of Fancy's magic lantern exhibited. Let us not then complain. Were it so, men could not but say that we have had the crown!

It is true that we have put forth no Don Quixote, no Gil Blas, no Werter to penetrate and leaven society from one end of Europe to the other. No single prose imaginative work, in short, wherein are contained philosophies so original and startling, as those which give life to those remarkable productions. Till of late we were a people too temperate, and, with all our Swifts and Churchills—too little sarcastic,—to entrust to the utterance of Fancy our persuasion or our scorn,—in short, our deepest opinions and feelings. Defoe's homely sincerity of narration was but a dramatic form of utterance. Richardson's minute moral analyses, however earnestly meant, were too local in color, and too delicate in scale, to influence mankind, as strongly as the chivalric, or roguish, or passionate romance just cited. Nor was Fielding's "Tom Jones," with all its wondrous humor, and artistic completeness, a *manifesto* of such wide scope, and serious purpose, as the above. But on the other hand, what a display of invention, character, and descriptive power, have we indicated, by those three names, even before we mention Goldsmith and Smollett, and Horace Walpole—all inventors in their way,—not forgetting the smooth Eastern tale by Johnson, which, of its academical kind, is hardly less remarkable! Were we to stop short with the Boanerges of Lichfield, we might challenge Europe to produce a series of works, from any one country, representing Imaginative Power, in such fulness and variety!

But with the days of Johnson, the summer of our novel writers, but set in. To recapitulate those who labored in the field is puzzling, so great is their number. In the foremost rank will be found many women: Fanny Burney, with a terrible humility, cloaking a secret avidity for praise, behind whose shyness lurked as quick a consciousness of the ridiculous, as ever made life

and society amusing to its possessor: Harriet and Sophia Lee, who perfected the romance of passion and intrigue, with a mastery over construction and suspense, to which few, if any, of their successors have attained: the Porters, whose historical pictures, though drawn with the flattering mannerism of Westall's pencil, colored with the flower-garden tints of a fan-painter, are nevertheless noticeable, as among the first essays of the kind ventured: Anne Radcliffe, that consummate mistress of the pleasures of Fear, whose artistical power has been only denied its due praise, by those unable to distinguish poetical superstition from ignorant credulity.

Then we are not to forget Maria Edgeworth, the liveliest, shrewdest, most sensible teacher in fiction that ever kept school for Absentees,\* Procrastinators, *Ennuyés*, and men afflicted with inability to say "no"—who became positively fascinating, however, as often as she could forget the ferule and the catechism and the sampler, to paint such Irishmen as the Rackrents, or such Englishwomen as Lady Delacour. Nor yet Lady Morgan, who turned her philosophy and politics into prose Irish melodies—half, reckless farce, half, deep pathos—whether right or wrong: among the most brilliant writers of her time, and maintaining half-a-dozen stories, which built up a reputation on one single improbable invention, by the force and vivacity of style, breadth of humor, and fearlessness of speculation. Still less must we omit to honor the greatest of all female novelists, Miss Austen; great in her absence of affectation, in her wonderful knowledge of the secrets of the heart, in her power of investing common-place with interest, and of constructing works which should have the completeness demanded by art, and the unexpected turns which surprise and disappoint in daily life. These and many others little less excellent, will be found in the *interregnum* between the classical and the romantic dynasties of our literature, opening new veins of thought and observation, and enlarging the sphere of intellectual enjoyment, with an ingenuity none the less welcome because all its productions are stamped with the individuality of sex. We have nothing of contemporary masculine invention to produce equally sterling, except the "St. Leon," and "Caleb Williams," of Mr. Godwin—stern and eloquent and wonderful books, in which the vigor of invention they contain is overlaid by the vigor of doubt they so seriously and passionately develop; the incidental thoughts, by their boldness, and the language, by its fervid solemnity, too largely withdrawing attention from the characters and events of the tale. The "Zeluco" and "Edward" of Dr. Moore, which may perhaps be cited as in their day yet more famous, are now deservedly forgotten. They had the hardness of Voltaire's philosophical romances, without the "brilliant

\* See her "Absentee," "To-morrow," "Helen," "Vivian."

Frenchman's" wit, or charm of style, or 'keen, though cynical sincerity.

Need we dwell for even a paragraph upon the next manifestation made in English fiction? which carried the name of the discoverer "from China to Peru," and made the dingles and brooks, and cottages, and nameless ruins of an obscure corner of Great Britain, so many Meccas and Medinas to romantic pilgrims from all ends of the earth! If we do not take the name and triumphs of Walter Scott for granted, and therefore, pass them by, it is because we would point to the vast amount of secondary talent which clustered round him as a centre—to the Scottish novels of Galt, in which the citizen life of the people is so quaintly pictured; and one of whose creatures, Micah Balwhidder, almost deserves for his "Annals of the Parish," to be styled the Dr. Primrose of the North Country—to the animated and powerful tales of Mr. Lockhart, who too early seceded from among the novelists, to become a terror to all such as did not write under tory colors—to the mechanically clever imitations of Mr. Horace Smith and Mr. Ainsworth, (before Mr. Ainsworth began to deal in thieves' Latin,) and to the host of Irish fictions—for Banim, and Carleton, and Griffin, assuredly "walked by the rede" of the Great Unknown, rather than followed the feminine ensigns of the lesson-giving Miss Edgeworth, or the romantically political Lady Morgan. Were we to allow ourselves a glance at the continental influence of the magician at Abbotsford, this prelude would never close; enough that its span and its electrical power were unconsciously prefigured by the poet himself, when writing of his ancestor, Michael Scott the Wizard—

"And when in Salamanca's cave  
Him listed his magic wand to wave,  
The bells would ring in Notre Dame."

Taking Scott and his school as the last expression of the romantic or picturesque, which the world has seen, we must advert for an instant to the realists of fiction;—to those, we mean, who have taken as the basis of their works, the manners and customs of polished society, in place of the traditions of a by-gone time, or such habits and speech as by their homely and unlettered originality acquire a certain poetical and imaginative charm. It is now some twenty-five years since a host of clever (we must add) unscrupulous writers, perceived that the world was not so monopolized by tales of chivalry, but that it was willing to hear how lords and ladies made love, and aldermen comported themselves—not so exclusively charmed by the "Doric" of Jeanie Deans, or the Glaswegian of Leddy Grippy, or the thousand and one brogues of Crohoore of the Bill-hook and his following, but that the court jargon of Almack's could also charm, and the manifold dialects of Mark-lane and Threadneedle-street amuse. Unfortunately, at that time, the movements of the

higher classes were rendered disproportionately objects of curiosity by their social position. A court hermetically sealed from the vulgar eye, had succeeded to a regency, whose doings were in every one's mouth, and the exclusivism, by which a few unoccupied personages of fashion endeavored to compensate for the absence of the splendors among which they loved to figure, shone out in piquant contrast to the unrestrained and somewhat dishevelled freedom of manners, which the million had been in the habit of contemplating, till familiarity, according to the proverb, had bred contempt. Thus, though a Theodore Hook might begin in the sheer playfulness of a wit, too little guided, alas! by principle, to hang up fancy interiors of Park-lane and Russell-square drawing-rooms—the irritated curiosity of the reader was too ready to fancy that his characters, and sketches, and allusions, "meant mischief;" and to demand, supply inevitably ensued. The novelist became the scandal-monger—was encouraged to draw less and less upon his powers of combination, and more and more upon his personal experience. A Mrs. Gore, while throwing off her half-dozen of novels a-year, would probably, in spite of all her cleverness, have been found too frequent a claimant on popular attention; but once let it be fancied, that this peer's wife, or the other minister's daughter—that a given man about town, or an eminent woman of the world,—was "put into her book," and who so welcome as Mrs. Gore! It was the next best thing, with a large class of readers, to living with peers and ministers, and fashionable personages. The charm of these revelations is now exhausted; circulating libraries are no longer besieged for "keys" and glossaries—English readers have learned that the loudest talk, the most courageous professions of intimacy, belong to hearsay acquaintance; they are weary of the inanities of those who have attempted the trick without talent to counterfeit experience; but we think no philosophical observer will review the reign of the Fashionable Novel, without recognizing as beyond mistake, the deleterious influence it has exercised upon our imaginative literature.

But the ebb of popularity is sometimes no less disastrous than its flow. The "silver fork" school was bad; but, in our humble judgment, the school of the jail and the lazaret-house is worse: the former pretended to no particular import or utility; the latter, ostensibly taking the side of sympathy and benevolence, has, in reality, become a vehicle of coarse criminal excitement, the taste for which will not be easily allayed. Doubtless some of the writers, who have laid bare the hideous secrets of the cheap school, the workhouse, the condemned cell, and the hospital, have been stimulated by imperfect views of employing their gifts for good—of quickening the sympathies of the prosperous for "the desolate and oppressed"—and shaming, by exposure, selfish cruelty and vulgar affectation. But, besides the utter mis-

judgment of the real calling and exercise of imagination herein implied, the course they have pursued is convicted as pernicious, by its inevitable sequel. Where they have given medicine, their successors, more unscrupulous, have unblushingly administered poison. Where they have put hearts on the rack, to make the sane wiser by saddening them, another race has endeavored, by the same process, to produce that horrible refinement of pleasure, which those satiated by luxury have found in positive pain. Let us not talk of the *convulsionnaire* literature of our neighbors the French, without pointing, with contrition, to our own: the effect of which, we verily believe, may be the worse of the two, inasmuch as it is dispensed among a people not so seriously demoralized, and under a faint pretence of liberality and sympathy with human nature. Robert Macaire, we believe, produced less specific effect among the *gamins* of Paris, than "Jack Sheppard," among the apprentices of London; yet "Jack Sheppard," we as verily believe, would hardly have been written, had not "Oliver Twist" gone before it. But this is a question which can as little be settled in a paragraph, as by a jest or a rhapsody; and the subject we propose treating, is the influence of the English writers on American imagination, not the morality of English fiction.

Keeping our purpose steadily in sight, we shall but touch upon one other writer,\* and who, strictly speaking, belongs to none of the classes of novel-

\* It is with regret we notice an omission in this place on the part of the gentleman who has contributed the paper before us, of the name of the most distinguished of English romancers, G. P. R. James. The *foreign* circulation of the works of this gentleman far exceeds that to which those of Sir E. L. Bulwer have attained, and the same may be said of the *home*. On the well known merit of Mr. James, whose skill in history, and powerful development of its very form and life, whose wonderful fecundity of imagination is only equalled by the exquisite beauty of his imagery, and whose pretensions, in the unequalled possession of the highest rank as a novelist, to high historic excellence also, will, we predict, be further increased by his Henry IV., we think it needless to dilate. Of him alone nearly it may be said, among all that he has written, that he has left—

"No line, which, dying, he could wish to blot."

Or, in the words of another of England's bards—

"Faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he,  
Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, untimid,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:  
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
Though single."

When Sir W. Scott saw the "Richelieu," he said that "his own mantle would fall on a worthy successor;" and, in the high Cavalier Loyalty, and stainless faith of the *Preux Chevalier*, both writers exhibit singular coincidence. We rejoice to hear that a new edition of Mr. James' novels, many of which cannot be procured, will shortly make its appearance. It should further be mentioned to the honor of this gentleman, that when he found that the office of Historiographer of England was without its ancient remuneration, while the Historiographer of Scotland received his, that he immediately tendered his resignation of an office which he considered in a degraded literary position, to Lord J. Russell. Mr. James had received the appointment under his late Majesty William IV.—(EDITOR.)

ists we have indicated. This is Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

Belonging to none, however, he partakes of the nature of all; as strange a compound of qualities the most antagonistic, as ever puzzled and tempted analyst. If his name go down to posterity, it will be as an experimentalist, rather than as an artist. In the former capacity, the vicacity of his industry is unrivalled. There is hardly a form of literature he has not flown at, hardly a color of thought he has not snatched up, to tease public attention; like the adroit matador, who waves his harlequin flag before the bull's eyes, when all other means of provoking an encounter fail. If we look over the list of this author's works—amazing in its length, when his age and his occupations are considered—we shall find him one year challenging the fashionable novelist, by his superior knowledge of coat-collars and French dishes—another anticipating the Newgate school, by his animating show of crime and courage, or crime and knowledge passing for virtue;—one year trespassing upon the manor of the Opies and the Inchbalds, by making natural affections and deep feelings take a turn in the dance—another emulating to the fullest strain of his wits, the satirical *insouciance* of the French philosophical novelists; now venturing a tale of art (upon a ground of artistic taste and knowledge, divertingly small)—anon, claiming Scott's vacant throne, by assuming, as he thinks, Scott's tools of conjuration;—here, rummaging classic Pompeii—there, Middle-Age Rome, in search of a sensation. Need we, too, recall (now almost out of breath) poetical essays, in the manner of Byron—of Dryden—of Wordsworth; philosophical conversations about fate, futurity, and *petit-maitre* triflings on the nothings of the hour;—critical essays, and elaborate history writing:—dramatic efforts, vibrating between a flight at the most impracticable character in Britain's annals, none less than Cromwell; and a slight patchwork of translated scenes from French melodramas, borrowed scenes from French novels, to make up a play for the favorite actor, whom he had, but a few years before, so bitterly satirized? Yet all these things exist; and many thereof have been accepted as substantive efforts, abroad as well as at home. The French hate Bulwer, but they read him—an offence against English authors, of which they are sparingly guilty;—the Germans are willing admiringly to follow him, wherever he chooses to direct his busy feet;—and the Americans, we believe, were he to visit their shores, would, by thousands and tens of thousands, act again the same comedy of homage and curiosity and cross-questioning, that they performed for the reception of Mr. Dickens,—even with the chance of Pelham's issue of American Notes, menacing them frankly in the face!

Such are some among the most important appearances in English Fiction. We have adverted to them, from being convinced that the authority

they have exercised over the creative mind of America, is almost unbounded. This is remarkable when viewed in conjunction with that jealousy of the mother country, from which the most liberal and poetical of tourists from the New World are not free. The same American in Paris and in London is not the same being: in the former position he is curious, silently observant of modes, humbly self-postponing in adopting them—but still at ease; when in our metropolis, the mortal will be found no less inquisitive, but receiving instruction—the inevitable impress of our social superiority ('Time's fault, and not that of either church or state) with an uneasy, defying spirit, embarrassing alike to host and guest. Let any one who requires proof of our assertion, turn to the published journals of Cooper, and Slidell, and of Miss Sedgwick, honest though she was, and bent on enthusiastic veneration. Yet, strange to say, no trace of French influence is to be found in the literature of American imagination,—the travellers, and the opera, and the architecture, and the cookery, the opera houses, and the toilettes of Paris;—but the novelists will neither cast in their lots with the Voltaires and Marmontels of the *ancien régime*, nor the De Staels and Chateaubriands of the Empire and Restoration,—nor the Hugos and Sands of the July revolution. Whatever be their materials, their models are English, with little or no exception, even in their Annuals—with much, as we shall presently see, that is their own. A will imitate "Vivian Grey," or the late Mr. Praed; B, Dr. Croly; C, the delightful and genial authoress of "Our Village;" E, the melancholy thoughts and musical verse of Mrs. Hemans. The "Hyperion" of Mr. Longfellow, a tale of greater extent, occurs to us, as the one specimen which is distinctly referable to continental models.

But this is anticipating; since, before we attempt some enumeration of what American imagination has accomplished, it may not be amiss to look into its treasury, and determine how large a store it possesses, of available possessions which are strictly indigenous. We shall find this more considerable, than our neighbors appear to be aware. To begin: for the uses of the romancer, a Past is, of course, the first necessity—since how is he to dispense with the poetry of tradition—with the thousand adventures and surprises,—broadly developed passions,—the largely embracing belief, which either civilization has in reality smoothed and tamed and modified, or, else, which require the enchantment of distance to take the forms and colors demanded for the exercise of his art! Now the Americans are not rich in memorials of ancient history; few are their visible or traditional records of human life and enterprise, compared with those which crowd so vast a portion of our hemisphere. Yet they are not utterly destitute. Before Humboldt and Dupleix, and Norman and Stephens, revealed the mysterious treasures of the central continent—there must have been a thousand rumors, passed from the sailor to the settler, from the pioneer to the dweller in towns, of immense cities in ruin, of vast temples and palaces covered with elaborate and grotesque records, which no man can read—far more engaging to the imagination than the precise knowledge which has been revealed to us by the *machete* of the working Indian, or the measuring-line of the artist. What a glimpse into some such a faëry land of mystery and conjecture, was afforded by the Padre of Santa Cruz del Quiché to Mr. Stephens,—giving rise to a

burst of the true romantic spirit, on the part of one of the liveliest of modern travellers, worth ninety-nine out of every hundred visionary scenes got up by the cruelly taxed invention of the novelist!

After describing other ruins, "the Padre," says Mr. Stephens, "told us more; something that increased our excitement to the highest pitch \* \* \* that four days on the road to Mexico, on the other side of the Great Sierra, was a living city, large and populous, occupied by Indians, precisely in the same state as before the discovery of America. He had heard of it many years before at the village of Chagul, and was told by the villagers, that from the topmost ridge of the Sierra, this city was distinctly visible. He was then young, and with much labor climbed to the naked summit of the Sierra, from which, at a height of ten or twelve thousand feet, he looked over an immense plain, extending to Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and saw at a distance a large city spread over a great space, and with turrets white and glittering in the sun. The traditionary account of the Indians of Chagul is, that no white man has ever reached this city; that the inhabitants speak the Maya language; are aware that a race of strangers has conquered the whole country round; and murder any white man who attempts to enter their territory. They have no coin or other circulating medium;—no horses, cattle, mules, or other domestic animals, except fowls; the cocks they keep under ground, to prevent their crowing being heard."

Surely, in the above passage, the marvellous is carried to its highest point of fascination—the last touch of minute description adding to its just authentication, sufficient to satisfy the credulity of fancy, ever willing to be cheated! Nor do we doubt but that a Scott might have gathered myriads of intimations and assertions, equally tempting, from the remotest period when the white man set foot in the Western world! It would seem superfluous to mention the advent of the discoverers, as opening a treasury hardly to be exhausted; since we have had a "Conquest of Mexico," by Dr. Bird, and a "Mercedes of Castile," by Mr. Cooper, in assurance that transatlantic novelists have not neglected an epoch so pregnant with every combination which could fire the fancy of an artist. Yet so inflated, and colorless, and *make-believe*, are the productions in question, as to convince us, that faith in these olden heroes must be sluggish, or knowledge small. The "Pizarro" of Kotzebue and Sheridan has more of the persuasion of reality than the first novel. There is more imagination in one page of Washington Irving's "Chronicle of Granada," or more matter of fact biography of Columbus in Mr. Theodore Irving's "Life of Hernando del Soto," than in all Mr. Cooper's fancied scenes. Who has thought of presenting the conspiracy of Guevora and Moxica, with the sudden arrival of the admiral in the midst of the rebels—a juncture as breathless as the famous appearance of Roderick Dhu, surrounded by his clansmen? Who has even attempted a portrait of the ill-fated Princess Anacoana;—or so much as dared to sketch the dignified and pious adventurer in the moment of his disgrace, when sent a chained prisoner home to Spain, and loaded with a shame in those days yet heavier than bonds or fetters—the charge of sorcery! Yet these passages are little more remote from modern American sympathies, than were the offences of the Normans

against the Saxons, or the greenwood life of Robin Hood, from the sympathies of the English, at the moment when Scott wove them into his brilliant "Ivanhoe."

The field, then, of Spanish conquest and discovery, lay still open to the American novelist, rich and all but untouched. It is true that the romancer who would make its treasures his own, must have ripe scholarship as well as powerful genius; command over the highest order of ideal portraiture, as well as cunning in protracting suspense, and in devising fable;—but the Americans have other chambers of history than those tenanted by the glittering Hidalgo and the dusky Cacique. They have the days of the Pilgrim fathers to look back to; and, assuredly, in these, everything that the national novelist could demand,—strongly marked characters—primitive manners—the remembrances of an Old World—the surprises of a New. The patriarch, the prophet, the regicide, the witchfinder, start up in turn, as we glance, ever so hastily, at the history of the early settlements; and with them the perils of a wonderful and savage land, magnified to a terrific grandeur by superstitious fanaticism. Wherein are the Winthrops, and the Mathers less fitted to adorn a tale, than the Burleighs and Bellendens of Scotland's religious wars?—yet, in the course of many years' reading, we can only call to mind one American story of pretension, in which times and personages so eminently picturesque are even touched. It is a reproach to those who boast so proudly of liberty of conscience.

When we come to the scenery and the savage life of the New World, we fare better. The lake, the prairie, the primeval forest, the ocean-like river—the swamp and the cane-brake, have seized with powerful hold upon the imaginations of many a quick and truth-loving spirit. The charm of nature's immensity and solitude and profuse richness, is rendered in many a poem and paragraph with an accuracy and an enthusiasm that fascinate even those, whose conceptions of proportion and beauty have been framed on so widely different a scale as ours. Page after page of unconscious poetry is to be found in the records of naturalists, and giving a life and beauty to some prosy local history of nooks and corners of the world, which we have only seen on the maps since our adult days. But in this literature of description, the realists have the advantage of the romancers. We know of no American novel which contains passages so impressive as crowd the journals of Audubon and Catlin, the more orderly productions of Timothy Flint, and the "Astoria" of Irving, even if we purposely cast out of account some of the most vivid pages in our own literature of modern travel, which tell the wonders of the Hawk's Nest—and the island of Mackinaw—Niagara Falls, and the Mississippi river. It is here, for the first time, that we strike upon a vein of nationality; that we find the romancer in a new and magnificent theatre. Nor is the skilful painting of such scenery, (to follow out the metaphor,) so contemptible in the scale of artistic excellence as some critics assert. It is easier to satirize Anne Radcliffe, when she makes the moon rise twice in one night, than to reproduce the slightest of her Claude-like pictures of the south: and though we cannot commend the transatlantic novelists for as much spirit and discrimination in delineating their figures, as the wild and waste places in which the latter are presented—the praise of well

describing nature, so as to bring unfamiliar scenes before the eye, must be cordially awarded to them.

Ere we have done with the American writers' materials for romance,—the Indian tribes suggest themselves as offering scope for the highest powers. The record of their existence—now, indeed, a Sybilline leaf—at this distance seems a page of the truest poetry. What eloquence in their language! What a fulness of fancy in their names of persons and places! In their deeds, what a combination of the virtues that attract, and the terrors that fascinate! What a mine of dim and picturesque superstitions,—what a chronicle of patience and daring—do these annals present to us! We are grateful to no one more precisely informed, who shall limit our sympathy, and check our enthusiasm, by showing us the savage rather than the warrior,—by representing the indomitable hunter but as a well-trained brute—and the sachem's speech, (sometimes how Homeric!) as the mere lisping of a childish intellect, the poetry of which lies as much in our own condescension, as in its own intrinsic meaning. And the spectacle of the red man, elbowed from his own pleasant life and pleasant lands by coarse speculation and enterprise, hired as a mercenary blood-hound by the bribery addressed to his most degrading passions—dwindling with diseases we have implanted in his frame; a wretched lingerer in the world—abused by his neighbors—abased in his own eyes,—amounts to one of the most painful enigmas of life. Limited though the store of treasure be which is thus furnished, it is unique, and it will be shown presently to what extent the American romancer has availed himself of it. We are inclined, however, to believe, that however ceaseless his draughts on Indian tradition and Indian character, however elaborate his portraits and groups, he has never gone beyond that simple incident struck out by Defoe with the instinct of genius—the surprise of Robinson Crusoe *on finding the print of a man's foot in the sand*.

To point out the stores which the American novelist has at command, would be interminable, had we the means to sum up in a few pages, the features of a Present and a society ever presenting new combinations. Apart from a hundred habits and usages, which have all the freshness of oddity, we will not consent to believe in the monotony of character, superficially ascribed to the Americans by Mr. Dickens. What chance would a Cooper have had, during a six months' sojourn in England, of finding a Sam Weller, or a Baillie Jarvie?—The best observer of whimsicalities must draw from a ripe, not a crude heap of humors, if he means to reconstruct a character. We have evidence in the grave books of our far-away cousins, in their own travelling selves, that even the average middle class belonging to the cities, whose peculiarities are not called out in the struggle of a rough and primitive life, are overgrown with individualities, "plenty as blackberries."—Perhaps, however, it is a matter of national religion for their authors to abstain from portraying these, whether for jest or earnest, in fictitious composition. An American is rarely to be found lessoning Americans about "manners or want of manners," but he gets into a passion. Whatever quaint confessions may ooze out, unconsciously, through the sermonizing or scurrilous paragraphs of the newspaper editor, or the speeches vented when the avatar of a Lafayette—or a Fanny Ellsler!—excites popular



enthusiasm to a boiling point;—whatever traits peep forth in the comparisons, or the complaints of tourists—or are frankly noted down as commonplace truths by biographers, we suspect that the Transatlantic Rabelais, who bade his own countrymen laugh at their own folly or ignorance, or other peculiarity whatsoever, would run a powerful chance of being lynched, or, at best, would become an object of as terrible odium as Termagant or Mahound were of old to all Christian men and true believers.

Long as our preamble is, it could be extended to the awful compass of a 4th-of-July oration, were we to trace literary results to political causes, and examine the first principles of democracy, by way of knowing "what fruit could spring from such a seed." But we leave this to the De Tocquevilles and Martineaus, and will now, as well as we are able, glance over the list of American writers of fiction of yesterday and to-day.

The first who presents himself, is Charles Brockden Brown. In three words, a coarse Godwin: who had power, nevertheless, to make himself heard across the Atlantic, in his life-time, and to give his name a hold on posterity. Two of his favorite romances, moreover, "Arthur Mervyn" and "Edgar Huntley," may justly claim the merit of nationality: since the turning point of the one is the great pestilence in Philadelphia, and the interest of the other is enhanced to a wilder horror by the introduction of the savage human and brute figures, which prowled about the new settlements in the wilderness. On perusing these tales a second time,—if there be still romance readers in England fond enough for such a folly,—the want of distinctive character makes itself felt yet more strongly than the imitation we have above intimated. The author could manage suspense, terror and wonder, nearly as skilfully as his prototype; but his power over the marvellous was of the second order. The inventor can always insure a certain effect, who deals in monstrous prodigies,—as, in stage-music, bizarre combinations for superhuman situations rarely fail to strike the ear, though requiring small exertion of genius; but he must be a great master who, having seized an impossibility, can so artfully interweave it with the common passions of humanity, and the common characters which flit across the world's stage, as to lull our discriminating powers into forgetting that the whole is a dream. Without the charlatan's vulgar exhibition of "trine, sextant and pentacle," we are convinced of St. Leon's possession of the *elixir vite*, as of a familiar fact, by the wonderful truth to nature with which he describes the operations of the marvellous gift, and the characters of those influenced by it. Whereas, during the whole exhibition of disasters attendant upon the somnambulist's malady, in Mr. Brown's thrilling "Edgar Huntley," we can never forget that it is an outrageous melodrama which is holding us breathless; a little ashamed of the impatient interest conjured up by spell so unrefined. Thus, too, while Arthur Mervyn's strangely complicated adventures put curiosity on the rack with a power little less torturing than the secret of Falkland or Caleb Williams, the masterly strokes of character, the deep philosophical insight into the workings of a noble and perverted spirit, which leave on the mind of the reader who closes the English novel, a shadow, and a power, and a material for question and self-examination—are nowhere evidenced in the American tale. But Mr. Brockden Brown's

tales, however, possess the merits of unity of purpose and earnestness of manner, combined, in no common degree. The master idea of each story is worked out in every possible device, and set off by every most advantageous accessory, no matter how boldly procured. In "Edgar Huntley," we have one sleep-walker's adventures turning upon those of another visited with the same perilous habit; thus, in "Wieland," the prodigious ventriloquial powers of Carwin, produce effects, miraculous as frightful, from their being exercised on one in whom incipient monomania is lurking:—in both, the principal and secondary incidents being interwoven with a closeness and singleness of heart, on the author's part, not even exceeded in Hoffmann's wonderful compounds of the preternatural and the familiar, in his fantasy-pieces. Lastly, the style of these novels is impressive—not unworthy of the selected model. None of those strange neologisms had, in Mr. Brown's time, crept into print, of which the Sedgwicks and Willises of our own day make such triumphant use. The written language of our transatlantic friends might be, then, stiff and cumbrous, and chargeable with prosiness, but, at least, it was English. Possibly, the majority of their authors will now consider it as a merit, that they have put themselves out of the reach of this praise.

But though the novels of Mr. Brown have *worn*, to the extent of being included in a Library of Standard English Fiction—they are far from having made the same sensation in their day, as was excited by the writings of his successor, Washington Irving.—Dare we say, that, in the extravagant popularity of this writer's "Sketch Book," and "Bracebridge Hall," was more distinctly implied contempt of the Americans, than in most of the attacks which have been launched against their taste and intellect? "*Mon âne parle, et même il parle bien!*" We did not put ourselves out of the way to enter into the dry local humor of Knickerbocker's History—we could not, in the light and graceful sketches by which Geoffry Crayon won his spurs, foresee the chronicler of Columbus, and Granada, and Astoria; but we could raise up eyes and clap hands at the American who absolutely loved Stratford-upon-Avon, and Falstaff's London haunts, and the old-fashioned merriment of Christmas at Brereton Hall, as if it was a miracle that an American should feel the poetry and humor of these things! Or shall we lay Mr. Irving's immediate acceptance here to the account of his taste in style and expression—a gift how increasingly rare in these days? Never was any writer less Puritanical or exclusive in his cast of mind; he sympathizes with, while he smiles at, Fray Antonio Agapida; his whole heart and soul go forth with the *Caballero*, Columbus, on his voyage of discovery; though he loves the old houses of Manhattan well, the obscurest nook of the Alhambra or the Albaycin is dearer to him than could be a wilderness of palaces at home. Yet was never any one more chastely reserved in thought and word than Mr. Irving. He laughs loud, but the jest might be sifted for the pastime of Una herself. He is as delicate in his mirth as in his pathos—"as modest as a maid," while he can use broadsword and quarter-staff like any lusty bachelor. Was it the purity of his mind and the harmony of his language, then, which told on our public, and not the wonder at the source whence such good gifts sprung? Be this as it may, it was his English and European sketches, "The Broken

Heart," and the "Stout Gentleman," and "The Bold Dragon," and "Annette Delarbre," Lady Lillycraft with her dogs, and Master Simon with his village choir, which won Irving his thousands of readers. We are now inclined to apportion all these a place in the distance, compared with his capital Dutch American legends. In these he is unequalled. Nothing so good of their kind as Rip von Winkle, and Ichabod Crane, and Dolph Heyliger, had been given to the world since the days of the Primroses and the Flamboroughs and Beau Tibbs—and the former worthies had the advantage of being set in a framework of manners at once rich and homely, quaintly elaborate, but curiously in harmony with our sympathies. These few stories, separated from their companions, lay a capital basis for an American *Eulenspiegel*, or Gaminier Grettel. It is grievous that their author should so soon have become wearied of telling them. Even at this distance of time, now that he has become an historian and a grave diplomat, we cannot resist crying out like children for "more!"

From Mr. Irving, as the first and most graceful specimen of the travelled American novelist, we must pass to one whose coming, perhaps, thrust his finer graces and sweeter temper into the shade; inasmuch as a loud voice, and a bold step, and a manly presence, will always clear a ring, and for the moment attract the million. And in right of number as well as of merit,—the personal qualities of the author forgotten,—Mr. Cooper must be styled foremost, if not first in point of time, among the novelists of America. His, however, has been the singular and most unsatisfactory fortune, of living to see a brilliant reputation dwindle, and of losing the sympathy of his countrymen, without gaining the compensating hold of esteem among foreign nations. The prophet is no longer honored in any land as formerly. It is worth while to examine the causes of so signal a decline in popularity, by giving a brief retrospect of our author's works.

The first were novels of high promise, and brilliant merit, rather than striking originality: in which an attempt to apply Scott's dramatic and pictorial manner of description to the scenes and characters of the New World, was successfully carried through. Let us observe, however, that, on his own showing, Mr. Cooper was urged to essay this style by pique. In his preface to "The Pioneers," one of his frequent introductory manifestos, the egotism and petulance of which have only been equalled by Sir Edward Bulwer in his introductory harangues, Mr. Cooper frankly declares, that the first of his novels "was written because I was told I could not write a grave tale; so, to prove that the world did not know me, I wrote one that was so grave nobody would read it. \* \* \* The second was written to see if I could not overcome this neglect of the reading world. \* \* \* The third has been written exclusively to please myself, so it would be no wonder if it displeased everybody else." How different this ill-humored affectation of independence and disdain, from the hearty and cheerful submission to public taste, everywhere announced and maintained by Scott! Thus has many a scold plumed herself upon sincere speaking, while in reality indulging the uneasiness of an embittered spirit. Here was distinctly manifested the want of that geniality without which no tale-teller will ever long retain his listeners. Wisely said the old preacher, "Never provoke those you aim to

profit." Nevertheless, there was sufficient animation of grouping and depth of color in Mr. Cooper's first essays to conceal this defect—while in his third, he hit upon his one creation,—it may be added, one of the two real characters added to the world's stock of Figaros and Baillie Jarvies, by Transatlantic writers:—we mean, of course, Leatherstocking the Hunter.

The existence of this being in America it is not ours to question:—neither whether such a compound of fine heart and rough hand, child-like simplicity and profound resource, (not to say cunning,) is possible in any state of society. Leatherstocking is, throughout, a coherent actual being; and so entirely do his exploits and sayings,—given to the public through some eighteen volumes,—satisfy us of his worth and individuality, that we do not even care to know who or what were his parents; how, as a child, he was thrust out into the wilderness for education and maintenance, or, in what course of events was contracted that close and life-binding Indian friendship, which makes him rarely appear—never in moments of emergency and peril—without his red-skinned Orestes at his side. Enough, that his truth, and honesty, and gentleness, never disappoint us: and if the patience, endurance, and keenness of wit, with which he is gifted, be miraculous, they are developed with so gradual a strain upon the credulity, that it is not the breathless reader who will perceive the exaggeration, but the heartless weigher of probability by drachm and scruple,—the critic; who returning dispassionately to consider the proportions of the figure, finds the benevolent and philosophical white savage of the woods of the heroic stature,—that is, above the size of life.

The manner in which the feats of this "noticeable man" are displayed in Mr. Cooper's novels, is calculated to impress the reader as strongly as his individualities of speech, costume, and action. Our author's tales of adventure exhibit an admirable mixture of direct earnestness and minute prolixity. Mr. Cooper narrates an escape through the woods, a siege in a block-house, or a chase at sea, with the deliberate and fascinating clearness of Richardson when he detailed the progress of passion, the conflict of opposing principles, in the female heart. He has a Iachimo's minutely noted knowledge of the sails and ropes of a ship, of the rocks and mosses and herbage of the forest and the wilderness, and with this he can work up a spell as potent as the Ancient Mariner exercised upon the wedding guest, who must needs be held still till the tale be told out! "The Borderers," "The Prairie," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Red Rover," will all bear witness, if consulted, to the justice of our assertion; each of them is more or less built on one main incident, the conclusion of which is artfully suspended. Nothing can be more favorable to the exhibition of a single character than this singleness of purpose; the exercise, however, becomes difficult, in proportion as the means are limited; and the sustaining power which can conduct a story to its close, without plot or episode, must comprise truth to nature, as well as directness of purpose, in no common measure.

Mr. Cooper had hardly struck the right chord, in the introduction of the Trapper to his public, when, with the ingenuity of genius, he hastened to exhibit his one other variety as a novelist, by resorting to the sea for interest. "The Pilot" raised his fame to its culminating point. The

Americans were enchanted at the furious nationality of this tale, in which a mercenary trader in rebellion (to call Paul Jones by no severer name) was invested with the dignity of a patriot hero, and the dark sublimity of a Childe or Corsair of the Byronic school. The English accepted the characters and the invention with good-tempered indifference, for the sake of a gallery of marine pictures, the like of which only exists in the works of Vandervelde. The steerage of the *Ariel* through the shoals, the wreck of the schooner, the apparition of the sails of the gigantic man-of-war above the fog, were detailed with a clearness and animation so rare and riveting, as to make awkwardness in the management of incident overlooked, and utter inefficiency in portrait-painting accepted as faithful delineation. For we do not imagine that any novel-reader now looks upon Long Tom Coffin as one of the genuine sailor-brood. His terms may be of the sea: but in his nature he essentially differs little from Mr. Cooper's favorite forest heroes. Our remark will apply to the sea-novels which followed "The Pilot." In "The Red Rover," it is the *Dolphin* and the Bristol Trader which are the characters, and neither commanders, crew, nor passengers—so likewise in "The Waterwitch," "The Feu-Follet," and even the awkward English tale, "The Two Admirals," the craft of the stories and their manœuvres absorb us, and the "live stock" is put up with as part of the bargain. It is not so with the novels of Smollett, nor even with the more farcical and slighter productions of Marryat: while neither the old nor the new English author can compete with the American in the arrangement of a scene, or the description of an incident. We have already apportioned a like faculty to Mr. Brown, as his chiefest merit:—let nicer observers decide whether or not we have indicated a characteristic of American authorship.

By the publication of the land and sea romances, upon which we have dwelt no longer than their merits deserve, it might have been thought that Mr. Cooper had earned himself a lifelong reputation. The novels were exactly calculated to flatter national pride to its utmost—primitive life being therein asserted as a nobler thing than the time-worn institutions of civilization—"the stars and the stripes" forever paraded as flying in triumph over the Union Jack. On the other hand, we English, who only very lately, if ever, have ceased to regard America as a prodigal son—self-disinherited, but still akin, looked on with pleasure to see a fresh and vigorous spirit employing new materials in a new manner. Well would it have been for Mr. Cooper's fame, had he then ceased from the pastime of trying the world's sympathy! Instead of this, however, he came to Europe: and from that moment, the wane of his reputation commenced. He brought with him the consciousness of a celebrated man, "and the manner, or want of manner" (to quote Scott's careless words in his journal) "peculiar to his countrymen." From the Europeans he seems to have expected a sympathy, and observance—if not a homage—which he did not find: grew as miserable about precedences as a dowager gentleman-usher, and as disputatious in behalf of his country's supremacy, ere it was disputed, as the American host met with by Miss Sedgwick on the Rhine—who, unable to endure the cheerfulness about him, which had no reference to the privilege of living under a President, or the luxuries of slavery, volunteered

to tell the unlucky king-and-priest-ridden passengers on board the *dampschiff* what "a tall place his country was!" There is hardly an entry in Mr. Cooper's journals in which the ink is not one half bile. And this state of matters is the more deplorable, since we can also therein perceive that the writer is a man who is always in a "positive *fume* of honest intentions," and who, when scolding the loudest, is trying the hardest to admire! Of this, indeed, our author early gave proof in two bulky volumes of expostulations upon their morals, manners, and politics, addressed to his countrymen; where "the Travelling Bachelor" (such, if we recollect, was his assumed name) wrought himself up into a positive rage of righteous zeal to amend that which was imperfect at home—and with such success as irretrievably to affront all addressed by his strictures. Grateful as they had been for the pleasant company of Natty Bumppo and Long Tom Coffin, "The States" were by no means disposed to sit down humbly under the conviction that the novelist was the one finished gentleman, and clear-sighted politician, and unprejudiced philosopher to be found in their borders. The vulgar part of the press answered his lectures on behavior with the coarse jokes in which the Americans excel; the thinkers of a higher order found too much self-sufficiency and inconsistency—too constant a struggle between the man of the Old and the man of the New world, to admit the value of his lucubrations. The laughs laughed, and the doctors denounced to good purpose: Mr. Cooper took formal and angry leave of the unworthy Republic; and, if we recollect right, of authorship also. In reality, however, it was merely bidding a farewell to popularity. Since that time he has written much, and with sufficient force and spirit to command a certain audience; but his name no longer circulates throughout Europe. His readers have long been aware of the scanty store of inventions at his command: the tone of some of his novels has displeased many—the tediousness of such as "The Headsman," and "The Heidenmauer," alienated more. One alone among the romances in which he turned his continental residence to account, deserved a better fate. We mean "The Bravo,"—the leading invention of which—an innocent man compelled by craft to assume the abhorred reputation of a state assassin, under penalty of a parent's life—has always seemed to us worthy of a far better treatment than Mr. Cooper's. On such an idea Schiller might have based one of his tragedies. Our novelist, however, falls beneath the passion of his subject. A boat-race gives him opportunity of exercising his usual skill in exciting curiosity: and he dwells again and again, *ex proposito*, as a sturdy American should, upon the tortuous and unfeeling despotism of Venetian policy—but of the life of the Rialto and the Riva there is not a trace. His gondoliers speak the same language as his sagamores of the prairie and forest; his patricians are after the portraits of Colonel Trumbull, rather than the stately delineations of Titian and Giorgione; and his hero and heroine are now, as ever, automata, which, though constructed on the approved proportions of the Apollo and the Venus—after the fashion of the transatlantic mantua-maker, who had provided herself with a model of the latter, by way of doing *fit* justice to the waists and shoulders of her western villagers—are totally guiltless of human flesh and blood. It is remarkable, indeed, in Mr. Cooper's novels—and must be

pointed out as one of the many causes of their declining popularity,—that the female characters are always forced and unreal. Content Heathcote, in "The Borderers," is beautiful and placid as a creation : and the reader's feelings are strongly appealed to more than once, on behalf of the Indian woman, especially in that scene where the wife of one of the chiefs, who has been forsaken for a white beauty, meekly submits herself to the latter, without anger or remonstrance, sorrowfully craving her protection. But we find nothing to pair off with the Jeanie Deans and Meg Merrilies, the Diana Vernon and the Rebecca, the Elspeth Mucklebackit and the Meg Dods, the Queen Elizabeth and the Hameline de Croye, of the Waverley novels. Some might be disposed, from the flatness of this portion of Mr. Cooper's works, to spin theories as to the condition and character of women in America : but these speculations may be left for another time and place. In the mean time, taking matters in their order, it falls to our lot to consider a single specimen of a single variety of the sex—Miss Sedgwick the novelist.

This lady is the first of the authoresses of the New World whose claims have been recognized in this. In one or two old-fashioned English houses, it is true, may be found a volume of Miscellanies by Mrs. Bleeker, containing a story founded on the vicissitudes of the Border War—but the book is so entirely forgotten in America, that Mr. Stone, in his preface to the "Life of Thayendanegea," laments his inability to procure a copy, even among the descendants of its writer. And the tale in question—though remembered by us as bearing the powerful impress of truth,—was too inartificially constructed to live : its authoress narrating what she had seen and suffered, by way of relief to her mind, rather than exercising a craft for the amusement of her countrywomen. Not so Miss Sedgwick. Her lot has been easy, her life prosperous, her position high ; and the fruits of her leisure claim notice among American works of art.

In some respects, indeed, the novels of this ingenious and amiable lady may be cited as the most thoroughly national productions we have yet mentioned. Whereas Mr. Irving writes as a citizen of the world, whose tolerance is as extensive as his learning,—and Mr. Cooper, as an irritable partisan, who only dislikes America less than England,—Miss Sedgwick shows herself honestly and complacently national. She owns a heart awake to the impressions of poetry, and an eye for the beauties of antiquity ;—like a gentlewoman, too, she enjoys, with fine relish, social comfort and domestic luxury ; but the predominance of her patriotic feeling is so inordinate, that on her arriving in England, and encountering these pleasures in a larger proportion than at home, her temper becomes soured, her judgment warped, and the whole woman is up in arms to defend the superior simplicity and unworldliness of the manners and habits of her country. On the continent, where comparison could be made without rivalry, she recovers her sense and her sympathy, to a degree which would be amusing in one who is a professed moralist, were it not also rather pitiable. To Miss Sedgwick, then, we are indebted for the heartiest pictures of transatlantic life and manners with which we are acquainted. She has not Mr. Cooper's power,—her stories fail lamentably, in point of construction,—being rarely clear of a strain of sentimental incident as flagrantly lack-a-daisical

as if it had issued from the Minerva Press—but she has the finer observation of her sex : and her sketches, though faint, are full of character. To instance a little,—“Redwood,” the earliest of her novels before us, possesses almost every defect as a story ;—there is a young lady—an outrageous caricature of Julia Manning—whose coquetry and hardness of heart are not to be believed unless the *genus* take forms in America with which we are unfamiliar ;—there is a family riddle thrown down with wonderful adroitness, in the midst of a knot of people most heterogeneously brought together, who are still (such is life!) the precise half dozen whom alone the puzzle concerns ;—there is a captain bold and a free-thinking father, one degree more inexplicable than the parent of Miss Hawkins' *Rosanne*. In spite, however, of the dead weight of absurdity, there is life and buoyancy enough in the novel to keep it afloat. The character of Debby Lenox alone would atone for a double quantity of nonsense and improbability. Old, harsh, uncouth, uncompromising, and a spinster with all a spinster's odd ways—the propensity to chase mankind excepted—Debby is still so true, so generous, so available, as to be the real heroine of the book. And she is not English ;—her homely virtues have been matured in a more rough and bustling world than ours ;—her racy and graphic expressions belong to no shire on this side the water. An attempt at the same character was not unsuccessfully made in Mrs. Trollope's "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw ;"—but whereas Debby is all consistent—prejudice and generosity being nicely dove-tailed together with the most congruous incongruity,—Aunt Cli is full of contradictions : at one moment liberal, omnipotent in industry, and keen in foresight as a fairy queen—at the next, blind, hard-hearted, perverted, and foolishly indulgent, in excuse and aid of the infamous projects of the brute, Whitlaw, her nephew and darling.

Our praise of "Redwood" is again justified by its episode of life among the Shakers, in which Miss Sedgwick has courage enough to show the bright as well as the dark side of a state of society so utterly strange, that, without some applicability to the wants and wishes of a certain class, it must, of necessity, have long ago crumbled to pieces. But one of the peculiarities of our authoress is, a certain leaning to sectarianism, totally independent of assent or bigotry ; this proclivity being displayed beyond the possibility of mistake, in her real "Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home." In "Hope Leslie," the second and the best of Miss Sedgwick's tales, this turn of mind is also characteristically evidenced. The story is laid in the early days of New England ; and hence, as we have said, especially to be welcomed among American fictions. "Hope Leslie," too, is far better constructed than "Redwood,"—the old times of the pilgrims were marked by contrast and romantic incident. The Indians were then a fierce and dangerous enemy to the dwellers in the wilderness—while among the colonists every variety of human character, from the stern recusant with the spirit of a martyr, down to those unwillingly dragged from the flesh-pots of Egypt to endure the privations of the desert—presents itself ready and tempting to the novelist's hand. If Miss Sedgwick does not possess force or far-sightedness to avail herself to the full of these advantages, she has here at least, proved herself well aware of their existence. Unequal to the production of a Mause Headrigg and a Lady Margaret Bellenden,

she has, nevertheless, skilfully marked the Puritan *versus* the woman of the world in Jennet and Mrs. Grafton. She has given, too, a portrait of the governor's lady—Madam Winthrop—through all the superficial coldness and formality of which, sweetness of heart and soundness of judgment are discernible. To this group of female characters—the best we can call to mind in any American novel—the Indian girl must be added. We cannot, of course, place Magawisca among the striking savage portraits of Mr. Cooper; though, possibly, her elevated and self-sacrificing heroism is not more flattered than their courage and poetical eloquence. At all events the novelist had noble warrant for her creation, in the well-known incident of the rescue of Captain Smith by Pocahontas; and by only working out the devotion of that noble girl one step further, has given us a heroine little less highly-toned than the Chimene of Corneille. More might have been made, it is true, of the struggle betwixt gratitude and love to the white man, and fidelity to her red kindred, had Miss Sedgwick's execution been equal to her powers of conception. As often, however, as scenes of high emotion are approached, she alternately rants and falters, and we have to fix a firm eye upon her intentions, to enable us to excuse mistakes in detail, and short-comings as to finish, which are provokingly frequent. The misconstructions and adventures in which she involves Hope Leslie, are as gratuitously puerile, as those by which Fanny Burney loved to tease all who cared for her Evelinas and Cecilias. It is almost needless to add, that the suspense which was exciting and well proportioned in a tale of London society, becomes repulsively irritating when the greater vicissitudes, and more strongly marked passions, of a ruder and more primitive community have to be settled and developed.

We have said enough to indicate the peculiar merits and demerits of Miss Sedgwick's novels, without pausing over "The Linwoods,"—the last, the most evenly executed, and the least characteristic of the series. As a writer of tales for children, she deserves far higher praise. We have already adverted to the freaks played by her imagination and her patriotism, when she appears in the character of a traveller. That her indiscretion and ill-humor were unconscious—in spite of her wiser and better nature—we honestly believe. Neither are we in a condition to be severe upon tourists who note the dishes at good men's feasts, the wrinkles upon poets' foreheads, with intrusive curiosity.

Here, *à propos* of personality, though not following strict order in point of time, we come naturally to the name of Mr. Willis in the list of American imaginative writers; and this, not merely because the stir made some years ago by his relations attracted some attention to his tales, but because the latter, in themselves, have too much power and cleverness to be passed over. Nothing, to be sure, can be more extravagant than their incidents;—the style is an *olla* made up from the stories of Moore, and D'Israeli the younger, and Charles Lamb, and Christopher North,—with all its faults, nevertheless, having sufficient vivacity and sparkle to carry the reader along with it. There is poetry in the midst of all its affectation and extravagance, a sense of the beautiful, and a quick appreciation of the gorgeous and picturesque. In short, for better definition, Willis may be called the Janin of American light literature,—often offending against

good taste,—often pouring out words when no thoughts will come—unscrupulous, fearless, fantastic—sometimes striking out a new conceit of elegance or humor, and never coarse. His attempts at delineating the superficial peculiarities of our London men of letters (to digress for a moment) are among the happiest things of their kind in modern literature. As regards the right or the wrong of the disclosures contained in his "Pencilings by the Way,"—the virtuous indignation thereby excited in the coteries of London, now calmly reviewed, appears indeed ridiculous. Before we were so open-mouthed to condemn, we should have been convinced that our own purity was immaculate. The American sketches of London society, for the amusement of his countrymen, could hardly have been so indignantly resented had we recollected the popularity of "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," in which the wits and worthies of Edinburgh were more minutely, if less gaily pencilled. And ere we went into fits at the desecration of the privacy of Castle Garden, we should for decency's sake have been sure that no Basil Hall was, even then, at the door, with his minute and unreserved catalogue of the furniture and family secrets of Schloss Hainfeld!

It would serve little good purpose, were we to descant upon the productions of the second-rate American novelists. The name of Dr. Bird, however, must be mentioned, because his "Calavar," and a subsequent Mexican romance, "The Infidel," excited a certain sensation among his countrymen on their appearance. Nothing was ever much more tawdry and less life-like than these tales, except it were a tragedy by their author, "The Gladiator," in which Mr. Forrest, it will be recollected, commenced his short career upon the English stage. A third story, "The Hawks of Hawk Hollow," rises, perhaps, to the level of Mr. Ainsworth's average romances, and is at once the most readable and the most powerful of the three, because it treats of the incidents and passions of our own time. A few words are also due to some tales of a more ancient epoch, by Mr. Ware, of which the "Letters from Palmyra" was the first and the best. We have found in this novel a fine sense for the beauties of antiquity, as well as that ripeness and composure of style, which can but result from thorough familiarity with the subject; the incidents carefully arranged, the characters judiciously sustained; every grace and merit, in short, save the breath of life. In spite of its superior propriety, and classic grace, we cannot recollect a single passage which takes hold of the memory, like certain of the scenes in Mr. Lockhart's "Valerius," or even in the objectionably gorgeous "Salathiel" of Dr. Croly. Nor, to compensate for this quietism, so fatal to the belief which a tale-teller's earnestness ought to inspire, have we any of those exquisite and delicate turns of thought and sentiment, which make us take a more intimate interest in the personages of Mr. Landor's imaginary correspondence, "Pericles and Aspasia," than in all the heroes and heroines of classical fiction we can call to mind—from the grand Cyrus downwards.

We may now advert to a far more characteristic class of American tales, devoted mainly to the art of "getting on." Few subjects are invested with so indestructible a charm; while life and hope last, its captivation will never cease; call it genius struggling with difficulties; call it distress seeking to allay the cravings of nature. Who is there so

philosophical as not to be riveted by the stratagems of the half-naked Philip Quarll to catch a fish upon the rocks of his desert island, or by the miraculous progress of the brothers Percy to wealth and success, wrought by Maria Edgeworth's fairy wand, in open defiance of patronage! In the American tales, this theme of universal interest acquires a quaint fascination from the revelations of a strange economy, of strange character, made therein; their writers being apparently more thoroughly at ease, and in earnest, than most of their contemporaries. We have read Mrs. Sedgwick's "Allen Prescott," if once, a score of times, wondering the while that it has not become more extensively known among the young people of England. Yet it is merely a narrative of the steps by which a New England peasant caters for himself education, wealth, position, and the prettiest of American wives—for we recollect nothing feminine in transatlantic fiction so attractive as Love Heywood. To estimate its merit, we need but set it beside some contemporary English fiction on the same argument—say Galt's "Sir Andrew Wylie." The comparison can have but one result. The clever Scotch novelist provides an Open Sesame for his hero at every turn, with a prodigality distancing all human faith or sympathy. The fairy vision which has troubled the sleep of many an apprentice-boy in his garret, how some great lord was, one summer-day, to take a fancy to him, and a beautiful lady spring up out of the ground for his especial delight, with a throne and a royal dinner, by way of *finale*, is not more extravagant. Little less prodigious is the luck of the Percys in Miss Edgeworth's fascinating "Patronage," already mentioned. Not so the proceedings of the American lady in behalf of her hero. His vulgarities are polished away, but only by degrees; his path upward is cumbered by many obstacles, and lengthened by some slips backwards—he is ill-treated, suspected, his dearest hopes are exposed to the triflings of feminine caprice; his *acme* of prosperity being only respectability and competence. In the development, too, of this healthy story, we catch glimpses of characters, which have no longer growth on this side the Atlantic—such as Farmer Heywood, with his stiff notions of consistency; and Lindy Doble, the colored woman, with her lazy, thriftless habits, her goodness of heart, and her want of principle. But for a certain pedagogic air in the narration, "Allen Prescott" would, of its kind, be perfect. It is one of a large family. The "Confessions of a Housekeeper," may be also cited, in which, by appealing to the charm of reality, the matter-of-fact precepts of a receipt-book have been invested with an interest rendering it difficult for the reader to lay down the narrative: should any cavalier bid him be ashamed of his occupation, he may call upon the fastidious *dilettante* to purge his gallery of the homely cabinet pictures of Mieris and Ostade, and Brouwer and Maas. There is one set of these books, however, which the most sensitive contemnors of the familiar will not be ashamed to read; those in which "getting on" implies the clearing and the wilderness. The amusing tales and sketches, by Mrs. Kirkland, better known in England as Mrs. Mary Clavers, are already popular among us; and this in spite of obvious affectation of style. The pleasant authoress has taken for model Miss Mitford's "Our Village," a work greatly in request in America. She has forgotten, however, that all the coquetries and pretty simplicities, poetical turns, and dramatic

stress of language which are not wholly natural in the original—become importunately unpleasing in a copy, especially when unaccompanied by the high finish bestowed by the English authoress on everything she touches. We have need of all the good heart, and ready humor, and picturesque selection of incidents, belonging to Mrs. Clavers, to make us forgive her second-hand graces. There is improvement, however, in this respect. "Forest Life" is far less objectionable as to style than the lady's first publication, "A New Home"—while it contains, among other sketches, that picture of the Macgolds, a party of would-be fashionables, in the woods, which, for the sake of its wholesome moral, as well as its characteristic humor, deserves to be circulated as a tract for travellers. But one of the latest American fictions which has made its way hither, written in direct imitation of these books, is warrant for the severest reprobation we could bestow upon the application of the tinsel style of the Old World, to the ruder scenes and characters of the New. This is "A New Purchase," by Mr. Carlton; a book in which every trick of language that has been hunted out of every country's magazines, finds a place among the stick chimneys, and mud walls, and cotton-sheet partitions of the wilderness—with what result need not be told. Surely upon no one does conceit sit so ill as upon the republican. The Kentuckian, smoothed down by a Parisian hair-dresser, and laced in by a Parisian tailor, mincing his way down the Boulevards, in fancy a knowing man of society, and a *merveilleux*, is, perhaps, the most offensive companion a citizen of the world can encounter. On like ground of complaint, with all their rough truth and humor, we cannot praise certain novels, by Paulding and Neal, and other writers, which may be placed in this class. The fun seems to us forced—the eye of the writer to be anxiously set upon his audience, the while he writhes in agonies to extort a laugh by his comicality. We have been more amused by the sincere and grave prolixity of Timothy Flint, when writing about the Mississippi Valley and its settlers, by the quaint but earnest trifling of Mr. Greenwood, when describing the rise and progress of a "Village Choir"—not trained on the Wilhelm method—than by the antics of these melancholy Mr. Merryman; at a distance appearing so full of spontaneous activity and enjoyment, but with the hardest of hard labor at their hearts!

By following this school of writers, we are fairly brought into the midst of the strange language of the United States. Would any one make acquaintance with peculiar and whimsical jargon in perfection, we must refer him to no less important a person than Judge Haliburton. We have already spoken of Leather-stocking, as one of the two creations added from American sources, to the world's stock of "beings of the mind." If he be the Hero, Sam Slick is the Droll. But we must recollect, that we do not owe the portraiture of the clock-maker to a Yankee artist. There is as much of the Englishman as of the American, in his author. As a British colonist, who treasures up his own budget of grievances against the mother-country, he naturally takes the side of the keen-witted republican, as often as a folly or a form belonging to English institutions is the matter in question; while on the other hand, his position enables him to tell the whole whimsical truth of American self-conceit, and (how shall we phrase it!) acuteness in trading—to use at will the whole

vocabulary of jargon, which has been only given us before charily and in scattered portions, for the purpose of affording us an intimate and familiar knowledge of his hero. There is as little regular story, it is true, to exhibit Sam's graces, as was devised by Addison, to introduce the urbane simplicity of Sir Roger de Coverley; the work being a series of disconnected hints, essays, and anecdotes, which appears to have grown up imperceptibly under the hands of the contriver. Perhaps, however, this very absence of artifice and set purpose enables us to derive a clearer view of the main figure. And a treasure he is, endowed with as sound and sharp a mother-wit, as ever raised its owner from the kennel to the high places of trust and government;—as ready a courage as bully or brave man need command,—a tongue, available alike for discretion's oracles, or cajolery's coarser devices,—an ungainly but not repulsive person; the love of fun which belongs to an elastic and frolicsome temperament—the selfish determination to rise, which betokens a strong head and a strong will; sententious, self-admiring, adroit at every stratagem—Sam resembles nothing in the whole European range of fiction. He is more settled in purpose than Gil Blas if in reality little less of a picaresque,—more independent than Figaro, though not less expert in trafficking with the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures; “tender to the sex” as an Irishman, thrifty as a Scot, fond of parade as a Gaul—he is at once the most wearisome and whimsical companion we have met with since Andrew Fair-service. We groan under the infliction of his callous selfishness, while we cannot choose but laugh at the sly yet fearless eccentricity with which he demolishes old customs and new discoveries. His humor, too, seems inexhaustible: we recollect no modern character in evidence through five long volumes, whose peculiarities are so well sustained. And we have now entered with the attaché into a new field, which will give scope for half a dozen tomes more!—since the attaché *ex-clockmaker*, will of course ripen into the ambassador, and the ambassador, following the example of his more courteous predecessor, Mr. Rush, will doubtless reveal to us the glories of that august world, which the Americans regard with a secret awe, in proportion to their expressed contempt. Be it so; the mirth is good mirth, with wholesome truth oftentimes at the core of the jest.

We have now, though rapidly, glanced at some of the most important divisions of American Fiction. One remains to be noticed, more unpretending in form than the above, and its artists, perhaps, less famous—yet, we are inclined to think, containing more characteristic excellence than will be found in the library of accredited novels. We have spoken of the imitative tendencies of the herd of writers of such “small ware” as stories for the periodicals. We ought to add that we rarely, if ever, take up an American annual, or an American magazine, without finding some one contribution, individual, racy, and without any peer or prototype on this side of the ocean. Nor is this praise as insignificant as the publishers, by their present *modus operandi*, would make authors believe. “Candide” and “Zadig” are contained in somewhat narrower compass, than the fatal three volumes now prescribed—so are Marmontel's enamel *Contes*, and the *Novelle* of Boccaccio, and the *Märchen* of Tieck, and our own “Vicar of Wakefield.” We have already spoken of Wash-

ington Irving's Dutch Legends; we must recommend, though merely by a passing word, the Quaker Stories of Miss Leslie, sister to the well known painter; and a whole volume of collected Miscellanies of great excellence is here before us. We mean Mr. Hawthorne's “Twice Told Tales,” which will one day or other be naturalized into our library of Romance, if truth, fancy, pathos, and originality have any longer power to diffuse a reputation. He has caught the true fantastic spirit which somewhere or other exists in every society, be it ever so utilitarian and practical, linking the seen to the unseen, the matter-of-fact to the imaginative. To such a mind the commonest things become suggestive; the oldest truths appear clad in a garb of “grace and pleasure.” The pump in the middle of a little town, recalls the days when the spring welled brightly out in the wilderness, and “the Indian sagamores drank of it;” a walk with a child through the range of shop-window sights, enables the thoughtful man to draw aside the veils which hide our deepest associations and our saddest thoughts; the figure of a sleeping wayfarer under a tuft of maples by the wayside, invites him to consider the number of events which *all but* happen to every mortal; and this in aid of a vein of temperate and poetical elegance of imagery, the like of which is possessed by none of our writers of prose—Mrs. Southey, perhaps, excepted. As a recounter of mere legends, Mr. Hawthorne claims high praise. He reminds us of Tieck, in spite of the vast difference in the materials used by the two artists. Whether he revive the tradition of “The Gray Champion,”—that supernatural hero who has existed in every country since the days of Ogier the Dane, to come forth and deliver, when the emergency presses hardest,—or tell how the “Maypole of Merry Mount” was felled by the stern axe of Endicott, the Puritan governor,—or describe the meeting of the pilgrims in quest of that fabulous jewel, “The Great Carbuncle,”—or relate the result of Dr. Heidegger's experiments with the Water of Youth,—he does his spiriting “gently,” in the old romantic sense of the word, exercising his craft with a quiet power which is rare, the time and the subject and the place considered. We cannot too heartily commend this book, as the best addition to what may be called our Faëry Library, which has been made for many years; hoping, moreover, that the author is capable of producing more than the one slim volume which has made its way to England.

We must now have done, when, for the sake of justice, we have pointed out two omissions in the Library of American Fiction, which are worthy of all honor. As far as we are aware, the personality which has tainted some of our best modern novels, has never been used, by any writer of reputation. We have yet to hear of a transatlantic novel with “a key”—of a transatlantic “Cecil-ia,” who thrusts herself into doublet and hose, that, under the flimsy assumption of male coxcombery, she may “show up” such rival authoresses as do not chance to belong to her visiting-list. The fertile soil of the New World has produced, we doubt not, its Mrs. Leo Hunters, among its other curiosities; we have ourselves admired one, wandering through the world with a French watch on her forehead, by way of head-tire—but we have never encountered either lady or watch in print. Let this courteous and moral abstinence,—a shame to a people who pique ourselves on understanding “the point of honor,”—be set against



the offences of a prurient and shameless newspaper press. Bad as the latter is, we had rather see judge A, or militia-general B, run down by name in this *Scourge* and the other *Sentinel*, than be arrested in our elbow-chair, when wishing to escape into fairy land, by the winked and whispered intimation, that the new novel is more edifying than the last—Asmodeus having therein exceeded his usual exceedings, by revealing all the secrets of — House, or the precise grounds of separation betwixt the two personages of distinction “whose affairs have lately been so unhappily brought before the public.”

The Americans are scantily if at all chargeable with another mistake—the Religious Novel—and this is remarkable in a society where shades of sectarian difference abound, tempting the weak and the earnest to controversy; and where pastoral discipline, and religious exercise, minister to a large population that excitement which we Europeans are accustomed to find in other objects. Our hearts sink so low, while contemplating the vast field of washy literature of this class with which the readers of England have been inundated, and while recollecting that clever women and learned men have permitted themselves to use an engine of mere amusement for the discussion of sacred things,—that we cannot but record the absence of American “*Cœlebs*,” and “*Father Clements*,” as a sign of health and sound sense, worthy of our serious contemplation. We could say more on this point, which must be one of painful interest to all thinking and believing men—were we not bound to refrain from church as well as from state matters in this article. Here, then, we part from the writers of American Fiction in good will. If we have spoken without reserve of their deficiencies, it is because we think highly of their opportunities; and are too anxious for some new appearance of Imaginative Power, to care whether it comes from North or South,—the bush of Australia, the keys of Florida, or the mysterious ruins of Central America.

From the Spectator.

#### THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

THE old road up the pass of Killierankie—the road along which Mackay marched to conquer by defeat—has been reopened for the queen to pass along. The first sovereign of the revolution dynasty who has visited the inner fastnesses of the Scottish Highlands enters them over the field where the last adherents of the Stuart dynasty, who took arms in its defence without subjecting themselves to the designation of rebels, struck their last blow. The Hanoverian queen marches into the Highlands over the body of “*bonnie Dundee*.” It is lucky that the “*Ershire of Scotland*” is not quite so tenacious of old partisanship and not so susceptible as the “*Ershire of Ireland*.” What would our repealing fellow-subjects say, if the queen, on a progress into Ireland, were to approach Dublin by the way of Boyne Water?

This contrasted feature of Highland and Irish character might convey a useful hint to her Majesty's ministers as to the best mode of dealing with her Majesty's somewhat turbulent subjects the natives of New Zealand, and her *quasi* subjects on the Caffre frontier of Cape colony. Both Ireland and Scotland have been colonized by the Anglo-Norman race; Scotland by Anglo-Norman adventurers on their own account, Ireland under the

auspices of government. *En passant*, it would seem that even in those remote ages the peculiar talent of government for bungling the work of colonization had commenced. Both in Ireland and Scotland, the Anglo-Saxon civilization—the more advanced—has superseded that which was in progress previously to the colonization. In neither can the colonizers take credit to themselves for much regard to native rights or much leniency in their treatment of the aborigines. In both, the indestructible aborigines have survived all the maltreatment they have experienced. But in the Highlands of Scotland they have become assimilated to the colonizing race; they conform peaceably to the *alien* institutions. In Ireland they continue to kick against both. The only difference in their treatment has been, that in the Highlands, though the chiefs were coerced, they were recognized as chiefs: they found it their interest to enter within the pale of the new constitution; they were able to assert a respectable place in it; and they have drawn their retainers after them. In Ireland the native chiefs were systematically put down or cut off. A whole population cannot be brought over to new laws and new customs at once; and the Irish who first became Anglicized did not find themselves so comfortable among their adopted associates as their old, neither did they possess influence to draw others after them. There have been “*broken clans*” in the Highlands; and, with the exception of the indomitable Macgregors, nothing was ever made of them. The whole Gaelic population of Ireland were pounded down into broken clans; and we are eating the bitter fruits of this false policy at the present day. This insight into the origin of the social malady of Ireland helps us but little to a remedy for it, in its present complicated and chronic state; but it ought to be a warning to adopt with the Caffre and New Zealand clans the wise policy of the Anglo-Saxon adventurers, who were in Scotland the New Zealand Company of their day—not the unwise policy of the Essexes and others, sent out by what may be called the Colonial Office of their day. The former dealt with the chiefs as the natural superiors of their retainers, but as their own equals and subjects of the law; the latter cut off the chiefs, and thus destroyed the connecting-link between themselves and the inferior race.

It is rather presumptuous—and very useless—to read lectures to crowned heads. Her Majesty, however, if in a moralizing mood, might note for herself, as she passed through Dundee, how greatly real power is increased by being concealed. Mary of Scotland was the last queen-regnant who visited that town. She visited it during the honeymoon, on a business not very congenial to that super-celestial stage of existence: it was to apprehend sundry recusant barons, whom she had previously “*put to the horn*,” because they had taken upon them to disapprove of her marriage and refuse their countenance to its solemnization. And those barons and their allies, after playing with her and her husband as puppets—meddling in and exaggerating the domestic differences of the royal couple, to promote their own ambitious ends—contrived, when it suited their purpose, to send the husband (Morton and other kirk barons certainly were implicated in the assassination) flying through the air at midnight, and to bring his consort to the block. Such helpless instruments in the hands of ambitious politicians were crowned heads, in those days of what Mary's son was pleased to call “*free kings*.” A queen is,



thank Heaven, in our day pretty secure even from the incivility of any of her nobles declining an invitation to attend her marriage. Fancy the Duke of Wellington declining to countenance a match of Lord Melbourne's making, or Lord Melbourne refusing to attend a christening because the Duke is minister! The sovereign, too, has gained in real power as well as apparent security, from being jammed into narrower space by the encroachments of Lords and Commons. The very barriers that hedge in the sovereign's will are a shelter against every storm. A king, in the ante-constitutional period, was like a sailor laboring to heave a grapnel on a bare-swept deck: a king, cabined in by a House of Lords in front and a House of Commons in the rear, is like the same sailor at the same job, leaning over a good stout bulwark and stemming his heels against the windlass. Ladies with crowns—and ladies without crowns too—ought always to be thankful for the "rich blessings of constraint." They are never so powerful as when they least seem so. All great powers are invisible.

**QUEEN'S SPEECH.**—The most notable announcement is the one that the danger which threatened the good understanding between France and this country has been averted, by the spirit of justice and moderation that has animated both governments. Tahiti and Morocco are the chief subjects in question, and some further light is thrown on this statement by the premier and the *Times*. Sir Robert Peel reports, substantially, assurances given by France that she will not annex Morocco to her territory. The terms of the Tahiti settlement are said to be, that M. D'Aubigny is to be recalled, and Mr. Pritchard is to receive some compensation for the needless violence used towards him personally. We hope this is true; not so much with a view to Mr. Pritchard's profit, as to the cessation of tedious bickering. Otherwise, as there is to be no war about Morocco, an empire in our neighborhood, of course there can be none about the distant little island in Polynesia: therefore, if France will not give satisfaction to England and Mr. Pritchard, the most approved method of taking satisfaction would be, to seize on some French consul, to hustle and shake him in a direct ratio to the force put upon Mr. Pritchard, to lock him up and put his meals from home or from the cook-shop under surveillance, and to ship him off to France without bidding good-bye to his family. That might not only restore the injured majesty of England, but make the proud French know what it is for a great nation to feel that its consul has been knocked about.

#### THE CHRISTENING.

LOFTY was the ceremonial, splendid the feast, in Windsor Castle last night; when Queen Victoria's second son was christened. Royal visitors began to arrive early in the afternoon,—the Duchess of Kent, the Queen Dowager, with Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge with the Hereditary Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, the Duchess of Gloucester, Prince William of Prussia; all suitably attended. Many more distinguished visitors also came—for-foreign ministers, cabinet ministers, and others, and were admitted to seats in the chapel. The sacred place was gorgeously fitted up for the occasion; the altar covered with crimson velvet and gold, and illumined by wax lights in golden can-

dlesticks. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at the altar, aided by the Bishop of Norwich and the Bishop of Oxford, with the Queen's and Prince Albert's chaplains. After six o'clock all was ready, and the royal procession entered the chapel. This was distinguished from previous pageants by the presence of the elder children. First came some officers of the household. Then the sponsors—namely, the Duke of Cambridge, proxy for Prince George; the Duchess of Kent, proxy for the Duchess of Saxe Coburg Gotha; the Duke of Wellington, proxy for the Prince of Leiningen; followed by the ladies and gentlemen of their suites. More officers of the household. The Queen, leading the Princess Royal, walked with Prince William of Prussia by her side; Prince Albert was beside the Queen Dowager, and led the Prince of Wales. Then came the rest of the royal visitors; and lastly, more officers. The Queen wore a white satin dress trimmed with Honiton lace, a diamond tiara on her head, with the insignia of the Garter: the little children were dressed in white satin and lace; the princes in military uniforms. The service began with Palestrina's "O be joyful." When the music ceased, Prince Albert's Groom of the Stole conducted into the Chapel the Dowager Lady Lytton, bearing the Royal infant; who was baptized by the Archbishop; the Duke of Cambridge giving the name—"Alfred-Ernest-Albert." His Royal Highness Prince Alfred was carried out of the Chapel to the sound of Handel's Hallelujah Chorus from *Judas Maccabeus*. A benediction closed the service, at seven o'clock; and the procession withdrew in the order of its entrance.

Within half an hour afterwards, a bevy of guests entered St. George's Hall for the banquet. Numberless wax-lights made it brighter than day: the tables and sideboards, covered with the riches of the household treasury, "shone all with gold and stones that flame-like blazed." The Queen sat at one end of the table, Prince William on her right, the Duke her uncle on her left; Prince Albert sat at the other end, between Queen Adelaide and the Duchess of Kent. More royal guests, the clergy, cabinet and foreign ministers, ladies and gentlemen of the household and of the several suites, surrounded the board. The Steward of the Household gave the toasts, beginning with "His Royal Highness Prince Alfred;" music playing at the meal and between the toasts.

After dinner, the Queen led the way to the Waterloo Chamber; where a concert was performed of instrumental music by Beethoven, Haydn, Mayerbeer, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Bartholdy, and Weber. Spohr's piece was a manuscript symphony, describing the moral career of man—the bright innocence of childhood, the age of passion, and the reign of mature virtue: it was composed for two orchestras, and was performed accordingly, by eleven solo-players in the East gallery, and a numerous orchestra in the West gallery, more than a hundred feet distant; seventy performers in all. Thus the rejoicings terminated.—*Spectator*.

The *Constitutionnel* says:—Almost every day there are sent from Paris to Windsor, for the Queen of England, cargoes of peaches, Fontainebleau grapes, and pears from the gardens of the Civil List. It is probable that these fruits will arrive without hindrance—not like the grouse sent by Prince Albert to the king, which were seized.

From the United Service Magazine.

## THE MUSKET.

## A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE AT THE HISTORY OF FIRE-ARMS.

At a time when every European state is diligently occupied in improving the small arms of their respective military, and their attention awakened to the urgent necessity of placing them on a more rational respective footing with the rapid strides made by tactics in modern times, a retrospective glance at a history of fire-arms may not be uninteresting to the thinking soldier, alive to the necessity and advantage of such improvements in the weapon with which the majority in all armies is furnished, as he will thereby not only readily grasp the rapid advances now made and making in its improvement, but also the efforts in art and science which were required to produce, out of the clumsy fire-arm, (so appropriately termed *Donnerbüchse*, thunder-box, by the Germans,) which was first used in war after the invention of gunpowder, the light, trim and handy musket of the present day.

It is now more than 200 years\* that the method of firing has, in principle, remained unchanged; and although, in the present century, in the uses of private life it had received many improvements, yet, to the weapons of war these had never been applied until lately, when the necessity of their adoption to the musket became so urgent, that state after state commenced, and, in emulation of each other, are now hurrying forward on the once entered road.

1330.—Soon after the monk's (Berchtold Schwarz) accidental discovery of the effect of the powder, known long previously, to all appearance, by the Chinese,† we find historical traces of the use of cannon, viz., by the Moors, in 1342, at the siege of Algesiras, and in 1346, by our countrymen at the battle of Cressy. It is not, however, our purpose to pursue its rapid adoption by the Italian, German, and other nations.

In the commencement, when unskilled in the scientific relation and proportion of the charge to the strength of the cylinder, we find cannon of enormous size and weight; and even some years later, cannon were dragged before besieged towns at an enormous expense, both of money and labor, and there worked as effectively as could be expected from engines of such imperfect structure. Nevertheless, the idea gradually evinced itself to

\* The French, in 1640, were the first to introduce the flint-lock.

† The credit of its European discovery, so generally attributed to Schwarz, may with great reason be disputed, since we find in a MS. belonging to Hudson Gurney, Esq., a receipt to make gunpowder, written by an English scribe about 1300, in very precise terms, viz., saltpetre, quick sulphur and charcoal from willows; it is termed a powder "*ad faciendum le Craque*!"

Guns are called crakeys of war in Gawen Douglas' translation of the *Æneid*. Folio, Edinburgh, 1810.

And that our extraordinary countryman, Roger Bacon, in the commencement of the thirteenth century, was acquainted with the composition of gunpowder, may be clearly inferred from the following passages in his works: "In omnem distantiam, quam volumus, possumus artificialiter componere ignem comburentem ex sale petrae et aliis." At another time, he still more plainly indicates the ingredients of this wonderful substance, though half disguising the secret under the mystery of an anagram. "Sed tamen salis petrae, luru mope can ubre et sulphuris: et sic facies tonitruum et coruscationem, si scies artificium." Here it will be observed that the letters which compose the name of the second ingredient, are transposed, "*carbonum pulvere*."

lessen the bulk of this all-terror-spreading engine, inasmuch as to apply it to a weapon for the hand. To this end, in 1364, five hundred small barrels, of a span only in length, were manufactured at Perugia, in Italy, which possessed, however, strength to drive a ball through any armor.

In the first application of fire-arms, as in that of almost every discovery, extremes were readily fallen into; and we find them, from the gigantic piece of ordnance, which projected a ball of one hundred pounds' weight, down to the smallest kind of hand-barrel, afterwards designated by the name of pistols. The latter, however, it appears, were held in little estimation, probably because the act of loading, and particularly that of firing them by means of the match, which was carried by the hand to the touch-hole, were too inconvenient in action. The barrels were now made longer, and thus was produced the musket in its original form, called *arquebus*, whose use became so rapidly spread, that, at the end of the fifteenth century, it had already begun to take the place of the *arbalet*, or cross-bow, which, up to that time, had always maintained a great superiority. At first, to every company of cross-bowmen a few men armed with the *arquebus* were attached; a few were afterwards mixed with the men-at-arms; and at length, in every company of 400 men, the half were armed with this fire-arm. In the fight at Murten, the Swiss had already in their ranks above 10,000 *arquebuseers*.

The fifteenth century was particularly fruitful in discoveries having relation to improvements in fire-arms, which began now at once to be much esteemed. The *arquebus* was, at first, short, thick and, therefore, very heavy. It carried four ounces of lead, and was fired with the match by the hand. Some time after, the so-called *cock* or *dragon* was affixed to the right side of the shaft, between the lips of which the burning match was fixed each time it was required, and, by means of a simple trigger, pressed upon the priming in the pan. To the trigger was afterwards added a spring, by means of which the ignition and firing of the piece were rendered more rapid.

Imperfect as this arm was in itself, the powder used was equally so, being in the commencement ungrained. It was not until the latter half of the fifteenth century, that the French began to corn it, to prevent the ruinous effects of its binding, and to divide it into three sorts, viz., into siege-powder for guns of heavy calibre, *arquebus-powder*, and *pistol-powder*, which consisted of the finest grains. The priming-powder, which was shaken on the pan, and that reserved for fireworks of a description which ignited less readily, remained ungrained.

As ammunition, each *arquebuseer* carried twelve powder charges, in the same number of little wooden boxes, appended to a *bandoleer*; a bag containing the same number of balls; a flask containing a pound of priming-powder, of which, in the imperfect mode of firing, a considerable quantity was always required; and lastly, several ells of match-string, which were partly wound round the *bandoleer*, and partly round the *arquebus* itself.

When we consider how slow with such an arrangement the act of loading alone could proceed; how before every discharge the match was required to be placed in the cock so correctly, that it should not miss the pan; that then the priming-powder was to be shed into the pan, and how often perhaps while it lay open it was scattered by

the wind; the tedious operation of firing may readily be imagined, and that the twelve charges of powder were an ample supply of ammunition for the soldier in those days. For this reason also, at all sieges each arquebuseer had a shield-bearer attached to him, behind whose shield, (pavese,) which was planted into the ground by means of an iron spike, he completed the loading of his fire-arm.

About this time also the cavalry were gradually provided with fire-arms, and the French were again the first who introduced mounted marksmen armed with pieces two feet and a half long. For the improvements in this then terrible arm, which at this early period took place but slowly, we must not however look at home; it is to the workshops of Germany and France that we must direct our attention, from whose more skilful armorers we successively derived the different improvements which were made in an arm so little used in England, that the national weapon, the long-bow, still maintained its place till the latter part of the fifteenth century. It was, however, in the following century that the most striking modern example of the influence of the quality of arms upon the destiny of nations was to be afforded, in the conquests of Pizarro and Cortes, who, at the head of a handful of Spaniards, annihilated the numerous armies of two potent and brave nations in that state of semi-civilization in which a people develop the most energy in their defence. This unparalleled success can alone be attributed to the superiority of fire-arms, even in their then imperfect state, over every other weapon.

In the year 1517, the wheel-lock was invented in the city of Nuremberg, which consisted in a small sharply-notched or curbed wheel of steel, immediately connected with the pan, and cocked by means of a strong spring. Upon the priming powder being shed upon the pan, the cock, which was furnished with a piece of brimstone, was let down upon the curb of the wheel, and the trigger being pulled, the little wheel was turned rapidly several times by the strength of the spring, producing sparks from the brimstone, which exploded the piece. This apparent improvement in the method of firing was, however, but little adopted; and we find the infantry of all the European powers still armed with the common matchlock up to the middle of the seventeenth century. The cavalry alone made use of the wheel-locks, as the motions of the horse more readily spilt the priming-powder from the match-locks; the reason assigned for this preference of the latter, was the rapid wear of the brimstone, and the frequent missing fire, which resulted therefrom.

In the sixteenth century, the calibre of the arquebus was diminished to two ounces of lead, and these arms were called the demi-arquebus. Besides these, there were also in use the double arquebus, the barrel of which was about four feet long, and carried an eight-ounce ball.

This arm was fired from a crotch or rest made for that purpose. Besides these, the musketoon, with a barrel one foot and a half long, and a calibre of two inches, which was loaded with from twelve to fifteen balls; and, lastly, a fire-arm, which was not however used in war, with wheel-locks and a grooved barrel. In this century target-firing was first generally practised; and at Nuremberg in 1429, at Augsburg in 1430, and lastly at Leipzig in 1498, it was a favorite amusement.

Nuremberg was particularly the cradle of the majority of the most important improvements in

small arms, at which place George Kühfuss and Casper Recknagel produced the chief improvements in the wheel-locks; Wolf Danner in forging and boring, and Augustin Kutter the so-termed rose and star grooves of his barrels.

The more general the introduction of fire-arms among the different troops of the European armies became, the more general also was the endeavor to suggest a mode of increasing the strength of all defensive armor against their fearful effect, and the latter was made at length so strong, that it would effectually resist the ball of a demi-arquebus. This suggested the idea, in the commencement of the sixteenth century, of the musket-proper, whose barrel was considerably longer than that of the demi-arquebus, and threw a ball of four ounces; from its weight, however, when fired, it was supported by a fork—termed the *fourchette*—which on a march the musketeer carried in his right hand, while the musket was carried for him by another man.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, the musket was made considerably lighter. The French diminished their calibre to a two-ounce ball; the demi-arquebus throwing one but of an ounce weight. This small arm, however, in the infantry still retained the match-lock, and was loaded without cartridges. The number of ammunition balls for the musketeers was, however, increased to fifteen, and that of the arquebuseer to thirty; a proof that the mode of loading was becoming better understood.

In the armies of Charles V., 1521, the musket was first used. The Spanish musketeers were formed into a separate and picked corps, in order to give greater effect to their attack, and no armor was proof against their balls. The Duke of Alba, however, who in his campaigns in the Low Countries had 1600 musketeers in his army, divided them among the arquebuseers, in such manner that fifteen were attached to every company, in which the Flemings soon imitated him. At length, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, the arquebus disappeared entirely in the infantry, and the companies were divided into musketeers and pikemen, the latter in the proportion of one-third. The light cavalry carried an arquebus two and a half feet long, called also a petrinel, which was, however, of larger calibre than that of the infantry. When fired, the arm was rested against the front of the breast, and was at first provided with match-locks, but afterwards the whole of the cavalry received the more convenient wheel-lock. As, however, these arquebuses had but a very limited range, the Spaniards introduced at the same time with the musket the use of longer barrels in their cavalry, which they distinguished by the name of carabines, and which were three and a half feet long; besides these, each rider, as well as the mounted spearmen, were provided with two pistols. The carbineer at first loaded his piece with prepared wooden cartridges, of which he carried twenty-four in two leathern pockets.

About the end of the sixteenth century, dragoons were first established. It had been found necessary to transport the musket-armed infantry with greater rapidity from one place to another; for this purpose, companies of the usual musketeers were mounted, and trained to dismount quickly on arriving at the place intended, where they used their muskets on foot, still preserving the commonly preferred matchlocks to these pieces,

The most striking feature of this time was, however, that the use of the spear became everywhere discontinued by the cavalry, which were armed alone with fire-arms and the sword. The cuirassiers had now, beside their powerful broad-sword, (*pallasche*,) one pistol of the length of two feet, and the light cavalry, or carabineers, were throughout the various European powers armed as before described.

It may readily be imagined that these changes in the organization of armies influenced greatly the mode of their fighting. In the seventeenth century Gustavus Adolphus introduced considerable improvements in the fire-arms of his infantry, giving to a part the wheel-locks before described, and to the rest the match-guard invented by the Dutch, which consisted of a tin tube, into which the match was inserted, to shield it from the damp and rain. He also introduced throughout his troops the practice of loading with cartridges, in which the French, and afterwards the English, imitated him.

In the course of this century, the present fast-disappearing flint-lock was invented in France, and in Germany each cavalry or Reiterregiment was furnished with arms having these locks, which in 1645 became also more prevalent among the musketeers of the continent. In 1663 the household cavalry of Charles II., as indeed the troopers of all the British cavalry regiments, were armed in the following manner—defensive arms, back and breast-plate, with iron pot or skull-cap; offensive arms, the sword and a pair of pistols, whose length was circumscribed to fourteen inches; the troopers of the former, however, carried besides a carbine. Each musketeer was furnished with a musket, the barrel of which was four feet long, of calibre, fourteen bullets to the pound, with a collar of bandoleers; and every pikeman with a pike sixteen feet long; the sword was worn alike by all the foot. The flint-lock was introduced into the British Guards 1667, but it does not appear to have entirely superseded the match-lock until after 1672, shortly after which period the light fuzee of the French was progressively introduced.

The bayonet, invented at Bayonne about the year 1670, and with which a regiment of fusiliers was first armed by Louis XIV., in the year following, (according to some, it was first employed against the confederates at Turin, in 1693,) soon began now to acquire a favorable consideration, uniting as it did in a projectile arm the qualities of a manual weapon. Previous to its introduction, each battalion had been divided into musketeers and pikemen, the first acting the part of a sort of light infantry, destined to assail a distant enemy, the latter forming a kind of infantry of the line, to sustain the more immediate shock of battle. Montecuculi, in his recital of the battle of St. Gotard, fought with the Turks in 1664, represents his battalions formed on four lines of pikemen, preceded by two ranks of musketeers. The latter, upon the charge, arranged themselves either in a stooping posture under the pikes, which defended them by their projection, or, if time allowed, filed behind the pikemen. In 1684, we find the grenadier companies, which had been added to all English regiments in 1678, furnished with bayonets to their fuzees, in the 2d Regt. of Guards. The bayonet, as first introduced from the continent, consisted of a two-edged blade twelve inches long by one in breadth, which was fastened for use into the barrel of the piece, by means of a wooden han-

dle or style, which inconvenient mode of appliance required its removal on each discharge of the arm.

Although Prince Maurice of Orange had introduced in the preceding century the manual and exercise of the musket in given *tempos*, for the purpose of acquiring thereby a more rapid and certain method of firing, yet, whether from a desire to give an increased importance to that arm, or from a predilection for equalized and measured evolutions, these were carried to useless extremes, and in the multiplicity of motions to which the manual and exercise were extended, the real object became wholly mistaken and lost sight of. The pike still maintained itself beside the musket, in the infantry, throughout the greater part of the seventeenth century. The Imperialists alone wholly discontinued its use in 1670, and armed the foot throughout with muskets. The pike was abandoned by the Prussians in 1698, and the so-termed "Spanish riders," or *chevaux de frize*, introduced for the protection of infantry against cavalry; it was not entirely exchanged, however, for the musket in the English infantry until 1767. By degrees, nevertheless, the other European nations followed in proportion as they more readily, or with greater difficulty could be induced to abandon the long-accustomed weapon, and overcome the many prejudices which opposed themselves to such a change in the military organization. With equal difficulty also was the light French fuzee, with the flint-lock and bayonet, adopted by the German troops, but the invention of the screw to the bayonet, in 1678, by Philip Russel, an Englishman, by which improvement, even when firing, the advantages of the pike were still retained, soon decided all minds in its favor, as also for the universal adoption of the longer enduring flint in the place of the readily used brimstone for locks, in the structure of which, improvements were now daily making. Nevertheless, the general adoption of the bayonet-fuzee cannot be affirmed to have taken place until the later years of this century, and the length of barrel, as then adopted for this arm, was about three feet eight, the length of the bayonet-blade one and a half feet; its calibre in the German infantry from fourteen to sixteen balls to the pound,—in that of the French somewhat less.

The Swedes, were, however, according to some, the first who fired with bayonets fixed, and then the Prussians, in 1732, but only in the front rank. Even as late as at the battle of Mollwitz, the third rank was unprovided with the bayonet, as appears by the accounts of that day. Simultaneously with the different improvements in the musket, and from the necessity which daily became more evident of a more rapid mode of fire, the method of loading was altered, and the infantry throughout were provided with paper cartridges, of which each soldier carried from twenty to forty in a leathern pocket. In the Prussian army had now also been some time introduced the iron ramrod, in lieu of the old wooden one, which was so frequently broken during action; for which reason, also, the corporals in each company, in the Prussian and Austrian infantry, had previously been provided with spare ramrods of iron, in two parts, which when required were screwed together.

In the commencement of the eighteenth century a most important invention, which was not, however, esteemed as it merited until some time after, was suggested by Gottfried Hantsch, in Nurem-

burgh, who manufactured a pistol, the touch-hole of which externally was funnel-shaped, by which form it became no longer necessary to shed the priming into the pan, as the cartridge, upon being rammed home, primed the piece, and thus increased the speed of loading materially. Geisler, a contemporary writer, the author of a work on the artillery service, much praised this arrangement, but recommended the breech-pin to be cut off diagonally, to prevent the rolling forward of the powder.

The predilection shown by the cavalry for fire-arms at this period was very striking, and every cavalry corps was more or less armed with them; in which, however, continual changes were made, some induced by necessity, but oftener by mere prejudice. The French carabineers received grooved barrels, the dragoons of all nations long flint-fuzees with bayonets, in addition to two long cavalry pistols. At length, however, the practice of dismounting the latter description of troops in action was wholly abandoned, and they fought like the heavy cavalry; for which reason, in the Seven Years' War, they were deprived of the useless bayonet.

In the Seven Years' War between Austria and Prussia, as well as in the ensuing Turkish war, many changes and improvements were made in fire-arms; and it may be said that the Prussians, under their warlike kings, took precedence of all others in this respect. Thus, as we have already said, they were the first to introduce into their armies the strong, and, for the rough uses of war, more-befitting iron ramrod, and when the Austrians and several other states imitated them, they came forward, in 1773, with the cylindrical ramrod, which had the advantage of not requiring to be turned while loading; although it did not so efficiently answer in the equal lodgment of the ball; for this reason, perhaps, and to give it more lightness, it was afterwards made by the Hessians throughout thinner, and provided at each end with a broader heel. In 1781 the fire-arms of the Prussians were provided with the funnel-mouthed touch-holes, whereby they primed themselves, and at the same time with a covering for the entire lock, consisting of tin, covered externally with leather, to protect it from the wet; with the exception of this lock-covering, they were imitated by the Saxons, Hessians, Austrians, Hanoverians, and others.

At this period the Austrians armed a portion of their light frontier troops with double-barrelled muskets, having a grooved, and a smooth barrel. They did not, however, long retain them, doubtless on account of the weight and inconvenience of such arms; eventually rifled barrels, (*stutzen*), with broad-bladed bayonets, the originals of the present French sabre-bayonets, were given to the non-commissioned officers and fuglemen of each section. Similar to these are the rifles with which a part of the Jägers of the present day are armed. With these improved fire-arms the armies of every state were diligently exercised, particularly in the practice of target-firing; which in later times again became neglected, in a manner not readily accounted for, and which neglect *still* obtains, even in the present day, in most of the European armies; but in none more than in our own,—originating in a parsimonious and ill-conceived economy.

Several inventions, which were rejected as inapplicable to the uses of war, were now also

brought forward, as, for instance, fire-arms which loaded at the breech, others with barrels whose bore diminishing at the breech-pin, permitted the ball, by the mere action of its rolling down the barrel, to fix itself firmly on the charge, and, again, guns which loaded themselves by means of a magazine of several charges.

With the exception of the funnel-shaped touch-holes, the fire-arms of the cavalry remained nearly unchanged, and these were almost universally adopted, until the Austrians, in the year 1760, armed the front rank of their cuirassiers with the so-called trombones, a somewhat short fire-arm, the barrel of which increased considerably in width towards the muzzle, and threw a charge of twelve bullets.

The bayonet was, however, taken from the dragoons, as a useless incumbrance, although it was attempted to supply its place with a pointed ramrod, which, on being half-drawn, was fastened in that position by a spring. This was, however, soon abandoned.

An invention, which perhaps merited more imitators, was that of a ramrod attached to the barrel by a joint or hinge, and from which it could not be detached or lost. The Hanoverian chasseurs à cheval were the first to apply this arrangement; they were, however, imitated alone by the Saxons.

The French war, at the end of the eighteenth, and beginning of the nineteenth century, permitted of few important alterations in small-arms; too much engrossed in the struggle itself, men had neither time nor the inclination to apply themselves to new inventions, or, at least, to practical experiments. The only important object which presented itself to notice was the air-gun, in the War of the Revolution, which soon again disappeared from the scene. Meanwhile, however, the rapid development of the modern principle of the art of war, distant combat, induced, as a consequence, the desire and endeavor to render the musket lighter and more convenient in the hand, the distribution of sixty rounds of cartridges per man, while a like quantity indispensably followed on the ammunition wagons.

Notwithstanding this apparent stationary condition of the musket, in the commencement of the present century an invention developed itself which has now induced a most important change in the fire-arms of all nations, and rivetted, as it were, the attention of all men to this previously somewhat neglected weapon. We advert here to the mode of percussion-firing.

The desire to increase the explosive power of gunpowder led, in 1807, the celebrated French chemist, Berthollet, to the discovery of an explosive medium, chlorate of potash, and afterwards our countryman, Howard, to that of the detonating quicksilver, the latter of which is produced from quicksilver, nitrous acid, and spirits of wine. Neither, however, achieved the desired object, as both detonating preparations, which ignited by mere friction, or by a smart blow, were attempted to be applied to the firing of the charges of cannon and small-arms. About the same time, also, Forsyth obtained in England a patent for percussion locks, as applied to arms, by which he produced the ignition of the so-called detonating balls, composed of chlorate of potash, brimstone, and lycopodium, by means of the sudden and smart stroke of a hammer. The same invention was applied by a Frenchman Pauli, to a new-constructed dou-

ble-barrelled gun, and another, *Le Page*, of Paris, took out also letters patent for a new mode of percussion-firing.

From 1815 to 1818 this successful mode of firing became generally known, applied to fowling-pieces, and was improved upon by the gun-makers of different nations. It was then usual with them to construct the locks with a small magazine, containing a supply of the detonating powder, (composed of chlorate of potash, brimstone, and charcoal, grained or corned,) which, upon the cocking of the piece, supplied the pan with a few grains of the powder, which ignited upon the falling of the hammer. This arrangement entailed, however, many disadvantages, consisting partly in the too complicated structure of the locks, but much more in that the percussion-powder, by the too great affinity of the chlorate to damp, readily imbibed it from the atmosphere, and from its primitive quality would no more ignite. Thus this mode of percussion-lock was never susceptible of appliance to the arms of war.

At length Debboubert, or Prelat, in 1818, invented the *percussion cap*, or capsule as it is usually called, which protects the percussion powder from all damp, permits of a much greater simplicity in the mechanism of the lock, and therefore soon obtained the preference over the former magazine locks, which were soon as little seen in private use as the long banished flint-lock. The soldier alone still retained the nearly 200 years old little altered lock upon his musket. For the soldier only, no one had yet known how to apply the now common and acknowledged advantages of percussion firing. Yet must we not prejudice those whose duty it was to consider and attempt its application; the man of judgment and the initiated can well understand the numerous, nay, almost unconquerable difficulties, which the introduction of this system of firing, for an entire army, presented, and how each must have shrunk from the very thought, before he fully understood how those obstacles were to be overcome. It is one thing, for a lover of field sports, to order the making of a single gun of his gun-maker, who is enabled to turn his whole and undivided attention, his entire industry and skill, on that one single arm; but it is another when hundreds of thousands of regulation muskets, constructed on the old principle, are to be adapted to this purpose; it is one thing, when the former goes a-field with his handsome, well-finished, and costly arm, to shoot partridges, and who, when the weather is somewhat unfavorable, can take shelter with his gun, or exchange it for a second and third when it is spoiled by the rain, but it is another for the soldier, exposed with his musket day after day and week after week in the field to the worst of weathers. There is, in fact, no point of resemblance between the sportsman's preparation for the field, his whole attention and care devoted to his individual fowling-piece and its ammunition, and that of the preparation of this arm for an entire army, of its distribution and substitution. He who will, with unbiassed judgment, consider the late condition of the small arms in the army of this country, and the inveterate opposition made to every expenditure for the service and advantage of the military in England, where, so frequently, in the consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence, the greatest ulterior advantage is lost sight of, and the ability and will to embrace them is shackled and rendered abortive,—to such a mind it will be

no longer incomprehensible, that since the discovery of the percussion cap twenty years should have elapsed, before the authorities in this country had the courage to introduce a mode of firing as adapted to small arms, which, in addition to its expense, was even somewhat problematical in its appliance on a large scale. The enterprise of foreign states was, however, soon to render it necessary in this country, to place its military on a footing with that of the other powers in the event of war.

Numerous experiments were now made on the continent, where no state remained inactive. Numerous suggestions were listened to attentively, but not enduring the test of proof were again rejected. At length several powers decided in favor of the capsules, and then commenced to effect the alteration with spirit. It is true that all the earlier obstacles were not yet obviated, such as the certain fitting and efficient setting of the capsules on the piston, which in the quantity as manufactured on a large scale, and with the necessary expedition, could not so readily be put out of hand with the nicety the thing required, and which even from the greater or lesser degree of heat applied, acquired a proportionate size and thickness, whence the important disadvantage arose, that either the percussion medium contained in the capsule did not equally rest on the piston, and therefore was defective in the necessary firmness of its hold; or that the capsule, of a greater diameter than the piston, occasioned it to fall off with the least movement. These defects, it was endeavored to obviate by every sort of means, but hitherto it had not been wholly achieved.

Austria pursued another system. An employé in the imperial service of Milan, of the name of Console, projected, to wit, in 1835, a method of firing, in which the percussion powder was contained in a tin cap, seven lines in length by one in breadth, termed the *Zünder*, literally, Igniter, which on the stroke of the hammer delivered the stream of fire to the charge in the barrel in a *horizontal* direction, (which in the common capsule is *vertical*.) Notwithstanding the still imperfect manner in which this suggestion was at first effected, those who grasped the idea in all its bearings, perceived therein, the fast approaching remedy to the numerous disadvantages which still adhered to the use of capsules, and decided in its favor. Experiments on a small, as well as on a more extensive scale, were now carried out. At the suggestion of Field Marshal Baron Augustin the musket lock was constructed on principles more in consonance with the present condition of military technics. The caps, which were previously flat, were now altered to round. The percussion powder contained therein was now composed of detonating quicksilver, as experience had shown that the chlorate attacked the metal of the gun; and thus, in 1840, was begun the alteration of the old flint locks into this description of percussion lock for the whole Austrian army. Convinced alone by this alteration in the method of firing, of the various defects which had for so long existed in the usual and universal structure of the musket, and of the locks hitherto in use, each state now evinced the disposition to lay them wholly aside, and to give to the musket, in all its several parts, that form and structure, which from its relation to the present condition and principles of our mode of fighting, and of our whole system of war, it merited. Several other inventions, as adapted to

small arms, made their appearance progressively. Different modes of percussion firing were suggested, whose object was chiefly to attach the igniting apparatus to the cartridge itself, and by that means to obviate wholly the use of capsules, &c., or to so contrive, that the same cap should answer for several successive discharges. All these contrivances had, however, the defect of comprising an intricacy of construction which was wholly inapplicable to the uses of war.

Not, however, from the laboratory of the chemist issued now alone the knowledge of agents, whose wonderful powers were to produce so great a change in the features of modern technics. A giant power of contemporary birth had now been some time rapidly progressing towards the achievement of results, crowned with a success so startling, as to promise soon to change the long-established and every-day usages of society. That power was steam, and Perkins, our countryman, again in this instance, the first who bethought him of applying it to the usages of war. In 1827 he introduced his steam guns, whose surprising powers presented at once a means so terrific, as to render its practical adoption problematical on the score of humanity. Should, however, its application become at any future time resolved upon, it can alone be to heavy cannon, or to that description of engine termed the organ gun, composed of numerous horizontally placed gun-barrels, which already, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, had been suggested, but which afterwards gave place to the discovery of the murderous grape.

Of much more importance, as a discovery of general appliance to small arms, is the late one of the Frenchman, Delvigne, one whose results are doubtless as yet incalculable, consisting in a construction of barrel, which, while it possesses the advantage of a lightness hitherto unattempted, combines that of an immense range. As a general principle they consist in a grooved or rifle barrel, in which the tightly-fitting ball assumes its place without resting on the powder, forming, as it were, a hollow charge, by means of which the ignition of the powder takes place more rapidly and equally, developing thereby a much more impulsive power. These guns, which possess besides other advantages, attain, with great certainty, a range from five hundred to six hundred yards.

Since the first historical mention of hand firearms, now nearly six hundred years ago, thus far have we arrived in the improvements of their construction, and in the present rapid strides of the technical arts and sciences, it is not improbable, that they will be rapidly followed by yet more brilliant results.

From the Polytechnic Review.

#### THE ALPACA.

*The Alpaca; its Naturalization in the British Isles considered as a National Benefit, and as an Object of immediate Utility to the Farmer and Manufacturer.* By WILLIAM WALTON. Blackwoods.

AT a moment when the philanthropist, alarmed by the results of the last census, and shuddering at the consequences of that distress which continues to prevail in the manufacturing districts, complains of our over-population, and recommends emigration as a remedy, this neat little volume, with two classical illustrations, will be deemed a seasonable acquisition by the public. The author, who has

evidently devoted much time and labor to his subject, and, besides, must have had facilities in his researches which no other individual could have enjoyed, gives his readers to understand that, instead of being dismayed at the productive powers of our women, and instead of sending forth what is called our "surplus population" into distant climes, there to contend with difficulties and endure the horrors of solitude, we ought to look around us and see whether our waste lands are properly turned to account, and whether we cannot devise some means of employing our spinners and weavers thrown out of work, and at the same time try if we cannot increase our stock of butcher's meat. Mr. Walton does not merely propound the question; but in a clear and powerful manner shows how the three desiderata above enumerated, to a certain extent at least, may be attained by the naturalization of a new species of sheep, the fleece of which, resembling silk, yields seventeen pounds of wool, worth from two to three shillings per pound, while the flesh holds a middle rank between mutton and venison.

Our limits would not allow us to dwell at any length on the utility of this really farmer's manual, or to point out the masterly manner in which the author has performed his task; but we think it our duty to convey some idea of the nature of the work, which will be best done by glancing at its contents. These briefly stand thus: history and properties of the alpaca—its wool and meat—its applicability to our soil and circumstances—benefits which would accrue to the farmer and manufacturer from its naturalization—results of the experiments already made—errors committed by our breeders—diseases and treatment—safe and economical mode of procuring stock—national advantages, &c.

From this little sketch, a tolerably correct notion may be formed of the scope afforded to the author; and in unfolding his subject we may safely say, that he has been ably and patriotically supported by some of the principal breeders in Ireland and Scotland, as well as in England, the results of whose experiments are given in their own words. Among the English amateurs may now be ranked Prince Albert, who, for the last year, has had a pair of alpacas at Windsor, one of which, from over-kindness, there is reason to apprehend, died about six weeks ago; and its fleece, weighing sixteen pounds, we are given to understand, is about to be manufactured, at Bradford, into dresses for the special wearing of her Majesty. Among the English breeders is the Earl of Derby, who is believed to be the largest proprietor of Andes sheep in the kingdom, but who has fallen into the great error of crossing the alpaca with the llama, and besides, keeps these Alpine animals in close parks and menageries, instead of allowing them a mountain range, and stationing them in a congenial clime. Mr. Walton hits his lordship rather hard, and we think deservedly too; for no man has had so fair an opportunity of conferring a great and permanent boon upon his country as the Earl of Derby, one of the earliest possessors of alpacas at a cheap rate, if he had only treated that interesting animal as farming stock, and not as a mere object of natural history.

We could not render that justice to this important subject which our inclinations prompt us to do, by entering into details, but there is one part of it viz., the applicability of the alpaca to our soil and circumstances, upon which it is but fair that the author should speak for himself.



"From the experiments already made, not only in the British isles, but also in several parts of Europe, we are now sufficiently well acquainted with the properties of the tame species of Andes sheep, to feel assured that they are hardy animals, and easily fed. From unquestionable authority, we also know that they were found in the highest degree useful by a race of secluded mountaineers, engaged in the peaceful occupations of pastoral and agricultural life, and who without them scarcely could have existed. Of the two kinds, the alpaca, as before stated, is evidently the most valuable; as, besides furnishing a wholesome and nutritious food, it yields a fine and glossy wool, which might easily be made the staple commodity of a new manufacture, and by thus opening another source of trade, help to remove that pressure which bears so heavily upon various classes in the community.

"By trials commenced more than twenty-five years ago, it is equally placed beyond doubt that this animal may, without any great difficulty, be naturalized among us, and made to propagate; and every day the facilities and the efficacy of the scheme to adopt it, become more apparent. The hardy nature and contented disposition of the alpaca, cause it to adapt itself to almost any soil or situation, provided the heat is not oppressive, and the air pure. The best proof of its hardiness is its power to endure cold, damp, hunger, and thirst, vicissitudes to which it is constantly exposed on its native mountains; while its gentle and docile qualities are evinced in its general habits of affection towards its keeper.

"No animal in the creation is less affected by the changes of climate and food, nor is there any one to be found more easily domiciliated than this. It fares well while feeding below the snowy mantle which envelopes the summits, and for several months in the year clothes the sides of the Andes. As before shown, it ascends the rugged and rarely trodden mountain path with perfect safety, sometimes climbing the slippery crag in search of food, and at others instinctively seeking it on the heath, or in rocky dells shattered by the wintry storm; at the same time that, when descending, it habituates itself to the wet and dreary ranges on the lowlands, so long as it is not exposed to the intense rays of the sun."

"Many of our northern hills would try the constitution of any sheep, and yet there the weather is never so inclement or so variable as on the Cordilleras of Peru. With so many advantages, why then shall not the alpaca have an opportunity of competing with the black-faced sheep, the only breed that can exist in those wild and inhospitable lands? Of the two, the stranger would fare best on scanty and scattered food, at the same time affording to the owner a far better remuneration. When ordinary sheep are removed from a cold to a warm climate, the wool becomes thin and coarse, until at length it degenerates into hair. This is the case with those taken from England to the West India Islands; whereas the merinos conveyed from Spain to Peru, and bred upon the Andes slopes, yield a fleece which, when well dressed, is preferred by the manufacturer to that of the parent stock.

"As regards the alpaca, we bring a lanigerous animal from a dreary and barren situation to one equally well suited to its habits and at the same time infinitely healthier and better adapted for feeding. The result, therefore, could not fail to be favora-

ble. The atmospheric changes in our climate can have little or no influence on an animal constitutionally hardy and so well coated; and by the adoption of this stock we not only secure to ourselves a new raw material for our manufactures, but also an additional provision of butcher's meat.

"If the animals take to the soil, and this, as before observed, they have done even in situations by no means well chosen, an increased weight of both fleece and carcass must follow. An improvement in the quality of the wool may be equally looked for; it being abundantly proved that pasture has a greater influence on its fineness than climate. The staple, also, cannot fail to grow longer, if the animal has a regular supply of suitable food; and, for reasons already explained, this is more readily met with on our mountains than on those of Peru, where the flocks are exposed to great privations.

"In other respects, the alpaca would prove an economical stock. It is freer from constitutional diseases than ordinary sheep, and less subject to those arising from repletion and exposure to rain; neither are its young liable to those accidents which befall the lamb. The mothers are provident and careful nurses; nor do the young ones require any aid to enable them to suck. Except at the rutting season, these animals stand in need of no extra attention; neither are they predisposed to take cold. In this respect, the alpaca is preëminently favored by nature. Its skin is thick and hard, and, being covered with an impervious coat, it is not injured by moisture. Snows and storms never affect these animals. Unhurt they pass through the utmost rigor of the elements, and hence the precautions adopted by our shepherds on some bleak localities, with them would be superfluous.

"Another remarkable feature in the alpaca is, that it does not often transpire; for which reason, and its peculiarly cleanly habits, the fleece does not require washing before it is taken from the back. Although often confined to regions, where

'Snow piled on snow, each mass appears

The gather'd winter of a thousand years,'

the alpaca is not subject to catarrhs, or to those disorders which disable the limbs. The chest being guarded by a callosity, or cushion, which comes in contact with the ground while the animal reposes, the vital parts are not injured should the flock be obliged to pass the night in a damp or unsheltered situation. Besides being free from the diseases incidental to common sheep, the alpaca is less exposed to what are called 'outward accidents.' The facility with which this animal escapes from the fatal consequences of a snow-storm, is a valuable property. One shudders at reading the graphic description, given by the Ettrick Shepherd, of those sudden and awful calamities which have so often overtaken the farmer in the Scotch Highlands, when

'The feathery clouds, condensed and furl'd

In columns swept the quaking glen;

Destruction down the vale was hurl'd

O'er bleating flocks and wondering men.'

"I know not whether, in our hemisphere, the winters have become more severe than in ancient times; but since the well-known 'Thirteen Days' Drift,' supposed to have taken place in the year 1660, at which period so large a portion of the Scotch flocks was destroyed, and so many persons perished, it is a fact that we have had no less than



thirty-six inclement seasons, during which the losses among sheep were incalculable. Nor have these misfortunes been confined to Scotland. The fall of snow, which occurred towards the close of February, 1807, was so heavy in England, that in exposed situations the herds and flocks extensively suffered. Of the large number of sheep, on that occasion, overwhelmed in the Borough Fen, near Stamford, only 600 could be dug out alive, the rest being completely buried in the snow. Upwards of 2000 perished on Romney Marsh, and the desolation equally spread to other places.

"In our islands, sheep are sometimes smothered by the snow falling down upon them from the hills, or perish in an accumulation of drift. Frequently they have not the courage, or the strength, to extricate themselves; but from his greater size, boldness, and activity, the alpaca is better able to contend with the storm. In their own country, these animals have an unerring foresight of approaching danger, and, collecting their young around them, seek the best shelter which the locality affords. After a tempest seldom is one missing, although they are, as it were, left to themselves, and the country bare of trees. Nothing can be more interesting than to see a flock of Andes sheep overtaken by a storm, and crossing a valley, with the drift reaching to their very backs. Raising their heads in a bold and majestic manner, the old males take the first line, and by pushing through the barrier, or jumping upon it when resistance is too great, succeed in opening or beating down the snow, so as to form a path for the weaker ones to follow."—pp. 48—50; 55—61.

We are sorry that we have no room for further extracts; but, before closing this notice, we deem it our duty to state that, sensible of the importance of introducing the alpaca into Scotland, in 1841 the Highland and Agricultural Society offered their gold medal for the best treatise written on the subject, which was awarded to Mr. Walton: and this year, at the Glasgow cattle-show, which took place in the early part of last month, they announced premiums for the best pair born in the country, and the two best imported. The successful candidate was Mr. G. Stirling, of Craigbarnet Place, Lennoxton, an extract from whose letter in reference to his little pet, two months old, and born on his own estate, we have it in our power to subjoin.

*August 12.*—My chief reason for delaying to answer your letter was my wish to see what would take place at our Highland agricultural show, which took place at Glasgow. The great day of the exhibition was upon Thursday, the 8th instant, and certainly it was one of the most splendid shows of *first-rate* stock, I believe, ever seen in Scotland; but I need not dilate upon it, as you will see it fully reported in the newspapers. My alpacas, with the youngster, were the only ones exhibited. They were much admired; and, indeed, latterly, they became the attraction of the immense multitude congregated together in the show-ground. The young one was particularly admired, and it was the wish of the committee that its likeness should be taken, but the day was unfortunately wet and cold, and it being so young, I was afraid to allow it to remain, and sent it home. However, it is quite well and was nothing the worse for its journey to Glasgow, and its long confinement in the show-yard. Notwithstanding the bad day, the number of spectators was immense; and, so far as I heard, no accident happened."

From the Port Folio.

## NEW INSTRUMENTS OF DESTRUCTION.

### DISCIPLINE AND GUNPOWDER—CIVILIZED AND BARBAROUS LIFE AND WARFARE.

It has been the fashion to look upon the invention of gunpowder as the means of saving the expenditure on the field of battle of human blood. Cursed be such economy—cursed the life that is spared, because some are trebly armed, not by the justice of their cause, but the terror of their weapons. When discipline first appeared, under the banners of Rome, in an array that was alarming to the world, there were, at least, within the breast of that state itself, restraints which mitigated the terrors of the scientific destruction of man; and there was in that people a grandeur and an excellence which made even its victories beneficial, and transmitted, even through its own decay, traditions of excellence and virtue to future ages.

The Goths conquered, not with armies possessed of discipline—they were an organized horde—but this people of marauders was endowed with characters which qualified them to be the founders of states, and which, at the time, commanded the admiration of the most highly gifted spirits, produced by the putrifying civilization of the Roman world.

To the discipline of Rome, and the feudal binding of the Goths, succeeded the chemical invention which has enabled men to destroy each other at a distance. This has, indeed, diminished the frequency of battles, and the loss of life in proportion to the numbers actually engaged; but it has done so by rendering violence more irresistible—giving to mere weapons greater efficacy; making, at once, military nations powerful to coerce their neighbors, and military governments powerful to suppress the liberties of their people. Governments, thus armed, were subjected to strong temptation by this additional power possessed, and by the machine-like character impressed upon the soldiery. Then followed recklessness of mind as of practice—contempt, and utter ignorance of rights and laws; and the love of liberty was extinguished in the lust of conquest. The prostration of the people's judgment was the first step to those interminable contests between government and government of Europe, which have ended by covering it with standing armies, and overloading each separate people with debt; and though, in the struggle, monarchs have been deprived of power, the power, thus accumulated, exists as a whole, and can be set in vehement action by a single touch. But it depends entirely on accident how that touch shall be applied, and who shall apply it. The machine-like perfection of government is indeed spoken of, admiring and commending such a state. But it is not the government, it is the nations that have become perfect, that is, mere machines; yet, when the reason of a nation is not called in to regulate the action of this terrific machinery, its passions may be used to set it in motion.

Two discoveries may therefore be pointed out, of a practical kind, as aiding the changes from the original patriarchal state to our present system of representation, and our condition of faction, pauperism, lawlessness and secrecy. The first is discipline, by which the soldier is separated from the citizen; the second is gunpowder, which multiplies the power of the disciplined body as against the undisciplined nation. But the first change, that of the line drawn between citizen and soldier, was not found in the old republics of Athens, of

Rome,\* &c., nor was it in the organization of our Gothic ancestors; indeed, this change has been introduced concurrently with the use of gunpowder, nor can it well be said, as we have shown elsewhere, that, until the present century, or almost till within the last ten years of it, has, in England at least, the soldier ceased to consider himself bound by the laws that bind the citizen.

Now let us suppose some discovery as much surpassing gunpowder as gunpowder surpassed the bows and arrows† that preceded it: what would be the effect? Possibly to counteract the power of discipline and gunpowder; possibly to annihilate fortresses and fleets.

The recent experiments on new modes of destruction have directed speculation to this subject; and had Captain Warner's been successful, as announced, it would be something to strike with dismay those systems, doctrines, and interests, that have grown through the power that arms have given over reason and justice.‡ In this case the result has not been obtained, but means may be discovered, infinitely more terrible than those in this instance pretended to. For instance, the most inventive, at once, and practical of our naval authorities, who also is preëminent as a mechanician, Lord Dundonald, asserts that he has discovered a process by which he can destroy any fortress, or any vessel, and that with small unobtrusive means. Should he be able to verify his words, what would the effect be upon the destinies of the human race? Would it not undo two centuries of crime? It would not indeed restore the sense and internal liberties of nations: but, at all events, it would unlock the grasp of state upon state, and dissipate future projects of rapine and subjugation. Where would Poland be? where the Crimea? where Georgia? where Aland, Cronstadt, Zamost, Warsaw, Sevastopol, Genga, Abassabad? Blown into the air. What a long train of forts, fortresses, castles, and redoubts and martello towers would be leaping from their basements, from one extremity of Europe to the other! nor would the sea be without its corresponding jubilations; what a harvest for the flames! arsenal after arsenal, and fleet after fleet!

\* "Rome has left us the example of the severest discipline, joined with the strictest justice. The Roman soldier was not called upon to draw his sword by orders emanating from the will of a minister or the decision of a cabinet; he was not even called upon by the authority of the chief of the executive government, sanctioned by the most solemn forms, and announced in the most public manner. The Roman soldier drew his sword only after the Senate had decided upon the war; after that decision was referred to a body of religious judicature (the Fœcial College;) after that body had addressed itself to the foreign government with whom existed the grounds of quarrel; after it had sought in vain redress, and had made solemn proclamation of the war throughout the Roman state, and to the people constituted enemies by the act. Thus, by respect for the forms in which alone justice can live, were united the severity of Roman discipline with the integrity of Roman citizenship."—*Duty of the Church of England in respect to Unlawful Wars.*

† The bow and arrow, man for man, is now a more deadly weapon far than the musket. Witness the war in Circassia, where the chiefs and distinguished men retain by preference the bow and arrow. No noise or smoke reveal the point whence the shaft has sped and when the critical moment has arrived, shaft may follow shaft in quick succession, and always with surer aim.

‡ *Punch* represents the sudden despair of the great naval and military authorities at the assumed success of this experiment; the murderer of Poland, the ravager of Spain, (Soult,) the insatuated Thug, sent out to govern India, are selected as those horrified at the discovery.

Lord Dundonald's plan has been submitted, now thirty years ago, to a committee of qualified judges. Their conclusion was, that his plan, made known, would place it within the reach of a few individuals in any country to destroy its maritime force, or its land fortifications. At the request of the Prince Regent, who dreaded the consequences for England, the discoverer has retained from that time the secret in his own breast. When he went out to Greece, in 1827, it was his intention to have used it there; an intention he abandoned, not finding sufficient necessity to justify him in making it public.

The effect of such discovery we hold to be exactly the reverse of dangerous for England. Her life depends upon justice being done, and everything benefits her that prevents injustice—a thousand-fold does it benefit her if it prevents her from being unjust.

If discipline and gunpowder have produced such consequences upon the condition of European nations who have been reciprocally armed with them, the one against the other, what has been their effect upon those whom we term barbarous and uncivilized? Witness the departed grandeur of Mexico. Witness the perished virtues of the Incas; witness the India of to-day as contrasted with the India of Ackbar; witness the desolated and blood-stained regions of Algeria; witness, above all things, the unearthly traffic in human flesh; witness the subjugation, the degradation, or the extinction of every unequally armed people with whom we have come in contact.

Of the eight great states of Europe, there are but three who are in contact at present, or in collision, with nations whom we call barbarous. The days of assault of Spain and Portugal are gone by; Prussia has not yet reached them; Austria is otherwise engaged; Italy is nothing; Sweden and Denmark are out of the lists; there remain therefore but Russia and France, besides ourselves, who are occupied by aggressions of this sort; to these is to be added the United States.

These four nations represent the side of civilization as against barbarism; and they go forth to what is supposed necessary and absolute triumph; it is their "mission" to civilize; it is their duty to conquer; it is their task to destroy. Their governments are powerful, their people are obedient, their authorities are informed, their subordinates are submissive, their armies are disciplined, their gunpowder is strong: they are men with hands of iron and hearts of brass. Who shall dare to defy—Who shall have strength to stand? Shall the painted savage, or the marauding African, or the effeminate Asiatic, or the Caucasian bandit defy such a combination of bodily strength, mental purpose, and slaughtering science?

Against these four nations, stand arrayed as the representatives of barbarism, the Seminoles, the Africans, the Circassians, and the tribes of Central Asia. Now it is curious that the success does not seem exactly to be either always sure, or at any time easy on the side of the civilized. Success, of course, is what we have a right to expect—what we do expect—what we do not doubt of; this reasoning is very clear, only the facts are the other way.

The United States has indeed triumphed over the Seminoles; but there was no proportion between the two people in mere numbers. There were fourteen millions of men on one side, and eight thousand on the other. Yet, so goodly was

the stand made, that the mere expenses of the war amounted to nearly one half of the expense of a war of equal duration with England;\* and of Indian warfare we have not seen the end.

Now, as to the *Russians and Circassians*. Of this war, too, we have not seen the end; but we have seen enough to show the hollowness of the expectations of European civilization; in Russia, as a test, it signally fails. There is an enormous empire against a small population; and its efforts are assiduous, and have been so for two generations; and there have of Russian soldiers fallen in that war, twice the number of the men bearing arms that could be brought against them.

*England and Tribes of Central Asia*.—Here, again, civilization rather seems to fail in the trial—here the war is ended to the advantage of barbarism. It must also be admitted that the barbarous were taken here by surprise. "Civilization" has withdrawn, after a loss of 15,000 men, and nearly twenty millions of money. This, of course, is of little importance; for England has both more money and more men than she wants; but the result is, that the uncivilized have caused her damage, and that the civilized have failed.

The *French and the Africans*. This contest is not yet settled; it is a much graver one than either the Seminole, the Central Asian, or the Circassian war. The Americans against the Seminoles calculated their objects; they were inveterate, but not indiscreet. The English had no purpose whatever in their war; being cheated into it, there were no national passions that prevented retreat after success was proved impossible. The Russians in their war have a purpose, and their acts are subordinate to a high and mature judgment. The English could therefore withdraw when they failed, not only without danger, but with great internal satisfaction. The Russians would only sacrifice as many men as they had made up their minds to sacrifice. The French act by passion, and they are a free people, and a warlike people, and their pride and honor is in success.

The field of contest is not here limited to the Peninsula of Florida—it is not a strip of a Caucasian range; it is a continent that is before them—a Caucasus in front, innumerable tribes its garrison, and behind the desert with its indomitable vastness. Failure then in this contest exasperates into continuance; there is no limit to the difficulties she may incur, the dangers in which she may be involved. With the facts which we have examined before, we must come to this question, perhaps, disenchanted of our complacent conclusions about the superiority of discipline, and the infallibility of the platoon exercise. And what are the facts in this case? France has been engaged for fourteen years in a continual and mortal strife and combat, and has only secured certain fortresses, and some lines of military communica-

tion. She actually occupies in that country a force greater than that with which the Moguls conquered China, than that with which the Romans subdued Gaul, twice as large as that with which the English established their dominion throughout India, and ten times as large as that with which the Romans held the whole of northern Africa. These warlike disciplined troops of France in Africa, where they struggle only to hold their ground, have within the region of Algeria to contend against a population of arm-bearing men, at this moment, of only *twice their own number*. Apply this case to England; a foreign army occupying the principal fortresses of the United Kingdom, (supposing we had any.) would, to make the case parallel, require to amount to 2,100,000 men, we being a barbarous people, and the occupiers being a civilized one. How would a stranger rate such barbarism and civilization?

Of course, the Easterns are a very savage people; the Turkish is a weak and distracted government. It must evidently be so, when 20,000 Fellahs could march to and triumph at Koniah. Of course, Turkey is not subdued by Russia, because of Russia's excessive moderation; but still there is the fact, a capigi of the Sultan could exercise more influence on Africa, than a French commander of 120,000 men. But then they are wild fanatics. When the French did land in Africa, they were hailed as deliverers. It is not then a question of mere arms and discipline—there are other things besides to be considered. Do you think if the Romans had had a tariff, 12,000 men would have secured to them those extensive regions, and an army of 20,000 men sufficed to subdue a Jugurtha or a Tacferinas? Would a couple of legions have held England if the Romans had established a passport office, or if there had been royal ordinances issuing from Rome, or bills passing its senate for a united legislature of England, Scotland, and Ireland? Oh! but you are attacking civilization—it is these things that constitute civilization. Precisely so; and therefore is it, that your improvements in machinery give no fruit to Europe, and your increased military means and discipline are shorn of strength. You use them not with justice, and even you do not know when you commit injustice. You rush into wrong and you are unconscious of the wrong you do. Therefore is it, that the tribes and people you come in contact with receive new force for their limbs, and determination in their hearts, by the abhorrence which you inspire.

France rejoiced in having made a plunder in the first instance of about a million and a half sterling, clear net profit over the expenses of the expedition, robbed from the treasury of Algiers. Her expenses since that time have been between 40 and 50 millions sterling for Algiers, and between 50 and 60,000 men killed there or perished; destroying of her fellow-creatures an equal or a larger number—the tribes that have submitted to her only bide their time. The Mussulman emigrants from Algiers have scattered in all directions hatred and animosity; religion is mixed up with detestation of political oppression and savage warfare, and an insignificant chief has raised himself to the station of hero and high priest, as representing the general detestation of which she is the object. This prince she is now pursuing into a neighboring state—Morocco—a state exceeding in resources six-fold those of the Regency of Algiers. From the moment that she involved herself in an attack upon Morocco, she involved herself in a

\* "The last three years' war with England, the most powerful nation in the world, cost the United States about 90,000,000 dollars. The three years' war in Florida, with a remnant tribe of Seminole Indians, and a few runaway negroes, has cost us 40,000,000 dollars, or nearly half the whole expense of our war with England. In the war with England, our navy and army, after covering themselves with glory, achieved an honorable peace. The war against the miserable Indians and negroes was wickedly commenced, has been ingloriously conducted, and threatens to be interminable. There is not in the history of wars among civilized nations a parallel for the wantonness, imbecility, and corruption which distinguish this humiliating, dishonorable, infamous crusade."—*New York paper*, Dec. 7, 1839.

difficulty amounting perhaps to an impossibility of retreat, because she calls down upon her in so much more direct a manner, the animosity of the inhabitants of that region, that they will no longer leave her unassailed. It becomes now an evident question to the inhabitants of that country, of being reduced to the condition of the inhabitants of Algiers, or of driving the French into the sea. The same will take place in the bordering principality of Tunis, on the other side; their operations will be connected, their judgments united, the remotest points will be brought into harmony, internal and international differences will subside, and all feeling will gradually be absorbed in that master necessity, of driving the French into the sea: and this will be hastened by the anticipation, on the part of France, of such combination, concert, and result. It is very true, that France may bring to bear upon the constituted government of Morocco, through the assault of Spain, through the assault of northern potentates, through the mediation of England, overwhelming power, and the government of Morocco may yield. This will only be to invite the French onwards,—first, in pretension, and then in conflict. We have therefore the prospect before us, of an extension of military operations in Morocco on the one side, and Tunis on the other; and Tripoli stands, though remoter in point of geography, in all other respects in the same relation to the power engaged in civilizing Africa.

Now, in Algiers, the government of the town did not command the country,—it was a government detested and despised, and yet in that regency we have seen the troops of France, beginning at 37,000, gradually raised to 120,000.

In the Beylick to the east, and in the empire to the west of Algiers, there exists at present a better condition of things, between governed and government than existed in 1830, between Algiers and the Regency. The Regency itself is not yet reduced to that condition, that it becomes a safe basis of operation, but, on the contrary, the avowed object of the movements of France against Morocco, is in self-protection. In operating, therefore, upon her neighbors, France will not be relieved from care and anxiety in respect to Algeria. She will require the same forces at least as now to hold that territory in check, and she would be liable to internal convulsion as the result of any serious check without. At present, as we have said, she requires 100,000 men to hold on; how many men will be required by the new danger, projects, operations, and enemies? This will go on increasing. The triumph over Morocco, supposing she triumphs at once, as in the case of Algiers, would only be as in Algeria the commencement of the necessity of an increase of her troops. Now, if any one said fourteen years ago, that in 1844 France would have 120,000 men in Africa, who would have believed it? If it had been said that with this enormous force she was only struggling and looking forward to conquest and ulterior sacrifice, who would have believed it? If we say that five years hence France will have 300,000 men in Africa, we are saying what is far less improbable than it would have been in 1831 to say, that in 1844 she would be there with her present military force. When France has 300,000 men in Africa, she will be in the same position that she now is, placed between expectation and fear—with nothing in possession, with no glory to gain in conquest, and equal shame to expect from inability and failure.

But it may be said all this evil depends upon the life of Abd-el-Kader. If Abderahman will only secure Abd-el-Kader all will be right; or, another solution might be found in words that have been printed in Paris. One of their Journals, the *Courier François*, says, "There is however much reason to think that the illustrious Amir will perish by assassination." This is a curious illustration of the effect of warfare between barbarous and savage states, and of the change that takes place in this traffic of wrongs, so that after such a war has continued for some time, it happens, that our assumed virtues go to the other side, and the atrocity we impute comes over to ours. To be sure, much depends upon the life of Abd-el-Kader; he may perish by an assassin's hand as by a musket bullet, by an accident, or a quinsy, but he seems a man of that mould and temper, that changes the current of the times:—it is nowhere written, that Africa and Freedom shall not find a defender. The persecution of Abd-el-Kader by France, and her assault upon Morocco on his account, may have the effect of placing him in command of the resources of Morocco; may have the effect of making him the Emperor of that state! There has been as much folly in the conduct of the French as turpitude in their purposes;—they have made Abd-el-Kader what he is; and they are now about to make him the greatest man of the present generation.

However, as we have said, this contest between the French and the Africans is not brought to a close, and there is little prospect of its being so, and none whatever of its being so to the advantage of the civilized state. The civilized state has been able indeed to inflict great misery upon the uncivilized one; let us strike the balance. France gained 1,500,000; she has expended £40,000,000, and 50,000 lives; France is paralyzed in Europe, for any great important or warlike purpose; general indignation is excited, which may excite a general combination to put her down. The hundred thousand, or presently perhaps the half million, of soldiers, on the coast of Africa, England may dispose of by a single admiralty order. On the African's side of the account must again be placed the armaments of France in 1840; to his account the alarms and the danger through which she then passed, and through which the civilized race of Europe passed with her; to the African's account, also must be placed the fortifications of Paris; to the African's account, the gradual prostration of the liberties of France through those fortifications, the subsequent convulsions and revolutions that will follow, and the finally Cossack garrisoning that will close the scene.

The aggression of France upon Africa has already entailed on her more injury than she suffered from the defeat of Waterloo; and it is but the commencement both of her course and of her retribution; the one suffering was the penalty of past passion, the other has been entailed at the very opening of its sluice. England with a word could have prevented the evil—she will pay the penalty as much as France. She was guilty in connivance in the first stage of the proceedings, she is now guilty in coöperation. She is, in fact, as guilty against France, as France is against Africa. They are both, therefore, obnoxious to punishment, and as justice will require, will each deal that penalty upon the other, and upon each shall it be dealt from the other, but the blood that will be shed will not be in expiation of guilt, because it will not be by the hand of justice, but of passion.

From the Spectator.

## A SECOND CHAPTER ON PRIVATEERING.

THE favorable reception of our remarks on privateering has been gratifying, as showing that the moral sense of the community is alive to the atrocity of the practice, and as inspiring a hope that public opinion may embolden or compel our government to adopt measures for abolishing it in any future war.

The subject has been taken up by the press; and—more satisfactory still—the editor of the forthcoming *Nelson Correspondence*\* has been induced by a perusal of the paper to send us an extract from one of Nelson's letters to a prime minister, to encourage us by knowing that we had his, the highest of all authority, to support us. Nelson says,—“Respecting privateers, I am decidedly of opinion, that, with very few exceptions, they are a disgrace to our country; and it would be truly honorable never to permit one after this war. Such horrid robberies have been committed by them in all parts of the world, that it is really a disgrace to the country that tolerates them.”

The *Morning Chronicle*, in adverting to the subject, objects to the plan for putting an end to privateering which we last week threw out for consideration. If one more efficacious can be suggested—or even one equally efficacious and likely to be more generally acceptable—we are ready to support it in preference. It is true that we do not see much force in the *Chronicle's* objections. A doubt is hinted, that naval officers might not be able to distinguish between a privateer and a king's ship: the truth is, that the distinction is broader and more palpable than between a disciplined regiment of the line and a rabble of undisciplined militia; and the privateer dares not carry the flags which distinguish a king's ship. Again it is suggested, that, in sinking a privateer, the crews of prize-ships may be sunk with it. Privateers are not in the habit of retaining prize-crews on board: that would seriously incommode them, and it is not necessary. A privateer is not built for fighting, but for skulking and running; a privateer is manned to enable her to overpower by numbers. Retaining prize-crews on board would crowd the already overcrowded vessel, and cramp its manœuvring; and would accelerate the consumption of its stores. And nothing would be gained by it: the crews of merchantmen are not so strong-handed as to expose the captors to any serious danger of their retaking the prize on its way into port. It would be only the crew of the privateer that would go down in her; and two or three cargoes of them sacrificed to deter others from engaging in adventures which exposed them to a certain destruction, would be a cheap price to pay for the extinction of licensed piracy. The writer in the *Chronicle* seems to lie under an impression that privateers are equipped as supplementary to the ships of war—as intended to fight fighting-vessels. A privateer never fights a ship of war, unless brought to bay, and not always then; nor can we tax our memory with an engagement between two privateers of hostile nations—“Hawks dinna pick out hawks' een.” Privateers are the Thugs of the ocean.

There is another mode of suppressing privateering, which we would have suggested, but that it requires in the minister who shall adopt it a superi-

ority to the mere formalities of his trade—to notes, protocols and memorials—that is scarcely to be hoped for. Britain commands the ocean: when she is forced into a war, no power, or powers, can keep the seas against her. She can declare her determination to employ no privateers in future wars, to recognize no letters of marque issued by other governments, and to treat the crews of captured privateers as pirates. Such a boldfaced exercise of British power—without taking into account the likings or dislikings of any nation or government—would be insolence in matters of inferior moment; but so important an end as putting down connivance at piracy by governments, would justify the means. And there might be good policy in formally communicating such a resolve on the part of the British cabinet to foreign governments in time of peace. It would diminish the war-interest. There are traders who incline to war or peace according as they think they are most likely to profit by the one or the other; men who shrink from war, solely because modern wars are likely to be too brief for working out their combinations—who would be clamorous for war to-morrow if it could be insured to last six years. Of this class there are many in the numberless small harbors on the coasts of Normandy and Bretagne, and in every part of the United States, and even in our own country, who remember their privateering gains in the last European war, and look forward, with gleeful anticipation, to another. The suppression of privateering would detach them from the war-faction.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,—Many of your observations on privateering are excellent; but you do not go to the root of the evil, which is the acknowledged practice of governments—not privateers only—seizing the property of individuals when found on the high seas. Privateers are not the “Thugs” of naval warfare, but the sutlers and marauders of the camp, who complete the devastation, and carry further the plunder which the regulars have begun. According to this view, the remedy for the evil—the one suggested by you having in it something repulsive to humanity—is, that governments should cease from plundering the property of individuals belonging to a nation at war with them, when found on the high seas, and should refuse by their courts of admiralty to confiscate it for the benefit of the captors, whether vessels of war or privateers. Were the governments of Europe, or were the government of England, regardless of the demand of its patriotic naval officers, to lay down the principle that private property shall be respected at sea, as on shore, there would be no temptation for any men to fit out privateers; and I doubt whether a single letter of marque would ever be applied for. The remedy, then, for the scandalous evil which you have brought under notice, is, at once, simple, honest, just and humane. Let governments be honest and just—let men-of-war's officers have no prize-money but for the capture of the hostile government's forts, ships and stores—let our rulers respect the private property of unoffending individuals—and privateerism will at once die a natural death. That the governments of Europe will adopt this principle, I have no immediate hope; but you may do something by your writings to recommend it to their notice. You will be aided by the honest and the peace-loving, and may, in time, compel the governments to their duty.

Your obedient servant,

T.

\* “The Despatches and Letters of Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson,”—preparing for the press by Sir Harris Nicolas; of a form and size to range with Colonel Gurwood's “Wellington Despatches.”

[We have not altogether neglected "the root of the evil;" for, at the outset, we attributed the crimes of privateering to government sanction of the plunder of private property in time of war. Our intelligent correspondent, however, is right in reminding us, that, in order to put an end to privateering, the privilege to plunder must also be withheld from the regular navy. The development of his admirable suggestion will oblige us to enter more fully into the principle of letters of marque than our present opportunities permit: but, encouraged by the expressions of interest, which our remarks on this subject have elicited, both from private correspondents and the public press, we will embrace the earliest opportunity of returning to the subject.—Ed.]

From the Spectator.

### THIRTY YEARS OF PEACE.

THIRTY years of peace have not, it must be confessed, been thirty years of quiet and of unalloyed enjoyment. It is not enough for men to be placed in circumstances to enjoy unless they are also in a mood to enjoy themselves. "The mind is its own place," remarked the first student of psychological phenomena, when, to his surprise, he found himself uncomfortable even in Paradise. This is the brazen, not the golden age; and men's tempers are too perverse to admit of peace bringing an absolute Arcadian or Idyllic felicity.

Accordingly, our thirty years of peace have been marked by constant grumbling and squabbling among ourselves at home. Since Waterloo, we have passed from one state of internal ferment to another. There have been a Cato street conspiracy and a Queen's trial; the Clare election and the Catholic Relief Bill, the Repeal sedition and the imprisonment of O'Connell; the great Bible Society controversy, and the Free Church schism; Rebeccaism. These are not a tithe of the quarrels which in the course of thirty years have split up the country into banded sections of inveterate partisans. There have been Trades Unions and strikes, Anti-Poor-law agitation, Anti-Corn-law agitation, Anti-Factory agitation, Anti-Slavery agitation. The court has been unpopular—as when the windows of the prince regent's carriage were broken; popular—as during the brief enactment of a citizen king by William the Fourth; again unpopular—as when the cry was raised, "The queen has done it all!" Minor and local episodes of strife are too numerous to recount. The national mind has been haunted by dreams of bankruptcy and by dreams of revolution. In fact, John Bull's thirty years of peace appear to a hasty retrospect one long lasting dream of horrors under a visitation of the nightmare.

It is ridiculous enough to look back and note how ephemeral were the most lively apprehensions and angers elicited by these squabbles. The exaggerated language of orators under their influence, for the time sympathized with by all of us, would make men ashamed of allowing any circumstances to disturb their equanimity in future, had not men a lucky knack of forgetting the past in the present. The continual rupture of old alliances and formation of new—the abrupt termination of eternal friendships and eternal hatreds—lend a confused and shifting character to the scene on which we look back, which is but faintly paralleled by the crowd of pismires in incessant motion tumbling over each other in an ant-hill. The Whigs have

been both the idols of the mob and the aim of its brickbats. The Scotch Dissenters and the High Churchmen who lately seceded from the establishment are not the only parties who have alternately lauded and vituperated each other with equal unction. Profound religious enthusiasm—a strong though imperfectly-informed sentiment of humanity—nay, mere material interests—have repeatedly formed coalitions of the most discordant ingredients, and effaced in one angry moment the friendship of years.

To listen to men's inflated declamations at any one moment—or to mark their feebleness and imbecility of purpose—would create the impression that thirty years of peace have been thirty years of inglorious waste of time. The contrast, however, between England in 1814 and England in 1844, will show this to be a most erroneous inference. Steam-navigation was a curious experiment in 1814, and railways with locomotive engines running fifty miles an hour were not dreamed of: now, from Glasgow to near the Land's End the country is intersected with railways, and a rapid and regular communication is maintained by means of steam between this country and China on the one hand and the West Indies and America on the other. Since 1814, the quantity of our exports has nearly doubled, and the value of our imports been increased by nearly two-thirds. Since 1814, mechanics' institutes, cheap publications, and schools, have carried not merely elementary but scientific knowledge into circles of society to which it never penetrated before. Since 1814, there have been a marked revival of the religious spirit and extension of its influence among all classes; there is more of decorum in the manners of all, more of a wise and even tasteful self-denial in their pleasures; the Temperance movement is rather a symptom than a cause of improved morality. Since 1814, the best works of Moore, Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth, have been published, with a host of minor efforts in imaginative prose and poetry; in painting and sculpture we have had Wilkie and Chantrey, and rivals worthy of them; steady and honorable progress has been made in every branch of science. The Test and Corporation Acts and the Catholic Disabilities have been abolished; the Reform Bill has increased the power and importance of the middle classes; a better police has repressed the fiercer and more violent crimes. The navigation-laws have been consolidated; many restrictions on industry and commerce removed or alleviated. Public sympathy has been excited for the condition of the poorer classes, who have hitherto participated least in the gains of the last thirty years; and the controversy among the possessors of political power is not whether anything ought to be done for the poor, but how it is to be done.

Thirty years of peace, then, have left us freer as regards our laws, more capable of self-control, richer in the possession of all sources of enjoyment, material, intellectual, and moral, and more capable of enjoying them. Our blessings have been dashed with evils—that is the lot of mortality; but there has been more of real enjoyment, and shared by a larger proportion of the population, than in any previous period of our history of equal length. And more has been stored up for future enjoyment, and better precautions have been taken to insure its continuance.

These blessings have been not merely coincident in point of time with the blessings of peace, but

caused by it. Peace set our national energies free from the anxieties of self-preservation; and the restlessness of man's mind did the rest. We have extended and rendered more accurate our knowledge of the universe which is our home; we have occupied a larger space in the world; we have learned to be more tolerant of each other; and we are now beginning to take measures for sharing our stored-up blessings more equably among all. Society is sound and healthy at the core, though faction and spite have crept over its surface, as the black scurf creeps more rapidly over the finest silver when exposed to the atmosphere. The experience of society has been but on a larger scale the experience of every family circle—that those who would die for and with each other in the hour of peril, are but too apt to misuse the hour of prosperity in conceiving groundless jealousies, in attributing undue importance to passing bursts of spleen and petulance, in mutual and self-torment. It is the original sin of man to take advantage of the absence of important evils to magnify in his imagination those of minor consequence—

“For human beings are such fools,  
For a' their colleges and schools,  
When they've nae evils to perplex them,  
They mak enow themselves to vex them.”

#### ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE first annual convocation of the British Archæological Society was opened in the Guild-hall at Canterbury, on the 7th Sept.; Lord Albert Conyngham presiding, and several eminent antiquarians and literary men attending from divers parts of the country. On Tuesday, the members met Lord Albert at Breach Down, eight miles from the city; about a hundred and fifty persons proceeding thither in carriages. Here several Saxon tumuli were opened, in spite of a heavy rain that sent many less ardent visitors scampering away. After a luncheon in the president's hospitable mansion at Bourne Park, the opening of tumuli was resumed within the park; and some interesting remains were discovered—including a glass urn. Dr. Buckland arrived in the midst of the process: taking off his coat, and binding his head with a handkerchief, he jumped into a grave, and worked with his own hands at the disinterment. In the evening, the relics were discussed at a full meeting in the town-hall. Among them was the thigh-bone of a man, so well preserved that Dr. Pettigrew surmised it to have been the bone of some person murdered by a robber who infested that neighborhood. Dr. Buckland cautioned the meeting against drawing such inferences from the state of the bone—

He had bones in his possession more ancient than the creation of man, which, having been preserved from the access of air, were as perfect in every respect as bones recently buried. They were not in the least degree fossilized: when found, they were perfectly brittle, and would have crumbled into dust; but by allowing them to become dry, and then immersing them in gum-water, they became hard, and on striking them they would ring like ordinary bones.

At a meeting of the Mediæval section, on Wednesday morning, a paper was read by Mr. Wollaston on some fresco paintings recently discovered in East Wickham Church; which an “improving” church-warden is about to conceal

with a mural monument, from a puritanical desire to destroy “Papistical decorations.” Resolutions were passed for taking means to intercede with owners of ancient relics for their preservation. Canterbury Cathedral and its history occupied the Society in the evening.

Thursday was devoted to the antiquities of Richborough, Barfreston, and the cathedral.—*Spectator*.

#### ANTWERP AND THE ZOLLVEREIN.

WHILST the French have been emulating the warlike fame of the Cid by discomfiting the Moors and running after empty possessions in the Pacific, untenable by any but a first-rate maritime Power, Germany has stolen a march upon them, and dealt them a home-blow almost under their very noses. The French government has long been carrying on a commercial coquetry with Belgium, the latter ready to make all sacrifices, in order to obtain the opening of the French market to their linens, coal, and iron. This coquetry between France and Belgium was of course at the expense of England. France agreed to exclude our twist, if Belgium would do the same. Belgium consented, and went even further, lessening her duties on French wines and other commodities. But all these concessions proved vain. The French iron interests were too powerful, and Belgium could wring no substantial advantage from the French.

In this state of disappointment she turned to Germany, and besought the *Zollverein* to allow Belgic iron into its market. Prussia has been long deaf to her demands, but all of a sudden the cabinet of Berlin has relented, and an important treaty between the countries has been concluded almost with the celerity of magic. The German Union has been long struggling and buzzing, like a bee in a glass case, to find an issue to the great high road of commerce, the ocean. Hamburg is its natural port; but Hamburg cannot afford to limit itself to the trade of a country in which the prohibitive system is daily becoming more and more rigid. The eyes of Prussia were then turned towards Holland, to which was granted certain preferences in the supply of sugar and colonial produce, and which was besought to open the Rhine and free it from exorbitant duties. But the close-fisted Dutch would not consent to transfer from Rotterdam to Cologne the facilities and immunities of a sea-port.

Prussia therefore turned to Belgium, and besought the loan of Antwerp as the port of the Union. The railroad, completed between it and Cologne, could of course waft to it all *Zollverein* produce if there were no transit duty. And if Belgium would consent to treat Prussian vessels in its harbors on the same footing as her own, then there would spring up such a thing as a Prussian or a German marine. Belgium has consented; and German capital will soon make the docks of Antwerp alive with ship-building and its port with vessels. This Germanizing of Antwerp is a great political annoyance to the French, and no commercial advantage to us. The interests of England have, as usual, been sacrificed by both parties, the Germans admitting Belgium iron at half the price of ours, and Belgium admitting German cottons. It is some time, indeed, since Belgium excluded our cottons in order to take those



of France; now it excludes those of France to take German cottons. The French are but rightly served: the measure which they enforced to our prejudice has been turned against themselves. The wines and silks of Germany are admitted to Belgium on an equality with those of France, as are modes and ornamental figures. Germany takes off for Belgium her export duty on wool, and the transit duties are abolished or rendered trifling on both sides.

All this is a considerable approximation to the absorption of Belgium in the German Union, and may lead to consequences unforeseen by either party. Prussia may but aim at alarming Hamburg, and compelling it to join the Union; the same intimidation may render Holland more tractable; but if the outlet of Antwerp prove commodious, and German trade take that direction, advantages may be found in it that would defy change or competition.—*Examiner*.

From the Spectator.

#### WASHING FOR THE MILLION.

Now that the resultless din of Parliament is over, the plans of men who seek only in sober seriousness the public good may chance to find a hearing. Party warfare ended, the mind of England may set to work in earnest for "despatch of business."

During the last few days, a movement towards a very obvious yet long-neglected duty is understood to have been effectively commenced. The lower classes of London have hitherto been familiarly known by the generic title of the "great unwashed,"—a phrase pleasantly indicative of ingrained filthiness; and one which when used reproachfully, as it usually is, by Conservative orators, would seem to imply the failure of unwearied exertions to induce more creditable habits. But it has at length become matter of inquiry, upon whose shoulders the reproach really rests; and whether the stain upon the poor man's skin does not denote a less removable stain upon the consciences of his betters. Year after year we have increased our acres of smoky-brick-work, envying the laborer in a huge prison, without providing the common prison requisite of a bath; while the Thames, which seems to flow for all and to invite all, is as effectually withdrawn from him by stringent penalties as if the curse of Kehama had lighted on his head. The indecency of public ablutions is too much for sensibilities which can heedlessly contemplate the foul accumulation of well-covered impurities: so, driven from the river, to the use of which he is at all events entitled until a proper substitute be furnished him, the offensive being is left to achieve in one dense room—his parlor, nursery, dormitory, and kitchen—such daily purification as he may stand in need of.

A remedy is called for; and as its accomplishment requires no corporate or legislative sanction, this measure of justice to the people may happily be carried out without exposure to the obstacles which the people's representatives would, it is probable, characteristically interpose. The hearty aid of a large number of the leading city men has been secured; and this, if backed by a judicious coöperation from those for whom they strive, will be sufficient to insure success.

It will be objected, that if the needful accommodations were furnished to the poor, the difficulty would be to induce a resort to them. At best,

this argument merely seeks a continuance of our neglect on the plea of its having existed so long that men have become corrupted by it; just as it was deemed hopeless to raise the respect of the masses for works of art, on the ground that they had always been excluded from them. Experience, however, has shown the apprehension to be unfounded. The establishment of baths coupled with wash-houses for clothes, as proposed in London, has already stood the test of experiment at Liverpool.

It is contemplated to begin with four foundations; three on the Middlesex and one on the Surrey side of the river, at a total expense of 30,000*l*. The annual charge thereafter to be met by the payments of those who use them a penny for a cold and two-pence for a warm bath (the use of a towel inclusive) being the rates for the bathers, while at the wash-houses, all appliances and means for six hours scrubbing, drying, and ironing, are to be supplied for twopence. With the aid of an income to be derived from a few baths of a more expensive kind, the institutions are thus expected shortly to compass their own support.

It cannot be doubted that the 30,000*l*. will speedily be raised. A sum not more than equivalent to what at any time can be collected with ease to erect an unmeaning column to the dead, will surely not be denied to atone for the long neglect of an imperative duty to living men, to redeem our people from the disgrace of attending only to the outward show of cleanliness, and to prevent, instead of waiting for the more expensive necessity of curing, the long train of diseases which impurity engenders. To gain the coöperation of the classes personally interested, a few popular addresses, such as those by which Mr. Simpson has recently stirred up the working-men of Edinburgh, together with the distribution of pamphlets quoting the remarks of Dr. Andrew Combe and other physiologists, could advantageously be adopted. The widest impression, however, might be produced both on rich and poor, if the clergy of the metropolis, without regard to denomination, would for one day devote their pulpits to the cause. It presents a theme for their highest efforts. Purity of mind cannot exist with impurity of person; and the feeling of worship is utterly inconsistent with the habits of those who, while they would shrink from entering the presence of a great man without a previous washing of face and hands and the outward assumption of cleanliness, are unabashed to remain, day by day, negligent and filthy under the eye of their Creator.

A LAND-SLIP has occurred at the back of the Isle of Wight, at Atherfield; where upwards of an acre of land has slipped into the sea. No one was hurt, but a cottage and its inmates had a narrow escape; the slip having extended to within a yard of the spot where the house stood. The cottagers were astonished, when awakened by the noise of the land-slip, to find themselves on the verge of a precipice.

We are informed by a remarkably fine officer in the National Guards—(the gentleman, by-the-by, is also a remarkably small dealer in coke and charcoal)—that, in the event of a war, it is intended to placard the Paris fortifications with "lists of impositions upon English visitors," under the conviction that, if they could not keep the British out of Paris, nothing else would.—*Paris Correspondent of Punch*.



**EGYPT.**—A letter from Alexandria, dated the 8th August, states the result of Mehemet Ali's late escapade; which now appears to have been by no means made for nothing—

"A Council was held at Cairo, on the evening of the 5th instant, of all the pachas, beys, and men of influence in the country, to take into consideration the different reasons of complaint his Highness Ali had to make against them; and they all acknowledged at once their guilt in not having duly made his highness cognizant of their acts, and having done things without his authority; and they also represented their readiness to submit to any punishment which his highness might be pleased to inflict upon them. Mehemet Ali left them to pass judgment on themselves, and withdrew; and the council came to the determination, at the proposal of Ibrahim Pacha, the president, that he himself (Ibrahim Pacha) should be deprived of one year's salary, and the other members of six months' salary. Mehemet Ali, however, found the award too great, and reduced the punishment to the loss of six months' salary to Ibrahim Pacha, and four months' salary to all the others. After this decision, Mehemet Ali seems to have been quite satisfied; and the profit that his highness will make by it has been calculated to amount to upwards of 250,000 dollars. His highness then sent down instructions to Artin Bey, at Alexandria, to inform the five consuls-general of his perfect reestablishment in health, his renouncement of going to Mecca, and his determination to direct affairs himself as hitherto. On the 6th, his highness ordered his steamer to be in readiness to bring him down to Alexandria; and he is expected to arrive here in the course of this night."

**CHINA.**—The date of the intelligence from China is the 21st June. Sir Henry Pottinger had left Hong-kong on that day, in the queen's ship *Driver*; and, stopping at Bombay, he intended to proceed to England by the steamer that was to take the September mail. Mr. Davis, the new governor, had arrived at Hong-kong on the 7th May. His appointment had given great satisfaction, not only to the British, but, it is said, even to the imperial government. He was accompanied out by a troop of official people. The colony was healthy and flourishing; and most of the British merchants had removed thither from Macao.

New negotiations had taken place and were in prospect:—

"The Imperial Commissioner Keying," says the *Hong-kong Gazette* of 19th June, "has arrived from the North, empowered to treat with the American and French ministers. Mr. Davis and Sir Henry Pottinger have both had interviews with Keying at the Bogue; where they proceeded with the *Castor* frigate and the *Spitful* and the *Driver* steam ships. Keying visited Mr. Davis on board the *Castor*, when he was received with a salute and manned yards. It is said the negotiation with the American and French missions will be at Macao, where his excellency Mr. Cushing has been residing for a few months. The French plenipotentiary has not yet reached China, but he is almost daily expected. The precise objects of these missions, and whether they will proceed to the North, is quite unknown. The commercial interests of the United States in China are very great, and the appointment of a special mission at the present juncture has nothing in it extraordinary. French commerce here is a mere trifle."

**VISIT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.**—We understand that the visit of the King of the French to her Majesty is now definitely fixed for the early part of next month. It is arranged that his Majesty will embark at Trepont on the 3d October, and proceed at once from Portsmouth to Windsor. The Queen of the French will not accompany his Majesty; but it is expected that King Louis Philippe will be attended by two of his ministers, and by his youngest son the Duc De Monpensier.—*Times*.

From a paragraph in the Windsor correspondence of the papers, it seems that arrangements have actually been made at the Castle for the reception of Louis Philippe—

"The portion of the state-apartments which will be devoted to the exclusive use of his Majesty the King of the French, will be the Queen's closet, the King's drawing-room, the King's closet, the Council-Chamber, and the ante-throne-room. This is the only portion of the state apartments which have at present been arranged to be appropriated for the use of the French monarch. His Majesty will sleep in the apartment known as the Queen's closet, in which is the superb state-bed of George the Fourth. This room was also used as the dormitory of the King of Prussia during the visit of his Majesty to the queen at the period of the christening of the Prince of Wales."

The *Morning Chronicle* gives some particulars of Louis Philippe's intended visit to this country—

"His Majesty will leave Trepont on the 7th or the 9th, by the evening tide, so as to disembark the following day, before midday, at Southampton, and the same evening to dine at Windsor Castle. The two of his ministers who will accompany King Louis Philippe are, M. Guizot, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Admiral Mackau, the Minister of the Marine. His Majesty will also be attended by the Count De Montalivet, the Intendant of the Civil List, by Baron Fain, the Secretary of the king, (who is the son of the celebrated Baron Fain, so many years Secretary to Napoleon,) and by three general officers and four aides-de-camp. Louis Philippe's stay in England will be very short. He will not be absent from his own kingdom for more than seven days, and it is not his intention to visit London. We understand, likewise, that it is his Majesty's wish that the visit should be a strictly private one; so that it is probable few or none will be invited to Windsor Castle during his stay but the members of the court. The king will hold no court during his stay in England."

The *Constitutionnel* quotes this passage from a letter by an officer, who had read letters from Muley Abd-er-Rahman to his son, seized in the prince's tent—

"We have laughed heartily at the epithet with which the Sultan salutes her Majesty of England on communicating to his son the note of Mr. Hay. 'See what is demanded of me by this witch of a Queen' (Chilana, in Arabic, signifying a cursed or devil of a witch, or anything that may be thought equivalent.) The whole of the great Christian family is placed on the same level by the spirit of these fanatics."

**COLOGNE.**—For some days past a printed prayer for O'Connell and the Martyrs of Catholicism has been circulated here; it is in the French language, and was sent from Namur.—*Allgemeine Zeitung*.

From the Colonial Magazine.

## THE CAPE VERD ISLANDS.

It was evening as our vessel rapidly neared St. Jago. One vast and lofty peak towered high above the others in the shape of a huge irregular pyramid. All eyes were directed towards the mountains as we sailed along abreast of the land, not more than four or five miles from the shore; 't was an enchanting sight: the irregular and wildly-broken peaks, hurled and piled in careless grandeur one above another as they stretched inland, presented a more striking outline than the heights of Madeira. There we sat in a row, mounted on the top of a long-boat, feasting our eyes with the pleasant sight of land, rendered more delicious by the hope that in a few hours we might be treading those shores that now appear to us like some oasis in the desert, or some bright dream realized, as we watched with feelings of admiration fresh peaks, and glens, and ridges of golden-green, presenting themselves in succession to our view; then, gradually they grew darker, the mists began to settle in the deep valleys, the outline of every mountain became sharp and cutting, and a thousand rich mellow tints of brown and purple spread over their steep sides as the full burst of a tropical sunset flashed up its splendors behind them, leaving a back ground like glowing amber, above which lay masses of heavy gray clouds looking as dense as though they were charged with the thunders of a tornado—peak after peak yielding up its parting gleam, shed from the setting sun—and melted into the repose of night so rapidly, that almost before we were aware of it, the stars shone out, and darkness surrounded us, not heralded as in our northern lands by the gently glooming twilight that makes the day steal imperceptibly into the night—but sudden and impetuous, stretching like a vast extinguisher over the bosom of the ocean.

Before the first gleam of day-break I was up. We were at least twelve miles from our destination at Porto Praya, which lies at the southern point of the island, in a small bay. The wind was light, and I feared we should hardly reach the port before noon. Telescopes were in great request. The mountains seemed, if possible, more beautiful and inviting than they did on the preceding evening. A grove of tall cocoa-nut trees, and a few scattered date palms reminded us that we were approaching the climate of tropical Africa. But little cultivated ground was visible, and flats of elevated land above the shores, seemed covered with parched grass, on which the cloudless sun poured down its withering and fervid rays. Clusters of pulga bushes sprinkled the sides of the valleys with patches of a vivid green color; higher up the mountains I could discover tracks of forest and scrubby brake interspersed with bold gray rocks, and above all, rose a conical peak like that of a volcano, which I believe is an extinct crater, and the highest point in the island, with thin vaporous clouds hanging round its sides, and spreading along the summits of the less elevated mountains. Indeed, the whole island presents volcanic appearances, and lava soil is noticeable in many places. Huge flocks of cattle and goats were scattered over the sunny, brown-looking plains above the sea, and small clusters of thatched huts constituted the farms to which they belonged. The surf, rolled in by the N.E. trade-winds, beats violently against the shore the whole

length of the coast, and as we rounded the S.E. point, the rocks assumed a bolder form, strewn at the base with black fragments, over which the surf boiled like a whirlpool, dashing up to the height of perhaps twenty feet.

On rounding the point we came within sight of the town of Porto Praya, which is built on an eminence of rock overlooking the bay, exhibiting a row of wooden houses painted white or buff color, and roofed with red or white tiles, while to the right extended the cane-thatched huts of the Black Town. The descent from the town is steep, and leads to a fine shingle beach; to the left the shore is sandy, and a stream of water runs into the sea. Cocoa-nut trees were scattered pretty thickly along the water's edge, till the beach terminated in barren sandhills with a rocky bluff, against which the angry breakers lashed their violence. In the back ground rose the mountains, clustered in a variety of picturesque and romantic forms. The glow of a tropical noon gilded the whole. The feathery leaves of the cocoa trees moved gracefully in the air, large hawks hovered fearlessly around us, and all had a strange and foreign air, as we cast anchor about half-a-mile from the shore. After an hour's delay the consul came off to us in his boat, under the shade of a huge umbrella, bringing with him the health and customs' officers. The usual ceremonies being over, we were permitted to land: the gig was lowered alongside, and the chair rigged for the ladies and children to go ashore. No sooner had the ship's boat pulled off towards the land, than other craft came round us, with oranges and cocoa-nuts for sale, eager to convey equally eager passengers at the rate of sixpence a-head. Several of us descended into one of these boats, and were rowed safely enough till we reached the commencement of the surf about a dozen yards from the shore. Instead of landing us at the rocks as they should have done, they pulled across to the sandy shore to the left of the town, fully a mile from the ship. A whole group of negroes were drawn up on the sand awaiting our arrival, and no sooner had we entered the breakers than we were swamped in the surf, and drenched from head to foot. In a moment, eight or ten black fellows were around us, up to their waists in the foam, with no other artificial adornment than the beads around their necks. At first we imagined that they were going to carry the boat, with ourselves in it, instead of which, it appeared that we were to mount their backs, whilst they waded with us through the surf. In an instant we were all astride their shoulders, each man triumphantly bearing off his load as fast as possible. We presented a most ludicrous sight, all laughing at one another, and several on the point of upsetting. They set us down on the hot sands, that extended some little way above high water mark, and were covered beyond that point by a trailing plant of great beauty, which is called by the natives "La Coccoon." It grows about eighteen inches high, with a round leaf, and a fleshy-jointed stem, ligneous near the root, the blossom convolvulus-like, and displaying a disc seven inches or eight inches in circumference, of a brilliant lilac color. We plucked the delicate blossoms almost instinctively, as if to admire them still further by the sense of touch, though they withered almost immediately in our hands. We met several negresses on the sands in their gay costume, consisting of a petticoat of painted blue or brown cotton, worn tightly

round the hips, and reaching to the ancles in loose folds; a portion of it was twisted up at the waist, and descended on the left side like a scarf. A white body, or jacket without sleeves, and a red or yellow kerchief tied round the head, with necklaces, ear-rings, and bracelets on one arm, completed their dress. Goat skins are an article of trade here with America, and bundles of them lay on the sands ready for exportation.

On reaching the stream, we directed our course inland, following its banks amongst the luxuriant foliage of cocoa-nuts and bananas, with a profusion of "La Coccoon" blossoms starring the surface of the ground. We hired one of the negro boys called "Jokim," who accompanied us as a guide, and who promised his services all day, first for three shillings, and afterwards for one. But it was useless hiring a single lad; we were fated to have them all for our guides, whether we liked it or not, to the number of seven. One carried my insect net, another the forceps, a third the collecting box, a fourth my sketch book, and so on; thus escorted, we sallied forth with our negro "phalanx." The stream, which empties itself into the sea here, is the remains of a mountain torrent, after the greater portion of it has been led off for the use of the town, where it is received into a tank or fountain—a deep translucent basin, brimming with the cool element—whence the damsels of Porto Praya dip their water, in calabashes or jars, which they carry on their heads. Brilliant tropical butterflies floated swiftly through the sultry air, sporting like spirits of light and beauty round the tops of the palm trees, and chasing each other among the broad leaves of the banana and the plantain. Other species were hovering about the pulga bushes, or expanding their gay wings on the mimosa thorn, or the drooping leaves of the sugar-cane. There had been recent heavy rains, and in some places the ground was exhaling moisture, and cracking on the surface with the heat of the sun. The mosquitoes along this glen were numerous and troublesome, the stream was stagnant in places and muddy, large sows with their numerous progeny were wallowing in the mire, and wasps and other noxious insects buzzing about us continually.

Wishing for some cocoa-nut milk, we knocked at a garden-door by the wayside, leading through a shed into a luxuriant garden, of rich black soil, filled with lofty cocoa-nut trees, bananas, tamarinds, papaws, mammees, and other fruits. Presently a little black fellow, in a state of nudity, climbed dexterously up a cocoa-nut tree, clinging with arms and legs round the tall trunk of the palm; down came the heavy green nuts hump upon the ground, and beneath the shade of a large spreading fig tree we rested ourselves on some felled dates, whilst our young guides were busy dashing the nuts against the stone wall to break the green husk; they pricked a small hole in each, and, pouring the colorless milk into a calabash, gave it to us to drink. Behind us grew a plantation of millet, and vines were trained over bamboos, but they bore nothing but unripe grapes. Seeing a fine goat and her kid outside the hut, I explained to the old negro man there that we wished for some milk, when two boys each laid hold of the udder and commenced milking her into an old teapot without a spout, whilst the man held her by the horns. The teapot was filled with froth, and the difficulty now remained how to get at it, for the rim rendered it next to an impossibil-

ity; however, it was too great a treat to refuse, and although the teapot had been used for every purpose except the right one (for tea is not drank here,) and the milk had flowed through the little black hands, yet we enjoyed the draught as a luxury after our sea voyage. We next tasted the bananas and the pawpas, which they gathered off the trees; the latter fruit resembles a soft pumpkin, being of a reddish or yellowish-green color, about six inches long, and grows in clusters at the top of a high stem, above which branch out the leaves, something like those of a gigantic mallow. To me this fruit is anything but pleasant; a soft juicy pulp surrounds a mass of globular seeds, like mustard-seed, very hot and disagreeable: the pulp is the part eaten, but the skin has a fœtid odor which pervades the whole. The blossom appears like yellowish wax, of a jessamine form, and grows out of the top of the trunk, without a stalk: it emits a faint primrose-like scent. We paid them for our fruit, and I presented the little black who gathered our nuts with a mother-of-pearl umbrella handle which seemed to delight him exceedingly. It will no doubt form the centre ornament in his string of beads. The back part of the town overlooks this valley of vegetation, and the owners of the gardens sit at their doors and look down beholding all that goes forward there. The negro who sold us the fruit pointed to his master who was sitting in a distant verandah upon the cliff above. A well of clear water stood near the entrance of the garden. It was thatched with canes, and the water was raised by means of a large wheel set round with red earthen jars, placed one after another so that as the wheel revolved they kept coming up full.

We followed the course of the stream till we reached another large well, where several negro women were engaged in washing. They beat the clothes with a batôn as the continental Europeans do. The gay bright hues of their cotton dresses imparted a liveliness to the scene which was here very picturesque and pleasing. This valley runs a long way inland, the vegetation marking its course by a belt of richer green that mingles with the golden brown of the hills on either side. As we advanced troops of locusts rose up from the ground at every step, reminding me of the multitudes of these insects I had noticed when crossing the arid plains between Syracuse and Catania in Sicily; then, old Alosco was my guide—now I had Jokimses and Johnnys, Marsalins, Vincents, Penas, and many more, quite an army, with which one might have penetrated into the opposite forests of the shores of Senegambia. We ascended a deep winding path back to the town, by the side of which stood a wooden crucifix supported by a rude heap of stones.

As the island belongs to the Portuguese, the prevailing religion is the Papist faith, though but few priests, or in fact any other visible demonstration of their creed, are to be seen.

About two leagues inland, lies Trinidad, where the governor resides—in its neighborhood, the oranges and lemons, for which the island is famous, are cultivated, and, also, most of the articles which supply the market of Porto Praya. We now reached the commencement of the huts, or cottages, of the colored population. They are chiefly square, substantial-looking sheds, built of rough stone one story high, with but few containing a second or third apartment, a screen of canes being used as a partition. They are thatched with

the leaves of the date palm, or dried reeds. Inside there is no plastering; a hole in the wall serves for a cupboard, and the windows are merely square apertures, closed at night by a board that fits in like a shutter; the back door is usually opposite the entrance, so that, in looking through the open doors of the cottages overhanging the glen, the eye is feasted with the refreshing sight of leafy bananas and cocoa-nut trees, shutting out the view. The streets consist of rows of these low cottages, varying but little in outward appearance; some are detached, but mostly they are built close to one another. Not a single wheel-carriage, cart, or conveyance of any description, is to be seen in the streets, which here have a dull and deserted appearance. The only beasts of burden are mules and asses, slung with panniers, and in this way, the fruit, sugar-canes, poultry and vegetables are conveyed to the market, being brought from the interior. We saw but one mode of travelling that bore any marks of difference from the plebeian style. An officer was riding out, seated on a mule, whilst a slave ran behind him, holding an umbrella over his head to keep off the rays of the sun. The shops consist of stores of various descriptions, but they are neither commodious nor well supplied. At one end of the town is the square, in the centre of which stands a stone column, not very ornamental, nor classical, nor useful either, I should imagine. The houses surrounding it are, in some instances, two stories high, with large verandahs, and constitute the residences of the Portuguese inhabitants. The soil is a parched, barren earth, scattered here and there with tufts of scanty grass. The best I can say of Porto Praya itself is, that it looks like a deserted village, through which some plague has swept its blighting influence, especially when the colored people are lying asleep on stools outside their doors, or taking a siesta on the floor, and a solitary, formal-looking Portuguese in military uniform struts along the grass-grown streets, during the heat of the mid-day sun. The women lay basking on narrow stools, apparently too indolent to turn their heads to obtain a view of the English strangers as they passed, and contentedly raising their eyes just during the moment of passing; though they were evidently inquisitive, still it was too much trouble for them to move, and the lazy eyeballs just rolled round mechanically from one corner of their orbits to the other, and all they did not take in during their revolution, was probably to become a subject of speculation or nightly gossip. We next went to the Portuguese inn, which they had the face to call an hotel; the room *pour l'étranger* was furnished with a table, a sofa, and a few crazy chairs, and the walls were hung with English and Portuguese prints of rather ancient dates—there was a picture of Mary Queen of Scots landing at Loch Leven Castle, and another of a monstrously stout queen of Portugal. On one side, was a door opening into a kind of store-room, filled with a confused medley of bottles, jars, bundles, &c., where, probably, the old Portuguese landlord kept his dollars hid away in some sly corner. Opposite this, were the bedrooms, with a mattress in each angle of the apartment, while the floor was strewn with immense oranges. The landlord was evidently a character—a short, dark Portuguese, dressed in a long frock coat, with a navy cap and a gold band,—and he looked at us, all the while thinking to himself how he could make the most out of us. I am sure of it: there was as much of the cunning Jew in

this fellow as ever I saw indicated in the countenance of any one. He could not speak English himself, but his interpreter, a knavish-looking boy, about twelve years old, was as expert a rogue as the other: this little creature was lank and sallow, with very sharp black eyes, not like the mild, love-speaking black eyes of the beautiful Sicilian, fringed with long shadowy lashes, but rolling like ripe sloes, and every glance was cunning. His dress consisted of an old white cotton garment, with large red flowers upon it, something after the fashion of a dressing-gown, made, I imagine, out of his grandmother's skirt. At the window stood an intensely black slave, and, near the door, playing a slow, melancholy air on a guitar, sat a placid-looking creole; he was perfectly blind, and the nails of his hand, with which he touched the strings, were half an inch long. We took a slight refreshment, for which they charged most exorbitantly. I asked them what they would require for a night's rest on the sofa, when the urchin here completed his roguery by asking us ten shillings. After telling him pretty plainly what I thought of him, we rejoined our guides, who were laughing and talking in a body under the passage-way leading from the road. A fine turkey I had seen sitting on the wall, was to form part of a feast that afternoon, and the little interpreter, with flowered dressing-gown, caught it with a fishhook and line, hooking it in the fleshy part of the throat. A novel method of catching turkeys, truly!

Leaving others to feast on the turkey, we roamed along in the glory of an afternoon's sunshine, descending a steep ravine to the shore, through a brake of pulga bushes, aloes, and other plants, the names of which were unknown to us. The delicate trumpet-shaped blossoms of the stramonium grew amongst the bushes, and many of the native grasses were exceedingly curious. The sea sands were like emery, scattered over with purple echinidæ and small crabs. Some remarkably brilliant blue and orange spiders, with backs like mosaic work, were busy weaving their webs amongst the fleshy leaves of a small species of spotted aloe. A large and fruitful plantation of bananas extends from the sea up a valley, apparently, in the rainy season, the channel of a watercourse; madder, spurge, and many curious creeping plants, grow along the sands. On each side of this valley, the cliffs rise rather precipitously, scattered with straggling and stunted date palms jutting from their rocky declivities, and the vulture wheels, in slow, steady circles, high above their summits. Bushes of naked gray thorns, of enormous size, were clothed with creepers, and on the topmost spray, the brilliant jacamar sat, like a feathered king, conscious of the beauty of his own gay plumage. The sun was rapidly sinking, and, aware of the few moments of twilight that would elapse before night came on, we turned our steps homewards. Not choosing to visit the Portuguese hotel, we agreed to take up our quarters at Jokim's house; he promising to make us beds and prepare us some coffee and cakes of Indian corn. We traversed the dark streets, serenaded by the barking of the lean hounds, that ran out, as we passed the open doors of the negro cottages.

We now arrived at Jokim's dwelling, taking by surprise his mother, a respectable-looking negress, who rose on our approach: there were ourselves, Jokim, (now filled with vast importance in the character of host,) Marsalin, a pretty colored boy with a Moorish countenance, Johnny, a lazy rascal,

whom one could not help liking withal; Vincent, Pena, and little Antonio. Our guides here left us, and while our hostess prepared our supper I had time to survey our novel habitation. It was a substantial stone cottage, with two apartments; the inner one was the sleeping-room of the family; this inner room, too, formed the repository for all manner of household utensils, articles of cooking, fruit, onions, &c. Here my sketch-book and other articles were carefully deposited by Jokim's mother. As there are no fireplaces or chimneys in the houses, the cooking goes forward in a small round hut outside the back door: this hut is a very snug and picturesque little place. We discovered the one in which a negress was preparing our coffee; there was no aperture but the entrance, it was sunk partly below ground, and, in the centre, over a charcoal fire, raised on a triangular iron-stand, supported by three round stones, stood an earthen pipkin, holding our coffee; the cakes were baking in the embers, and a semicircle of drowsy turkeys, apparently enjoying the warmth of the place, stood with their tails to the fire, not unlike some old commercial gentlemen we have sometimes seen in the coffee-room of a country hotel on a frosty morning. I was so delighted with the primitive appearance of this hut, and the habitual composure of the row of sleeping turkeys, that I at once made a sketch of the scene by the dim light of the central fire. The chief apartment of the house contained but little in the shape of furniture. Some of the utensils were formed of red clay, of unique and not inelegant proportions, far more shapely than the generality of English jugs. Above the table, occupying a small niche in the wall, stood a little rag virgin, like a sixpenny doll, with a string of beads round the neck, and a piece of blue printed cotton fastened down the wall beneath. The window was closed to keep out the night air, our hostess set our repast on the table, and we ocean wanderers were comfortably seated at the humble yet inviting board of a negro cottage, cheered by the light of a brazen lamp, with long protruding beaks. The night was remarkably sultry; a piece of matting was laid on the earthen floor, and some sheets, beautifully white and clean, were spread out for us. The grasshoppers in the thatch above sung loud and long till the time of the rising sun, and the lean and miserable dogs that rambled up and down the streets during the night howled most dreadfully. A little before daybreak we were stirring. Jokim opened the back-door, and we saw a sky, half the breadth of which glowed with rose-color and pale saffron, fritted with myriads of small scattered clouds. Presently all was gilded with the sun, and we walked abroad in the first blush of a tropical morning. It was delightfully cool, and a fresh north-east breeze was blowing; the negro women were stirring briskly about, balancing large calabashes and earthen vessels on their heads with the utmost grace and ease: some were milking the cows and goats into these vessels, from which the milk was immediately put into glass bottles and corked up for the market, which takes place at six o'clock in the morning; it is held in the square at the end of the Rue Direnta de Pelorinho. The skin panniers are taken off the backs of the mules and placed promiscuously about, together with calabashes of hens and guinea-fowls' eggs, bottles of milk, fish, bananas, cassava, sacks of oranges, and heaps of limes, cocoanuts, and onions, all displayed on the ground.

We now prepared to return to our vessel. We

were favored with a second ride through the surf, and narrowly escaped being swamped again by the rolling in of the breakers. As some hours elapsed before we were fairly under weigh, we busied ourselves in stowing away our fruit to the best advantage in our snug cabins. I found it rather puzzling in mine to know where to make room for anything more: when I had finished, it presented something the appearance of a garden—at least, I thought so; and I was fain willing to cherish the idea, for to pluck the fruit off the trees in one's own garden is always pleasant. Bunches of bananas hung suspended by rope yarns—pine-apples, dangling over the wash-hand-stand, sent forth a fragrant smell—cocoanuts and limes were stowed in various snug corners—some tall sugar-canes branched up from behind my black trunk—and oranges were everywhere pervading the vessel from the fore-castle to the stern. Whilst thus engaged, two large intelligent eyes, with whites upturned, suddenly peeped in upon me through the port-hole. Unaccustomed to a vision of the "human face divine" in such a situation, I started up and gave a more strict survey of the intruder's face: it was quite black. The eyes were fixed on me, and a grinning mouth, revealing a row of pearly teeth, was stretched by a most interesting smile—two thirds astonishment and one third recognition. Who could it be? It was no less a personage than Jokim himself, who was cruising about the vessel, and had just discovered me through my port.

We now bade adieu to St. Jago. Our white sails were filled by the swelling breeze, and the island quickly receded from our view, as we hastened fast to the southward. Before dark a wildly broken line of misty gray appearing above the horizon was all we could discern of St. Jago. After sunset, a waste of sweeping waves, and countless stars gemming the canopy of night, with the arch of the milky-way stretching across the clear heavens, were all we saw. There is something in the sight of the gay and smiling land that is peculiarly charming to the eye, weary of the expanse of the wide ocean—of the blue and level plain stretched all around to the distant horizon—that desert of waters, now dancing in huge ever-varying masses of surge, and anon deep slumbering like a wintry monster tired of combat and worn out with contending passions. The vexed and troubled billow, and the glassy calm of the smooth sea, are portraiture of human mutability; they are as a mirror in which we see reflected the pantomime of sunshine and shower, the tempests and calms of life. It was a sad feeling truly, to return, like a child unwillingly to school, to our rocking ship, and to settle ourselves contentedly down, for a still longer voyage, within the limits of its wooden walls.

CAPTAIN WARNER.—This gentleman has published another letter. In this the principal object of attack is Commodore Sir Charles Napier. He furnishes an amusing picture of that senator and warrior. "All the world knows," he says, "that Commodore Napier is apt to take credit to himself for having by his single arm won every victory in which he has taken part; but up to his speech in the House of Commons I thought him a frank and fair man. Sir Charles stated in the House that 'Captain Warner had told him that he could blow to pieces all the ships in Portsmouth harbor, from the back of the Isle of Wight.' The correctness

of this statement Capt. Warner denies. What really passed," he goes on to say, and what he is prepared to substantiate by two witnesses, was as follows:—

"Sir C. Napier observed that the constant complaint against me was, that I would never come to the point, but always receded from any tangible proposition. I asked Sir Charles to make some proposal; and he made the following:—The government to furnish a line-of-battle ship and anchor her at the back of the Goodwin Sands, out of the ship track, which I was to destroy by a projectile from a distance of five miles. I expressed my readiness to accept this offer if government would guarantee me £300,000 if I accomplished the deed. Sir Charles exclaimed that if he could do as much he would have £3,000,000, and that I should be a great fool if I acted without a guarantee, for I should certainly be robbed if I did, as all inventors had been before me. I said £300,000 would satisfy myself. The above proposition was put into writing, signed by myself, and emphatically pronounced by Sir Charles to be "something like business." This proposition was carried by Sir Charles to Sir R. Peel, who referred him to Sir G. Cockburn, who, as usual, threw cold water upon it, and expressed, according to Sir C. Napier's report to myself, something very much like an intention, of keeping me in the back-ground, an intention which I hope, by the powerful aid of the press, to frustrate. Sir Charles stated in the House of Commons, in his usual fashion of playing first fiddle, that he had offered me a ship to be anchored off Southsea Castle, and that he had offered to ensure me a handsome remuneration in the event of success, but that I had not accepted his offer. Not a word about the written offer carried to Sir R. Peel and Sir G. Cockburn. In the House Sir Charles joined the ranks of Lord Ingestre's opponents, and ridiculed, in unseemly language, that noble lord, for whose disinterested conduct in advocating and sustaining my cause, I can find no words sufficiently expressive of my gratitude; but he did not repeat the terms in which he spoke of Sir R. Peel and Sir G. Cockburn, neither will I encumber your columns with them."

He proceeds to state, "in the face of the world," what he did offer in the following terms, which offer he now repeats:—

I instructed Sir C. Napier, in terms of his own dictation, to submit to her Majesty's government:—If the government will anchor a line of battle ship at the back of the Goodwin Sands, out of the ship track, so that no harm may happen to passing vessels, I will from on board another ship destroy her at a distance of five miles. I am willing to take on board the vessel in which I operate General Sir George Murray, Captain Lord Viscount Ingestre, R. N., Captain Dickinson, R. N., and Captain Henderson, R. N., who shall have every opportunity of inspecting my mode of operation, and satisfying themselves that on this occasion I use a projectile.

The kind liberality of my friends enables me to exhibit this experiment without asking the government for a shilling towards it. If I fail, I am to receive nothing but ridicule; of which I have received quite enough to satisfy any reasonable man already.

But previously I require a guarantee from her Majesty's government for its purchase of my secret for £300,000, in the event of my destroying the ship and satisfying the four above-named officers of the feasibility and practicability of my plans.

Lastly, I invite Sir Howard Douglas, Sir Byam Martin, Sir George Cockburn, Colonel Chalmer, R. A., and Commander Coffin, R. N., to attend in another vessel and watch the proceedings.

From a letter, 25th August, of the Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer.

#### THE JESUITS IN SWITZERLAND.

THE minority of the seven Catholic Cantons in the Swiss Diet, although the Argau Convent case has been regularly decided against them, continue to protest and to proclaim the decision a violation of the Federal compact. On the 19th instant the Diet entertained, at the instance of Argau, the motion for the expulsion of the Jesuits from all Switzerland. This measure, and the nature of the discussion, affect deeply the sentiments and pretensions of several of the cantons wherein the order is not merely tolerated, but religiously cherished—its seminaries being thought the best possible in every respect for the education of Catholic youth; and as the hue-and-cry against the Jesuits has not abated in France, politicians and religionists here are alive to the fate of a strong and sweeping proposition like that before the Diet. The debate was opened, in the affirmative, by an erudite, able deputy of Argau, a professed Catholic. He spoke four hours, and arrested, throughout, the attention of the whole assembly. It was time, he thought, to settle a matter which had agitated the country for twenty-five years. He travelled all history since the institution of the order, exhibiting whatever ill had been done by the Jesuits, or whatever had been imputed to them by their rivals and special adversaries. It was a universal bill of indictment, in which regulations, discipline, doctrine, conduct, books, character, designs, were comprised for utter defamation and proscription. This unlimited invective was pronounced in German. The orator ascribed even a present ubiquity to the Jesuits: everywhere they have emissaries, if not congregations; they are necessarily cosmopolites; they can have no patriotism, by reason of their vows and objects; they must be eminently dangerous, as they have uniformly proved, to republican and federal Switzerland; any good Catholic might concur with him in his opinions and purpose, because the Pope did not deem the order indispensable for any part of the earth or the church in general. His chief difficulty was the *constitutional* one. Had the Diet, by the compact, competency to expel the order from any canton that wished to retain the Jesuits? He contended for the competency, by reference to the clause which enjoined on the Diet the care of the general welfare. Cantonal sovereignty must yield when a measure could be shown to appertain to that clause. The entire number of the Jesuits in the confederation does not exceed two hundred and seventy-eight. Fribourg is their head-quarters. The majority of them are foreigners. In our federal and national system, the separation or distribution of powers is far more definite and determinable than in the Swiss patchwork. The deputy who came next in the debate, affirmed that in the cantons where the Jesuits are established the governments dared not pass any law obnoxious to them. Three long sittings were allowed to the subject; very sharp altercations took place between the Catholic speakers particularly, who were divided in opinion; the Protestants were charged with using the Jesuits as a

mere pretence for war on all Catholic creed and rite. The vote was had on the 21st instant, and the motion rejected by fourteen out of twenty-two cantons; the project of Argau was thought too broad and rather premature; but the fourteen states reserved the contingency of serious, ascertained machinations on the part of the Jesuits, or any grave danger to the union from their presence. Representing seven eighths of the population of Switzerland, they would not preclude themselves from adopting at any time any measure essential to the common weal. The order of Loyola found zealous and skilful advocates in the Diet; the president of the assembly signalized himself of the number. A considerable portion of the property of one of the convents suppressed by Argau lies in the contiguous canton of Lucerne, and Lucerne will not allow it to be sold, although the Diet has sanctioned the suppression; the Diet admonishes, and threatens force. I mention these Helvetic feuds, because of the analogies in the constitutions and tendencies of Switzerland and the United States.

#### THE APPROACHING ERA.

[Indications of the rapid approach of great changes in the condition of mankind, appear to attract the attention of observers upon all points of the horizon. Making it more and more necessary to be watchfully observant of the progress of Europe upon Asia, Africa and America.

The following extract is made from a (Bampton) Lecture delivered before the University of Oxford, by Anthony Grant, D. C. L.]

Pass to the particular aspect which the Pagan nations now present, and see if there be not in them a stirring in the elements of power, which seem gathering towards some great onward movement, and which must either meet in discord and dissolution, or, being drawn round the living centre of truth, move in harmonious concert along the lines of God's providential designs. The uncivilized races of the earth, the aborigines of America and the Southern islands, have been often mentioned; and it is sufficiently seen that European intercourse, unsanctified, tends to their extermination. There is but one power on earth that can save them, and that is the shelter and shield of the Church of Christ.\* By its aid they may be converted, without it they will perish; and it may be that the church, if it overspread their land at a later period, will plant itself only over their forgotten graves. But the vast African continent does not appear reserved for such a destiny. Its pestilential climate secures it from European aggression, and the same cause would seem to shut it out from all hope of being evangelized. But a wonderful conjuncture of circumstances has arisen. \* \* There seems an opening of which we cannot calculate the result. \* \* Or observe, again,

\* It is a cheering sight to witness the attempt which is made in New Zealand by the bishop, to rescue the natives from the too probable extinction which they would otherwise suffer from colonial aggression.

[It is no less cheering to observe the effort which the Church, it is to be hoped, is at last about to make to save the remnant of the aborigines of our own country. How different might have been the fate of that unhappy and injured race, had the blessed influence of Christianity been sooner brought to bear upon them!—Ed. BANNER OF THE CROSS.]

the great Mahometan nations. No impression has ever been made on the creed of the Prophet. It may be that, like dispersed Israel, its followers have hitherto been reserved to bear some part in the eventual furtherance of the gospel, which has not yet been accomplished. But the power on which it rests is temporal; it has trusted to the sword, and by the sword it will perish. The Moslems of the East fix their gaze, as if under the power of a spell, on the Turkish dynasty as the centre of their hopes; they look there for a restoration of the Caliphate, and with it of their former glory. But they fix it on a power which is tottering, which is preserved only through the conflicting jealousies of European states; the key-stone of the arch is ready to fall, and with its fall the whole structure must be shaken into ruins. Or, again, look at the condition of that vast empire which the providence of God has intrusted to our custody. The conversion of the Hindoos was long thought impracticable; it was opposed as impolitic. But the silent course of events has worked a different persuasion.

There is a progressive movement, then, among the pagan nations. And that a wonderful conjuncture is thereby presented for the advance of the church of Christ, will be made more apparent if we reflect on the manifold apparatus that exists, even in our own hands, for securing and directing it. For it is clear that the aggression on the heathen nations is being vigorously made by Europe and her colonies. \* \* Daily is the influence of Christendom increasing. Even in point of numbers the disproportion between the Christian and pagan population of the world is daily lessening. \* \* The language of England is spreading itself with a rapidity far exceeding any other. It is the tongue of half the Western hemisphere. \* \* We cannot reflect upon these elements of power, and not see in them the means provided for a fresh advance of the Church of Christ,—means which would scarcely have been equalled in the first ages of the promulgation of the gospel, if, instead of the few fishermen of Galilee, the learned and powerful of Greece and Italy had been its propagators, and, instead of Jerusalem, imperial Rome had been the centre of its diffusion.

But though these secondary means must be deemed powerless in themselves, yet tokens are they, and signs of His will towards the accomplishment of which all things surely tend. We may note that, in those onward movements which have marked particular periods in the history of the church of God, the lines of His providence have ever run concurrently with those of his grace; and that a combination of subordinate agencies have betokened "the fulness of the time." Was it not thus at the first coming of the Lord of Life! The general peace; the intercourse between nations along the highways of military conveyance; extended colonization; the application of the papyrus to the purposes of writing; the circulation of the Septuagint; a common language of communication; all conspired to aid the promulgation of the kingdom of Heaven. So was it at the subsequent religious crisis of the Reformation. The settling down of the nations into order; increased skill in navigation, by means of the mariner's compass; fresh commercial enterprise; emigration to a new world; the invention of printing; the translation of the sacred Scriptures; the use of Latin as the channel of thought; these combined to urge onward that fresh outbreak of re-



vived Christianity which agitated the whole of Europe. And can we close our eyes against the same concurrence of means now concentrating their force into one mighty effort;—the application of a new power to navigation; the rapid transit to every spot in the globe; the founding of new settlements, and of future kingdoms; the invention of arts, and discovery of new sciences; the circulation of the word of God; the ubiquity of the English language from Quebec to Canton, from New Zealand to the Himalayas; and lastly, the universal peace, so merciful and unexpected, which may seem to be hushing the world into stillness, and to resemble the silence that was “in heaven for about the space of half an hour” at the opening of the Seventh Seal? Shall we discern nothing in these conjunctures but the chance on-drivings of a restless world, aimless and uncontrolled? Or, as it watches the feverish strivings and agitations of men, can the eye of faith discern no Hand weaving out therefrom the web of the world’s destinies, and tracing upon it the legible characters of God’s eternal decrees?

And God does not bestow His gifts for naught. These leadings of His providence, these opportunities, powers, resources; this peculiar and singular contact into which we are brought with the heathen; what do they indicate, but that He seems to have designed our church for the special office and labors of an apostle?

From the Athenæum.

#### LEARNING TO READ.

*The Prince of Wales’ Library, No. 1.—The Primer—Butler’s Gradual Primer—The Pictorial Primer—Pinnock’s Mentor Primer—M’Culloch’s First Reading Book—Green’s Universal Primer—Guy’s British Primer—The Infant School Spelling Book—Cobbett’s Spelling Book—The first Phonic Reading Book.*

LEARNING to read has truly been said to be the most difficult of all human attainments, yet it is generally the first piece of direct instruction offered to the half-formed understanding of a child. It is most difficult under the best of systems; under the common method it seems to be almost impossible. Scarcely anything appears more unreasonable, illogical, contradictory, and perplexing, than the ordinary method of learning to read. With the view of seeing whether any improvement has been made of late years in children’s primers or first books, we have lately examined a collection of those in most common use.

In almost all of them, the antiquated practice of teaching first the alphabet, and then dry, uninteresting rows of words, by means of spelling, is pursued,—the process being, as Mr. Edgeworth remarked, “a dreadful task to learn, and, if possible, a more dreadful one to teach.” Of the utility, not to say mischievousness, of learning the alphabet as a *step to reading*, no one who has bestowed any attention on the subject, or who has attempted practically to teach a child to read, will be skeptical, nor be disposed to dispute the accuracy of the shrewd remarks which Mr. Edgeworth published years ago on this subject:—“To begin with the vowels; each of these has different sounds, and consequently ought to have several names or different signs to distinguish them in different circumstances. In the first lesson of the

spelling book the child begins with a-b makes ab, b-a makes ba. The inference, if any general inference can be drawn from this lesson, is, that when *a* comes before *b* it has one sound, and after *b* it has another sound; but this is contradicted by-and-bye, and it appears that *a* after *b* has various sounds, as in *ball*, in *bat*, in *bare*. The letter *i* in *fire*, is *i* as we call it in the alphabet, but in *fir* it is changed, in *pin* it is changed again; so that the child being ordered to affix to the same sign a variety of sounds and names, and not knowing in what circumstances to obey, and in what to disregard the contradictory injunctions imposed upon him, he pronounces sounds at hazard, and adheres positively to the last ruled case, or maintains an apparently sullen or truly philosophic and skeptical silence.” Mr. Edgeworth’s remarks seem to have produced no effects at all upon our primers. We have not observed that any one of them even alludes to his observations. The oldest of them, such as Guy’s and Pinnock’s, pursue the track they started upon years ago; whilst the more recent seem to struggle for notoriety by the adoption of fictitiously attractive features which have no legitimate connexion with the avowed purpose of the book. The “Pictorial Primer,” though containing several woodcuts, which we recognize to have seen elsewhere, does not fulfil its title. The great majority of the pictures make no pretence to illustrating anything in the book. Of a somewhat similar style is the primer called “The Prince of Wales’.” The only feature here, and it is made a most important one, is the abundance of bad woodcuts, and an affected association of them with letters and words. This primer begins, “A’s like the steps open’d wide as this pair,” “B like a mast with two sails full of air.” Both the “steps” and the “mast” have the most strained and unnatural forms given them to suit them to the purpose. “G’s like the Dragon St. George did destroy.” We beg to say, that no traditions of the dragon ever handed down such a dragon as is here given—a most unnatural monster. “I’s [not] like a fox standing up on his tail.” Foxes never stand on their tails, and the fox here is not made to do so, but on his legs. Again, only the outline of a wine glass resembles Y, and it is a contradiction which every little pair of eyes will detect, to say it is like that letter. Let us assume for an instant that the association of a letter with the picture of an object is useful in impressing the letter on the child’s mind. The picture is given because the child is supposed to be already familiar with the object. But what a mistake it is to drag in those objects which not only are not familiar to children, but which many a child knows nothing about, and has never heard of! We question the universal knowledge among children of dragons, serpents, the monument, French horns, &c. Moreover, even the object where in one locality it is common is not universally known. The little child of a midland county knows nothing about ships, and many a one of the metropolis has never seen a scythe.

The same system is carried on with words and sentences, which must be quite unintelligible to children. Thus, to “Be,” there is a rude design of a lady holding a stick over the head of a man who is kneeling, intimating, we presume, that the man is to become something—a knight possibly. “Lo” is to be remembered by the representation of three boys playing at cards. “Am” is denoted, by an awkward-looking boy in a chair with.



feathers in his cap, and the child is of course to know that it signifies "am the Prince of Wales," as though his heraldic plume were a thing intuitively known to every British infant. A child pulling an old man's pigtail illustrates with great good taste and correctness the words "If ye do so I cry." "It is as shy as he is sly," is told by the design of a man tempting a horse with a sieve of corn. On the first publication of this work we simply announced the fact, not caring to subject such a thing to criticism; but the abundance of woodcuts, and a gaudy tasteless cover, have obtained for it a considerable popularity, which shows how little thought is exercised in purchasing a child's book. We cannot conceive a more troublesome and misleading task than an attempt to instruct a child by this book.

In learning to read, pictures are of no use at all; yet they are to be found more or less in all primers and spelling-books, even in Cobbett's, which is certainly the best according to the old plan. The pictures are in most cases very execrable, but even were they otherwise, they have nothing whatever to do with the process of learning to read. The child who learns the word "Dog" in association with an effigy of the animal, is more likely to be confused when it meets with the word unaccompanied by the picture, than one who has learnt the word without it. We are, therefore, no friends to primers having either good or bad pictures, and we are sorry to see that the Council of Education have fallen into the mistake of sanctioning their use in Dr. Kay Shuttleworth's impracticable attempt at a Primer—"The first Phonic Reading Book."

An attempt was made a few years ago, in a little work called the Anti-spelling Book, to introduce a more reasonable system of learning to read than the common one of analyzing words into their separate letters. This work obtained some little success for a time; but we believe it never got into any very extensive or permanent use. The work itself was certainly susceptible of much improvement, especially in the selected exercises, but we do not think it was on that account that it did not succeed better. The reason of its failure doubtless lay in the fact that the old mechanical jog-trot mode of learning to read by rote was found to be far the least troublesome to teachers. The old was the system by which they themselves had learned, and was therefore the most easy to communicate.

Upon the principle suggested by Mr. Edgeworth, the Anti-spelling Book adopted certain signs to indicate the various powers and sounds of the letters, and discarded the common practice of spelling the words into their separate letters before pronouncing them. We think it most likely that these arbitrary signs, indicating for instance where *c* should be sounded hard like *k*, and where like *s*, though by no means difficult for teachers to acquire, were a novelty too alarming to them, and prevented the success of this book as well as any extensive adoption of Mr. Edgeworth's suggestions. We are by no means sure that these signs are of much use, and our own experience tells us that they are not so. We see Dr. Shuttleworth adopts them, and we participate in the objections raised by the *Quarterly Review* to them. They certainly are not necessary for learning to read according to the anti-spelling principle; which we should say is the least troublesome to the child, though demanding considerable patience on the

teacher's part. We believe they have certainly tended to discourage the trial of the principle, sound enough in itself. Children learn to read words almost as imperceptibly as they learn to utter sounds, and do not pass through much analytic reasoning in the process of doing so. A little steady and patient exercise of repeating the sound of the word in connexion with its sign, is sufficient to make the child familiar with the word when it sees its symbol. The child learns to read by the *eye*, but Dr. Shuttleworth falls into the error of thinking it is by *sound*. This is the course we would recommend in teaching reading. Select a sentence of short words, the sounds of which are familiar and quite intelligible to the child. Name each sound whilst pointing out the word, and cause the child to do so after you. The child may even learn the sentence by its ear, and it will probably do so before it recognizes the words and is able to read them. Do not spell the words to the child, and it is not of the slightest importance that the child should previously know anything about the alphabet. But whilst this process of learning to read is going on, the child may be acquiring the alphabet, writing, and spelling, at the same time. It is a matter of very little importance that a child begin to read at a very early age. Five or six years of age with ordinary children is quite early enough for commencing reading, "the most difficult of all human attainments." But long before this age, and before the reading course begins, we would have a foundation laid for writing, by putting a pencil or piece of chalk in the child's hand; so that when reading does begin, it will have acquired the power of copying in a rude way the written signs of the sounds it is learning to know, and hence fixing them in its mind, not only the more easily, but almost imperceptibly and ineffaceably. Before reading is begun, the child's powers of observation and attention should have gone through a preparatory exercise, and perhaps the best elementary work of instruction for a very young child, is not any existing primer, but "*Exercises on the Senses*," published by Knight & Co. Cotemporary with these exercises, the child should learn to use its hands and fingers to hold and use a pencil, and in fact begin to copy the forms of letters, months before it is systematically taught their names or their combinations; and it may likewise proceed a few steps in counting and in understanding numbers before the arduous task of reading is begun. There is much in the "*Infant Spelling Book and Pictorial Dictionary*" which we cannot commend, but, on the whole, it will be found to offer more useful suggestions in a right direction than most of the works which head this short notice. As for spelling, it is learnt rather by the sight than by gabbling over, like an automaton, lists of syllables, which are never retained in the mind. Sound is a lame guide to spelling, and we believe the best and shortest process of learning to spell is by writing out not disconnected words, but sentences which have a meaning and interest. And whenever learning to read is begun, writing or copying the words, which ensures *silent* spelling, should be combined with it.

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The *Cologne Gazette* says that Eugene Sue's *Juif Errant* has been stopped at the frontier, and all the German papers which published any part of it, seized.

From the Spectator, 7 Sept.

## O'CONNELL AT LARGE.

THE last scenes of the parliamentary session, now formally closed, have been signalized by an unexpected event—the reversal of the judgment against Daniel O'Connell and the other repealers—the annulling of the whole proceedings! To the latest stages, the gigantic and complex process maintained its characteristic confusion and uncertainty. Three tribunals have pronounced solemn judgment on the case; each has treated the one below it with slight, if not with contempt; and the matter is left after all in a state of doubt balancing between conflicting authorities, of greater weight and number on one side and of greater technical rank on the other.

It will be remembered that the indictment against Mr. O'Connell and his coadjutors in the repeal agitation consisted of eleven counts, and was of enormous length; that it charged against the prisoners, *inter alia*, attempts to force a repeal of the Union by "intimidation" and display of physical force, to sow dissension between different classes of the queen's subjects, and to corrupt the army; that the trial in the Court of Queen's Bench of Dublin was delayed by endless technical objections; that the obstacles were finally surmounted; that the jury took great pains to shape their verdict accurately; that a judge gave them a draft of the "issues," which they adopted; and that the bench, pronouncing all the counts, particularly the sixth and seventh, to be "unexceptionable," sentenced the defendants to fine and imprisonment and to give sureties under heavy penalties to keep the peace for seven years. Loudly complaining of unfair trial, O'Connell went to prison; where he has been at the receipt of sympathy and cash, and whence, by the hand and mouth of the younger Daniel, he has continued to issue his mandates oral and epistolary.

An appeal was brought on behalf of the repealers before the House of Lords; and the lords referred certain set questions to the judges of England for their opinion. Though the majority of the English bench supported the original judgment, their declarations of opinion were startling; so much discrepant did they cast upon the Dublin court and the conduct of the trial. Six of the eleven counts they all pronounced to be bad, or informal, for different reasons. The jury, in an inordinate desire to be exact, had not been content to return a simple verdict of "Guilty" or "Not Guilty" upon each count; but had split the charges in the earlier portions of the indictment, which alleged most of the offences imputed, into divers degrees, by severally finding the prisoners guilty of greater or less parts of each count: thus they destroyed the unity of allegation which ought to exist in each count, and turned it into a charge of different kinds of conspiracy, whereas it is held that each count can only be taken to allege one offence; so that the "finding" on those counts was erroneous. In that way four counts were vitiated. The sixth and seventh counts alleged that the prisoners sought to gain their ends by "intimidation;" but as it was not stated who were to be intimidated or to be forced to obey the repealers, the English judges held these two counts to be bad in structure. Thus six of the eleven counts, pronounced by the Irish judges to be "unexceptionable," are pronounced by the English judges to be untenable! There is terrible

collision between the Irish and English benches. But now we come to discord among the English judges themselves. Seven of them held, that in spite of the bad counts, the judgment must stand; because the Irish judges must be presumed to know the bad from the good parts of the indictment; and as the punishment was at their discretion, it must be regarded as applied and apportioned to the good portions alone. It mattered not to the English judges that their Irish brethren did *not* know the bad from the good—that they pronounced the worst to be unexceptionable; for the judicial mind piques itself on a most dense ignorance *prepen*se, and precludes itself from receiving useful information patent to all the world. The English judges therefore made-believe to think that the Irish judges exercised a discrimination which they knew them not to possess. This is what is called a "legal fiction,"—of which it may be said that it is not the kind of fiction that is truer than fact. Two of the judges demurred to that imaginative view, and insisted that as the judgment was given on a *whole* indictment, of which parts were unsound, and as no one could tell how much of the punishment was awarded in respect of offences not legally brought home to the prisoners, the whole judgment must be annulled. The judicial majority, however, was for upholding the award; and so stood the matter when the judges delivered their opinions on Monday. Everybody expected that the Irish judgment would be sustained: the repealers in Dublin affected the "utmost indifference" for the issue; sympathizers in London cried down the authority of the lords, anticipating that it would be adverse.

The lords met on Wednesday; and expectation was confounded by an inversion of the majority and minority. Lord Lyndhurst began, echoing the majority of the judges; and Lord Brougham followed, going a step further to vindicate the sufficiency of the sixth and seventh counts and the distinctness of "intimidation" as a crime. Three whig law lords succeeded, echoing the minority of the judges, and going also somewhat further in that opposite direction; for they concurred in the objection that the omission of names from the Dublin jury-book vitiated the panel, and therefore the jury drawn from it. Lord Denman was very emphatic and eloquently "constitutional" on that point. Lord Cottenham succeeded in bringing out distinctly the flaws in the doctrine that a general judgment may be taken on an indictment in which there are bad counts. Indeed, all the three whig law lords have suddenly discovered gross slovenliness in the existing practice of general judgments in criminal cases and of laxity in framing indictments; and Lord Denman pointed out the futility of indictments so monstrously bulky as to defy the grasp even of a lawyer's "learned" and practised mind, much more of a simple juror's. The law lords having delivered their speeches, a curious scene ensued. There stood the "noble and learned" lords, ready to vote—three to one against the Irish judges, the English judges, and ministers: some merely "noble" lords could not resist the impulse to redress the balance and vote. Here was a scandal! It is quite "constitutional" for the lords to vote; for they are, as Lord Brougham delights in telling them, the highest court of law and of appeal in the empire,—only they are so unfit for the office, that if they were really to exercise it, they could not very long enjoy it, without making the highest

the lowest in the scale of contempt, if not breeding a revolution. Lord Wharncliffe saw the danger, gave the lay lords some good advice, and they retired; leaving the matter to be decided by the preponderance of whig ex-chancellors. By that vote the judgment was reversed.

The "monster trial" seems doomed to cast discredit upon all concerned in it. The prisoners began, dallying and equivocating with sedition and treason, neither daring to be bold traitors nor yet scrupling to circumvent the law; the crown counsel came out with the vast and unmanageable indictment, offering in its unwieldy bulk a thousand vulnerable points of attack; the prisoners' counsel kept up the game of equivocation and mere lawyer-like shuffling; the judges have exposed themselves to a derogatory reversal of their confident decision; the English judges play fast-and-loose with the law, and argue from expediency; the lords settle the question by a vote which, to say the least, *coincides* with party divisions; the bulk of that high Court of Appeal stand by, confessing their own incapacity for the vaunted office; and the upshot is, that while the indictment fails on specialties, nobody can tell what on earth the law really is, so utter is the conflict and confusion of authorities. The matter was decided by chance. Repeal gambled with conservatism, law lords being the dice; O'Connell's genius threw deuce-ace, and he won. But there was no real triumph to either side. Ministers convicted their prisoner, but did not so contrive the business as to bring it to good fruit; O'Connell conquered, but only upon technical quirks and quibbles; for the judges do not absolve him from crime. Some of the main charges conveyed in the condemned counts, even the "intimidation" of the sixth and seventh, were restated in the eleventh, which was sustained by all the judges, in and out of parliament. Perhaps ministers might prevent the recurrence of such a disaster, by redressing the balance of law lords with a couple of successive new retirements and appointments in the chancellorship! But it is a more interesting question, what will be done in the matter now? What will O'Connell do in the unexpected freedom thrust upon him? Something ingenious, no doubt—something to signalize to the uttermost his miraculous deliverance after "martyrdom." And what will ministers do? The prorogation speech tells us nought. Perhaps their best course would be to turn over a new leaf; to let bygones be bygones; and to see if the arch-repealer has not learned a useful lesson, in what *he* must know to be condemnation, though the vulgar herd of his followers may think it victory.

14 September.

O'CONNELL is at large; repeal is up once more. Dublin escorted the liberator from his prison on Saturday; on Sunday he was the chief object at a religious ceremony, in which he was held up to the Roman Catholic people of Ireland as manifestly favored by Heaven; on Monday he was once more at the Conciliation Hall, recommencing the repeal agitation. He begins again in characteristic style, with unbounded confidence in his own resources, astute caution, imposing plans, and a flood of words, often disfigured by the vulgarist traits of his eloquence. He does not scruple to class his deliverance with rain vouchsafed in time of drought at the prayer of "faithful Christians;" and with those sacred, or rather sacrilegious allusions, he mixes coarse attacks on "that indescribable wretch, Brougham," that "vinegar-cruet on two legs," Mr.

Attorney-general Smith. Sir Robert Peel, "the monster liar in parliament," and the like. Being an astute person, it is to be supposed that he selects that kind of eloquence which is most suited to the Irish mind; and it appears to be so, not excepting even some educated Irish,—a fact not to be forgotten in considering the influence of his harangues. He assumed as a basis of the revived agitation, that he had beaten his prosecutors in law; and he had the hardihood to assert that the final judgment under which he was released was founded not upon technicalities, but upon "the merits" of his case! The proof which he advanced was, that the two counts, the sixth and seventh, which charged him with "intimidation" by multitudinous assemblages, were pronounced to be bad. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that those two counts were pronounced to be bad, not in substance, but in structure; that the same charge of "intimidation" was set forth in a subsequent count, unanimously sustained by the judges; and that he was released, not because the judges of appeal thought him absolved from crime, but because they could not tell how much of the punishment was founded upon the faulty counts; so that in truth he *was* let off upon technicalities. Still, for the time, the very fact of his being at large is a practical triumph; and his new plans need no apology from one whose will is so far law with the susceptible Irish. The repeal agitation is continued from the point where it was broken off by the proclamation against the Clontarf meeting and the prosecution; but with a difference. There is to be a deliberate consultation as to whether it is necessary still to hold the Clontarf meeting; Mr. O'Connell thinking that it is not necessary, as the "principle" has been sufficiently established. What "principle" is meant, we are not told; the "monster meetings" did not profess to be held in assertion of the right to meet in great numbers, for that was presumed, but for the purpose of "counting noses," which is not a principle but an application of arithmetic. However, it is clear that the monster meetings are not to be carried on; O'Connell has thought better of that; he has triumphed over his prosecutors, he declares; but he discreetly lets "I would not" wait upon "I may,"—implying some inkling of doubt as to the potential part. The next point is the assemblage of three hundred gentlemen as a "Preservative Society;" but here too with a difference. Whereas the three hundred were to form a sort of legislature to make laws for voluntary observance by the people, they are now to constitute a body to negotiate with government, and a sort of court of review over the Repeal Association—a drag upon it, not an extension of its usurped legislative functions. And even in that modified sense, the project is to be subject to a severe scrutiny, with the opinion of the ablest lawyers taken as to its legality and safety. Lastly, there is to be an impeachment of the judges by whom Mr. O'Connell was tried. This is an idle bravado, harmless, except in so far as it is a delusion of the Irish people; but it will serve to keep up the show of "important business" transacted by the Repeal Association. An impeachment is a very imposing measure; and for "a shilling a year, a penny a month, a farthing a week," every bogtrotter can have his share in it. Ministers are also to be attacked; the liberator threatens an agitation for support in England, with a view to drive Sir Robert Peel from office. Every agitator and projector can make sure of some following in England, from a Lord George Gordon or

a Wilkes to a Canterbury Thom or a Captain Atchery; and Mr. O'Connell may perhaps fairly count on a good market for his Irish grievances among the mere traders in opposition that invest every hustings and election-room. But, unluckily, he cannot speak in Ireland without being read in England; and his ambiguities are not relished by the downright English,—which must ever prevent his acquiring any very formidable influence on his own account with the English people. They go to see him, they listen to him; but they bear in mind his equivocations, and his denunciation of “the Saxon,”—who is eminently the plebeian, as contradistinguished from the aristocratic Norman. But, by an unprecedented display of conciliation, he courts other alliances. The Orangemen—no longer so called, but “Anti-Irish”—he invites with affection; and a decoy Orangeman, newly caught, is paraded as a member of the Association to attract others. The Protestants of Ireland are importunately asked to join in the repeal struggle; and one gentleman having betrayed some inclination, is clamorously besought to surrender himself in full. Mr. O'Connell exalts to the highest pinnacle the “rank” of this gentleman, Mr. Grey Porter; offers to yield to him the leadership of repeal; and treats the half-convert as if Ireland awaited his acceptance to signify its allegiance with “an obedient start.” It must be a temptation to any man thus to have Ireland offered for his rule; and every one asks who is this great person, thus commanding universal allegiance on the mere vouchsafing his presence? You suppose that you have suffered an unaccountable lapse of memory, and that some Irish Fox or Lambton, some Lord Edward Fitzgerald or some Charlemont at least, has lain perdu unremembered; you feel bound to know who Mr. Grey Porter is, and look modestly to the Irish papers to instruct your ignorance. It seems, however, that he is not familiarly known even in Ireland; where he has attracted notice by a recent pamphlet in favor of federalism. A leading repeal paper tells us that he is high sheriff of Fermanagh; adding—“We know nothing personally of Mr. Porter. *We are told* he is a young man—educated, and of much vigor of mind. The latter is manifest from his work; in which, however, even our ‘glance’ has shown us some errors.” Such is the recruit, to attract whose person to the Conciliation Hall Mr. O'Connell offers to give up the leadership of repeal. O'Connell aims at one still more powerful alliance—that of the “base, brutal, and bloody” whigs; whom he now cajoles with grateful flattery for appointing the three law lords by whose vote he was let loose. To conciliate these alliances, and especially the last, he declares in favor of a federal parliament, as an experimental step. He offers a new Lichfield House compact; and, after Lord John Russell's overtures, he does not make the offer quite unwooded. In short, the new campaign is to be signalized by a more measured caution, learned from the conviction and sentence, and by a more imposing vastness of resources and pageant measures, conceived in the inspiration of the final triumph. The agitator starts with victory over ministers as a lawyer and combatant on the ground of “the constitution;” he vaunts a compact alliance with Heaven; he is at the receipt of advances from discontented Orangemen, from mild theorists growing familiar to discussions about repeal, from whigs tired with exclusion from office. He seems ready to postpone the fanatical but neutral doctrine of absolute

repeal, and to aim at coping with the government by a revival of party, which had sunk, in the contests of whig and tory about distinctions without a difference, into the lowest stage of impotence. The whigs are no longer disowned; repeal is no longer a neutral but a party matter; will the whigs be able to resist the proffer of that aid in their extremity?

The question is preceded by another, of larger scope. What will be done by the leading English statesmen, of whatsoever party, and especially by the liberal leaders? Will they consent to any equivocal encouragement of a project to repeal the union? To an unequivocal encouragement, of course, they never would assent; because, as the English people would never submit to the severance of the British Isles, no English statesman would venture to be instrumental in such dismemberment. As to an equivocal dalliance, if their own conscience permitted it, will political opponents permit it; or will not an explicit declaration be extorted from the whigs, whether they really consent to repeal or not? Would Lord John Russell avow such consent? Would any mere party combination of liberals be possible just now without Lord John? So far as the whigs are concerned, these questions seem to answer themselves. But it is to be doubted whether in his new blandishments O'Connell will be easily repelled. He says not. Even should the whigs ease their consciences by disavowing repeal in every modification, he will probably support them in their projects; confident that if they do not in return give him direct support, they will again help him to frustrate the measures that may be taken to control him and bring him to account, as he now thanks them for having done.

The prospect for ministers is a troubled one at the best. It does not suffice to criticise O'Connell's speeches and find them trashy—his measures and find them foolish; for idle as may be the adventurer's projects, shifty as his allies, the whigs, may be, the premier can boast of no very felicitous combination of forces to oppose to them. There is a bad cohesion in his own party; portions of it hang loose; and none of it is so well under command but that any accident to the leader might subject him to the fate of the wounded hyæna, to be finished by his fellows. He may calculate on his party-majority; but parliament will be in its fourth session—two more years will bring it to an end, even should it attain the patriarchal ante-reform-bill age; and although a general election might not at once convert the majority into a minority, it might so seriously diminish his strength as to reduce him to the ridiculous level of the whig cabinet that he turned out. He has already sustained a session of mortification—of measures defeated or crippled; and especially in regard to Ireland, he has suffered another year to go by without doing anything. The old reproach against the whigs—promise mocked in shortcoming performance—grows upon him. He foregoes the only means of disarming the repeal or any other agitation—measures sincerely devised and vigorously urged to begin and carry forward extensive improvements in the condition of the Irish people. England will never enjoy a peaceful neighborhood, English ministers never have ease, except while Ireland is steadily advancing to a state of comfort.

Our last postscript indicated the tumult of excitement created among the people of Dublin by

the intelligence of the judgment reversed by the House of Lords, which reached that city on the Thursday afternoon. Mr. O'Connell's rooms in Richmond Penitentiary were at once invaded by a crowd of noisy congratulators. He is said to have borne the intelligence "with the same calmness that it was manifest he would have shown had it been of an opposite nature." The Repeal Association held a special meeting to concert measures for giving éclat to the occasion; and it was resolved to escort Mr. O'Connell from gaol in procession. It was then uncertain what day he would be discharged, but Saturday was fixed upon as the most probable.

The formal record of the reversal of judgment, however, was brought to Dublin on Friday evening, by one of the traversers' agents, and handed to the sub-sheriff; on which the order of discharge was made; and at seven o'clock Mr. O'Connell left the prison, privately and on foot, supported by his sons John and Daniel, and accompanied by Mr. Steele and some others. O'Connell was soon recognized; and as he passed along, a crowd collected and followed him; forming a great concourse when they all reached Merriion Square. Having gained his home, he came out into the balcony, and made a short speech; containing little besides an expression of thanks for the tranquillity which the people had maintained during his incarceration. On being dismissed, the crowd quietly dispersed.

Although the liberator had left the prison on the Friday evening, the good folks of Dublin were not to be disappointed of their procession; and, that it might have all due effect, early on Saturday morning Mr. O'Connell *went back* to his prison! It has indeed been suggested that he went back "in order that he might finish one of the devotions of the Catholic Church, which, continuing for a certain number of days, terminated that day. This devotion, entitled 'the Novena,' it seems was offered up for the purpose of beseeching Heaven that justice might be done. In this devotion it seems that all the Catholic traversers had united." The hour of public departure was fixed for noon, but the very size of the procession caused a delay of two hours; for although the head of the body reached the prison-gates at noon, and went past, it was two o'clock before the triumphal car drew up; and words of impatience escaped from the hero of the pageant. All the city seems to have been in motion, either marching in the line or standing to see it. The procession comprised the trades of Dublin, each trade preceded by its band; several repeal wardens, and private or political friends of O'Connell; many members of the corporation, and the lord mayor, in full costume; and then, preceded by wand-bearers, and "Tom Steele" with a branch in his hand, as head pacificator, came the car bearing the liberator. This car was constructed for the chairing of Mr. O'Connell some years ago; but out of Dublin its plan is probably unknown. It is a kind of platform, on which are three stages, rising one above the other like steps; profusely decorated with purple velvet, gold fringe, gilt nails, and painting. Six splendid dappled greys slowly drew the cumbersome vehicle along. On the topmost stage, elevated some dozen feet above the crowd, and drawn to his full height, stood O'Connell. Although grown rather more portly since his confinement, and wearing that somewhat anxious expression which has been often noticed of late, he

looked well. His head, thrown proudly back, was covered with the green gold and velvet repeal cap. He bowed incessantly to the cheering multitude. On the second stage was seated the reverend Mr. Miley; on the lowest were, Mr. Daniel O'Connell junior, two of Mr. O'Connell's grandsons, dressed in green velvet tunics and caps with white feathers, and a harper, in the ancient dress of his craft, inaudibly playing on his instrument. Then followed the other traversers, some with their ladies, and a few friends, in three private carriages; the subordinate repeal martyrs, also bowing and smiling on all sides; and finally, the lawyers in a coach, carrying the "monster indictment." The procession traversed the greater part of Dublin, and did not reach Merriion Square until half-past five o'clock.

Having entered his own house, Mr. O'Connell mounted the balcony, and addressed the people.

From the (Whig) Examiner.

JUSTICE however prevailed, and the Chancellor had the bitter task of declaring undone all that the government of which he is a member has been laboring for, through thick and thin, for nearly a twelvemonth.

And what have they done after all? They have disgraced the first tribunal in Ireland, they have shown their own pertinacity in injustice, they have exhibited themselves as the unscrupulous defenders of a judgment bad in law and worse in morality, they have infamized themselves as the vouchers and sponsors for all that was unjust and oppressive.

And what have they done towards the ends they had in view? They have shown that they could only combat O'Connell with foul weapons, and that he could beat them even at those iniquitous odds. The bunglers have played the game with loaded dice, and lost nevertheless. They have incalculably increased O'Connell's power and popularity, by first making him a martyr, and lastly, a conqueror.

He now appears to his millions of followers as the Samson breaking the puny bands cast around him, or the Daniel coming scatheless from the lion's den.

What was "the do-nothing policy" compared with this wonderful progress from bad to worse? We from the first predicted that the departure from the passive system would have these results, and that the attempts of these men to *do something* for the suppression of the Repeal agitation, would make all the country deplore their having abandoned the do-nothing system so suited to their capacities, and unsuited to the circumstances in which they were placed.

We foresaw that they would have the wolf by the ears, and would be unable either to hold or to let him go with safety. They had resolved, it is said, on sending the Queen to Ireland to let the wolf go, making her grace the cover for their own impolicy and pusillanimity, but before the trick could be played off, the wolf breaks away from their grasp.

And now, are they to begin again where they left off, with the arms of the law not only defeated, but worse, disgraced? No, such are not the terms, bad as they would be. The Repeal agitation is not now what it was last autumn. It has spread and taken a very different character in the excitement and wrath created by the monster prosecution, and is evincing a rebellious spirit of the most malignant character. On the other hand, the awe

of the law and of the government have been weakened. The fool's bolt has been shot; the worst attempted and defeated.

How different would have been the state of things, if government had been content to rest satisfied either with the advantage it had certainly gained over O'Connell after the proclamation, and before the prosecution, which set him up again; or, in the less judicious course of resort to the law, had they taken their measures at all hazards for a fair trial. Had he been acquitted upon a fair trial, his acquittal would have been no conviction of the first tribunal of the country, and no shame to the queen's government. Of all the disgraceful defeats the defeat of injustice is the worst, the most infamous and damaging.

Should a case hereafter arise requiring recourse to the laws, what prejudice and suspicion would attach, and reasonably, to the proceeding after the present example.

It is said that after all justice has been done. Yes, but *after all*; and after all through the presence and preponderance of three eminently able and fair lawyers in the House of Lords. In one of Eugene Sue's novels, a goblet of water is brought to his hero with a large centipede in it; the disgusted guest having rebuked the waiter for his dirtiness, the fellow turns aside, pulls out the centipede with his finger and thumb, and then returns, saying, "You cannot say there is a centipede in it now." But the illustration is too favorable to our minister, for he did not pull the centipede out of the glass. The injustice which the law officers and Irish court did, the ministry sanctioned and defended, and the majority of the English judges would have upheld; and it was in spite of all that it was overthrown by Lords Cottenham, Denman, and Campbell, whose names will be honored over the whole world, and through all history, for this signal and momentous act.

It might be a matter of wonder what motive could have influenced the judges to endeavor to maintain the judgment on such obviously rotten grounds, but for the simplicity of Mr. Baron Alderson, who let the truth escape in an exordium touching the importance of supporting the court below, an object with the bench too likely to blot out of view the ends of substantial justice.

The posture of the ministry would now be really almost touching, were there not so much of unworthiness in its course. How blank must be poor Sir Robert Peel's countenance! What a fine paragraph he had prepared for the Queen's Speech about asserting the majesty of the laws and all that, instead of which the administrators of the said laws stand in the pillory by judgment of the House of Lords.

Nothing happens according to expectation. Who could have imagined that the deliverance of O'Connell from injustice, and this heavy blow and great discouragement to the ministry, could come to pass through the Tory House of Lords!

Truly Lord John Russell had abundant grounds for his memorable declaration in Parliament, that Mr. O'Connell had not had a fair trial.

Allowing for the difference of manners, the Irish State Trials may be placed next in infamy to the worst trials in the time of the worst of the Stuarts. There has not, indeed, been the frank brutality in words, but the spirit and substance of the proceedings have hardly been better; and the difference

has simply been, that the advocate for the prosecution on the bench has had his tongue under the government compelled by the manners of the times, and that injustice has been tempered with more decency.

It is laughable to remember now the tears and sobs of Mr. Justice Burton when delivering the monstrous judgment which should never have been passed. Were his tears the tears of conscience? Certainly he might have spared himself the sorrow, by opening his eyes at the proper time to the glaring defectiveness of the very counts in consideration of which he awarded the punishment. But perhaps he said, as the French critic did on the first night of a tragedy, "How can I see faults when my tears blind me?"

The reception of the verdict on the bad counts, and the pretence that they were set aside in the consideration of the punishment (against the notorious fact,) would have made a more dangerous precedent, as Lord Denman remarked, in this particular case of the monster indictment, in which the counts were so many and voluminous. We likened it at the time to the Fieschi battery of the infernal machine, and the simile has been perfected by the bursting of some of the barrels, and the maiming of the engineer.

The pretence that the conviction on the bad counts went for nothing is indeed like the arrangement of the duellist who chalked out a part of his antagonist's body, and assured him that if he hit him out of those bounds it should go for nothing.

Discredited as the Irish court is by its conduct on this trial, yet the heaviest infamy is that of the ministry which was ready to avail itself of all the advantages so wrongfully obtained. We do not hesitate to impute to Sir Robert Peel sharpening injustice.

If his partisanship had not been incomparably stronger than his honor and justice, he would have caused the proceedings against O'Connell to be abandoned when the court had decided against the challenge to the array, and thereby condemned the traversers to a trial by an unfairly-constituted jury. This would have been an honest, a just, a magnanimous, and therefore a wise and politic course; and the government would in every way have gained by it, and held the *fair* powers of the law in double awe over the agitators.

But Sir Robert Peel is one of those men who suppose that the expedient must always be the crooked, and who rate advantages by the deviations from rectitude through which they are compassed. "A knave," says Coleridge, "is a fool with a circumdendibus."

And what has the crafty, shallow minister now got by all that he has procured to be done, and defended when done? He has had Mr. O'Connell wrongfully imprisoned for three months, and he has disgraced one of her Majesty's courts, and covered his government with shame,—balked in its malice, discomfited, defeated in the most infamous of all attempts, that of persisting in the infliction of injustice through the abused forms of law.

ADVICES from Alexandria, of August the 30th, announce that Mehemet Ali contemplated an expedition against the Abyssinians; "to punish them," he said, "for their frequent inroads on the territory of Aleche." The Pacha, quite restored in health, was about to return to Cairo.

From the Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.

# FRANCE—BRITISH TREATY WITH HANOVER.

Paris, 29th August, 1844.

YESTERDAY every journal, except the four official and semi-official, vehemently incited and argumentatively encouraged the nation to war with Great Britain. We might have fancied that we saw fiery crosses and contending hosts in the deep cerulean. We were told of the precipitate return of the ministers; of a cabinet council of more than two hours, at which the king presided, to determine the answer to the British *ultimatum* concerning the Pritchard affair, and of a unanimous resolve with which the British cabinet could not be satisfied. Mr. Guizot anxiously visited Lord Cowley before and after the final deliberation, and conferences of both took place with the assembled representatives of the other great powers. The stocks fell deplorably: the depositors of the savings funds betrayed alarm for their money, which amounts to four hundred millions of francs in the stocks or hands of the government. The *Journal des Debats* and the *Globe* exert themselves to-day, to calm the public excitement and apprehension. The article of the *Debats* must have been concerted with Mr. Guizot's department, as follows:

"We have highly blamed the insulting and provoking language of certain English newspapers, and we must equally condemn such of our own journals as seem to take pleasure in crying out for war. The government has declared, in the most solemn manner, that, in repelling an unjust aggression, France did not intend to make a conquest of Morocco, and form permanent establishments in the country. This declaration has all Europe for its witness, and our national good faith for its guaranty. We add, that the opposition itself has become a party to it. It may then be said to be a settled point, a word of honor by which we are bound. War, no doubt, may compel us to occupy for the moment a port or town belonging to an enemy, or even a point of his territory. We, on this occasion, do occupy the island of Mogador, and the Prince de Joinville has landed some troops; we will go up as far as Fez, if we should find it necessary; we will, in fine, use every means which war affords us; but they will be employed only for imposing secure terms of peace, and not for conquest—to obtain the reparation and guaranties to which we are entitled, and not to aggrandize our possessions in Africa. In saying this we say nothing but what has been formally declared from the tribunes of the two chambers, and repeated by the press. England has much better than confidential promises, it has the public pledge of France! Confidential promises might vanish with the ministry that had the imprudence to make them—an engagement entered into in the face of the chambers, and ratified by them and by public opinion, becomes a national obligation. It is not a concession yielded to foreign influence; it is a resolution demanded in our own interest. To accomplish the pacification of Algeria, and to colonize it, is the great object of our present efforts; and the burden of this alone is sufficiently heavy for our budget. We have nearly 100,000 men in Africa, and to conquer and preserve Morocco we must have another 100,000 men; and while all the

blood and treasure of France will be absorbed by a land which cannot render any return for a long time, what would become of our position in Europe! where would be our political freedom! It requires no magic to answer this question."

August 31.

The public longing was indulged on the evening of the 29th instant, by the official emission of the Prince de Joinville's detailed reports of his operations before Tangiers and Mogador, and the grand despatch of Marshal Bugeaud from the scene of his triumph. You can scarcely conceive the avidity with which those documents were snatched and read in the streets, coffee-houses, and circulating libraries.

The London Morning Chronicle published last week a letter, which the *Journal des Debats*—no doubt speaking by authority—contradicted in these terms:—

"The *Morning Chronicle* publishes a letter, attributed to an Englishman who accompanied Mr. Drummond Hay on his mission to the Emperor of Morocco, in which it is said that the emperor received Mr. Hay on the 5th at Rabat, that he expressed the best intentions, and consented to all the conditions stipulated by France and Spain, and that Mr. Hay was astonished when, on the following day, he heard the cannonade of the French squadron. We cannot tell whether this letter be genuine or not; but, at all events, it is a tissue of inaccuracies, each self-evident. This letter must be apocryphal, or the person who accompanied Mr. Hay must have been most singularly misinformed. We have reason to believe that the reports of the English consul himself give the most directly opposite conclusions, and that it was only after having acquired a certain conviction that the emperor sought merely to gain time that the Prince de Joinville proceeded to take summary measures."

The Paris editors laugh at the moderation and kind qualifications with which the London Times—after so much bluster—treats the bombardment of Mogador and the occupation of the island, and gives itself doubly the lie in observing, (28th instant:) "No one—least of all a British officer—would deliberately charge Frenchmen, whether sailors or soldiers, with *cowardice*." The *Journal des Debats* has well remarked of the mighty London oracle: "The Times, certainly, says every now and then excellent things; but the force of its articles is materially lessened in general by what it said the day before, and may say the day after." It is, on nearly all occasions, so inimical and unjust to the United States, that I am not at all distressed by its absolute, manifold disgrace in the instance of the letters, and of its *casus belli*, upon which the Chronicle rallies it with equal pungency and truth.

Yesterday morning a general persuasion of peace reigned, owing to intelligence, in the most positive terms, from Marseilles and Toulon, by the way of Oran and of Algiers, that Emperor Muley, after the battle of Isly, submitted to all the conditions of the French *ultimatum*, and that Abd-el Kader was

actually captured by four hundred of the emperor's negro-cavalry, and about to be delivered up to Marshal Bugeaud. The *Journal des Debats* of this morning mentions the accounts as *pretended news*, with the addition that, as late as midnight, the government had received no advices of the kind. It is a subject of speculation here and in London whether the emperor will yield by reason of the French blows, or be obliged as well as exasperated to persevere indefinitely in the contest. A considerable booty—merchandise, fruit, and stores of every description—belonging to Muley, was found by the captors on the island at Mogador. The *Debats* announces to-day, semi-officially, that the government remains of the same mind since the victories; no acquisition of territory is meditated; it acknowledges that Great Britain has a much larger stake in the Morocco question than France ever had in the Chinese; and consequently better title to interfere, and prescribe limitations. The Opposition editors call this truckling to the British cabinet, and accuse the French ministry of having interpolated into Prince de Joinville's despatch from Tangiers several phrases meant to reassure the British. It is confidently affirmed that Gen. Athalin, the confidential aid-de-camp of Louis Philippe, is the bearer to London of a reasonable solution of the Tahiti problem. My inference from all that has passed and passes would be that neither the Tahiti nor the Morocco question will produce a rupture. The Legitimist journals dwell on the deficiency of the Moors in discipline and artillery, in order to show that the victory of Bugeaud, with such means as he had, was certain, inevitable. The *National* says: "If the Emperor of Morocco or Abd-el-Kader had beaten the French forces, all Algeria would have risen against us incontinently."

The treaty of commerce and navigation between Great Britain and Hanover, in which the State duties are modified, deserves attention at Washington. The *London Morning Chronicle* says of it:—

"British commerce passing up the Elbe will hereafter be placed in a much more favorable position, though not in that which it ought to occupy, while the concessions to Hanover exhibit how hard a bargain has been driven by the government of a little kingdom, once our petted dependency, and which, to say the least of it, owes as much to Britain as Britain does to it. The face of the treaty shows the higgling which preceded it. Every article in it bristles with 'reciprocity' and 'equivalent'; and Hanover is repeatedly warned that Britain will only continue the privileges it accords, so long, and no longer, as Hanover adheres to her bargain. So far, however, it is something to have our commerce, passing up the Elbe, delivered from the inquisitorial and vexatious regulations of the existing Stade system, as is secured by the sixth article of the treaty, which also provides that certain important articles of British produce and manufactures there enumerated, are only to pay two thirds of the duties specified in the new tariff."

We have bright and temperate weather; the vintage is now expected to be satisfactory in quantity and quality. In the afternoon of the 29th instant I happened to get a full, distinct view of Louis Philippe, at Versailles; he appeared to me to retain his best health and spirits.

From the Examiner.

#### THE MIRACLE.

It took three attorneys half-an-hour to convince Mr. O'Connell that the judgment on him was reversed. One of the attorneys kissed him, and notwithstanding even the kiss of an attorney—a thing, we believe, rarely given, as it could not very well be put down in the bill, (to kissing our client, so and so,) Mr. O'Connell remained incredulous. He knew, indeed, that the news must be true or the attorneys could not be there to tell it, but he could not believe it because the attorneys told it. It was enough to make anything untrue to have three attorneys agreeing in asserting it, and one embracing and kissing in a manner to call Judas to mind.

"When the account came to me of the decision in our favor, though the attorneys rushed into my presence, and one of them *did me the honor of embracing me*, still notwithstanding that kiss, and the words that accompanied it, and with the full knowledge that it was so or the attorneys would not be there, yet for a full half-hour afterwards I did not believe it."

The three attorneys had to convince Mr. O'Connell that there were three honest lawyers in the House of Lords; a most surprising fact, vouched for by the most suspicious of all human testimony.

Mr. O'Connell does not hesitate to declare the thing a miracle, referable to the prayers of the Catholic Church.

"Yes, I repeat it is not the work of man. It is a blessing bestowed by Providence on the faithful people of Ireland. (Hear, and cheers.) There is no superstition in representing it as the gift of Providence; no submission in bowing before the throne of God and accepting it as His act. I would not introduce such a topic here if it were contrary to the principles or doctrine of any religious sect represented here. But it is not. It is the doctrine of the Protestant church, as well as of the Catholic church, that God interferes with the concerns of man. As Christians they all believe that; and the book of Common Prayer contains, in every part, proofs that it is one of the tenets of Protestantism, for it contains prayers for heat in time of rain, and for other variations in the seasons, as well as for every temporal advantage. I cannot, therefore, hurt an individual prejudice by referring to this subject; and I would not do so, if it were possible that any such prejudice could exist. What I have been describing is clearly the doctrine of the Catholic church also. And let us recollect that millions of the faithful people of Ireland had lifted up their hands to God—that the priests of God offered up the holy sacrifice of the mass—that the holy secluded Sisters of Charity united their prayers with those of the



priests at the altars. The Catholics of England joined with us on the occasion. The entire Catholic population of Belgium offered up similar prayers, and along the shores of the Rhine the same voice of supplication has been heard."

It is to be lamented, then, that the miracle did not take place a little earlier in the proceedings, and manifest itself in the fairness of the jury list, the temper of the attorney-general, or the impartiality of the judges. In such case there would have been no "vinegar cruet on two legs" penning challenges in court; no Mr. Justice Crampton "squeezing up his face as if to strike the traversers with terror at his lion aspect;" and no penny-weight chief justice charging the jury against "the other side." And certainly the most wonderful miracle would have been a fairly-conducted prosecution of Irish liberals under a tory administration.

The present miracle must bear the name of the miracle of the three honest lawyers.

Voltaire being in a company amusing themselves with stories of robbers, and called on in turn for his tale, said, "Once upon a time there was a farmer-general," and there stopped. When called upon to proceed with his story, he said it was all told, all robbery being summed up in the fact that there was a farmer-general.

And so, when Mr. O'Connell has to tell his tale of the miracle of justice, it will all be narrated in the words, "Once on a time there were three honest lawyers."

Had Lord Abinger lived the miracle would have been marred by a full counterpoise for the three honest lawyers.

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**THE WORLD.**—Sweeping the political telescope over the horizon abroad, we find nothing very striking for description; although there is movement in all quarters—a storm either subsiding or brewing. France and Morocco lie upon their arms, reposing, but not reconciled. Spain is reconciled to her African ally; but is now busied with some revolutionary murmurs at home. Italy trembles at the stifled sound of resurrection. In Egypt, Mehemet Ali has used the panic caused by his mad escapade, to make his ministers confess some delinquency in their rule, and in penance to mulct themselves for the benefit of his treasury. British India has no war upon her hands, but only a mutiny, and the distant sounds of barbarian contest in her slumbering ear. China is threatened with more intrusive negotiations, American and French; like boys who have seen one of their number rob an orchard, the American and Frenchman will noisily step in too, even at the risk of spoiling the sport for all. Fiscal differences have set the governor and people of Eastern Australia by the ears. All this is matter that little concerns us in England at present; but it promises to make incidents for the journals some day.—*Spectator*, Sept. 7.

A letter from Darmstadt, dated 2d September, in the *Ober Post Amts Zeitung*, describes a striking method newly invented for the cure of pectoral complaints—

"The surgical operations of Dr. Von Herff at present attract great interest here. These operations have in several instances effected a decided cure in cases of tubercular pulmonary consumption—*pithisis tuberculosa*. The seat of the ulceration having been ascertained by means of the stethoscope, the matter is discharged outwardly by an incision being made in the cavity of the breast, penetrating the lungs. The cure is finally effected by medicine injected into the wound by a syringe. We have hitherto refrained from making known these operations, as we wished to await the results; but we are now enabled to affirm with confidence, that in several instances the operations have obtained the most complete success, and in no case have been attended by any danger to life. We hope that Dr. Von Herff, after an extended series of experiments, will make the observations deduced from them the subject of a philosophic inquiry."

We observe it stated in a Liverpool journal, that several vessels have left that port for the Western coast of Africa, with sealed instructions, to be opened in a certain latitude; and each carrying an experienced practical chemist, furnished with tests for ascertaining the real qualities and composition of ores and salts. The destination of these vessels, probably the pioneers of a new traffic, is understood to lie between the 20th and 30th degree of latitude on the Western coast; and their object, the discovery of certain suspected veins of copper, lead, iron, or gold, stated to exist about forty miles from the sea-coast, and in a rich and fertile country.—*Morning Chronicle*.

The most respectable booksellers, grocers, chemists, milliners, and other shopkeepers, excepting provision and refreshment-shops, have commenced now to open at seven in the morning, and close their doors at eight every evening, excepting Saturday night, then one hour later. Arrangements are also being made to close at seven o'clock in the months of November, December, January, and February.—*Standard*.

**FRANCE.**—After long denying the fact, the Paris papers admit that the Tahiti question between the French and English governments is settled. The *Courrier Français* states, that 25,000 francs will be the amount of compensation offered to Mr. Pritchard for the outrage inflicted upon him by M. D'Aubigny. Captain Bruat has succeeded to the rank of Capitaine de Vaisseau of the first class.

The Municipal Council of Toulon have made great preparations to receive the Prince De Joinville in triumph on his expected return to France; having voted 20,000 francs for the purpose, besides 500 francs to be given to the widow of each sailor from Toulon killed at Tangier or Mogador. The prince is looked for in Paris about the 15th instant. There is a talk that he will be made Lord High Admiral of France; a post first filled, in 1270, by Florent de Varennes, and last borne by the Duc D'Angoulême.

The *Morning Chronicle* mentions tokens of increasing the military force in Ireland—the "erection" of large guns at Cork, and the enlargement of Rock Barrack at Bally-shannon; adding, "Some regiments are daily expected, and the military force is to be increased beyond its amount during the state trials. Some detachments had been drafted off since that time, but their places are to be supplied."

From the Morning Chronicle.

RETURNS EXHIBITING THE OCCUPATIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE long-expected abstract of the answers and returns obtained in 1841, relative to the occupations of the people, has at length appeared, and a more important publication has rarely issued from the press. It places beyond the possibility of further doubt or cavil a mass of facts respecting the condition of the population, which must in no very long time settle the question of free trade. We can at present only advert briefly to one or two of the results which appear on the face of the returns.

In the first place, it is ascertained that between the years 1831 and 1841 the amount of employment afforded by the agriculture of Great Britain remained nearly stationary, notwithstanding the enormous increase in the population. The multitude of additional hands has been obliged to find work in other departments. The total male population of Great Britain, twenty years of age and upwards, was, in 1831, 3,199,984; and in 1841, 3,829,668, showing an increase in ten years of about 630,000 adult males. Hardly one of these additional men has been able to find employment in agriculture. The agricultural occupiers and laborers were, in 1831, 980,750, and in 1841, only 961,585. Allowing here for a correction pointed out by the enumerators, it still appears, that at the end of the decennial period there was either no increase, or a very small one, in the number of adult males employed in agriculture. Look, however, to the numbers employed in commerce, trade, and manufactures. In 1831 they were 1,278,283, and in 1841 they amounted to 1,682,044, showing that those branches of industry had found employment for more than 400,000 additional persons of the class before-mentioned. The preface to the abstract contains the following observations:—

“In columns 28 and 29 are given proportional tables of the two great classes of occupations, viz., agricultural and commercial (or trade and manufactures.) In the former are included all farmers, graziers, nurserymen, &c., together with the whole number of persons returned as agricultural laborers; in the latter, all shopkeepers and manufacturers, with those working under them; while from both classes are excluded those returned as domestic servants or general laborers, together with all professional persons. It will be seen, that for all England *trade and manufacture includes rather more than double the numbers included under the head of agriculture.*”

“The altered proportion which the agricultural bears to the commercial classes for Great Britain, generally, will at first perhaps excite surprise. The proportions which the agricultural, the commercial, and the miscellaneous classes bore to each other, were, in

	Agricultural.	Commercial.	Miscellaneous.
1811	35	44	21
1821	33	46	21
1831	28	42	30
while they were respectively in			
1841	22	46	32

“It should be noticed that these comparative statements refer in the three first decennial periods to families, but upon the present occasion to individuals. The latter mode gives a more accurate view of the amount of employment afforded in each division of labor; but inasmuch as there are

rather more of the younger branches of a family employed in trade and manufactures than in agriculture, it may have slightly augmented the difference here exhibited. The other facts shown by these returns are, however, so much in accordance with these results as to confirm their accuracy.”

Thus, the agricultural class comprises less than one-fourth of the people, and it is stationary in point of numbers, while the other sections of the population are rapidly increasing from year to year. Can anything more clearly demonstrate the folly of legislation which checks the development of the only kind of industry which is found to be capable of expanding with the multiplication of laborers? Is this to go on forever? The foundation of that vast system of manufactures and commerce by which so many millions are maintained, is the interchange of manufactured goods for raw products. The great check upon our prosperity is the increasing difficulty of obtaining those raw products. With respect to the essential article of food, we deliberately enhance the difficulty for the sake, professedly, of this agricultural class, which is every year losing some portion of its relative importance. Is it possible, when the numbers on the one side and on the other are now authoritatively stated, that this grievous injustice can be suffered to continue? The injustice would be palpable, even if all those engaged in agriculture could be said to benefit by what is called agricultural protection; but when we know that they, like every other class, are interested in having the chief article of consumption abundant, we can hardly use language strong enough to condemn the nefarious policy which so openly sacrifices the many to the few.

The returns give what has probably never been given before, an accurate statement of the number of persons employed in various branches of manufacture. Those employed in the cotton manufacture are classed thus:—

Males, 20 years and upwards	138,112
Ditto, under 20	59,171
Females, 20 years and upwards	104,470
Ditto, under 20	75,909
<b>Total</b>	<b>377,662</b>

We extract also the total number engaged in each of the following manufactures:—

Hose	50,955
Lace	35,347
Wool and Worsted	167,296
Silk	83,773
Flax and Linen	85,213

The total number of persons engaged in the manufacture of textile fabrics in Great Britain is stated to be 800,246.

Of those employed in mines, there are in

Coal Mines	118,233
Copper ditto	15,407
Lead ditto	11,419
Iron ditto	10,949
Tin ditto	6,101

The total of persons employed in mines is 193,825.

Of persons employed in the manufacture and working of metals, there are, besides the miners, in

Iron	29,497
Copper	2,126

Lead . . . . .	1,293
Tin . . . . .	1,320
There are employed in	
Pottery and Glass . . . . .	32,238
Gloves . . . . .	9,225
Engines and Machines . . . . .	16,550

In considering the number of persons supported by any particular manufacture, it is to be remembered that the numbers given are of actual workers, and not of those who, as wives, children, &c., are supported by the labor of others. The total number of persons whose occupations were ascertained in Great Britain, was 7,846,569, leaving 10,997,865 as the "residue" of the population, which must be taken to consist of persons dependent on the former. Therefore to the number given under each employment we must add another number bearing to it the proportion of about 11 to 8, in order to ascertain the entire number of individuals whom that branch of industry supports.

To estimate with perfect correctness the value of the conclusions contained in these returns, it would be desirable to advert to the plan upon which the information was collected, but this topic we must reserve for another occasion.

A summary in the *Times* states:—

For the metropolis the general summary gives as the total of population 1,873,676, of whom 19,400 are paupers and beggars, 1,007,767 unaccounted for, 91,941 returned as of independent means. Some of the more striking returns for the metropolis are under the several heads—"army," 8,043; "aurist," one; "author," 163, of whom 15 are ladies; "barrister and conveyancer," 1,437; "boot and shoemaker," 28,574; "clergyman," 834; "coffeehouse-keeper," 709; "courier," 77, two of whom are women; "newspaper editor, proprietor, and reporter," 175; "gardener," 4,785, of whom 167 are women; "ice dealer," 5; "midwife," 127; "navy," 1,023; "nurse," 4,687, of whom 17 are males of twenty years and upwards, two are males under twenty years; "oculist," one; "domestic servant," 168,701; "tailor and breeches maker," 23,517; "West India merchant," one.

It appears that in Great Britain, on the night of the 6th of June, 1841, 22,303 persons slept in barns, tents, pits, and in the open air; 5,016 persons were travelling. The average number of inhabitants to 100 statute acres for England and Wales is 43; for Middlesex and Westmoreland, which are the counties of the highest and lowest averages, the numbers are 873 and 11 respectively. The average annual number of marriages for England and Wales to every 10,000 inhabitants is 78. In Middlesex, which is the most marrying county, it is 93; in Cumberland, which is least so, it is 57. The average of births to every 10,000 for England and Wales is 319; of deaths, 221; of inhabited houses, 1,850. It may be worth noticing that it is in the maritime counties we find the least comparative mortality.

For Scotland, the total population is returned at 2,620,184, of whom 58,291 are described as of independent means, and 17,799 as beggars, paupers, pensioners, and alms-people. These are some of the principal results of these returns, which will amply reward examination, for they teem with materials for deciding many questions of intense interest.

## EXTRACTS FROM EOTHEN, OR TRACES OF TRAVEL.

**THE MAGNITUDE OF THE PYRAMIDS.**—I went to see and to explore the Pyramids. Familiar to me from the days of early childhood are the forms of the Egyptian Pyramids; and now, as I approached them from the banks of the Nile, I had no print, no picture before me, and yet the old shapes were there: there was no change; they were just as I had always known them. I straightened myself in my stirrups, and strived to persuade my understanding that this was real Egypt, and that those angles which stood up between me and the West were of harder stuff, and more ancient, than the paper pyramids of the green portfolio. Yet it was not till I came to the base of the great Pyramid that reality began to weigh upon my mind. Strange to say, the bigness of the distinct blocks of stone was the first sign by which I attained to feel the immensity of the whole pile. When I came, and trod, and touched with my hands, and climbed, in order that by climbing I might come to the top of one single stone, then, and almost suddenly, a cold sense and understanding of the Pyramid's enormity came down overcasting my brain.

**THE TURKISH TONGUE.**—The structure of the language, especially in its more lengthy sentences, is very like to the Latin. The subject-matters are slowly and patiently enumerated, without disclosing the purpose of the speaker, until he reaches the end of his sentences, and then at last there comes the clenching word which gives a meaning and connexion to all that has gone before. If you listen at all to speaking of this kind, your attention, rather than be suffered to flag, must grow more and more lively as the phrase marches on.

**TURKISH DISCOURSE AND DEALING.**—The Osmanlees speak well. In countries civilized according to the late European plan, the work of trying to persuade tribunals is almost all performed by a set of men, the great body of whom very seldom do anything else; but in Turkey, this division of labor has never taken place, and every man is his own advocate. The importance of the rhetorical art is immense; for a bad speech may endanger the property of the speaker, as well as the soles of his feet and the free enjoyment of his throat. So it results that most of the Turks whom one sees have a lawyerlike habit of speaking connectedly and at length. The treaties continually going on in the bazaar for the buying and selling of the merest trifles are carried on by speechifying rather than by mere colloquies; and the eternal uncertainty as to the market-value of things in constant sale, gives room for endless discussion. The seller is forever demanding a price immensely beyond that for which he sells at last, and so occasions unspeakable disgust to many Englishmen, who cannot see why an honest dealer should ask more for his goods than he will really take: the truth is, however, that an ordinary tradesman of Constantinople has no other way of finding out the fair market-value of his property. The difficulty under which he labors is easily shown by comparing the mechanism of the commercial system in Turkey with that of our own country. In England, or in any other great mercantile country, the bulk of the things which are bought and sold goes through the hands of a wholesale dealer; and it is he who higgles and bargains with an entire na-

tion of purchasers by entering into treaty with retail sellers. The labor of making a few large contracts is sufficient to give a clue for finding the fair market-value of the things sold throughout the country; but in Turkey, from the primitive habits of the people, and partly from the absence of great capital and great credit, the importing merchant, the warehouseman, the wholesale dealer, the retail dealer, and the shopman, are all one person. Old Moostapha, or Abdallah, or Hadgi Mohamed, waddles up from the water's edge with a small packet of merchandise, which he has bought out of a Greek brigantine; and when at last he has reached his nook in the bazaar, he puts his goods *before* the counter, and himself *upon* it—then, laying fire to his *tchibouque*, he “sits in permanence,” and patiently waits to obtain “the best price that can be got in an open market.” This is his fair right as a seller; but he has no means of finding out what that best price is, except by actual experiment. He cannot know the intensity of the demand, or the abundance of the supply, otherwise than by the offers which may be made for his little bundle of goods: so he begins by asking a perfectly hopeless price, and thence descends the ladder until he meets a purchaser.

**JEWS AT SMYRNA.**—The Jews of Smyrna are poor; and, having little merchandise of their own to dispose of, they are sadly importunate in offering their services as intermediaries: their troublesome conduct has led to the custom of beating them in the open streets. It is usual for Europeans to carry long sticks with them for the express purpose of keeping off the chosen people. I always felt ashamed to strike the poor fellows myself; but I confess to the amusement with which I witnessed the observance of this custom by other people. The Jew seldom got hurt much, for he was always expecting the blow, and was ready to recede from it the moment it came: one could not help being rather gratified at seeing him bound away so nimbly with his long robes floating out in the air, and then again wheel round, and return with fresh importunities.

**APPROACH TO THE DEAD SEA.**—I went on, and came near to those waters of Death: they stretch deeply into the Southern desert; and before me, and all around as far away as the eye could follow, blank hills piled high over hills, pale, yellow, and naked, walled up in her tomb forever, the dead and damned Gomorrah. There was no fly that hummed in the forbidden air; but, instead, a deep stillness; no grass grew from the earth, no weed peered through the void sand: but in mockery of all life, there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood, and these, grotesquely planted upon the forlorn shore, spread out their grim skeleton arms, all scorched and charred to blackness by the heats of the long silent years.

**SWIMMING IN THE DEAD SEA.**—I bathed in the Dead Sea. The ground covered by the water sloped so gradually, that I was not only forced to “sneak in,” but to walk through the water nearly a quarter of a mile before I could get out of my depth. When at last I was able to attempt a dive, the salts held in solution made my eyes smart so sharply, that the pain which I thus suffered, according to the weakness occasioned by want of food, made me giddy and faint for some moments; but I soon grew better. I knew beforehand the impossibility of sinking in this buoyant water;

but I was surprised to find that I could not swim at my accustomed pace; my legs and feet were lifted so high and dry out of the lake, that my stroke was baffled, and I found myself kicking against the thin air instead of the dense fluid upon which I was swimming. The water is perfectly bright and clear; its taste detestable. After finishing my attempts at swimming and diving, I took some time in regaining the shore; and before I began to dress, I found that the sun had already evaporated the water which clung to me, and that my skin was thickly incrustated with sulphate of magnesia.

#### SURVEY OF THE ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC.

THIS is a report of a survey undertaken at the instance of a wealthy Mexican gentleman, Don José de Garay, for the purpose of determining the expediency of establishing a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The project of connecting the two oceans is by no means new. It originated with Christopher Columbus—was thought of by the renowned Hernando Cortes—has been discussed by the Spanish government at intervals with seeming earnestness, and in 1814 was actually authorized to be carried into effect. Nothing, however, appears to have been done, nor did the Mexican government, after the establishment of the independence, give its attention to the enterprise. Nevertheless, private merchants, aware of the vast commercial importance of shortening the distance between the Atlantic and Pacific, have frequently meditated the cutting a canal across the isthmus of Panama; but the distraction of political contests in Southern America has, to this moment, checked the realization of the schema. At length, in 1842, the Mexican government gave to Don Garay the privilege of opening a communication over the isthmus of Tehuantepec, and as a remuneration awarded him the right of toll for fifty, the proprietorship of the waste lands for thirty miles on either side of the line of communication, and the establishment of colonies within fifty leagues of both sides of the line, together with other rights and privileges. Thus encouraged, Don José de Garay formed a scientific commission and dispatched it upon an exploratory tour. The result of its labors forms the subject of the present volume, and may be thus briefly stated. It premises that though the distances across the isthmus of Panama, and of Nicaragua, are less than that across the isthmus of Tehuantepec, the practicability of the work is in an inverse ratio to the shortness of the distance. It is “apparently impossible at Panama—attended with immense difficulties at Nicaragua, and practicable and easy at Tehuantepec.” Dismissing the two former projects, therefore, the report proceeds thus in regard to the latter—

“The greater part of the distance which separates the two seas in the isthmus of Tehuantepec is occupied on the south by the lagoons and extensive plains, and on the north by the course of the Coatza-coalcos, so that the principal works to be executed would be comprized between latitude 16 dg. 36 min. and 17 dg. 3 min. north, including a space less than 50 kilometres in extent, wherein no excavation whatever exceeding the usual limits would be required.

“As the object of our undertaking is a division canal, it was essential to convey to the point of division a requisite quantity of waters. Those of

the river Chicapa and its confluent, husbanded with care, would alone have sufficed, but desirous of being prepared for the contingency of an extraordinary drought, we have sought out the means of obtaining an increase, and have so far succeeded in our object as not only to acquire the necessary body of water to feed the canal, but even a surplus quantity, which may be employed in increasing the currents of the rivers which it may be considered advisable to render navigable.

"Our canal might have an excellent port at each of its extremities, and the materials for construction cannot be more abundant, superior in quality, or better distributed. A climate remarkable for its salubrity favors also the isthmus of Tehuantepec, and the departments of which it forms a part number a population of seven hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.

"The admirable fertility of the soil and the abundance of cattle and resources of all descriptions would enable the vessels to renew their provisions at easy prices at the isthmus; therefore they might devote a greater portion of their hold to the storing of merchandize.

"Besides these purely local advantages, the isthmus of Tehuantepec offers over those of Nicaragua and Panama others of a more general nature for navigation, affording to vessels proceeding from Europe or the United States, which from their destination have not to descend to more meridional latitudes, a communication more direct and through a more genial climate. On their return, vessels navigating the Pacific are now obliged to seek a northern latitude in order to escape the influence of the trade winds, and for these also the course through the isthmus of Tehuantepec would be much less circuitous. Lastly, the fresh but not dangerous north and north-easterly winds are common to the whole of the American isthmus, but Tehuantepec is not subject to the protracted calms which at some seasons of the year paralyze navigation at Panama."

The cost of this undertaking is estimated at 85,000,000f. as thus:—

Cost of 150 locks at 200,000 francs,	30,000,000
" 80 kilometres of the canal at 475,000 francs,	38,000,000
" 25 kilometres of trench at 10 francs per cubic metre,	10,000,000
" 5 kilometres of trench at 15f.	3,000,000
Regulation of the Coatzacoalcas, lakes, and Boca barra,	4,000,000
Total cost, - - - francs	85,000,000

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

*The Tree Lifter; or a New Method of Transplanting Forest-trees.* By Colonel GEORGE GREENWOOD.

We have read this treatise with great interest and satisfaction, both as regards the practical observations and advice, and the physiological reasonings and deductions. We must, however, observe that the system recommended by the author for transplanting trees of size with balls of earth can only apply to certain soils, and we presume that his experiments were made in clay; but, as we cannot in our *sands* retain a particle of earth on the roots, we are obliged to have recourse to the only other system which can be successful, and with great care and labor endeavor to trace out the

remotest fibres and small roots, and follow them up till we arrive at the stem of the tree: in this way we have never failed. When, however, the nature of the soil will allow, we still should recommend the old plan, of uniting a ball, with as many roots as can be conveniently preserved: this was the plan adopted with great success at Dropmore and at the Earl of Harrington's, who has moved (perhaps is now moving) trees of one to three hundred years old, with the most remarkable success. We scarcely remember a single tree, of all his "*ancient yews*," that has failed; and thus his seat, which but ten years ago was comparatively on a naked area of ground, is now embowered in the "immortal unbrage" of venerable cedars and yews, and other evergreens; while two thousand *Deodora* cedars, and an avenue of *Araucarias*, will give in a few years such a character to Elvaston as no other place in England possesses. We do not take notice of the author's theory of trees *not* deriving food or absorbing from the spongioses or extremities of the roots, as we perceive it has been remarked on in the *Gardener's Chronicle*. As regards the season for *transplanting* trees, the author's remarks (p. 61) are well worthy attention, and of their justness we have no doubt. We have ourselves removed trees with success in the summer months; and we recollect that the large limes and other trees which were brought by Louis the Fourteenth, to form his garden at Marly, were all removed in the summer, and, for the most part, successfully. On the injury done by the roots of trees to masonry, the author says, in "*Greece, Italy, and through the East*," roots are the great dilapidators of the ruins of antiquity; he might have recollected that the Romans had a law against planting the fig-tree within a certain distance of buildings, on account of the injury done by it.

At p. 95 the author has given the marvellous measurements of some *Pinus Lambertiana* on the Columbia, of which the only part we hesitate at believing to be correct is, that, when the trees were only 15 feet diameter near the ground, they were 13 feet diameter at the height of 250 feet; if so, they did not assume the form of cones; and how much higher did they grow! for they could not terminate in that abrupt and truncated manner. The *Pinus Douglassii*, if taken on Mr. Douglas statement, as to its girth and height, will produce near 400 loads of timber! while a large English oak will not bring 10!! but these are not the largest trees in the world, as they are exceeded by the *Taxodium Distichum* of Mexico, which are supposed to be the oldest trees on the face of the earth, and for an account of which we refer to Humboldt. As great pains and most praiseworthy have been taken by different writers to assist the planter, by recommending the best methods of transplanting large trees, so that men may see around them a well-grown forest of their own creation, we think the present author's hints as regards *shelter* and sheltered positions to be equal in value. Seldom a space of 5 or 10 years passes without some park in England or Ireland being denuded of its venerable and magnificent canopy of verdure by the effect of sudden and terrific storms; only a few years since, in this manner, Lord Petre's park at Brentwood suffered much injury by the uprooting of trees that had been there for centuries; and in Ireland we believe the ravage done in this way by the elements has been still more destructive. There is another point which we think might be more fully recommended in works of this kind, we

mean the good effect of *top-dressing* in promoting the growth of trees: if it is worth while to be at the expense of removing large trees, it is of equal value to give rapidly to the growth by manuring the surface of the ground; this we have done, and now practise with eminent success. As regards the author's observation (p. 104) on the *Araucarias* at Dropmore, we shall observe that the largest in England, all of which we have seen, are the following, given in the order they stand reciprocally for size:—1. At Kew; 2. two at Dropmore; 3. Lady Rolles, at Bicton; 4. Prince's nursery, at Exeter, in the specimen garden; 5. then come those at Mr. Baker's, at Bayfordbury; and one at Lord Harrington's, at Elvaston. We cannot close this little work without again expressing our thanks to the author for it; and we hope that it will be the precursor of others on the same important subject.

P. 16. "He who expects that a diminished root will support an undiminished head will be disappointed: this is the fundamental principle of transplanting." True, and so we have found; but it is directly opposed to the principle of Sir Henry Stuart, and to his practice, for he never touches the head of any transplanted tree. The large transplanted evergreen trees at Lord Harrington's, we believe, are never pruned or touched with the knife.

P. 31. The author's objection to Liebig, that, according to his hypothesis, "if trees are cut down at midsummer till the fall of the leaf, the heads would remain alive and the roots immediately die," does not appear to us satisfactory; for the cutting down the tree and separating it from the root would stop the circulation of sap, which we presume necessary for the vitality of the plant; nor do we see why, on the same reasoning, "the roots should immediately die." On this subject we may remark immediately, that the root of the silver fir, when the tree is cut down, having the power to grow and increase in size annually, is so curious a fact as led Mr. Knight to say, "*that a tree might do without leaves.*"

P. 32. The author observes—"I think it possible that engrafting trees on stocks of minor growth may incline them to fruit instead of growth, on the same principle as ringing branches, or tying ligatures round them, does. In each case the natural supply of sap is diminished." What the author considers possible has been carried into effect on more than one species of trees. Mr. A. Knight grafted the sweet chesnut *on itself*, for the purpose of procuring fruit; and the consequence was, as we can testify, who had several of these trees, that when a few feet high they were loaded with fruit of remarkable size. We believe the same experiment has been tried on the walnut.

P. 33. "With the exception of the parts of the shoot of the current year, no other part of a tree makes any upward progress." This observation may be true, but it is in direct opposition to the authority of Gilbert White, who relates the fact of his observing the regular annual elevation of a tree (and he watched it, we think, over the line of the roof of a building) independent of its yearly shoot.

P. 75. We also much doubt the theory of injurious excretions for the roots of trees; nor do we believe it necessary to explain the phenomena attributed to it.

P. 83. On the subject of the injury trees receive from the force of winds in open situations, as near

the sea, we have no doubt but that the author is right in the causes he states,—the violence of the wind destroying the tender annual shoot. On our coast no trees stand the "buffeting of the storm" so well as the sycamore and the white poplar; but, if we had the opportunity given, we should try the Norway maple (*Acer Platanoides*), which we have heard is found on the rocky shores of Norway.

P. 95. With regard to the magnitude of some foreign trees, we may observe that no American trees attain their natural size in England, probably from deficiency in soil, certainly from the alteration of climate. The Deciduous Cypress is always a small tree with us, so is the Tulip tree; and how much like a shrub is the *white cedar*! Yet a botanist who has travelled all through the two Americas assures us that the white cedars of North America are of gigantic growth, and in fact are the largest trees he had ever seen. Our pale and languid summers do not act with sufficient force and vigor on the elements of growth. With regard to the new gigantic pines from California, &c., they will never attain any large growth here, or, if they do, will be blown down, as all the pine trees are in Guernsey, after they attain a certain height. We have heard from an intelligent traveller that the localities where the great Douglas pines grow in California, are deluged by watery tempests from the Pacific, so that the trees are sometimes as it were in a lake, and the whole soil and climate quite different from the comparative mildness and temperance of our own.

P. 97. "If there is an exception to this rule, it is the Italian pine." What is the Italian pine? Our late esteemed friend Mr. Loudon told us, that the flat-headed pine of Italy was not the stone pine, (*Pinus Pinea*), but the pinaster; if planted singly, both these trees will have lateral branches, and, the stone pine especially, will grow like a large bush. We may remark (in passing) that of all evergreen trees, the stone pine bears best the smoke of towns, and seems hardly affected by it.

P. 102. The author says, "The Deodora cedar attains the largest growth of all trees:—" this is far from correct, we never heard of any that girted more than 30 feet, which is not equal to the size of some of the few old cedars now left at Lebanon. As to its growth "being twice as quick as that of the common cedar," we do not know the point correctly, but our Lebanon cedars, watched for years by us, make their annual shoots from a foot to 15 inches. One great superiority the Himalaya cedar (or Beloo tree) possesses, is in the durable nature of its wood, which is said to be almost imperishable, while the wood of the Lebanon cedar is worth but little. With regard to the *Araucaria*, we understand that it is a very ugly tree when it attains a large size. The only park where we have found it planted out among the common forest trees, is at Lord Guildford's, at Waldershare, in Kent.

P. 102. As regards protecting single trees in parks from the ravages of cattle, we think the best, the cheapest, the most durable, and the most picturesque, is that used at Lord Talbot's at Ingestrie, where large slabs of stone or rock are thrown around all the thorns and other trees, so that no animal can approach to rub the stem, and they are so irregularly placed together as to have a pleasing effect.

From the Examiner.

WILLIAM THOM.

*Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver.*

By WILLIAM THOM, of Inverury. Smith and Elder, &c. &c.

IN these *Rhymes and Recollections* the recollections are of the most importance. The rhymes are to be read with interest and not without admiration; there being an earnest truth in them which shapes itself into words of beauty; a cry of real suffering which has broken into song. But what for its own sake the world has first to attend to, is the fact of the suffering.

This is told in Mr. Thom's recollections; with what unaffectedness and strong natural feeling, the reader will shortly judge. "It is no small share in the end and aim of the present little work," it is said in the preface, "to impart to one portion of the community a glimpse of what is sometimes going on in another; and even if only that is accomplished, some good service is done." Nay, it is the best service done; and we wish to help to do it. In the more active sympathy of each with all, we see the only chance of happier and safer days for every "portion of the community."

William Thom was a weaver employed in the village of Newtyle, near Cupar Angus, some few years since, when a sudden manufacturing distress in Dundee silenced, in less than a week, upwards of six thousand looms. He was reduced to a pittance of five shillings a week; himself, his wife, and four children.

"It had been a stiff winter and unkindly spring, but it passed away, as other winters and springs must do. I will not expatiate on six human lives subsisted on five shillings weekly—on babies prematurely thoughtful—on comely faces withering—on desponding youth and too quickly declining age. These things are perhaps too often *talked of*. Let me describe but one morning of modified starvation at Newtyle and then pass on.

"Imagine a cold spring forenoon. It is eleven o'clock, but our little dwelling shows none of the signs of that time of day. The four children are still asleep. There is a bed cover hung before the window, to keep all within as much like night as possible; and the mother sits beside the beds of her children, to lull them back to sleep whenever any show an inclination to awake. For this there is a cause, for our weekly five shillings have not come as expected, and the only food in the house consists of a handful of oatmeal saved from the supper of last night. Our fuel is also exhausted. My wife and I were conversing in sunken whispers about making an attempt to cook the handful of meal, when the youngest child awoke beyond the mother's power to hush it again to sleep, and then fell a whimpering, and finally broke out in a steady scream, which, of course, rendered it impossible any longer to keep the rest in a state of unconsciousness. Face after face sprang up, each with one consent exclaiming, 'Oh, mother, mother, gie me a piece!' How weak a word is sorrow to apply to the feelings of myself and wife during the remainder of that dreary forenoon!"

The limit of endurance seemed to have come. He went to Dundee and pawned "a last and most valued relic of other days;" purchasing with the pawnbroker's ten shillings what is called a "pack" of saleable matters to be carried by his wife, and some small merchandise of second-hand books for himself. So furnished they left their miserable dwelling with four weary and fretful children; tramping the more miserable wayside for three days in the face of sour east winds and rain, and meeting only with human beings forlorn and starving as themselves, till the weakness of the poor mother and children brought them to a pause. "Jean was sorely exhausted, bearing an infant constantly at the breast, and often carrying the youngest boy also who had fairly broken down." It was the night of the third day, and there seemed no resource but to lie down and perish, when a large farm-house came in view, and the father hurried down from the road to implore shelter. The comfortable housekeeper refused it. "What! in the storm! in the night! Let pity not be believed." It is indeed difficult to believe, when we read such statements as these.

"I pleaded with her the infancy of my family, the lateness of the night, and their utter unfitness to proceed—that we sought nothing but shelter—that the meanest shed would be a blessing. Heaven's mercy was never more earnestly pleaded for than was a night's lodging by me on that occasion; but 'No, no, no,' was the unvarying answer to all my entreaties.

"I returned to my family. They had kept closer together, and all, except the mother, were fast asleep. 'Oh, Willie, Willie, what keepit ye?' inquired the trembling woman; 'I'm dootfu' o' Jeanie,' she added; 'isna she waesome like? Let's in frae the cauld.'—'We've nae way to gang, lass,' said I, 'whate'er come o' us. Yon folk winna hae us.' Few more words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them. My head throbbed with pain, and for a time became the tenement of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than of indignation, and it seemed to me that this same world was a thing very much to be hated; and on the whole, the sooner that one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and mine own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind—enclosed—prisoned in misery—no outlook—none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me—what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out—and be heard, too, while I tell it—that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits—when despair has loosed honor's last hold upon the heart—when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust—when every unsympathizing onlooker is deemed an enemy—who THEN can limit the consequences! For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain, with one end fixed in Nature holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny."

The wretched man scrawled a note by the "gloamin' light" and carried it to a "stately mansion hard by." But "the servant had been ordered to take in no such notes, and he could not break through the rule." On return to his perishing family he found a serving-man standing by them and giving what assistance he could. "It is always so;" he says; "but for the poor, the poorer would perish."\* This good fellow helped them to a common farm-house.

"The servants were not yet in bed; and we were permitted a short time to warm ourselves at the bothy fire. During this interval the infant seemed to revive; it fastened heartily to the breast, and soon fell asleep. We were next led to an out-house. A man stood by with a lantern, while, with straw and blankets, we made a pretty fair bed. In less than half an hour, the whole slept sweetly in their dark and almost roofless dormitory. I think it must have been between three and four o'clock when Jean wakened me. Oh, that scream!—I think I can hear it now. The other children, startled from sleep, joined in frightful wail over their *dead sister*. Our poor Jeanie had, unobserved by us, sunk during the night under the effects of the exposure of the preceding evening, following, as it did, a long course of hardship, too great to be borne by a young frame. Such a visitation could only be sustained by one hardened to misery and wearied of existence. I sat awhile and looked on them; comfort I had none to give—none to take; I spake not—what could be said—words! Oh, no! the worst is over when words can serve us. And yet it is not just when the wound is given that pain is felt. How comes it, I wonder, that minor evils will affect even to agony, while paramount sorrow overdoes itself, and stands in stultified calmness? Strange to say, on first becoming aware of the bereavement of that terrible night, I sat for some minutes gazing upwards at the fluttering and wheeling movements of a party of swallows, our fellow-lodgers, which had been disturbed by our unearthly outcry. After a while, I proceeded to awaken the people in the house, who entered at once into our feelings, and did everything which Christian kindness could dictate as proper to be done on the occasion. A numerous and respectable party of neighbors assembled that day to assist at the funeral. In an obscure corner of Kinnaird churchyard lies our favorite, little Jeanie."

We cannot conceive a more affecting relation than that. Every word carries with it the assurance of simple unexaggerated truth.

In a breaker of stones on the road this appalling misery found its next patron and assuager. He bought a book for fivepence halfpenny, and would have bought a flute which poor Thom was possessed of. But the stone breaker's earnestness reminded Thom of the uses of this flute, and, like Goldsmith, he was able to beg his way by the help of it into better times, until, at the town of Inverury, he settled down once more to his loom. He had thus struggled back into decent means of

existence, when his wife died. "Jean, the mother of my family, partner of my wanderings, unmurmuring sharer in all my difficulties, left us as the last cold cloud was passing." It seems to have been this sorrow that stung the poor fellow into song. He afterwards described his loss in sending to a friend some verses he had written on it.

"Enclosed is one piece written about two years ago, my wife lately before having died in childbed. At the time of her decease, although our dwelling was at Inverury, my place of employment was in a village nine miles distant, whence I came once a fortnight, to enjoy the ineffable couthiness that swims around 'ane's ain fireside,' and is nowhere else to be found. For many months, we knew comfort and happiness—our daughter Betsey, about ten years of age, was in country service, two boys younger still, kept at home with their mother. The last Sabbath we ever met, Jean spoke calmly and earnestly of matters connected with our little home and family—bade me remain a day or two with them yet, as she felt a foreboding that the approaching event would be too much for her enfeebled constitution. It was so. She died two days thereafter. On returning from the kirkyard, I shut up our desolate dwelling, and never more owned it as a home. We were but as strangers in the village, so the elder boy and I put over that night in a common tramp house. A neighbor undertook to keep the other little fellow, but he, somehow, slipped away unobserved, and was found fast asleep at the door of our tenantless home. Next morning, having secured a boarding-house for him, (the youngest,) I took the road to resume labor at the usual place—poor, soft-hearted Willie by my side—a trifle of sad thinking within, and the dowie mists of Benachie right before me. We travelled off our road some miles to the glen where Betsy was 'herdin.' Poor Bet knew nothing of what had happened at Inverury. Her mother had visited her three weeks before—had promised to return with some wearables, for winter was setting in fast and bitterly. The day and very hour we approached her bleak residence that was their trysted time. She saw us as we stood on the knowe hesitating—ran towards us—'O whaur is my mither! foo is nae she here? Speak, father! speak, Willie!' Poetry, indeed! Poetry, I fear, has little to do with moments like these. Oh, no! When the bewildering gush has passed away, and a kind of grey light has settled on the ruin, one may then number the drops as they fall, but the cisterns of sorrow echo not when full—hence my idealized address to Willie was written long after the event that gave it existence. With feelings more tranquil, and condition every way better, it came thus—

The ae dark spot in this loveless world,  
That spot maun ever be, Willie,  
Whaur she sat an' daunted yer bonnie brown hair,  
An' lithely looket to me, Willie;  
An' oh! my heart owned a' the power  
Of your mither's gifted e'e, Willie.

There's now nae blink at our slacken'd hearth,  
Nor kindred breathing there, Willie;  
But cauld and still our hame of death,  
Wi' its darkness evermair, Willie;  
For she who lived in our love, is cauld,  
An' her grave the stranger's lair, Willie.

\* The poor man alone,  
When he hears the poor groan,  
Of his morsel a morsel will give.  
Well-a-day!—Holcroft.



The sleepless nicht, the dowie dawn,  
 A' stormy tho' it be, Willie,  
 Ye'll buckle ye in yer weat wee plaid,  
 An' wander awa wi' me, Willie;  
 Yer lonesome sister little kens  
 Sic tidings we hae to gie, Willie.

The promised day, the trysted hour,  
 She'll strain her watchfu' e'e, Willie;  
 Seeking that mither's look of love,  
 She ne'er again maun see, Willie;  
 Kiss aye the tear frae her whitening cheek,  
 An' speak a while for me, Willie.

Look kindly, kindly when ye meet,  
 But speak nae of the dead, Willie;  
 An' when yer heart would gar you greet,  
 Aye turn awa yer head, Willie;  
 That waesome look ye look to me  
 Would gar her young heart bleed, Willie.

Whan e'er she names a mither's name,  
 An' sairly presseth thee, Willie,  
 O tell her of a happy hame  
 Far, far o'er earth an' sea, Willie;  
 An' ane that waits to welcome them—  
 Her hameless bairns an' me, Willie.

These are simple, earnest lines, with a manly pathos in them. "Shepherd's pipes, Arcadian strains, and fabled tortures quaint and tame," this poor man has as hardly earned the right to laugh at, as the great Burns himself: and only of what he knows and feels he tells us in his verse.

Something he had sent to an Aberdeen paper, attracted the notice of a benevolent Scotchman, Mr. Gordon, who sent the writer five pounds. It arrived opportunely—distress having come again to the loom—"on a cold, cold winter day, when we sat alone, my little ones and I, looking on the last meal procurable by honorable means." Mr. Gordon afterwards put some questions to the humble poet, a few of which, with their answers, the reader will thank us for extracting.

"*'What was you bred to?'* Born in Aberdeen, the son of a widow unable to keep me at home idle, I was, when ten years of age, placed in a public factory, where I served an apprenticeship of four years, at the end of which, I entered another great weaving establishment, 'Gordon, Baron & Co.,' where I continued seventeen years. During my apprenticeship, I had picked up a little reading and writing. Afterwards, set about studying Latin—went so far, but was fairly defeated through want of time, &c.—having the while to support my mother, who was getting frail. However, I continued to gather something of arithmetic and music, both of which I have mastered so far as to render further progress easy did I see it requisite. I play the German flute tolerably in general subjects, but in my native melodies, lively or pathetic, to few will I lay it down. I have every Scotch song that is worth singing; and, though my vocal capability is somewhat limited, I can convey a pretty fair idea of what a Scotch song ought to be.

"So much for *'acquirements.'* You next ask my *'age and state of health?'* I am *forty-two*—my health not robust but evenly; a lameness of one leg occasioned by my being, when in infancy, crushed under the wheel of a carriage. This unfits me for work requiring extra personal strength; and, indeed, it is mostly owing to little mechanical appliances of my own contriving, that I am enabled

to subject the more laborious parts of my calling to the limits of my very stinted bodily power.

"*'The number and age of my family?'* Three: Elizabeth, aged ten and a-half years, William eight, and James five. My wife died in childbed, last November; my girl does the best she can by way of housekeeper; the boys are at school. I cannot spare the lassie, so she gets a lesson at home.

"*'Description of my dwelling?'* I occupy two trim little garrets in a house belonging to Sir Robert Elphinstone, lately built on the market stance of Inverury. We have everything required in our humble way—perhaps our blankets pressed a little too lightly during the late severe winter, but then we crept closer together—that is gone—'tis summer now, and we are hopeful that next winter will bring better things. *'Means of Living?'*—employed, seven or eight months yearly, in customary weaving—that is, a country weaver who wants a journeyman sends for me. I assist in making bedding, shirting and other household stuffs. When his customers are served, I am discharged; and so ends the *season*. During that time, I earn from ten to twelve shillings a week, pay the master generally four shillings for my 'keep,' and remit the rest to my family. In this way, we moved on happy enough. Ambition, or something like it, would, now and then, whisper me into discontent. But now, how blest would I deem myself, had I my beloved partner again, and the same difficulties to retrace. I eke out the blank portions of the season by going into a factory. Here, the young and vigorous only can exceed six shillings weekly. This alone is my period of privation; however, it is wonderful how nicely we get on. A little job now and then, in the musical way, puts all right again.

"I had nearly forgot that you ask me whether I possess *'Good common sense, as well as poetical ability?'* Well, really, sir, I cannot say—most people erect their own standard in that matter, and, generally, award to themselves a pretty fair share; and few are found grumbling with the distribution. I have looked, as closely as my degree permitted, upon man; his ways and his wishes; and I have tasted, in my own experience, some of life's bitterest tastings; hence I have obtained some shrewd glimpses of what calls common sense into action, and what follows the action wherein common sense has no share."

This was three years ago. We cannot very well trace his subsequent history. He seems to have been brought to London by his kindhearted patron, but for no very intelligible reason. He is now at his loom, again, in Scotland, and, we fear, again neighbored by distress. "Amid the giant waves of monopoly," he says, at the close of his recollections, "the solitary loom is fast sinking. Thus must the lyre, like a hencoop, be thrown on the wrecking waters, to float its owner ashore." A desperate venture: but let us say of the little volume, since it has momentous service of this kind to discharge, that the reader, who can spare so many pence for so many rhymes, will do well to spare them in this instance. Mr. Thom is not a prodigy, but he is a true man; and any hand that helps to lift him up, will strengthen and honor itself in the doing it.

Here are two further specimens of his poetical quality. The first, the most fanciful subject in the little volume: the second, of that sterner stuff which gives it greater value.

## THE LAST TRYST.

This nicht ye'll cross the bosky glen,  
Ance mair, O would ye meet me then?  
I'll seem as bygone bliss an' pain,  
Were a' forgot;  
I winna weep to weary thee,  
Nor seek the love ye canna gie;—  
Whaur first we met, O let that be  
The parting spot!  
The hour just when the faithless licht  
O' yon pale star forsakes the nicht;  
I wouldna pain ye wi' the blicht  
Ye've brought to me.  
Nor would I that yon proud could ray  
Should mock me wi' its scornfu' play;—  
The sunken een and tresses grey  
Ye maunna see.  
Wi' sindered hearts few words will sair,  
An' brain-dried grief nae tears can spare;  
These bluidless lips shall ne'er mair  
Name thine or thee.

At murky nicht, O meet me then!  
Restore my plighted troth again;  
Your bonnie bride shall never ken  
Your wrangs to me.

## A CHIEFTAIN UNKNOWN TO THE QUEEN.

Auld Scotland cried "Welcome your Queen!"  
Ilk glen echoed "Welcome your Queen!"  
While turret and tower to mountain and moor,  
Cried "Wauken and welcome our Queen!"  
Syne, O sic deray was exprest,  
As Scotland for lang hadna seen;  
When bodies cam bickerin' a' clad in their best—  
To beck to their bonnie young Queen.  
When a' kinds o' colors cam south,  
An' scarlet frae sly Aberdeen;  
Ilk flutterin' heart flitted up to the mouth,  
A' pantin' to peep at our Queen.  
There were earls on that glitterin' strand,  
Wi' diamonded dame mony ane;  
An' weel might it seem that the happiest land  
Was trod by the happiest Queen.  
Then mony a chieftain's heart  
Beat high 'neath its proud tartan screen;  
But one sullen chief stood afar and apart,  
Nor recked he the smile o' a Queen.  
"Wha's he winna blink on our Queen,  
With his haffets sae lyart and lean?"  
O ho! it is Want, wi' his gathering gaunt,  
An' million of mourners unseen.  
Proud Scotland cried "Hide them, O hide!  
An' lat nae them licht on her een;  
Wi' their bairnies bare, it would sorrow her sair!  
For a mither's heart moves in our Queen."

It was the fashion, some years ago, to patronize the poetry of housekeepers, butlers and dairy-maids; and a very unwholesome fashion it was. We do not want more people to write: people that can read, are more sorely wanted. It is, however, no wail of neglected genius raised in this book of Mr. Thom's, but a cry that more nearly concerns us all. Is the deeply-seated disease, from which it comes, to be left forever without a remedy? Is the near and neighborly concern for each other's comfort and happiness to be only from the poor to the poor?

Very earnestly do we hope that the pathetic history we have taken from this humble little volume, may help to indicate the necessity of some practical answer to such questions. We are glad, as well as grieved, to think that the picture it presents to us is not of rare occurrence. The same patience, good sense, strong human feeling, and quiet manful endurance, are daily tried in the same extreme distress. And for the single desperate swimmer that gets to land, even drenched and bare-footed as this poor Thom appears to be, how many sink forever. Let not our readers fancy it too dreadful to think of. With fair play allowed—not generosity, not charity, not indulgence of any kind—but with bare and dry fair play, would it be possible that their fellow-creatures could perish thus? Let them think of it.

From Punch.

## THOM, THE WEAVER POET OF INVERURY, VERSUS SCOTLAND.

THE Scotch press is even at this time hardly silent on that great national ceremony—mingling of triumph with self-humiliation—the Burns Festival. Scotland, however, is repentant Scotland, and will sin no more. Let us test her sincerity. Let us try the honesty of her sighs and groans at the banks of the Doon, by the activity of her sympathies at Inverury. Let us, if we can, discover the real amount of her affection for the dead Ploughman, by her tenderness towards a kindred, if a lesser, spirit—the living Weaver. In fine, let us see how Scotland—enthusiastic, genius-loving Scotland—stands towards Robert Burns, deceased, and William Thom, living and suffering.

It is obvious that our limits compel us to be brief. Otherwise, we would reprint the whole of Thom's story, written, as much of it is, in the very tears of domestic anguish. We must confine ourselves to brief extracts. William Thom is a hand-loom weaver; he is a native of Aberdeen, and was born in 1800. He lived with his family at the village of Newtyle, when, some years since, he was left to struggle on five shillings a week.

"I will not expatiate," he says, "on six human lives subsisting on five shillings weekly—on babies prematurely thoughtful—on comely faces withering—on desponding youth and too-quickly declining age."

With no employment, he pawned "a most valuable relic of better days" for ten shillings, with which he bought a few books to trade with. He and his family then left their breadless home. They travelled three days.

"Sunset was followed by cold, sour east winds and rain. The children becoming weary and fretful, we made frequent inquiries of other forlorn-looking beings whom we met, to ascertain which farm-town in the vicinity was most likely to afford us quarters. Jean was sorely exhausted, bearing an infant constantly at her breast, and often carrying the youngest boy also, who had fairly broken down in the course of the day."

Thom, we should have premised, is a cripple. When seven years old, his ankle and foot were crushed beneath the carriage of the Earl of Errol, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire. No pleasant thought this, to the Earl, we should imagine,

when he heard—for as a Scotchman, of course, he has heard—of the multiplied miseries of the *unassisted* poet. But to proceed: Thom seeks shelter at a “comfortable-looking steading,” but is denied the hospitality of an out-house and straw.

“I returned to my family. They had crept closer together, and all, except the mother, were fast asleep. ‘Oh, Willie, Willie, what keepit ye?’ inquired the trembling woman, ‘I’m dootfu’ o’ Jeanie,’ she added; ‘isna she waesome like? Let’s in frae the cauld.’ ‘We’ve nae way to gang, lass,’ said I, ‘whate’er come o’ us. Yon folk winna hae us.’ Few more words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them. My head throbbd with pain, and for a time became the tement of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than of indignation, and it seemed to me that this same world was a thing very much to be hated; and, on the whole, the sooner that one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and mine own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind—enclosed—prisoned in misery—no outlook—none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me—what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out—and be heard, too, while I tell it,—that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits—when Despair has loosed Honor’s last hold upon the heart—when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust—when every unsympathizing on-looker is deemed an enemy—who THEN can limit the consequences? For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain, with one end fixed in Nature’s holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny.”

He is no common man who writes thus. However, to finish this terrible narrative. The wretched family obtain admittance about eleven o’clock at the farm-house of John Cooper, West Town, of Kinnaird, and were led to an out-house.

“In less than half-an-hour, the whole slept sweetly in their dark and almost roofless dormitory. I think it must have been between three and four o’clock when Jean awakened me. Oh, that scream!—I think I can hear it now. The other children, startled from sleep, joined in frightful wail over their dead sister. Our poor Jeanie had, unobserved by us, sunk during the night under the effects of the exposure of the preceding evening, following, as it did, a long course of hardship, too great to be borne by a young frame.”

The child is buried—the family wander on. One night they arrive at a lodging-house at Methven. Thom is required to pay sixpence for the accommodation; the rule of the house being payment before the parties “tak’ aff their shoon.” This demand induces Thom to have recourse to his flute. He leaves the lodging with his wife:—

“‘A quarter of an hour longer,’ said I, ‘and it will be darker; let us walk out a bit.’ The sun had been down a good while, and the gloamin’ was lovely. In spite of everything, I felt a momentary reprieve. I dipped my dry flute in a little burn and began to play. It rang sweetly amongst the trees. I moved on and on, still playing, and still facing the town. ‘The flowers of the forest’ brought me before the house lately mentioned. My music raised one window after another.”

His music touched the hearts and pockets of the Methven folk.

“There was enough to encourage farther perseverance; but I felt, after all, that I had begun too late in life ever to acquire that ‘ease and grace’ indispensable to him who would successfully ‘carry the gaberlunzie on.’ I felt I must forego it, at least in a downright street capacity.”

After a time, trade revived a little—he got tired of “this beggar’s work”—and settled at Inverury:—

“Nine months after our settlement here,” he says, ‘She died—Jean, the mother of my family, partner of my wanderings, the un murmuring sharer in all my difficulties—left us, too, just as the last cloud was passing, ere the outbreak of a brighter day. The cloud passed, but the warmth that followed lost half its value to me, she being no partner therein.”

In 1841, Thom sent a poem, *The Blind Boy’s Pranks*, signed “By a Serf,” to the *Aberdeen Herald*. The simple beauty of this poem attracted the attention of Mr. Gordon, of Knockespoek, one of those men of true heart who wait not until genius shall become churchyard clay, ere they can feel for its past agonies. This gentleman became the fast friend of Thom, and has stood by him until the present time. Thom is now at his loom at Inverury. “Alas! for the loom though,” he says, “amid the giant waves of monopoly, the solitary loom is fast sinking. Thus must the lyre like a hen-coop be thrown on the wrecking waters, to float its owner ashore!”

We have no space to quote any of Thom’s poems. They possess great natural grace and tenderness; though their dialect will prevent their popularity on this side of the Tweed. For which good reason, Thom more especially belongs to Scotland; it is the more *her* duty to foster him.

Be it understood, that in the above we have made no discovery. Two years ago the narrative was published in Scotland; nay, it adorned the pages of *Chambers’ Journal*—a work peculiarly addressed to Scotch sympathies,—and what has Scotland up to this time done for Thom! Why, in the words of a correspondent, “Scotland, with but few exceptions, has felt proud and sorry, and has given a return of *nil*!”

But the time is not yet come. In some eight-and-forty years, perhaps, there may be a Thom Festival. A descendant of Errol’s Earl—of the family whose carriage made a hopeless cripple of the poet—may honor the solemnity with his presidentship; a Professor—some Jupiter from the great Saturn—may discourse

“Like that large utterance of the early gods!”—

and all be jubilee and gladness. Then may the weaver’s house at Invertye be visited—*then* may the roadside where the mother watched her dying infant be deemed consecrated ground—the flute on which the poet played for meals and shelter, a priceless relic! Wait eight-and-forty years, William Thom, and such glory shall be yours. For the present, starve. It is cheaper—thinks economic Scotland—to give bays to the dead, than bread to the living.

It has been insinuated that—*vivâ voce*—we called the Burns Festival, a “hollow humbug.” We have no recollection that such a phrase ever escaped us. If, however, Scotland continues to neglect the weaver of Inverury, we shall no longer doubt the hollowness of the late festival, as a national demonstration. Add every Scotch coronet to that of Eglintoun—let Professor Wilson—

“Was that thunder?”



No: we can name Professor Wilson, and the heavens still be tranquil! Let Professor Wilson, we say, utter the eloquence of all Olympus,—why, even then, with Thom neglected, we would most unhesitatingly pronounce the words attributed to us, and in the very teeth of Scotland groan, "HOLLOW HUMBUG!"

But no, Scotland will do otherwise; she will be genial, generous towards the weaver of Inverury. She will sympathize with his wants, she will be proud of his genius. Yes, in the case of William Thom a miracle will be worked; for he will find that he "can gather figs of Thistles."

A FRENCH "MODEL FARM" IN AFRICA.—The French, having possessed themselves of Algiers, have in the most praiseworthy manner set about cultivating the soil. This is nothing but right—the proper payment of a debt due to dear, ill-used mother earth. Having committed a hundred *razzias* (a new word in the rich vocabulary of military glory) upon the Moors, having burnt their crops, destroyed their villages, and carried away everything that could be made into rations, they have now turned farmers themselves, in the sincerity of their compunction determining to eat of the fruits of their own labor—the fruits of pillage having become scarce and so uncertain. To follow out this noble intention, numbers of model farm-houses have been constructed in France, and shipped for Algeria. We give a correct sketch of one of these abodes of rustic peace and happiness, and are furthermore enabled to lay before the reader the translation of a letter, sent by a cultivator of the soil to his kindred in France. It is valuable, as showing that whatever the difficulties of the farming interest may be in England, they are, nevertheless, not to be compared to the agricultural struggle in Africa.

Aug. 25, 1844, *Mon Repos, Algiers.*

MY DEAR PARENTS,

Your kind letter, strange to say, found me alive. You ask me to send you an account of our Model Farm. I inclose a picture of it, by which you will see the happy security we dwell in. The farm is surrounded by a stockade, and we mount not less than fifty forty-two pounders; these are constantly double loaded with grape of the very best vintage. Thus, our guns bear upon our fields, if nothing else does. Indeed, everything about us may be said to be shooting, except the crops. Still I do not despair. Two months ago we ploughed two hundred Arabs into a field of four acres, and find they are coming up very nicely in turnips. For agricultural glory, there is nothing like bonedust.

Indeed, it is amazing to see how glory blesses us in this country. We feed the Gallic cock upon small-shot; and, strange to say, the hens lay nothing but bullets. Indeed, such is the vigilance of the Arabs, that we are compelled to stand to our guns at milking time, and feed the pigs with fixed bayonets. We are, however, exercising the milkmaids in platoon firing, and trust they are quite able to take the field with the cows, now that the guns, which they are to carry, have been provided us.

We yesterday held a court-martial on the sentinel who mounted guard at the duck's house; a party of the enemy having scaled the wall at night, and carried off our only brood of ducklings.

The drake and duck were found with their throats cut. Were there ever such barbarous villains as these Arabs? The sentinel was shot this morning at six, with all the honors. Although the villains stole our ducks, they fortunately missed the onions; I say fortunately, for they might have found, at least, a rope apiece.

We are, however, preparing for a grand operation. We have deposited an immense quantity of gunpowder under the dunghill. We purpose to appear off our guard—shall suffer the enemy to scale our stockade, plant their banners on our dunghill, and then—as they think, in the moment of victory—blow them to atoms! Thus may true glory be obtained, like mushrooms, even from a dunghill!

You will, from the above, judge of the charming excitement of our country life; of the delightful employment of cultivating beet-root and laurels in the same field. You will—

—But I am called away. Our shepherd has just returned without his nose and ears. Our two sheep are carried off! We hasten to make a *sortie* to avenge the honor of outraged France! *Vive la gloire, vive la France, jusqu'à la mort!*

ALEXIS BONHOMME, Pig-Adjutant.

P. S. The villains are conquered—but we have lost our Goose-master General (Monsieur Jacotot,) who, you may inform his relatives, will be irrevocably bound in Morocco.—*Punch.*

#### SONG OF THE SPORTSMAN.

HURRAH for the cover! Hurrah for the field!

Let others to study their faculties yield,  
Or their minds to professions or business apply;  
No employment, no mental resources have I.

Hurrah!

I'm completely wrapt up in my dogs and my gun,  
And exist for no purpose or object but one;—  
To bag as much game in a day as I can:  
Occupation enough, I should say, for a man.

Hurrah!

Oh! talk not to me of the comforts of home,  
I prefer with my good double-barrel to roam:  
With his Juno, and Carlo, and Brush by his side,  
Little reck's the true sportsman of children or bride.

Hurrah!

All your tea-parties, dances and stuff, I detest,  
When I come home at night what I wish for is rest;  
Hang your harps, and pianos, and fiddlededee!  
The crack of my MANTON's the music for me.

Hurrah!

On the beauties of Nature your muffs may dilate,  
For my part I never attend to their prate;  
Altogether intent upon beating the ground,  
I care not a straw for the prospect around.

Hurrah!

Copse, turnips, and stubble all day let me tread,  
No thought but of sport ever ent'ring my head:  
Then homeward, at evening, to supper repair;  
And when I've had that, go to sleep in my chair.

Hurrah!

*Punch.*

## LETTER FROM SATAN MONTGOMERY TO PUNCH.

PUNCH,—You have behaved like an impetiginous<sup>1</sup> scroyle!<sup>2</sup> Like those inquisite,<sup>3</sup> crass sciolists<sup>4</sup> who, envious of my moral celsitude,<sup>5</sup> carry their nugacity<sup>6</sup> to the height of creating symposially<sup>7</sup> the facund<sup>8</sup> words which my polymathic<sup>9</sup> genius uses with uberty<sup>10</sup> to abligate<sup>11</sup> the tongues of the weetless!<sup>12</sup> Punch, you have crassly parodied my own pet words, as though they were tangrams.<sup>13</sup> I will not coacervate<sup>14</sup> reproaches—I would obduce<sup>15</sup> a veil over the atramental<sup>16</sup> ingratitude which has chamfered<sup>17</sup> even my undiscrptible<sup>18</sup> heart. I am silent on the foscillation<sup>19</sup> which my coadjuvancy<sup>20</sup> must have given you when I offered to become your fautor<sup>21</sup> and admindle.<sup>22</sup>

I will not speak of the lippitude,<sup>23</sup> the ablespy,<sup>24</sup> you have shown in exacerbating me—one whose genius you should have approached with mental discalceation.<sup>25</sup> So I tell you, Punch, syncophically,<sup>26</sup> and without supervacaneous<sup>27</sup> words, nothing will render ignoscible<sup>28</sup> your conduct to me. I warn you that I would vellicate<sup>29</sup> your nose, if I thought that any moral diathrosis<sup>30</sup> could be thereby performed—if I thought that I should not impignorate<sup>31</sup> my reputation by such a digtadiation.<sup>32</sup>

Go! tachygraphic<sup>33</sup> scroyle!<sup>2</sup> band with your crass, inquisite<sup>3</sup> fautors<sup>21</sup>—draw oblectation<sup>34</sup> from the thought, if you can, of having synachronically<sup>35</sup> lost the existimation<sup>36</sup> of the greatest poet since Milton, and drawn upon your head this letter, which will drive you to Walker, and send you to sleep over it.

Knowledge is power, and power is mercy—so I wish you no worse than that it may prove an eternal hypnotic.<sup>37</sup>

## SATAN MONTGOMERY.

\* \* English words to be found in Walker's Dictionary.

<sup>1</sup> Impetiginous, scaly. <sup>2</sup> Scroyle, wretch. <sup>3</sup> Inquisite, corrupt. <sup>4</sup> Sciolist, imperfectly knowing. <sup>5</sup> Celsitude, height. <sup>6</sup> Nugacity, trifling. <sup>7</sup> Symposially, relating to merry-making. <sup>8</sup> Facund, eloquent. <sup>9</sup> Polymathic, knowing many arts. <sup>10</sup> Uberty, abundance. <sup>11</sup> Abligate, tie up. <sup>12</sup> Weetless, unknowing. <sup>13</sup> Tangram, cant word. <sup>14</sup> Coacervate, heap up. <sup>15</sup> Obduce, draw over. <sup>16</sup> Atramental, inky. <sup>17</sup> Chamfered, furrowed. <sup>18</sup> Undiscrptible, unfrangible. <sup>19</sup> Foscillation, comfort. <sup>20</sup> Coadjuvancy, help. <sup>21</sup> Fautor, countenancer. <sup>22</sup> Admindle, help. <sup>23</sup> Lippitude, blearness of eye. <sup>24</sup> Ablespy, blindness. <sup>25</sup> Discalceation, act of taking off shoes. <sup>26</sup> Syncophically, with contraction of words. <sup>27</sup> Supervacaneous, superfluous. <sup>28</sup> Ignoscible, capable of being pardoned. <sup>29</sup> Vellicate, twitch. <sup>30</sup> Diathrosis, an operation whereby crooked limbs are straightened. <sup>31</sup> Impignorate, pawn, forfeit. <sup>32</sup> Digtadiation, combat. <sup>33</sup> Tachygraphic, fast writing. <sup>34</sup> Oblectation, pleasure. <sup>35</sup> Synachronically, at the same time. <sup>36</sup> Existimation, opinion. <sup>37</sup> Hypnotic, opiate.

The journals of Aix la Chappelle, Cologne, and Augsburg, and the *German Universal Gazette*, and also several other German journals, all concur in stating that it is a custom in the Province of Silesia for the forest-keepers to shoot such poachers as they find in *flagrante delicto*, and burn their bodies. The statement as to this unparalleled atrocity is confirmed by the *Silesia*, published at Leignitz, the capital of the principality, and subjected to the censorship. This journal states that during the last winter, on one domain in Silesia, more than ten poachers were sacrificed in this manner.

## LORD NON-CONTENT.

*Lyndhurst*.—CONTENT OR NON-CONTENT?  
*Brougham*.—OH! NON-CONTENT, OF COURSE.

OH! no, I say; don't mention it,  
'T is really too absurd;  
I don't admit a single thing;  
I won't believe a word.  
From all that noble lords have said,  
In toto I dissent;  
Why, does n't everybody know  
I'm always "Non-Content!"

They tell me I'm an obstinate,  
Impracticable man;  
I'm open to conviction—but  
Convince me if you can.  
I blame your views, deny your facts,  
Dispute your argument;  
Then why the question put to me?  
Of course I'm "Non-Content."

Content, indeed! I never was,  
From childhood's dawn till now;  
And I should greatly like to see  
The statement I'd allow.  
To differ only I'll agree;  
On that I'm firmly bent.  
I am, I will, I must, I shall,  
Be always "Non-Content."—Punch.

THE NAME OF A PRINCE.—Our contemporary, the *Court Journal*, lately put forth a very beautifully written article on the probable name of the last new prince. The rake of recollection had been poetically plunged into the garden of history, or, to drop all metaphor, the writer had hooked up one or two leading events in Hume and Smollett, upon which he had hung the glorious conclusion that the public would be electrified if the prince were to be called Alfred. Now if electrifying the public is to be the grand object in selecting a name for a prince, we should suggest that the public would be much less electrified by his being called Alfred, than if he were to be christened Ebenezer Samuel James Timothy Benjamin. Such a name as that would be what might be termed, figuratively—a stunner to the entire nation.—Punch.

ACCIDENT TO THE LIBERATOR.—When all the preparations were made to liberate O'Connell, it was discovered to be impossible for the martyr to quit the prison by the same door that he entered it. The truth is, he had become so enormously fat, in consequence of the culinary presents of a grateful people, that another opening had to be made in the walls before he could wend his way to Merriam-square. This circumstance is not generally known; but those who recollect—and who does not?—our portrait of O'Connell in his captivity, cannot for a moment doubt it.—Punch.

AN ALDERMAN WANTED.—The ward of Billingsgate will want an alderman. May we beg to recommend a certain law lord, whose peculiar knowledge of the language of the district renders him singularly worthy of the gown.

EARLY HOURS.—The movement for the early closing of all places of trade is gaining strength. That two or three publishers may be shut up very early, the author of *The Great Metropolis* has resolved to write books for them.—Punch.

From Punch.

## LOVE IN REASON.

## FROM A WIDOWER TO A WIDOW, WITH AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Your kind looks and cordial words have accompanied me all the way home, and—the truth is, I write this before going to bed, I shall sleep the more soundly for having the matter off my mind. It is true, we have met but once; but we are both of us at that rational point of life, when people know the most value of time; and as all ceremony is but an idle waste of existence, I beg herewith to offer you my hand, and, with it, though I have been married before, an entire heart. There are hearts, madam, allow me to say, all the better for keeping; they become mellow, and more worth a woman's acceptance than the crude, unripe things, too frequently gathered—as children gather green fruit—to the discomfort of those who obtain them. I have been married to one wife, and know enough of the happiness of wedlock to wish it to be continued in another. The best compliment I can pay to the dear creature now in heaven is to seek another dear creature here on earth. She was a woman of admirable judgment; and her portrait—it hangs over my chimney piece—smiles down upon me as I write. She seems to know my thoughts and to approve of them. I said, madam, she was a woman of excellent judgment.

My means are tolerably good; more than sufficient for my widowed state. Of the truth of this, your solicitor shall have the most satisfactory proof. I have also heard—casually heard—that fortune has not, my dear madam, been blind to your deserts, and has awarded more than enough to keep the wolf from the door. I rejoice at this: for whatever might be my disappointment, I would not entail upon you the inconvenience of marriage unaccompanied by an agreeable competence. What is enough for one—it has been said—is enough for two. But this is the ignorance of Cupid, who never could learn figures. Now Hymen—as you must know, dear madam—is a better arithmetician; taught as he is by butcher and baker. Love in a cottage is pretty enough for girls and boys; but men and women like a larger mansion, with coach-house and stabling.

You may urge against me that I have incumbrances. By no means. My daughter having married a beggar, has ceased to have any natural claim upon me. If I am civil to her, it is solely from a certain weakness of heart that I cannot wholly conquer: and something too, moreover, to keep up appearances with a meddling world. I have told her that she is never to expect a farthing from me, and I should despise myself not to be a man of my word.

I have, too, a son; but when I tell you that I have once paid his debts, incurred in his wild minority, you will allow that except my blessing, and, at times, my paternal advice, he can expect nothing more. I know the duties of a father, and will never satisfy the cravings of a profligate. Nevertheless, he is my own son; and whatever may be his need my blessing and my counsel he shall never want.

My health, madam, has ever been excellent. I have worn like rock. I have heard of such things as nerves, but believe it my fate to have been born without any such weaknesses. I speak thus plainly of essentials, as you and I, madam, are

now too wise to think consumption pretty—to tie ourselves to ill-health, believing it vastly interesting. I can ride forty miles a day, and take a hedge with any fellow of five-and-twenty. I say, I speak of these things, that you may know me as I am. Moreover, I assure you I eat with my own teeth, and grow my own hair. Besides this, I am only two-and-fifty.

What do you say, madam? As for vices, as I am an honest man, I do not think I can lay any to my charge. I may have my human weaknesses—such, indeed, as I have touched upon above; but, madam, it has ever been my study through life to be respectable. I have the handsomest pew in the church, and don't owe any man a shilling.

Well, my dear madam, it is getting late, and I must conclude. I hate to be out of bed after eleven—it is now past twelve. Hence, you must perceive how very much I am interested in this business. In another ten minutes I shall be asleep, and dreaming of you. May I wake to find my dream—for I know what it will be—a reality!

If our solicitors are mutually satisfied, will you name the day? I am superstitious about days—say then, say Thursday week, and believe me your devoted lover till death.

NICHOLAS BLACKTHORN.

P. S. May I see you to-morrow?

## THE WIDOW'S ANSWER.

SIR,—Your favor of last night, has I own surprised me. What! after one meeting, and that at a card-party, to make such an offer! Well to be sure, you men are strange creatures! What, indeed, could you have seen in my conduct to think I could look over such coldness!

As for the rational point of life you speak of, I must confess I know not when that exactly occurs; do you think it—at least with women—at two-and-thirty: or if not, may I beg to know what age you consider me! Perhaps, though, my early and irreparable loss may have brought a look of premature age upon me. It is very possible—for what a man he was!

As for what you say about hearts, sir, I know but little; I only know the one I have lost. If I did pluck it green, like the winter-apples in my store-room, it grew riper and riper in my care.

You say your wife's portrait smiled while you wrote. *His* dear miniature is now before me; I think I see the tears starting through the ivory as I look upon the precious features. If he ever could have frowned, surely he would frown now to think—but I will not pursue the theme.

As to your means, sir, I am happy to hear they are sufficient. Although I can by no possibility have an interest in them, nevertheless I myself too well know the blessings of competence not to congratulate you. True it is I know but little of the ways of money; but am blessed in my solicitors, Messrs. Grip and Nip, No. —, Furnival's Inn.

You speak of your incumbrances; my husband dying, left me without a single one. That your daughter should have forgotten her duty, is an affliction. I am glad, however, to find that you know the true source of consolation, and refuse to lend yourself to her improvidence. Truly, indeed, do you say it is a meddling world. I have found it so; as some of my lamented husband's poor

relations will answer for me. However, as I could not endure the sight of anything that reminded me of my dear lost treasure, I have left them for ever in Cornwall. It is now some months since they have ceased to distress me.

Your son may mend. If you will allow me as a stranger to speak, I think you should still act with tenderness towards him. How very little would pay his passage to Australia!

Health is, indeed, a treasure. I know it. Had I not had the robustness—pardon the word!—of a mountain nymph, I had never survived the dreadful shock that cruel death has inflicted on me. As it was, it struck me down. But, as the poet says, “the bulrush rises when the oak goes crash.”

You are partial to hunting! It is a noble recreation. My departed lamb followed the hounds, and, as sportsmen say, would ride at anything. He once broke his collar bone; but with good nursing, we put him in the saddle again in a month. Ha! you should have seen him in his scarlet coat!

In this fleeting life, how small and vain are personal gifts compared to the treasures of the mind! Still, if there is anything I admire, it is fine teeth. A wig, at least in a man, is detestable.

You say you are two-and-fifty. Well, I must say, you don't look *that* age.

You speak plainly of vices, and say you have none. It would be ill manners in me, on so short—I may say, so very trivial—an acquaintance, to doubt you. Besides, it has been my faith—and what I have lost by it I have n't time to tell—to think well of everybody. Weaknesses we all have. One of mine is, a love of a pew. We think but very little of religion, when we forget proper hassocks.

I have, however, delayed you too long; and indeed, except for politeness' sake, know not why I should have written at all.

I therefore remain

Your obedient Servant,

RUTH DOUBLEKNOT.

P. S. I shall be out all day to-morrow. At present—I say at present—I know of no engagement for the next day; no, not next day—the day after, for I hate a Thursday.

TO THE WOULD-BE GENTEEL.—The termination of the season has enabled *Punch*, through extensive negotiations with the butlers and footmen of the nobility and gentry, to offer to his subscribers, on the most moderate terms, a large assortment of Aristocratic Visiting Cards. Any gentleman or lady, desirous of gaining credit for titled and fashionable acquaintance, will find this an eligible opportunity for gratifying their pride or vanity. Physicians, surgeons, and other professional men, who may wish to appear to have a good connection, will also do well to avail themselves of it. Cheap De Veres, Montgomerys, Montagues, Mortimers, Melvilles, &c., (a large stock,) at the smallest figure. At *Punch's Office*, 191, Strand.

N.B. Observe the Statue of *Punch* in the window.

STATE OF THE MATRIMONIAL TRADE.—LOVERS.—A large cargo of fine lively Lovers just landed, in prime condition. Dressed every day by Mooses and Son, in the highest perfection, and sent to any part of town or country. Allowances to Widows, or to families having two or three daughters, according to the quantity taken.—*Punch*.

## THE IMPUDENCE OF STEAM.

OVER the billows and over the brine,  
Over the water to Palestine!  
Am I awake, or do I dream?  
Over the Ocean to Syria by steam!  
My say is sooth, by this right hand;

A steamer brave  
Is on the wave,  
Bound, positively, for the Holy Land!  
Godfrey of Bulloigne, and thou,  
Richard, lion-hearted King,  
Candidly inform us, now,  
Did you ever?  
No you never  
Could have fancied such a thing.  
Never such vociferations  
Enter'd your imaginations  
As the ensuing—

“Ease her, stop her!”  
“Any gentleman for Joppa?”  
“Mascus, Mascus!” “Ticket, please, sir.”  
“Tyre or Sidon?” “Stop her, ease her!”  
“Jerusalem, lem! lem!” “Shur! Shur!”  
“Do you go on to Egypt, Sir?”  
“Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?”  
“Now look alive there! Who's for Cairo?”  
“Back her!” “Stand clear, I say, old file!”  
“What gent or lady's for the Nile,  
Or Pyramids?” “Thebes! Thebes! Sir!”  
“Steady!”  
“Now where's that party for Engedi?”—  
Pilgrims holy, Red Cross Knights,  
Had ye e'er the least idea,  
Even in your wildest flights,  
Of a steam trip to Judea?  
What next marvel Time will show,  
It is difficult to say,  
“Buss,” perchance, to Jericho;  
“Only sixpence all the way.”  
Cabs in Solyma may ply:—  
—’T is a not unlikely tale,—  
And from Dan the tourist hie  
Unto Beersheba by “rail.”—*Punch*.

## A NEW IRISH MELODY.

(To an old Air, viz. “Brian O’Lin.”)

DANIEL O’CONNELL 'd no mischief to brew,  
So he started Repeal just for something to do,  
And the watch-word like mad through Hibernia  
ran;

“Och! the rint is a mighty fine income,” says Dan.

Daniel O’Connell found nothing would do  
But to keep up a regular hullabaloo,  
Till he found himself frying like fat in a pan;  
“Faith, I’m thinking I’d like to be out on’t,”  
says Dan.

Daniel O’Connell said rather too much,  
About blackguards, and tyrants, and Sassenachs,  
and such,

Till the government shut up the turbulent man;  
“Arrah! here’s a gintale situation,” says Dan.

Daniel O’Connell had friends to his back,  
So he got out of prison again in a crack;  
And he now is exactly just where he began,  
“Arrah! What in the world will I do now?”  
says Dan.—*Punch*.

From the Examiner.

*A Lecture on the late Improvements in Steam Navigation and the Arts of Naval Warfare.* With a brief Notice of Ericsson's Caloric Engine. Delivered before the Boston Lyceum, by JOHN O. SARGENT. New York and London. Wiley and Putnam.

ERICSSON, an ensign in the Swedish army, and a man of remarkable mechanical genius, worked in London with Braithwaite nearly twenty years ago. After some admirable inventions, of which he did not enjoy the fruits, he submitted to the Board of Admiralty a steam-boat moved by the propeller instead of the paddle-wheel. It was tried on the Thames, and the admiralty were cordial and sympathizing, and thought it very interesting, and shook Ericsson by the hand with every kind of attention and respect. But they would have nothing to do with the invention. Ericsson took it to America, and the lively picture which opens Mr. Sargent's *Discourse* tells us the result.

"Some five or six years ago I was a spectator of the departure of the *Great Western* from the port of New York, on her first transatlantic voyage. The event excited universal interest. Quite a gala day was made on the occasion. When the hour of her departure approached, Castle Garden, and the battery, and the piers in the neighborhood, on the North and East Rivers, were crowded with their thousands of curious and anxious spectators. The numerous ships in the harbor displayed their national flags. Scores of sail-boats and row-boats were darting about among the large craft, with which the bay and rivers were alive. When this magnificent vessel started on her voyage, she was followed by a fleet of steam-boats laden with dense masses of human beings, while the floating streamers and gay music animated a scene which is, at all times, one of surpassing natural beauty.

"The *Great Western* continued to come and go, with the regularity of the returning months, and her departure had, of course, ceased to be a subject of much more interest than that of an ordinary London packet.

"On the 20th of October last, however, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, the tide of life that was pouring down Broadway towards the Battery, indicated that some spectacle was anticipated of similar interest with that which I have described. The Battery and the piers were again thronged with an expecting multitude. At her appointed hour the *Great Western* came ploughing her way down the East River, under circumstances which manifested more than ordinary effort. She was enveloped in clouds of steam, and of dense black smoke; her paddle-wheels were revolving with unusual velocity, leaving a white wake behind her, that seemed to cover half the river with foam:—and with her sails all set, she was evidently prepared to do her best in an anticipated race. As she passed the Battery she was greeted with three hearty cheers, and a fair field with no favor was all that she seemed to challenge, and the least that all were willing to allow her.

"She had left Castle Garden about a quarter of a mile behind her, when a fine model of a sailing ship, frigate-like, appeared gliding gracefully down the North River, against the tide, without a breath

of smoke or steam to obscure her path—with no paddle-wheels or smoke-pipe visible—propelled by a noiseless and unseen agency, without a rag of canvass on her lihe and beautiful spars—but at a speed that soon convinced the assembled thousands that she would successfully dispute the palm with the gallant vessel, celebrated throughout the world, and everywhere admitted to be the queen of the seas.

"Such is the march of improvement in the arts. The new comer was the United States war-steamer *Princeton*. The agent by which she was moved was ERICSSON'S PROPELLER. She soon reached and passed the *Great Western*, went round her, and passed her a second time before they had reached their point of separation. In a moment practical men began to speak lightly of their hitherto favorite paddle-wheel—and the propeller, that they had shrugged their shoulders at, and amused themselves with for some years of doubtful experiment, rose into altogether unexpected favor."

The advantage to a ship of war is that the propeller is noiseless, and, with a vessel of good draft, acts below the surface. Thus she gives no warning in a night approach, is protected in her motion from missiles, and can use her sails.

Mr. Sargent's pamphlet gives an interesting memoir of Ericsson, and an account of his *Caloric Engine*. He has constructed it on the theory of those mechanical forces in nature which undergo no change. Atmospheric air, which at each stroke of the piston returns the heat, and uses it over and over again, works this engine. The subject is strikingly introduced, and deserving of attention.

WHO LIBERATED O'CONNELL?—Considerable difference of opinion exists as to the real author of the Liberator's liberation. At first it was attributed to the three Whig Law Lords in the House of Peers: but this simple and natural account of the matter did not long satisfy the curious inquirers of our age. An ulterior cause, a *primum mobile*, has been sought for. The *Morning Chronicle*, modestly hints that its "leaders" did the job. The *National* is decidedly of opinion that the terror of French Democracy was "the cause of this effect." O'Connell and a majority of his friends piously attribute it to a special interference of the Virgin Mary in his behalf; while the graceless Smith O'Brien avows the Epicurean doctrine that it was all owing to "Chance." Discordant and irreconcilable though these opinions are, they seem all clearly traceable to a common conviction that the liberation did not take place, like ordinary gaol-deliveries, "in due course of law."

SEVERAL deaths of persons well known by name or by association are mentioned in the papers. That of Captain Basil Hall, some time buried from the world in Haslar Asylum, will be regretted by all. Others recently dead are Dr. Gillespie, Professor of Humanity in the University of St. Andrews, and brother-in-law of Lord Campbell—known for his verse and classical attainments; Mr. Frederick Sugden, eldest son of the Irish lord chancellor; and M. Theule, formerly member of the legislative assembly, who expired at Paris in his eighty-eighth year.



From Punch.

## GALLANTRY OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

OUR contemporaries have stated that letters recently passed between Lady Aldborough, at Paris, and Louis Philippe. Her ladyship wished to know if war was likely, and like a true woman applied at once to head quarters. We have been exclusively favored with a copy of the correspondence, which we subjoin :—

LADY ALDBOROUGH TO LOUIS PHILIPPE.

SIRE,—I have just returned home from my morning drive, and having seen "*Mort aux Anglais*" chalked on walls and other places—besides having remarked many significant gestures on the part of your excellent people—I am desirous to learn of your courtesies, when you think the war between England and France will really commence. It would much oblige me could I have the earliest notice, as I have much packing.

Your obedient servant,

P. S. In the event of a war, I wish particularly to know if my poodle will be suffered to depart with me, or if he will be claimed as a French-born subject!

LOUIS PHILIPPE TO LADY ALDBOROUGH.

MY DEAR LADY ALDBOROUGH,—It penetrates me with the greatest distress to learn your uneasiness. Assure yourself, my dear madam; assure yourself. As for the words "*Death to the English*," they mean nothing. They merely indicate the literary yearnings of my people. They must always be writing something; and it is one of their characteristics to choose death and such horrors; they being, as they conceive, peculiarly national. As for the chalk, I assure you, odd as it may seem, it is that very article that will prevent any rupture between England and France. We can't afford it; we must fight upon credit—and then how is the chalk to be wiped off—how is the score to be paid afterwards?

Besides, is it likely that we should be going to war, when I have just sent a *char-à-banc*—a sort of French omnibus—to my sweet little friend, Queen Victoria? It is one of the largest kind, not only capable of accommodating her Majesty, the prince, and the children; but all the philosophers, authors, artists, and men of science, who, as I understand, are continually guests at Windsor.

Trust me, my dear Madam, we shall have no war; no, you are in Paris safe—safe as though you were in Eden.

Yours,  
LOUIS PHILIPPE.

**LIGHTING THE METROPOLIS.**—The following statistics, prepared by one of the principal gas companies, will give some idea of the means at present employed for lighting London and its suburbs:—There are eighteen public gas works, conducted by twelve companies; their capital amounts to upwards of 2,800,000*l.*, employed in pipes, tanks, &c. The revenue derivable therefrom is estimated at 450,000*l.* per annum. There are about 180,000 tons of coal used annually; there are 1,460,000,000 cubic feet of gas made: 134,300 private lights; 30,400 public lights; 380 lamp-lighters, 176 gasometers, several of them double, and capable of storing 5,500,000 feet; and about 2,500 persons are employed in various ways.

## BROUGHAM'S PENAL SETTLEMENT.

[In the Collection of States now exhibiting at Westminster Hall, Lord Brougham is placed between two "sleeping nymphs." Vide Catalogue, Nos. 166, 167, 168.]

UNHAPPY Brougham! doomed to silence long,  
Muzzled in marble that unruly tongue;  
In pensive plight, two slumbering nymphs between,  
Unwilling partner in a passive scene.  
What skilful judge the happy contrast chose!  
Their calm, and thy compulsory, repose!  
Or sleep the nymphs on either side to try  
If thou *canst* hold thy peace—in courtesy!  
Perhaps the anxious junto, half in doubt,  
And fearing lest the very stone cry out,  
Designed to fix thy active legal sense  
On some distinction without difference;  
Set to decide in meditation deep,  
Between a sleeping nymph and nymph asleep.  
Oh! cruelly ingenious to invent  
For Brougham such a penal settlement.  
All that could tempt the rhetorician's rage,  
A lofty audience, and of every age,  
Bound to be still, at least, if not to hear,  
None to oppose, object, or interfere,  
And yet be dumb! How far hast thou outgone  
The stony writhings of Laocoon;  
For in thy penalty combined we see  
At once a Tantalus\* and Niobe.†—Punch.

M. JOBARD, of Brussels, who has devoted much attention to pyrotechnic works, has communicated to the French government what he states to be the composition of Capt. Warner's destructive power. It consists, he says, of a Congreve rocket, made in this way; the head of it is composed of a hollow iron cone, of great strength, containing a kilogramme of fulminate of mercury, on which is placed the usual charge of the rocket, of which the body is twice as long as those in general use. He discharges his projectile from a directing-tube from the port-hole of the vessel and on a level with the water, so that his projectile, skimming along the waves, which support a part of its weight, fixes itself in the side of the enemy's vessel, where it bursts, when the fire reaches the fulminating powder, and, making an immense opening in it, sinks it at once. The proper range of this rocket is only three or four miles, but Captain Warner imagines he can send it five or six by discharging it from a cannon. He does not say that he will attain his object in the first attempt, but he will try on until he succeeds.

THE *Revue de Paris* says: "Accounts have just been received from Messrs. Garella and Cortines, the engineers who were sent some time since by the government to survey the Isthmus of Panama. The full results are not yet known, but it is said that they reject the idea of a railroad and decide in favor of a canal; the great object being not the mere conveyance of merchandise across the Isthmus, but a union of the Pacific and the Atlantic so as to enable ships to pass from one to the other in a few hours, instead of having to go round South America after doubling Cape Horn."

\* Tantalus, a gentleman in ancient fable, represented as always trying to do something, and just not succeeding in doing it.

† Niobe, a lady in ancient fable, very boastful, and turned into stone on account of her vanity.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

WE are to have two new and good papers: Joseph C. Neal, Esq., has retired from the editorship of a political newspaper, and is about to publish a literary weekly, "NEAL'S SATURDAY GAZETTE." Although we are glad to see that Mr. Neal will have a more appropriate stage for the exercise of talents and accomplishments which have pierced through the darkness of party politics, we are sorry to lose any light in a place where it is so much wanted. American political newspapers *might* be of a very high order. The other paper is to be daily, THE EVENING MIRROR, conducted in New York by G. P. Morris and N. P. Willis, whose groan at the post-office department we echo with hearty sympathy:

"The undersigned, having for some time published a popular periodical, the postage on which varied, at the caprice of the postmasters, from *two cents to fifteen*, and having struggled in vain to procure from the department either certainty or moderation as to its cost by postage, have determined to struggle no longer against such oppressive discouragements."

"When things are at the worst, they will certainly mend."—*Old Play*.

It is said that a company has just been formed to bring to Paris a supply of sea-water for baths. The establishment is to be formed in the Grand Avenue of the Champs Elysées.

REAL SCALPS! GREAT ATTRACTION.—Mr. Catlin, the importer of foreign curiosities for the English nation, lately advertised a most attractive dish. The Ioway Indians—he assured a refined, a humane, and discerning public—would dance the Scalp Dance with—real scalps! Think of that, ladies and gentlemen; the real skin and hair of a human creature. Is not that attractive! As for the Ioways themselves, why, by this time they are a common cold dish—but the scalp supplies the delicious pickles to the feast.

Still, we think the entertainment might be heightened. Scalping is, ordinarily, a fatal operation: nevertheless, men have been known to survive it. Why not then—for a crowning treat—why not engage a few desperate wretches, as the managers say, at an enormous expense, to submit to scalping—making it worth their while to risk life—and of course doubling the price of admission to the tasteful and curious public! We really think the experiment would answer; at all events, it would only be carrying out the delicate feeling which advertised the—"real scalps!"

We are happy to learn that Mr. Catlin has engaged a party of Hottentots, who will succeed the Ioways. After the real scalps, we presume they will be girdled with sheep's intestines, and everything natural.

Where, alas! will the romance of life hide itself! We look in Cooper's novels upon glorious pictures of the majestic wild man—the proud, the indomitable, the disinterested—and he comes among us, and, with a torrent of native eloquence, begs for sixpences!—*Punch*.

## JOHN CLARE, THE PEASANT POET.

HERE is a chapter on life, furnishing matter for the moral philosopher, the poet, the Christian, the thoughtful, and the worshipper of genius :—

"Poor Clare!—who has not heard of the 'village minstrel' of Northamptonshire, the poor, benighted child of genius, who, a quarter of a century ago, delighted us with his untaught muse, and excited our sympathy at his humble portion! Like the lowly but sweetly scented wild-flower, his mission was to breathe fragrance o'er Nature's peaceful retirements—the grove, the dell, the mountain, and the boskage by the stream; but ere that had been accomplished, the winter of his bereavement sent its chilling winds and its night of darkness—though not so deepened as to afford no ray of hope to his sorrowing friends, or yet to leave his life valueless. Taking the opportunity of a recent visit to Northampton, I determined on proceeding to the County Asylum, where the subject of my narrative is confined, and will probably end the remainder of his days. As, however, a total wreck of genius and reason is too pitiable a sight for a reflecting mind to endure, my visit most assuredly would not have taken place, but for the knowledge that Clare was, on most subjects, tolerably rational; moreover, he is not unfrequently visited by the spirit of song: and although his casual productions here and there bear the impress of an estranged intellect, yet he experiences moments of returning energy—the spirit as it were reluctant to leave her worshipper thus abruptly—when his verse is

'Sadly sweet,  
Such as when winds and harpstrings meet  
And take a wild unmeasur'd tone,  
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.'

"The asylum, which is situated at an easy distance from the town, commands a vast and beautiful prospect, well calculated to please the eye, to cheer the heart, or soothe the ravings of the desolate creatures who have there taken up their abode. The situation also is as salubrious as any in the county, which, by the by, does not generally boast of being a fit locality for pulmonary invalids, the great elevation of Northamptonshire (the highest table-land in the country) lying open to a keenness of air to which the faculty attribute the generation of consumptive diathesis. I was informed that poor Clare was perfectly harmless, that he was permitted to absent himself daily from the asylum, and that his favorite spot of residence was in a niche underneath the colonnade of All Saints' Church. Here I found him. He was habited in a fustian dress, and there was nothing in his appearance which would distinguish him from the ordinary race of peasants, except that on closer inspection his countenance exhibited traces of that intellectual spirit which erewhile had dwelt within. The pioneers of age had furrowed his cheek, but he appeared healthy and cheerful, and readily joined in the conversation I had commenced. This I had in some measure propitiated by a small present of tobacco, of which he makes constant use; and while daily sitting in this niche, on an eminence commanding the principal thoroughfare of the town, poor John Clare, by the aid of the 'fragrant weed,' in a measure beguiles his loneliness, soothes the disquietude within, and revisits the regions of poesy. Tobacco and a pipe are

seemingly the only objects of his ambition, and these he is never without, the towns-people supplying him with abundance in return for his verses. I endeavored to elicit the nature of his mental delusions, but, as I have been informed, I found them to be Protean, and constantly varying. In common with the majority of lunatics, he has objections to the present royal succession, and has likewise recently fancied himself to be the best pugilist in the kingdom. As to treatment, he is permitted to do just as he pleases: he only sleeps in the asylum, and returns there to take his meals. He has an unlimited supply of books, and is never without one in his pocket, together with paper and pencils. His style is now very uncertain, and always tinged by that of the last author he has read. Sometimes his poetry is unworthy the name, being coarse and vulgar; at others it is very beautiful.

"The following specimen was written in June last :—

## 'THE NIGHTINGALE.

'This is the month the nightingale, clod-brown,  
Is heard among the woodland's shading boughs;  
This is the month when, in the vale, grass-grown,  
The maiden hears, at eve, her lover's vows;  
What time the blue mist round her patient cows  
Dim rises from the grass, and half conceals  
Their dappled hides, I hear the nightingale,  
That from the little blackthorn, springing steals  
To the old hazel hedge that skirts the vale,  
And still unseen, sings sweet. The ploughman feels  
The thrilling music as he goes along,  
And imitates and listens, while the fields  
Lose all their paths in dusk;—to lead him wrong,  
Still sings the nightingale her sweet melodious song.'

"Poor Clare! let us hope that he yet finds solace in that exercise of the mind which the beauties of nature can bestow; and that, in the spirit of his own 'Address to Solitude,' he will—

'Learn patience in this trying hour,  
To gild life's brambles with a flower.'

DE BONNE PRISE.—A week or two ago, while a boat's crew were at work in Lochryan—fishing, not for fins, but sweet-smelling sea-weed, to be applied as manure—the drag grappled some harder substance, which, when raised to the surface, resembled strongly a batch of oysters. This species of shell-fish abounds in one of the loveliest marine lakes in Scotland, stretching for leagues, shaped like a fan, rippling opposite shores, including Glenapp, and leading directly to Ailsa Craig. Oysters, like mussels, and the whole barnacle tribe, cling tenaciously to every firm substance, particularly buoys, which, in some situations, are dragged downwards to an extent that they require to be cleaned, painted and refloated from their sand-bank moorings, once a year. In the present case, the unknown article was taken on board, and, when freed by scraping from a thick coating of shell-fish, a kernel stood revealed, in the welcome form of a large jar of excellent cognac brandy! The fishermen, as may be supposed, were quite overjoyed to find both meat and drink thus unexpectedly provided. Knives were in immediate requisition, and, after lunching heartily on oysters, each man received a bumper noggin, to stimulate or quicken the process of digestion, and put him in good humor for further exertion.

From the Athenæum.

*Commerce of the Prairies; or, the Journal of a Santa Fé Trader, during eight expeditions across the Great Western Prairies, and a residence of nearly nine years in Northern Mexico.* By Joseph Gregg. 2 vols. New York, Langley; London, Wiley & Putnam.

HERE is another tramp, or rather a series of tramps, across the Prairies to Santa Fé, taken for the benefit of the narrator's health. The author, by the advice of his physicians, joined one of those spring caravans which start annually from the United States for Santa Fé. Such was the love which he thereby acquired for Prairie life, that he repeated the trip, and thus crossed the Prairies eight different times; passing the intervals not thus occupied in Northern Mexico. Having also engaged in the Santa Fé trade, he is able to speak of the commerce as well as of the country; and most of the facts presented in his sketch of the natural history of the Prairies, and of the Indian tribes who inhabit them, are, he states, for the first time, published in this work.

Passing over the history of the first establishment (in 1822) of the Santa Fé trade, we shall plunge at once into the adventures of the book. On descending into the valley of the Cimarron, our traveller got the first view of a band of Indian warriors. They were on horseback, and suddenly appeared from behind the ravines:

"An imposing array of death-dealing savages! There was no meriment in this! It was a genuine alarm—a tangible reality! These warriors, however, as we soon discovered, were only the vanguard of a 'countless host,' who were by this time pouring over the opposite ridge, and galloping directly towards us. The wagons were soon irregularly 'formed' upon the hill-side: but in accordance with the habitual carelessness of caravan traders, a great portion of the men were unprepared for the emergency. Scores of guns were 'empty,' and as many more had been wetted by the recent showers, and would not 'go off.' Here was one calling for balls—another for powder—a third for flints. Exclamations such as, 'I've broke my ramrod'—'I've split my caps'—'I've rammed down a ball without powder'—'My gun is choked; give me yours'—were heard from different quarters; while a timorous 'greenhorn' would perhaps cry out, 'Here, take my gun; you can outshoot me!' The more daring bolted off to encounter the enemy at once, while the timid and cautious took a stand with presented rifle behind the wagons. The Indians who were in advance made a bold attempt to press upon us, which came near costing them dearly; for some of our fiery backwoodsmen more than once had their rusty but unerring rifles directed upon the intruders, some of whom would inevitably have fallen before their deadly aim, had not some of the more prudent traders interposed. The Indians made demonstrations no less hostile, rushing with ready strung bows, upon a portion of our men, who had gone in search of water; and mischief would perhaps have ensued, had not the impetuosity of the warriors been checked by the wise men of the nation. The Indians were collecting around us, however, in such great numbers, that it was deemed expedient

to force them away, so as to resume our march, or at least to take a more advantageous position. Our company was therefore mustered and drawn up in 'line of battle;' and, accompanied by the sound of a drum and fife, we marched towards the main group of the Indians. The latter seemed far more delighted than frightened with this strange parade and music,—a spectacle they had, no doubt, never witnessed before; and perhaps looked upon the whole movement rather as a complimentary salute than a hostile array; for there was no interpreter through whom any communication could be conveyed to them. But, whatever may have been their impressions, one thing is certain,—that the principal chief (who was dressed in a long red coat of strouding, or coarse cloth) appeared to have full confidence in the virtues of his calumet, which he lighted, and came boldly forward to meet our warlike corps, serenely smoking the 'pipe of peace.' Our captain, now taking a whiff with the savage chief, directed him by signs to cause his warriors to retire. This most of them did, to rejoin the long train of squaws and papooses, with the baggage, who followed in the rear, and were just then seen emerging from beyond the hills. Having slowly descended to the banks of the stream, they pitched their wigwams or lodges; over five hundred of which soon bespeckled the ample valley before us, and at once gave to its recently meagre surface the aspect of an immense Indian village. The entire number of the Indians, when collected together, could not have been less than from two to three thousand—although some of our company insisted that there were at least four thousand souls. In such a case they must have mustered nearly a thousand warriors, while we were but little over two hundred strong. Still, our superior arms and the protection afforded by the wagons, gave us considerably the advantage, even supposing an equality in point of valor. However, the appearance of the squaws and children soon convinced us that, for the present at least, they had no hostile intentions; so we also descended into the valley and formed our camp a few hundred yards below them. The 'capitanes' or head men of the whites and Indians, shortly after met, and, again smoking the calumet, agreed to be friends."

They were nevertheless annoyed by the presence of these unwelcome visitors, until the treaty of peace was "sealed," by presents being made to the chiefs. Afterwards they had a skirmish with some Comanches, without damage, however, to any but the savages themselves. Take, now, a description of the capital of New Mexico:—

"Santa Fé is the only town of any importance in the province. Like most of the towns in this section of country, it occupies the site of an ancient Pueblo or Indian village, whose race has been extinct for a great many years. Its situation is twelve or fifteen miles east of the Rio del Norte, at the western base of a snow-clad mountain, upon a beautiful stream of small mill-power size, which ripples down in icy cascades, and joins the river some twenty miles to the south-westward. The population of the city itself but little exceeds 3,000: yet, including several surrounding villages, which are embraced in its corporate jurisdiction, it amounts to nearly 6,000 souls. The town is very irregularly laid out, and most of the streets are little better than common highways traversing scattered

settlements which are interspersed with corn-fields nearly sufficient to supply the inhabitants with grain. The only attempt at anything like architectural compactness and precision, consists in four tiers of buildings, whose fronts are shaded with a fringe of *portales* or *corredores* of the rudest possible description. They stand around the public square, and comprise the *Palacio*, or governor's house, the custom-house, the barracks, (with which is connected the fearful *Calabozo*;) the *Casa Consistorial* of the *Alcaldes*, the *Capilla de los Soldados* or military chapel, besides several private residences, as well as most of the shops of the American traders."

The following account of the ruins of *La Gran Quivira* will be interesting. We must premise that tradition speaks of numerous and productive mines having been worked in New Mexico previous to the expulsion of the Spaniards in 1680, and of their having been filled up by the Indians, who were of opinion that the cupidity of the conquerors had been the cause of their former oppressions. In every quarter of the territory vestiges of excavations are visible :—

"Among these ancient ruins the most remarkable are those of *La Gran Quivira*, about a hundred miles southward from Santa Fé. This appears to have been a considerable city, larger and richer by far than the present capital of New Mexico has ever been. Many walls, particularly those of churches, still stand erect amid the desolation that surrounds them, as if their sacredness had been a shield against which Time dealt his blows in vain. The style of architecture is altogether superior to anything at present to be found north of Chihuahua—being of hewn stone, a building material wholly unused in New Mexico. What is more extraordinary still, is, that there is no water within less than some ten miles of the ruins; yet we find several stone cisterns, and remains of aqueducts eight or ten miles in length, leading from the neighboring mountains, from whence water was no doubt conveyed. And, as there seem to be no indications whatever of the inhabitants ever having been engaged in agricultural pursuits, what could have induced the rearing of a city in such an arid, woodless plain as this, except the proximity of some valuable mine, it is difficult to imagine. From the peculiar character of the place and the remains of the cisterns still existing, the object of pursuit in this case would seem to have been a *placer*, a name applied to mines of gold-dust intermixed with the earth. However, other mines have no doubt been worked in the adjacent mountains, as many spacious pits are found, such as are usually dug in pursuit of ores of silver, &c.; and it is stated that in several places heaps of scoria are still to be seen. By some persons these ruins have been supposed to be the remains of an ancient Pueblo or aboriginal city. That is not probable, however, for though the relics of aboriginal temples might possibly be mistaken for those of Catholic churches, yet it is not to be presumed that the Spanish coat of arms would be found sculptured and painted upon their façades, as is the case in more than one instance. The most rational accounts represent this to have been a wealthy Spanish city before the general massacre of 1680, in which calamity the inhabitants perished—all except one, as the story goes;

and that their immense treasures were buried in the ruins. Some credulous adventurers have lately visited the spot in search of these long-lost coffers, but as yet none have been found."

The state of art, science, and society at New Mexico is at the lowest possible ebb :—

"Capital crimes and highway robberies are of comparatively rare occurrence in the North, but in smaller delinquencies, such as pilfering and petty rogues of every shade and description, the common classes can very successfully compete with any other people. Nothing indeed can be left exposed or ungarded without great danger of its being immediately stolen. No husbandman would think of leaving his axe or his hoe, or anything else of the slightest value, lying out over night. Empty wagons are often pillaged of every movable piece of iron, and even the wheels have been carried away. Pieces of merchandise are frequently purloined from the shelves, when they happen to be in reach. In Chihuahua, goods have actually been snatched from the counter while being exposed to the inspection of a pretended purchaser. I once had a trick of this kind played upon me by a couple of boys, who made their escape through a crowd of spectators with their booty exposed. In vain I cried, '*Agarren a los ladrones!*' (catch the thieves!) not a single individual moved to apprehend them. I then proffered the goods stolen to any person who might succeed in bringing the rogues to me, but to no purpose. In fact, there seems to exist a great deal of repugnance, even among the better classes, to apprehending thieves; as if the mere act of informing against them was dishonorable. I heard a very respectable caballero once remark, that he had seen a man purloin certain articles of merchandise, but he could not be induced to give up his name; observing, 'O, I can't think of exposing the poor fellow!'"

The following is the story of "a lady of fashion" in New Mexico :—

"Some twelve or fifteen years ago there lived (or rather roamed) in Taos, a certain female of very loose habits, known as *La Tules*. Finding it difficult to obtain the means of living in that district, she extended her wanderings to the capital. She there became a constant attendant on one of those pandemoniums where the favorite game of *monte* was dealt *pro bono publico*. Fortune at first did not seem inclined to smile upon her efforts, and for some years she spent her days in lowliness and misery. At last her luck turned, as gamblers would say, and on one occasion she left the bank with a spoil of several hundred dollars! This enabled her to open a bank of her own, and being favored by a continued run of good fortune, she gradually rose higher and higher in the scale of affluence, until she found herself in possession of a very handsome fortune. In 1842, she sent to the United States some ten thousand dollars to be invested in goods. She still continues her favorite 'amusement,' being now considered the most expert 'monte dealer' in all Santa Fé. She is openly received in the first circles of society: I doubt, in truth, whether there is to be found in the city a lady of more fashionable reputation than this same Tules, now known as Senora Donna Gertrudes Barceló."

For an illustration of manners, let us extract another passage :—

“Of all the petty vices practised by the New Mexicans, the *vicio inocente* of smoking among ladies, is the most intolerable ; and yet it is a habit of which the loveliest and the most refined equally partake. The *puro* or *cigarro* is seen in the mouth of all : it is handed round in the parlor, and introduced at the dinner table—even in the ball-room it is presented to ladies as regularly as any other species of ‘refreshment ;’ and in the dance the *senorita* may often be seen whirling round with a lighted *cigarrito* in her mouth. The belles of the southern cities are very frequently furnished with *tenazitas de oro*, (little golden tongs,) to hold the cigar with, so as to prevent their delicate fingers from being polluted either with the stain or scent of tobacco ; forgetting at the same time its disagreeable effects upon the lips and breath.”

The aboriginal inhabitants, the author tells us, are now divided into the catholicized and the uncatholicized—the former are distinguished by the name *Pueblos*, and the latter are known as the Wild Tribes. The account of these, however, is given in such mere historical outline, that it offers no materials for quotation. The following illustration of the Cherokee bankrupt law is more amusing to the reader than the victim :—

“On the 28th of April we crossed the Arkansas river a few miles above the mouth of the Canadian fork. We had only proceeded a short distance beyond when a Cherokee shop-keeper came up to us with an attachment for debt against a free mulatto, whom we had engaged as teamster. The poor fellow had no alternative but to return with the importunate creditor, who committed him at once to the care of ‘Judge Lynch’ for trial. We ascertained afterward that he had been sentenced to ‘take the benefit of the bankrupt law’ after the manner of the Cherokees of that neighborhood. This is done by stripping and tying the victim to a tree ; when each creditor, with a good cow-hide or hickory switch in his hand, scores the amount of the bill due upon his bare back. One stripe for every dollar due is the usual process of ‘white-washing,’ and as the application of the lash is accompanied by all sorts of quaint remarks, the exhibition affords no small merriment to those present, with the exception, no doubt, of the delinquent himself. After the ordeal is over, the creditors declare themselves perfectly satisfied : nor could they, as is said, ever be persuaded thereafter to receive one red cent of the amount due, even if it were offered to them. As the poor mulatto was also in our debt, and was perhaps apprehensive that we might exact payment in the same currency, he never showed himself again.”

Southern Mexico is celebrated, it appears, for its scorpions, and Durango as being the head-quarters of the family :—

“During the spring, especially, so much are the houses infested by these poisonous insects, that many people are obliged to have resort to a kind of mosquito-bar, in order to keep them out of their beds at night. As an expedient to deliver the city from this terrible pest, a society has actually been formed, which pays a reward of a *cuartilla* (three cents) for every *alacran* (or scorpion) that is brought to them. Stimulated by the desire of

gain, the idle boys of the city are always on the look out ; so that in the course of a year, immense numbers of this public enemy are captured and slaughtered. The body of this insect is of the bulk of a medium spider, with a jointed tail one to two inches long, at the end of which is a sting whose wounds are so poisonous as often to prove fatal to children, and are very painful to adults. The most extraordinary peculiarity of these scorpions is, that they are far less dangerous in the North than in the South, which in some manner accounts for the story told Capt. Pike, that even those of Durango lose most of their venom as soon as they are removed a few miles from the city.”

The brigands in the neighborhood are as bad as the scorpions :—

“On the 22d we left Durango, and after a few days’ march found ourselves once more in the *camino real* that led from Chihuahua to Zacatecas. All the frightful stories I had heard about robbers now began to flash upon my memory, which made me regard every man I encountered on the road with a very suspicious eye. As all travellers go armed, it is impossible to distinguish them from banditti ; so that the unsuspecting trader is very frequently set upon by the very man he had been consorting with in apparent good-fellowship, and either murdered on the spot, or dragged from his horse with the lazo, and plundered of all that is valuable about him. I have heard it asserted that there is a regular bandit trade organized throughout the country, in which some of the principal officers of state (and particularly of the judicial corps) are not unfrequently engaged. A capital is made up by shares, as for any other enterprise, bandits are fitted out and instructed where to operate, and at stated periods of the year a regular dividend is paid to the stock-holders. The impunity which these ‘gentlemen of the order’ almost everywhere enjoy in the country, is therefore not to be marvelled at. In Durango, during my sojourn there, a well-dressed caballero was frequently in the habit of entering our *meson*, whom mine host soon pointed out to me as a notorious brigand. ‘Beware of him,’ said the honest publican ; ‘he is prying into your affairs’—and so it turned out ; for my muleteer informed me that the fellow had been trying to pump from him all the particulars in regard to our condition and destination. Yet this worthy was not only suffered to prowl about unmolested by the authorities, but appeared to be on familiar terms with the principal dignitaries of the city. Notwithstanding all our apprehensions, however, we arrived at our place of destination without even the novelty of an incident to swell our budget of gossip.”

At length the party encountered an attack from the Pawnees.

“On the evening of the 10th our camp was pitched in the neighborhood of a ravine in the prairie, and as the night was dark and dreary, the watch tried to comfort themselves by building a rousing fire, around which they presently drew, and commenced ‘spinning long yarns,’ about Mexican fandangoes and black-eyed damsels. All of a sudden the stillness of the night was interrupted by a loud report of fire-arms, and a shower of bullets came whizzing by the ears of the heedless sentinels. Fortunately, however, no one was injured ; which must be looked upon as a very extraordinary circumstance, when we consider

what a fair mark our men, thus huddled round a blazing fire, presented to the rifles of the Indians. The savage yells, which resounded from every part of the ravine, bore very satisfactory testimony that this was no false alarm: and the 'Pawnee whistle,' which was heard in every quarter, at once impressed us with the idea of its being a band of that famous prairie banditti. Every man sprang from his pallet with rifle in hand; for, upon the Prairies, we always sleep with our arms by our sides or under our heads. Our Comanche seemed at first very much at a loss what to do. At last, thinking it might possibly be a band of his own nation, he began a most boisterous harangue in his vernacular tongue, which he continued for several minutes; when finding that the enemy took no notice of him, and having become convinced also, from an occasional Pawnee word which he was able to make out, that he had been wasting breath with the mortal foes of his race, he suddenly ceased all expostulations, and blazed away with his rifle, with a degree of earnestness which was truly edifying, as if convinced that that was the best he could do for us. It was now evident that the Indians had taken possession of the entire ravine, the nearest points of which were not fifty yards from our wagons; a warning to prairie travellers to encamp at a greater distance from whatsoever might afford shelter for an enemy. The banks of the gully were low, but still they formed a very good breast-work, behind which the enemy lay ensconced, discharging volleys of balls upon our wagons, among which we were scattered. At one time we thought of making an attempt to rout them from their fortified position; but being ignorant of their number, and unable to distinguish any object through the dismal darkness which hung all around, we had to remain content with firing at random from behind our wagons, aiming at the flash of their guns, or in the direction whence a noise appeared to emanate. Indeed their yelling was almost continuous, breaking out every now and then in the most hideous screams and vociferous chattering, which were calculated to appall such timorous persons as we may have had in our caravan. All their screeching and whooping, however, had no effect—they could not make our animals break from the enclosure of the wagons, in which they were fortunately shut up; which was no doubt their principal object for attacking us. \* \* The enemy continued the attack for nearly three hours, when they finally retired, so as to make good their retreat before daylight. As it rained and snowed from that time till nine in the morning, their 'sign' was almost entirely obliterated, and we were unable to discover whether they had received any injury or not. It was evidently a foot party, which we looked upon as another proof of their being Pawnees; for these famous marauders are well known to go forth on their expeditions of plunder without horses, although they seldom fail to return well mounted. Their shot had riddled our wagons considerably. We had the gratification to believe, however, that they did not get a single one of our animals: a horse which broke away at the first onset, doubtless made his escape; and a mule which was too badly wounded to travel, was dispatched by the muleteers, lest it should fall into the hands of the savages, or into the mouths of the wolves; and they deemed it more humane to leave it to be eaten dead than alive. We also experienced considerable damage in our stock of sheep, a number of

them having been devoured by wolves. They had been scattered at the beginning of the attack; and, in their anxiety to fly from the scene of action had jumped as it were, into the very jaws of their ravenous enemies."

It has indirectly been the author's aim to elaborate rather a full digest of his experience than to detail his personal adventures, and thus to present a book which shall give a general account of New Mexico, the Prairies, the Indian tribes, and the trade to Santa Fé; amusement, accordingly, is throughout subordinated to instruction.

From the *Britannia*.

MESSRS. CHAMBERS' SOIREE.

*Edinburgh.*

THE reading portion of the community are well acquainted with the publications sent forth in various forms of "cheapness" by Mr. William and Mr. Robert Chambers, the most universally circulated of all being known as "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal;" it was the first of that class of periodicals, and it has continued the *first*, both as regards the quality and quantity of the information it communicates, and the large number it circulates, abroad and at home. A visit to the—we may almost call it—*literary manufactory* of these public-spirited brothers, richly repays the labor of ascending and descending a house *eleven stories in height*. You enter from the High street of Edinburgh, and, in your ignorance of Scottish architecture, fancy you have got in, after the usual English fashion, at the basement. No such thing; you have entered nearly at the top! Turn into that mysterious-looking close on the left, "and down, down-a-down," as you go you pass door after door, door after door, communicating with the different floors, until you come to the foot of the hill on which the house is built, and look up the side, seen from the magnificent promenade of Princes street, at the pyramid occupied as the office of "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal." It is a marvellous place; each floor appropriated to a particular branch of the business—store-rooms, and strong-rooms, and stock-rooms—all in such wonderful order. First, there is a sort of business-office; below that, the various neat apartments occupied by the brothers and their assistants who edit the "Journal" and the other books issued from the establishment; then, printing-presses open wide their blackened and devouring jaws, groaning forth, "More—more—give me more copy!" a noble room, capable of containing two hundred people, is appropriated to the bookbinders; another floor is occupied by young women, who appear to be perpetually stitching paper; then you are interested by the beautiful process of stereotyping; or, lower still, by the working of an hydraulic-press; and all these rooms are well arranged, clean, and so healthfully ventilated, that the thermometer stands at nearly the same temperature all the year round.

This fine establishment, disseminating so much that makes men better and wiser, throughout the world, is the growth of about thirteen years, increasing its influence month by month, and proving what Scottish perseverance and Scottish thrift can accomplish, when united to the high purpose of disseminating useful and ennobling literature. Not one single publication, ministering to the false and debased taste which of late has degraded our

style, and magnified the low and the vicious into the heroes of fiction, has ever been issued by that house, and, while what they send forth is decidedly cheap, they take care it shall be as decidedly good. All things work well together, and the bond of union between the men and their employers is more than ordinarily strengthened by a *soirée* of a novel kind, to which the Messrs. Chambers annually invite their workmen. The usual plan of "the trade" is to give the men a dinner at a tavern; but, instead of this, the great bookbinding apartment, in the Messrs. Chambers' establishment, is tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers; a green canopy is above the chairs (at opposite sides of the room) occupied by the brothers, as chair and vice-chairmen; while tables, a dozen in number, are laid out with as much judgment as elegance, worth taking note of in our public entertainments, as they radiate, like a fan, from the platform, on which the chairman and principal guests and speakers are seated. By this means, all see and hear throughout the extensive apartment.

The late assembly, at which we were present, consisted of upwards of two hundred and twenty persons, about one hundred and thirty being the men and their families employed in the establishment, the others consisting of ladies and gentlemen, friends of the hosts. The entertainment was conducted on "temperance principles," but was, nevertheless, of the most abundant kind. The lemonades were iced, and not a small pleasure was derived from observing the laughing faces of the well-dressed and happy-looking children as they partook of the rich cakes which form so prominent a feature in Scottish tea-drinkings, or eyed the various fruits as they were placed upon the tables. As soon as tea and coffee were succeeded by lemonades and sweetmeats, Mr. William Chambers arose, amid loud cheering, to bid welcome to his friends. He regretted the absence of some, but rejoiced in the presence of others—a few literary strangers especially, amongst whom he named Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Doctor Samuel Browne, the long-admired but somewhat mysterious "Bon Gaultier," and Mr. John Robertson; the clever author of the popular "Susan Hopley" was also present; and having passed a warm eulogium upon the talents of his guests, he gave a brief account of the circulation of their own different periodicals. Ninety thousand of "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal" were disseminated weekly; of the "Information for the People" thirteen thousand copies had been disposed of; the circulation of the "Cyclopædia of English Literature" had been thirty thousand; of the people's editions, which had set the fashion of works under that title, the circulation had varied from three thousand to fourteen thousand copies. Of "Chambers' Educational Course"—now issuing—the sale was much larger than had ever been anticipated, fifty thousand of some books having been already disposed of! The total quantity of printed sheets, issued of the several publications of Messrs. Chambers, were believed to be about *seven millions* annually! Fancy a *ton weight* of literature coming forth to the world each week! And let us pause for a moment, to consider how much power, either for good or evil, rests with those who are so circumstanced as to launch forward such a quantity of mental nutriment, which must either ennoble or degrade society. We believe that, what Mr. Chambers stated, at an after period of the evening, was perfectly true,

and that he really has a right to lay the unction to his soul of the consciousness of never having published a page that did not tend to the elevation or innocent amusement of the human race. It was delightful to hear him eulogize the good conduct of the persons in their establishment; to learn that the moral improvement of those who labored earnestly and honestly for their own advantage, and the advantage of their employers, was an object of solicitude to their masters—a solicitude not evaporating in words, but manifesting itself by deeds. There is an excellent library open to the workmen, from whence, without charge, they are permitted to take home books to their families; there is an evening school for boys, and a Sunday evening school for moral and religious instruction; a savings' bank, in which, since its opening, two years and a half ago, a considerable sum has been deposited, and, after deducting drafts upon it, a good balance remained on hand. It was impossible to hear Mr. Chambers tell his workmen that he once was placed in the same position *they* occupied, and not feel how nobly he elevated himself by so generous and genial an acknowledgment, knowing, as we did, that these gentlemen have restored the fallen fortunes of an old family by steady habits of industry, and those early habits of self-denial which secure the fruits of that industry to themselves and to their children:—

"Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
Nor for a train attendant,  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being independent."

When Mr. Chambers' address was concluded, an excellent band played the favorite airs of Scotland. A brief lecture was delivered on some new art in penmanship. Mr. Burns, the chief compositor, returned thanks for the honor Mr. Chambers had done him and his fellow-workmen in a speech well arranged and as well delivered. Songs were sung—healths drank—which, of course, produced more speeches; and Professor Simpson, Mr. John Robertson, Dr. Samuel Browne, the author of "Susan Hopley," Mr. D. O. Hill, and others, were loudly and deservedly cheered. Mr. S. C. Hall had a double task to perform, in returning thanks on behalf of his wife as well as himself, for the most gratifying reception they experienced in Scotland, and stated, with much feeling and eloquence, that they were totally unprepared for the warmth and cordiality with which they had been greeted in highlands and lowlands. Then, there was more music and more singing; the health of Mr. R. Chambers, the accomplished scholar, the antiquarian of Edinburgh, the gentle master, or the kind friend of all who were present, was the signal for enthusiastic cheering; and, after a few more toasts, and a few more songs, the *soirée* terminated soon after eleven. The next morning, at the usual hour, the printing-presses gaped again for "copy;" the young women stitched away, talking, it might be, more busily than usual, concerning songs and caps, ribands and speeches; the grave compositors, stern, calm men, who seem as though they were doomed to an eternal separating and replacing of large and small letters, exchanged brief moonlight sort of smiles with each other; and the boys kept up a perpetual munching of pears and apples, the remnants of the last night's feast. Except for these symptoms of "company," all other externals—even the leaves and flowers—had passed away from that house of many stories and busy times;.



but not so the memory of renewed sympathies, and the increased knowledge of the benefits arising from the doctrine of mutual assistance—not so the knowledge that, if the mechanic never rises to be a master, he is still one of the props of his kind, necessary to its well-doing—not so the knowledge, too little considered, that such a working class has achieved a position of self-respect and self-support, which can only be a terror to evil-doers, while the truly great and high-minded must rejoice to see the foundations of society becoming more secure through such encouragement and such means.

From the Port Folio.

#### INTELLIGENCE FROM THE CAUCASUS.

THERE is much interesting matter in the German papers, respecting the Caucasus, which we regret exceedingly our space does not allow us to give. There is also intelligence of a cheering kind. The efforts recently made by Russia have not obtained the success which was anticipated from them in the course of last year; but on the contrary they have animated the resistance of the Circassians. The Russian arms have sustained repeated overthrows, and the loss of some important stations. If the report of the capture of Derbend is confirmed, then indeed would Russia be half severed from her trans-Caucasian provinces, and be thrown back in her material progress for years.

It has been remarked by Gustavus III. that her influence over distant governments, extended by her diplomacy, was continuously counteracted by the resistance of those who were near to her, and knew her better and dreaded her more. So now, as the coils are wound closer and closer round the British Empire\*—round the destinies of France; just as the bombardment of Tangier had given her a tenfold stronger hold than ever over both nations—do the patriot weapons and honest hearts of a handful of mountaineers signally defeat her power, and shame the craven villany of the cultered, lettered, presumptuous, and degraded people of Europe.

#### CONSTANTINOPLE, July 17.

Intelligence has been received here in an official quarter, and also at the Porte, of a signal defeat having been recently experienced by a corps of the Russian army in Daghestan. The news, though precise, is by no means detailed; but having been confirmed in an opposite channel, there appears no doubt as to its accuracy. It is to the effect that a Russian *corps d'armée* of 40,000 men had been surprised by the famous Schamil, already of such renown from his previous successes; that a vast number of prisoners had been taken, including 200 officers, and two general officers; that all the guns and war material of the *corps d'armée* had been captured, and the entire body routed and dispersed. It is further stated, that in retaliation for the late energetic measures of the Russian government to prosecute the war in Daghestan, the Russian prisoners, with the exception of those among them who were Mussulmans, had since been put to death. The Mussulmans had consented to serve among the forces of Schamil. General Neidhart, on hearing the above news, had determined, it was said, to advance in search of Schamil with the main body of the Russian army,

amounting to 120,000 men, with a design of carrying into execution the concentrated attack on the mountaineers, for which such vast preparations had been making from the early part of the year. But it was also conjectured, in the communication received, that the Daghestan chief would retire into the mountains, where, if the masses of the Russian army attempted to follow him, the consequences would probably be more than ever disastrous to themselves."

A letter from Tiflis says:—

"We learn, that on the defeat of the Russians at Derbend, on the Caspian Sea, which we mentioned some days back, Schamil-Bey, the Circassian general, entered the town, after forcing the temporary fortifications, with a loss to the Russians of 2000 men, and made a rich booty in provisions and ammunition. The Russians have since been beaten with considerable loss near Gratigarak, in the upper Caucasus. The army, which is, it is said, 100,000 strong, is greatly discouraged. Its head-quarters are at Stavropol, near the Couban, under the orders of Prince Michael and General Yermoloff."

It seems that M. Titoff at Constantinople, is rivalling M. Bugeaud at Outchda, and that the treatment of the Circassian refugees by Turkey, under the direction of Russia, is an authoritative example for France to urge on the Emperor of Morocco. Fine friends the Porte has got guaranteeing her independence, Russia using her to subjugate Circassia, a French squadron threatening to bombard her if she approaches Tunis, and an English governor-general making a treaty to dispose of Egypt.

A Constantinople correspondent says:—

"M. Titoff last week addressed a very strong note to the Porte on the subject of Circassia. He complains that the intercourse with the coast of Abasia is encouraged by the connivance of the Turkish authorities on the coast of Asia Minor, and that a Circassian chief of the name of Zazi Oglu, who at his (M. Titoff's) suggestion, was some months ago seized at Constantinople, and exiled to Bolu, has since effected his escape to Circassia—that another chief, the well-known Sefer Bey, in exile at Adrianople, was not placed under proper surveillance, but was still allowed to carry on intrigues with foreigners. He adds that it was the decided opinion of Count Woronzow, the governor of the Caucasus, that much of the obstinate resistance of the Circassians must be attributed to the remissness, if not bad faith, of the Turkish government. He therefore concludes by urging upon the Porte the necessity of adopting more effectual measures for the prevention of the intercourse alluded to, and intimates that further negligence in this matter may lead to serious misunderstanding between the two governments."

THE real cost of the insurrection in Canada, during the Melbourne Whig régime, at last comes out—almost five millions and a half! By a return laid before parliament on the motion of Mr. Leader, it appears that the total expense of the Army, Navy, Ordnance, and Commissariat services in Canada, for the year 1837, amounted to 189,048l.; and for subsequent years as follows—

1838 . .	£510,248	1841 . .	£898,999
1839 . .	1,629,070	1842 . .	884,998
1840 . .	1,313,884	1843 . .	806,007

\* The strange declaration of Sir Robert Peel about the "outrage" of France followed the visit of the emperor.

## STATE OF LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN.

[The bill just brought into the House of Commons by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Greene, for regulating international copyrights and the trade in books, has reminded us of the annexed letter on the condition of authors and literature in England by a gentleman of literary distinction to a member of the government; which statement is, we think, well worthy of public consideration. It was written some time before the protection which was lately obtained for literature was granted, and had, we believe, very considerable effect in producing that result.—*Ed. Literary Gazette.*]

MY DEAR SIR,—It was said very many years ago, that "France is the country for a man of genius to live in, and England for him to die in;" and I know nothing that should induce us to suppose that England is less deserving of the reproach now, at least as far as genius employed in literature is concerned. Sculpture, architecture, painting, have encouragement and protection, and receive not only reward, but honors. No honors fall to the share of literature; and I believe you will find that the recompense which follows even popularity is at present infinitely small in this pursuit as compared with any other, and is daily decreasing. No one will deny that a certain portion of talent and industry, exerted in any other course, will produce at least ten times the remuneration that it will obtain when exerted in literary pursuits; and I do not scruple to assert that, except under very extraordinary circumstances, no literary man can gain even a decent livelihood in England, unless he sets out with an independent fortune of his own, or has another profession. This fact is proved by the lives of the most eminent men of our own day—Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and others; and although Sir Walter Scott, the solitary instance in which honors were conferred for purely literary merit, did during the incessant labor of a life gain in the whole a sum equal to what thousands of manufacturers make in the course of a few years, we must not forget that he began his literary career totally independent of it as a means of existence, and through life enjoyed large emoluments from his legal and other offices. Although the subject of mere pecuniary remuneration to literary men is that which I shall principally press upon your notice, in your official capacity, forgive me for touching briefly upon the general state of literature, and the condition of literary men, in addressing one who has proved himself a friend as well as an ornament to letters.

Let me inquire, then, Why is it that literary men are totally excluded in England from all those honorable distinctions which are lavishly bestowed upon the members of every other profession? How is it that the exertion of great abilities, coupled with the best private conduct, can never lead in literary pursuits to fortune, and seldom to competence? How is it that books are dearer in England than in any other country?

All these questions are intimately connected with each other; and I believe that on the answer to the first will greatly depend the view which every one takes of the other two. Some persons will be found to assert, that honors and distinctions have not been granted to literary men, because they are in general too poor to do, what is called, "keep up high station properly;" others will assert, that it is because their private conduct is often

bad, and their habits not of a high tone; and others, again, will contend that it is because no benefit would accrue to literature even if such distinctions were bestowed.

I take a very different view, and believe that the two objections urged against literary men are effects, not motives, of the neglect with which they are treated; and I am confident that one of the chief causes of the evil state of literary affairs in England is, that almost every successive government has misappreciated the importance of a sane national literature, and has shown an utter indifference to the best interests of letters. It is not that ministers have shown a dislike to literature, it is that they have done worse—have cared nothing about it. They have set the nation a great example of treating it with cold contempt. Even the wisest of them, resting on the glories of the past, looking back to Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and the rest, have thought it of no importance to insure vigorous efforts in the same course at present. We have no reason to believe that they have doubted, and considered, and pondered, whether honors and rewards, and instant attention to causes of complaint, and active exertions to protect from aggression, are really better for literature than leaving it to fight its own battles, and do the best for itself; but it is, that almost all ministers and statesmen in this country have been indifferent to it altogether, have undervalued its importance as a part of the national glory, and have misappreciated its influence upon mankind. Had they not been cold and thoughtless upon the subject, it would have required but little argument to show, that if honors are good as an encouragement for the physician of the body, they can be no less so to the physician of the spirit; that if they are rightly held out as an inducement to exertion in those who combat our enemies in the field, they are no less requisite for those who wage war against evil and error at home; that if they are fitted for the advocates who plead the causes of individuals in our courts, they are no less fitted for those who advocate the general principles of right, justice, truth, and religion, at the bar of the public opinion. But beyond all denial they have been cold, they have been indifferent. They have not risked the slightest breath of popularity for what is just towards literary men; they have not used one single exertion to render the literature of the country saner, nobler, higher in its tone than it is. They have looked upon men of letters but as poor wretches who contribute nothing to the material part of the productions of the land; who are unworthy of any distinction, and who scarcely even deserve to reap the fruits of their own labor. Thus have their actions shown that they consider literary men, and depend upon it, this conduct has had no slight effect in teaching the country to consider them in the same light also.

Throughout the whole race of man there is an inclination to follow where others lead, and to admire where others admire. Did the government set the example of honoring literary merit, the people would follow that example, and reward it. A general impulsion would be given to letters, and both more books would be bought, and better books would be written. Those who are unwilling to make the experiment may argue till doomsday that such would not be the result, without convincing any rational man that they feel aught but indifference to literature, even while they effect to consider its best interests. In this country the

experiment has never been tried ; in all those states where it has been tried, the effect has been invariable. You are well aware, I am sure, of the sudden start which literature took in Germany during the last century, and you will find that it was immediately consequent upon great encouragement given to literary men by various German princes. Who can doubt that the increasing care and attention bestowed upon the interests of literature, and the importance attached to them in France ever since the reign of Louis XIV., has been the cause, not alone of producing books to be read, but of producing the taste for reading them, so that sums can be given by booksellers in France for works to be sold at a mere trifle, which no London bookseller would dream of giving? Nay more, I must contend that such encouragement has made the works in themselves better; for although various causes have contributed to carry the disorganization and demoralization which exists in French society into literature itself, yet we must not forget that with George Sand, Balzac, Sue, and others, we have Salvandy, Guizot, Xavier, Barante, and many more. These men have risen under a particular system, the taste for reading has also risen under that system; and it is not fair to argue that it would not produce more or less the same effects in England, when it has never been tried even in a limited degree. Thus I cannot help feeling that the want of encouragement shown towards literature in this country by all preceding ministers has proceeded solely from indifference, not from any consideration of prudence, justice, or convenience, and that it has greatly tended to produce those effects which are now put forward as motives for continuing it, by depriving literary men of the hopes that cheer honorable ambition, and the expectations that lead to exertion and insure success.

But I must contend that literature has not only been without encouragement and reward on the part of government, but it has been, and is, without due consideration and protection; and this brings me to consider more immediately my second question; namely, how is it that the exertion of the greatest abilities, coupled with the best private conduct, in literary pursuits can never lead to fortune, and seldom to competence? Of one cause I have just spoken, the utter indifference, during centuries, of government itself, towards literature, which has fostered the indifference of the people; but another cause is the want of due protection; and this part of the subject is the immediate object of my letter to you.

Although, including her colonies, England greatly exceeds the number of persons able to read that France can produce, yet the sale of books in this country is not one tenth part of that which takes place in the neighboring kingdom. This proceeds from three chief causes: first, the want of taste for reading; second, the extensive foreign piracy of English works; third, the high (but I fear necessarily high) price of books in England.

Of the first cause I have spoken already; the second is one of the greatest evils that beset English literature in the present day. Its effects are shown by the fact that, whereas the number not only of books printed in France, but of copies of each book sold, has greatly increased since the war, as compared with the increase of population, the numbers of copies sold has diminished in England in a lamentable degree. The enemies of literature have asserted that this falling-off has been a consequence of the increased num-

ber of literary men; but the falsehood of this assertion is proved by carrying out the comparison with France, where literary men have increased in a far greater proportion, and the sale increased at the same time. It is said, in answer to this, that French works are also pirated to a great extent; but in this point there is no parity between the two countries. France has not one-hundredth part so many subjects non-resident upon her actual soil as England has. The introduction of pirated copies into any part of that kingdom is guarded against with the utmost strictness and severity; so that the piracy of French works supplies not so much Frenchmen, as foreigners who read French; and thus the piracy of British works affects British authors to an infinitely greater extent than the piracy of French works affects French authors. In proof of this, Monsieur Meliné, the celebrated printer of Brussels, who reprints every popular French work as soon as it appears, assured me solemnly that he never sent even a single copy of his editions into France.

Thus it appears clear to me that the decrease in the sale of English works since the war is attributable in a great degree to the piracy carried on by foreigners, and to the facilities allowed them of selling these editions to British subjects in all parts of the world, including England itself.

The circumstances under which this nefarious traffic is carried on are as follows. We have a law insuring to every author an exclusive right to publish his own works for a certain period; and the law has been found quite effective against piracy in England. It also extends to insure a copyright to the subjects of friendly powers publishing their works in England, as is proved in the case of Bentley *versus* the piratical publishers of Cooper's works. But a system of foreign piracy has been organized against which we have no defence. Within three days, or four at the most, after the work of a popular author has reached Paris, it is reprinted *verbatim*, and sold at one sixth of the price. Sometimes, by a juggle with the English printer, this is accomplished even sooner; one of my own romances was reprinted in two days; another edition generally is published in Belgium; two in Germany, sometimes three; and innumerable editions in America.

The number of copies printed in each of these editions is carefully concealed; but at all events it is sufficient in the aggregate to supply not only the English readers and travellers on the continent and in America, but also all our own colonies, with the exception of India, which is supplied by another piratical publisher in Calcutta itself, named Ruxton. The loss to British authors is enormous; and to remedy this evil a bill was brought in some years ago, and passed, for enabling ministers to treat with foreign powers for an international copyright-law. The intentions of parliament, in this respect, have never been carried out to a satisfactory conclusion; and in the mean while a relaxation of the law regarding the introduction of these pirated editions into England itself, has given the greatest encouragement to the very system of piracy for the prevention of which parliament authorized ministers to treat. By the regulations of the customs, the admission of English works pirated by the subjects of other countries, is strictly prohibited; but a relaxation of this prohibition has been sanctioned by a treasury-minute, dated 29th June, 1830, in virtue of which the custom-house officers are permitted to pass single copies of all

pirated works in the baggage of travellers when imported for their own private use. It is easy to understand the liberal feeling on which this permission was granted; and it was undoubtedly not foreseen by any one that it would be abused to the ruin of popular works by English authors. But what is the result at present? It is, that English authors have not only to contend with foreign piratical printers on the continent and in our colonies, but in England itself. Baudry and Galignani, the great pirates of our works in France, openly advertise that they will supply these publications in England itself at a mere difference in price of shillings for francs; and the introduction of these works is undoubtedly carried on under the favor of the treasury-minute. This, I repeat, could never be contemplated, I am sure, by those who promulgated the minute. However, the consequence is, that every author loses in proportion to his popularity; and the fraud is increasing to such an extent, that ere long it will be very little worth while to publish our works at all. This will be evident from the following facts. Although immense numbers of our works are sold on the continent and America without our deriving any benefit therefrom, the average sale in England ranges between two and three thousand copies; and the greatest part of these are not purchased by individuals for their own amusement, but by what are called circulating-libraries and book-clubs. It is impossible to ascertain exactly what are the numbers of pirated works brought in for sale to private individuals under favor of the treasury-minute, but we can arrive at something like a certainty in regard to the numbers thus purchased for circulating-libraries. In every small town on the coast opposite to France, and for forty miles in the interior, as far as Bath itself, the circulating-libraries are supplied exclusively with the pirated editions, as it is very natural where they can get a work for six shillings which would cost more than thirty in England, they should take means to do so. Thus every courier, every servant, every person who comes to sell fruit, game, or eggs, in short every one of the vast multitude daily passing between France and England, having a right to bring over a single copy of each pirated work, no difficulty can exist in six or seven hundred circulating-libraries supplying themselves with the numbers required. It is calculated that at least seven hundred and fifty copies of each popular work are thus brought over for circulating-libraries. The system, however, is extending daily; and since the direct communication between London and the continent has so greatly increased, a great many of the small libraries about the capital have, by the same means, been supplied with the pirated editions. The number of works that have been pirated by Baudry and Galignani is now so great (three hundred and eighty volumes) that, according to the price charged for the carriage, about one shilling per volume, it is quite worth their while, when a whole set is ordered, to send over a person expressly to bring it as a part of his luggage.

I have said that it is impossible to ascertain exactly the number imported under favor of the treasury-minute; but we can quite well arrive at some approximation. The custom-house officers, satisfied that the revenue does not lose, take no great pains to inquire which, out of a parcel of books paying the highest duty, are pirated English works or not. In the baggage of all travellers they are passed without question; and I myself brought

twenty-five copies this year which paid the high duty, but were never marked as English books printed abroad. When they are observed, however, they are weighed separately and registered; and I have obtained the weight thus entered at Dover, from Michaelmas 1840 to Michaelmas 1841 inclusive, amounting to fifteen hundred and sixty-eight pounds weight. Each work in three volumes, when reprinted by Baudry in one, weighs about one pound; and thus we find fifteen hundred and sixty-eight copies of pirated works reported as entering at Dover. I should be under the calculation if I said that three times the reported number are really entered at that port. But besides that port, at London and Brighton very much larger numbers than at Dover are imported; and at Southampton, Ramsgate, Hastings, Guernsey, and Jersey, a considerable number likewise. On the whole, I feel sure that, taking Dover as a guide, the numbers reported at all the different ports would not amount to less than seventy-two hundred weight, or more than eight thousand copies, and that the real numbers are more than treble those reported. So much for the second cause which I have pointed out as producing a great diminution in the sale of English works.

The third cause is the high price of English works, to which I have alluded also in the first part of my letter as one of the evils to be inquired into. It is certainly an evil in all respects, both to the buyer and to the seller, and is not unimportant in keeping down the taste for reading and in diminishing the sale of all works. Nevertheless, I fear that until we can make ourselves secure against foreign piracy we cannot induce the booksellers to make any diminution. It has been tried once or twice, has succeeded for a short time, and then failed completely. So that those who attempted it have always been obliged, sooner or later, to return to the old system. As I informed you verbally, I believe all authors are willing to diminish the price; but booksellers assert, and I believe justly, that the sale of English works has so much decreased, and the expenses of publication are so great, that they cannot consent. Neither is the price charged to the public comparatively so high as it appears. The difference, for instance, between England and France is not in fact greater than the different price of materials and labor naturally produces, and the profits of the English author are considerably less. The public taste in England requires a more expensive form, more decoration, and more solidity. The page is less crowded with type, the paper is thicker, the volume is in boards, instead of being merely stitched in a wrapper, and yet each ordinary volume of a newly published work in England costs 10s. 6d. In France, the price, at first publication, is ordinarily seven francs, or 5s. 10d. This may seem a very great difference, notwithstanding the superior beauty of the English volume; but let us consider what has been the cost of producing that volume. The price of the paper has been 22s. or 23s. per ream in England at the least, and in France 12s. 6d. The price of the printing has also been much greater; and whereas the advertisement has cost a hundred pounds or more in this country, as great an extent of advertisement has been obtained on the continent for twenty. Thus in reality the charge is not exorbitant, and the profits comparatively less than in France.

I was once asked in reference to foreign pi-

racies, why English authors did not fight the French piratical printers with their own weapons, print the usual three volumes in one, and sell it at the same price that the French charge! The reply is threefold, and nearly self-evident. First, the customs and tastes of the country require a more convenient form, better paper, and better printing. Secondly, the average expense of producing such a volume in England is twice what it is in France. Thirdly, the English author has a title to some profit in his copyright, which the French pirate evades.

The only chance of our being able greatly to reduce the price of books in this country rests in the hope of extinguishing foreign piracy by a general international convention. Then we might induce booksellers to do so; and I for one would undertake to diminish the price of my works to two thirds of their present rate.

I am well aware that it may be said in answer to some of the foregoing observations, that the diminution of the sale of books is caused by the high price alone, and not by foreign piracies; and I know that the high price and diminution of sale are causes which act and react upon each other. But a strong motive for believing that the great decrease has proceeded from undue competition on the part of foreigners, is to be found in the fact, that during the war, and for some time afterwards, when the prices of all things were dearer in this country than they are at present, but when we were not subject to foreign piracy, the price of books was considerable less. Thus the romances in three volumes that now sell for 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* then sold for 1*l.* 1*s.*, or at most for 1*l.* 4*s.*

I believe that I have now given you a fair statement of some of the evils of which literary men in England suppose they have a right to complain. I have endeavored to avoid all exaggeration; and of the following points, at all events, there can be no doubt, namely, that literature has received no encouragement from government; that it received negative discouragement, by not sharing in the honors and rewards assigned to other professions; that in some respects (perhaps from the absolute inability of government to carry out the requisite treaties) it does not even receive due protection; and that in the matter of the introduction of pirated copies into England, as at present carried on, it receives direct discouragement and wrong. That such a state of things will be allowed to continue under a conservative government, and a minister celebrated for his high classical attainments and literary taste, I do not believe; and it is my purpose to seek with every energy of my mind to obtain a redress of these evils. I shall urge upon the government, in the first place, to rescind every order relaxing the positive prohibition of pirated works; and secondly, to carry on vigorously the negotiations already commenced for the purpose of engaging one state after another in reciprocal treaties for the abolition of piracy.\* In regard to the latter object, many difficulties may impede the progress of our government, many may have already impeded it. But the former measure is quite within the immediate power of the ministry;

\* The only method by which we shall arrive at any general treaty with foreign powers is, by bringing different states one by one into the reciprocal engagements we wish to establish. Although it is true that one state will take the piracy up after another has dropped it, we shall ultimately succeed with all, when once two or three principal kingdoms are engaged.

and authors and publishers are entitled to demand it as a right, rather than ask it as a favor. I do not think that the application will be rejected; for nothing can cause it to be so, but the desire of popularity outweighing the sense of justice. Even convenience is not consulted in the relaxation of the law that exists; for Mr. Deans, the chairman of the board of customs, one of our best authorities, agrees that it would be much more rational and convenient to leave the law perfectly stringent, suffering the board of customs itself to relax it in those individual cases where relaxation was necessary.\*

The late Lord Sydenham took a similar view, when I applied to him while he was president of the board of trade; feeling that it was absurd for parliament to employ him and others to carry out treaties for the abolition of foreign piracy, when a treasury-minute gave the greatest encouragement to it, by allowing every one who bought pirated editions on the continent to introduce them into England at their return. He distinctly promised me that these things should be amended; but being shortly after appointed to Canada, the matter was neglected, and since then the abuse of the relaxation has increased to a ruinous extent. Let it be ever remembered that the law which prohibits the introduction of foreign editions of English works had in view a different and more important object than any ordinary custom-house regulation. It was not to add to the revenue—it was not to protect a particular branch of industry from unequal competition; but it was to guard against actual fraud. It was, in short, to prevent foreign pirates from doing what English pirates cannot do, and defrauding British authors in their own country. Let it be remembered also, that the relaxation of that law, as at present abused, has well nigh rendered the law itself of no avail, and will soon render it nugatory altogether. I think, considering these circumstances, no one will deny that we have a right to demand, as a mere act of justice, that the stringency of the law should be restored. The relaxation, as now abused, is employed to enable foreigners to profit by a fraud that we prevent and punish in Englishmen. It is most detrimental to printers, paper-makers, booksellers, and a thousand other classes, as well as to literary men; and it is in direct opposition to the purpose of stopping foreign piracy, expressed by all parties in the discussion of the international copyright bill. If this relaxation be persevered in, it will be tantamount to proclaiming to all foreign piratical printers that the government permits them to defraud every popular author of as many copies of his works as they can pass into England one at a time. But I feel sure that such a state of things cannot be suffered to exist for an hour after it is exposed, at least by the persons who now hold the reins of government.

In regard to the general encouragement of literature to which I have referred, I shall not attempt to urge any particular plan upon the ministry, which I believe to be the most enlightened and truly liberal that we have had for very many

\* A curious instance of the operation of this law and of its relaxation occurred the other day. Some American booksellers sent Capt. Marryatt a complete set of their reprint of his works. The customs would not suffer it to enter; but if Capt. Marryatt had ordered it to be sent to Calais, the first valet-de-chambre coming over could and would have brought it in his portmanteau for a few francs.

years; but will only quote the words of a living writer, who long ago took the same view of the subject that I do.

"It is proper to inquire what the inducements are in this country for a man to devote his life to science, or to the higher branches of literature; of which branches history is undoubtedly entitled to the first rank. The ordinary motives which influence a man on embracing any pursuit or profession, besides the love of fame, are a wish for rank and honors, and more generally a desire for money. It is notorious that scientific or historical acquirements are not productive of pecuniary advantages. The claims of each class on the government are consequently equal; and to obtain the admission of those claims, the most distinguished scientific persons, and the most eminent authors, should make it one common cause to press their pretensions to a share of the honors and public rewards of the country, upon the attention of the crown and the administration. It would be untrue to say that there are no examples of honors having been bestowed by the sovereign in reward of science or literature; for of the many *hundred* baronets and knights who have been made in the last fifty years, Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Walter Scott obtained the former rank from their talents, and a few scientific persons have been knighted. Knighthood, however, has in no instance been conferred for *literary merit*; and, incredible as it may seem, Sir Walter Scott is the *only* example in England of an *author* having been distinguished by any title of honors since the accession of George the Third. Since that period, physicians without number have been knighted and made baronets; and knighthood has been bestowed upon architects, chemists, musicians, painters, merchants, tradesmen, and, in short, upon every class of the community, excepting upon *literary men for literary merit*. Can it be denied that those who have promoted the interests of their country, and of the world in general, by their scientific discoveries, or instructed and enlightened mankind by their writings, should be rewarded by those distinctions which in Great Britain have been hitherto confined to particular descriptions of services, of which services some have been as honorable as others have been base? It is not a little extraordinary that in every other country of Europe, science and literature, as well as military merit, are rewarded by honorary distinctions, though the greater part of those states are *military*; yet in England, which is avowedly *not a military country*, civil merit has never been so distinguished."

From the Polytechnic Review.

ON CAPTAIN WARNER'S EXPERIMENT AT BRIGHTON, AND ON EXPLOSIVE COMPOUNDS AS APPLICABLE TO WARFARE.

THE experiment performed by Captain Warner, off Brighton, has called great attention to the explosive compounds; immediately after the experiment, we are informed, no less than sixty applications were made in the different boards, by individuals professing to be in possession of some equally destructive engine. Not one of these gentlemen, probably, was in the slightest degree acquainted with that branch of chemical decomposition, on which the power of the invention must depend; and from the speech of Sir Robert Peel, it is very clear, that Capt. Warner is not himself

very much advanced. Of the power of projecting to such an enormous distance as Capt. Warner speaks, we look upon it as a physical impossibility. As to explosive compounds, we do not think he has shown that he knows more than what others do, and he has as yet done nothing which has not before been effected by others.

The proportions of nitre, charcoal, and sulphur in gunpowder may have been altered, but still the ingredients are the same; the powder used at the battle of Cressy, in all probability, was but a rough specimen of the last shots fired at Tangier. If a powder were invented sixty times the strength of gunpowder as now manufactured, its introduction, save as a matter of economy, would be doubtful. Ten pounds of gunpowder will throw a ball three miles; six thousand tons would not throw it one yard further, nor would the most dangerous chemical compounds project it one half so far, however unlimited the quantity used might be.

At an enormous expense, the French government constructed an immense bomb, which at the siege of Antwerp threw a shell weighing 1600 cwts., holding 1 cwt. of gunpowder, but the opinions of the first chemists were against its utility. It was urged, before its manufacture, that no weight of metal could stand the strain of the powder required to project so immense a weight, and the result proved the correctness of these views: at the eighth shot it cracked. Last year, some experiments were made at Deal, on large guns; several burst, and, notwithstanding every precaution, three artillerymen were killed. Still later, an immense gun was manufactured in the United States: the first shot went well; at the second, though the gun had just come from the proof, it burst, the fragments killing several members of the congress near it; and the opinion of chemists is now nearly adopted by the authorities, that beyond 68 lbs. any ball is dangerous. With the detonating compounds, which the inventors bring forward, power would be even lost; their explosion is instantaneous, and their effect is seen more upon the gun than on the missile. By the substitution of chlorate of potash for nitre, a terrific compound is formed: every soul perished at the first manufactory it was attempted in; sufficient, however, was afterwards made for trial, 8lbs. were fired in a gun, the ball was projected 600 yards, (with gunpowder it would have gone 1200,) and the gun was rent to pieces. It was suggested that shells might be advantageously charged with it, the power being very greatly increased, but when the proposer, an eminent chemist, after proving experimentally the increased destructive effect, pointed out the spontaneous ignition, and the dangers of the manufacture, the officers, to whom it was referred, expressed their surprise that anything so clearly impracticable should have been presented by a chemist.

There is another explosive compound, the chloride of nitrogen, made by inverting a jar of chlorine gas into a strong solution of muriate of ammonia, at 100° Fahrenheit; the chlorine is absorbed, and an oily liquid collects at the bottom; this from experiments would appear to be 400 times the strength of gunpowder; but even if that extreme facility of decomposition, which nearly deprived its discoverer, Sir H. Davy, of his eye, and which the recent accident to Professor Ryan proves we have as yet no means of guarding against,—if even that could be overcome, the ball would not be pro-

jected one yard further. If additional power could do it, we have an unlimited supply in gunpowder. The fulminates are clearly useless; their explosive action, like that of the chlorate gunpowder, would tend but to shatter the gun; and as Capt. Warner's experiments are so expensive, it is probably on one of them he has been engaged.

Had Capt. Warner been acquainted with these facts, he would not probably have continued to assert that he had discovered any such powerful engine of destruction. The philanthropist might shudder at the idea that, armed with such means, a man could at the dead of night destroy a city, with its thousands or millions of unsuspecting inhabitants; but chemistry knows no such power, nor have the researches of our professors at all pointed out, that such could exist! Lord Ingestrie, who brought forward Capt. Warner's invention, and in distinct terms pledged himself to its value, was on a former occasion sufficiently inconsiderate to give a certificate to John St. John Long, that he had seen him extract pure mercury from the living, but probably brainless, skull of one of his patients; and our readers may remember an inventor calling himself the Duke of Normandy, who claimed the possession of a power which annihilated all space. By some chance, his experiments were tried at Woolwich, and not one succeeded; his income was limited, but still, though ruin stared him in the face, this inventor went on in his wild search for this power. Mr. Fulton, during the time of Pitt, devised a plan to destroy vessels at sea, and so plausible appeared his invention, that government at a great expense tried it. He succeeded when experimentalizing before the officers of his own nation, but though the idea of a submarine boat, and the exploding case of gunpowder to fire by watchwork, would appear practicable, in every instance before the enemy he failed; the great difficulty being to get unperceived to the vessel, as the sailors would of course be obliged to come occasionally to the surface to see if they were on the right track.

The debate in the House of Commons divested the experiment at Brighton of the slightest interest: the vessel was dragged on to the shell as it floated down the tow lines; and it would have been equally as easy, and quite as satisfactory, had he blown her up with a fusee attached to a barrel of powder. But on one point we must congratulate Capt. Warner: his powerful interest has thrust him upon the government, which is generally extremely summary in rejecting adventurers; he is forced upon them. Out of 100 things which are monthly suggested, 90 are clearly impracticable, and of the other 10, eight have been probably before tried and failed; and how can the remaining two be expected to receive a fair consideration! It is found that, in criminal cases, three or four successive verdicts of guilty render the next prisoner's chance of escape but small, and 98 inventors being humbugs, the other two are too often classed with them. We remember a case where an invention of great importance was submitted to the admiralty. After an inspection of the drawings, the inventor retired to an adjoining room, and must, we believe, plead guilty to the overhearing of the private conversation between one of their lordships and his secretary. "This," said the zealous servant of the public, "is likely to be a troublesome fellow; you must get rid of him quietly, or he will bother us dreadfully." The secretary appeared before the expectant, full of assurances of the con-

sideration his invention should receive, complimenting him upon his ingenuity, and gracefully bowing him to the door, with a promise that he should soon hear from him: the inventor did in this case hear, but it was five years after, and his invention had in the mean time been adopted in the merchant vessels. The fear of being anticipated preventing the speculator from consultation with those, who could have instructed him upon the probable absurdity of the plan he proposes, he submits his drawings; as a matter of course they are civilly declined; and he indignantly publishes his neglect. Other inventors sympathize with him, and the scientific man, who is really wronged, shrinks back in silence, almost fearing lest, surrounded and mixed up with these unthinking fools, he may have even imbibed their wild ideas; hence improvements emanate but from officers.

The records of the select committee are full of inventions, scarcely one of which required even a trial to prove its inapplicability. We remember one submitted by an extremely clever gun-maker; it was a musket, in which the fire communicated to several cartridges; a soldier could thus, with once pulling the trigger, fire seven times without reloading or even removing the gun from his aim; a hundred soldiers could thus deal destruction upon an advancing column. The theory appears good, but apply even for a moment the chances of actual warfare: by case or canister-shot, twenty of these, after the first shot, fall dead or wounded; their guns fall from their hands, discharging their contents amidst their own ranks, each man as he falls adding to the confusion. "You must," said the good-natured inventor, "issue a standing order that each soldier, when dying, should stick his musket into the ground." A hundred more such instances could be adduced.

The working of the present system is to confine all improvements to officers, for they have alone the opportunity of trying them. In the percussion shells, a missile to which the authorities directed considerable attention, this was particularly marked. Lord Vivian requested every scientific person whom he met, to invent a shell which should explode on striking, requiring for this purpose no fuse, a constant source of annoyance and failure, and offering every facility for trial the Board of Ordnance could give. A host of adventurers came forward; the wildest theories were tried. The soi-distant Duke of Normandy stood conspicuous; with a box, about four feet square, he offered to blow down a mound, 1,300 feet long and 200 broad, into which a cannon-ball could not enter three feet. He could explode the box at a given moment; the time passed; the soldiers fired it with a fusee, and instead of displacing the mound, the earth around was barely displaced. He had invented a musket-ball which set fire on striking, and he came provided with a figure filled with combustibles; shot after shot was fired into it, but with no effect. The duke advanced with a cigar, but the figure appeared incombustible; by means, however, of some straw, it was at last fired, and a discharge of squibs and two small rockets followed. But, as if to crown his misfortunes, he had invented a percussion shell; it exploded at the mouth of the gun. It was evident during the loading that it could by no possibility succeed.

Sir George Murray came into office, and the facilities for trials were at once closed. Finding themselves classed with ignorant adventurers,



most of the scientific persons had before withdrawn. Should it for a moment be now urged, that some latitude should be allowed for the trial of experiments, which, requiring guns and trained men, could be tried by government at an expense so trifling as to be undeserving of notice, but by an individual who would require to purchase all that government have, at one of a ruinous nature, this result is appealed to. We did, says Sir George Murray, and see how it acted; failure succeeded failure; every fool seized this opportunity of obtaining notoriety, and of course all failed; and if any of those who at the solicitation of Lord Vivian had engaged in these dangerous experiments, and whose shells having in some instances succeeded, had showed, that by perseverance, without which success, save by accident, is never obtained, they could probably have succeeded; they are classed with these adventurers, their applications are refused, complain for a moment of the injustice, urge the absence of a trial, adduce the authority of chemists, that the failure after success would not involve the principle, which before being given up would require several more trials, for which the men, gun and grounds, if not ammunition, might be at least spared. "Give but this trial," and immediately a host of Normandys spring up yelling, "we also have not had a trial," and amidst their yells the voice of truth is stifled. It is an evil against which we have no cure.

A letter was lately published in the Times by some one, offering to destroy a barge for 110*l.*, to which he required a tow-line to be attached; conversation with a sensible person would have shown him that he could no more expect an enemy to allow him to attach a line than to introduce a fusee in their powder magazine, and if with a chemist, his means of destroying the vessel would have probably equally proved inapplicable. The chloride of nitrogen is the compound which the friends of these adventurers point out as likely to have been by them rendered manageable. On the grounds that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," we really believe that this compound is by some really considered applicable; to them this extract from the letter of Sir H. Davy, its discoverer, while engaged in experiments, most carefully conducted, may prove a warning. If in the hands of this great chemist it was unmanageable, if more lately another chemist had his arm fractured, what fate could one unskilled in manipulation expect? "I attempted," says Sir H. Davy, "to collect the products of the explosion of the new substance by applying the heat of a spirit lamp to a globule of it confined in a curved glass tube over water: a little gas was at first extricated, but long before the water had attained the temperature of ebullition, a violent flash of light was perceived, with a sharp report. The tube and glass were broken into small fragments, and I received a severe wound in the transparent cornea of the eye, which has produced a considerable inflammation of the eye, and obliges me to make this communication by an amanuensis. This experiment proves what extreme caution is necessary in operating on this substance, for the quantity I used was scarcely as large as a grain of mustard seed." But, as we have before explained, for any purpose of projecting, these compounds are useless; they would in every case destroy the gun, besides throwing the ball but a short distance.

When Captain Warner speaks of his six-mile

range, for which he required but a two-pounder, he states a physical impossibility in the present state of chemical science; and Captain Warner is certainly not one in whom any reasonable hope could be indulged, that by his knowledge any advance will be made. By the use of the fulminates, nothing would be gained, for with compounds so loosely held together, there appears no certainty; they are all liable to spontaneous decomposition. The fulminate of mercury was considered safe while mixed with spirit of wine, yet while in this state it exploded, and Mr. Hennell, of the Apothecaries' Hall, was destroyed by it. Mr. Eley, the inventor of the wire cartridges, who had repeatedly mixed his fulminate of mercury, perished from the explosion of a pound of this highly dangerous composition. A French vessel, fitted, during the French war, with some new detonating compounds, was never heard of after it sailed from Toulon. The large gun made for Mehemet Ali, requiring a charge of 40 lbs., and throwing a ball of 480 lbs., is considered too dangerous to use. Rockets of 100 lbs. are not found to move one yard. There appears to be a limit to destructive powers, and we have reason to thank Heaven it is so. The service may be improved, rockets may eventually be made to go straight, shells may be made percussioned, and a greater precision given to cannon firing. It is possible, by the introduction of the patent principle of Mr. Harding's new gun, which has given so great an increase to the power of sporting guns, we may improve that of the cannon; but these, if effected, would be but a slight step to realizing the theories of Warner or of Normandy. The evil they cause, and that is a serious though unavoidable one, is that scientific characters are debarred from the ground these enthusiasts claim as their own. Every application for experiment is now refused at Woolwich, because ninety-eight out of a hundred applicants prove to be ignorant adventurers.

Since writing the above, Captain Warner has addressed a letter offering to destroy a vessel at five miles, if guaranteed 300,000*l.* by the government. We think the offer might be safely accepted. We firmly believe it to be beyond the range of possibility. The gentleman who amused us last year with a promise of navigating the air, was quite as loud and quite as bold in his assertions as is Capt. Warner.

The *Morning Herald* quotes this passage from a provincial paper, not named, but described as likely to be well-informed with regard to Whig tactics—

"It will be recollected that we announced some time back, on *high authority*, the difference of opinion among the judges, and also that the *majority of the tribunal of final appeal* held an opinion favorable to the traversers. We revert to this, not for the purpose of vain boasting, but to obtain confidence for the announcement which, upon the same authority, we are now enabled to make. *It has been resolved to form a union of Liberal parties, for the purpose of driving the present ministers from power; and it is intended to propose that one of the bases of agreement shall be a Federal Parliament for Ireland.* We have every reason to rely on the source from which we derive our information; and we recommend the constituencies of the kingdom to be prepared soon to declare what policy is to be adopted in the present critical circumstances of the state."



*The Septuagint Version in English.* Translated by Sir LANCELOT C. L. BRENTON, Bart. Bagster.

DR. WALL was the first who directed the attention of biblical students to the important fact, that most of the discrepancies between the Septuagint version and the existing Hebrew texts, have arisen from the efforts of the Rabbins to introduce a system of vocalization into their language, the want of which was of course felt when Hebrew ceased to be generally spoken. According to this theory, Hellenistic influence may be traced not merely in the Greek translation of the Bible, but even in the Hebrew text itself, as it is now preserved by the Jews; and the pointed Hebrew Bible must be regarded as a translation, not as an original record. The Septuagint and the pointed Hebrew are thus placed on the same level as rival versions. Dr. Wall's theory goes further, for it impugns the originality of even the unpointed text, for the attempt to vocalize it by the introduction of the letters *Aheri* must, from the nature of the Hebrew language, have led to many perversions of the sense. It has been announced that Dr. Wall's work, minutely examining the internal evidence in support of this theory, will be published in the course of the present year. Sir Lancelot Brenton's translation suggests some historical inquiries which may throw light on the external aspect of the question, and we shall very briefly state the outlines of these investigations.

The great question to be decided, is the extent to which Hellenization was carried in central and western Asia under the Macedonian empire of Alexander and his successors. Egypt under the Ptolemies is the portion of that empire of which we have the most perfect account, and there can be little doubt that the language and literature of that kingdom became perfectly Greek. There is evidence that the Seleucids endeavored to bring about the same change in their Syrian kingdom: and though they were not equally successful, we find, from the New Testament, that Greek was the common spoken language in Palestine itself; so that when Christ on the cross made an exclamation in Syrian, (*Eli, Eli, lama Sabachthani*), the bystanders did not understand his words, (they said, "He calleth for Elias.") It is noticed as a remarkable circumstance, that St. Paul on one occasion addressed a Jewish mob in the Hebrew tongue, and far the greater part, if not the whole, of the New Testament was written in Greek. To this may be added, that the quotations made from the Old Testament in the New, are taken from the Septuagint or some other Greek version, but not in any demonstrable case from the original Hebrew. It is not necessary to extend this inquiry farther, else it would be easy to show that the Jews who settled in Alexandria exercised a very decided influence over their brethren in Palestine, and that this influence increased the tendency to Hellenism, which it was the policy of the Macedonian rulers to establish.

Nothing but a very minute and critical examination of the internal evidence would justify a decision in favor of the present Hebrew text or of the Septuagint in the passages where they differ, and Sir Lancelot Brenton has done good service to the cause of biblical criticism, by rendering the Septuagint accessible to general readers, for until public attention is directed to the issue, scholars are not likely to undertake the labors necessary to lead to a right decision.—*Athenæum*.

In consequence of the failure of the harvest in Poland, from the inundations of the Vistula, the Emperor Nicholas has interdicted the exportation of corn from that country.

WE read in a letter from Trieste of the 5th: "The Prince de Metternich has given an audience to all the foreign consuls. The French and English ambassadors to the court of Austria have arrived, and it is generally reported that a conference will be held on the affairs of Italy. The Emperor and Empress of Austria have just arrived."

PASSAGE OF THE INDIAN MAIL THROUGH FRANCE.—The *Sud* of Marseilles, of September 5, states:—The following is an example of the rapidity with which the French carriage which conveys the English and French despatches from Calais to Marseilles now performs the journey. The Indian mail which left London on the 7th of August, arrived at Calais at 24 minutes past eight on the morning of the 8th. Having left that town at ten minutes past nine o'clock, it arrived at Paris at thirty minutes past one in the morning. Having left Paris at forty minutes past two o'clock, it arrived at Marseilles on the 11th August, at thirty minutes past four in the morning, having accomplished the distance from Calais to Marseilles within the space of sixty-seven hours twenty minutes. The carriage contained fifty iron chests of a foot square, in which were enclosed the English despatches, and sixteen wooden cases of various dimensions, containing the French despatches. The moment they arrived at Marseilles they were conveyed on board an English steamboat, and in half an hour afterwards they were on their way to Malta, where a boat belonging to the Oriental Company was waiting to receive them. From Alexandria they proceed to Suez, and thence across the Desert to India. Less than five weeks sufficed to effect the passage from London to Bombay.

SCHOOLS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The *Missionary Herald* for June contains a brief report of a speech made by Commodore Jones of the United States navy, to a great meeting of the natives of the Sandwich Islands. He complimented them on the system of education among them, and stated the following remarkable fact, highly creditable both to them and the American missionaries, under whose auspices so much good has been accomplished:—"At Monterey de California there are several English and Americans intermarried with descendants of the old Spaniards, and they have children growing up around them. On my inquiring as to their schools and means of education, judge of my surprise when the answer was, 'Oh, we have to send them to the Sandwich Islands to be educated; there they have good schools, here we have none.'"

IOWAY INDIANS IN LONDON.—In consequence of the great success that attended the exhibition of the Ioway Indians, at Lord's cricket-ground, it has been resolved to give a series of pictures of Indian life still more attractive at Vauxhall Gardens. The chiefs will appear on horseback, and, from the extent of the grounds, they will be enabled to afford vivid *tableaux* of hunting, fighting, shooting, and all the other pursuits of the native prairie.

The excellent accounts of the harvest continue: even in Scotland it is well over.

From the Spectator.

#### CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S SETTLERS IN CANADA.

IN 1794, a gentleman of the name of Campbell, who had suddenly been deprived of a large fortune, resolved to emigrate to Canada. Thither he accordingly went with his family; consisting of Mrs. Campbell, four sons of various ages, and two orphan nieces whom he had adopted. The best land around Quebec and Montreal being disposed of, Mr. Campbell determined to settle in a district then unoccupied; and, having interest, he procured a favorable grant on Lake Ontario. *The Settlers in Canada* narrates the exploits of this family in establishing themselves on their "location," and the different adventures of some of its members, arising from the unsettled state of the country and the hostility of roving Indians.

To readers familiar with colonial publications and American fictions there will be little of substantial novelty in these volumes. The labors and economy of a new settler—the manner in which the wilderness is roughly reclaimed—the rapid progress from something like nothing to competence and wealth—with the natural features of the country, and the field-sports of the back-woods—have already been often described both in fiction and matter-of-fact. The risk of the out-settler from the accidental firing of the woods, the peril from Indian attack, and the distress from Indian abduction, have also been painted, and form indeed part of the common stock of American border-tales. Written for "young people," and with the didactic purpose of presenting them with a living idea of the natural peculiarities of Canada and the employments and drawbacks of a settler's career, Captain Marryat's little novel is subdued in tone, giving to everything a more actual air. But what is gained in matter-of-fact is perhaps lost in vividness of outline and brilliancy of touch; whilst the minute particulars of domestic life and conversation, though real, have but a sort of jog-trot reality. At the same time, this may be rather a merit than a fault with the class of readers to which the work is chiefly addressed,—to whom everything beyond their own experience is new, and who like everything "explained." Great ingenuity is frequently shown in the manner in which information is presented, so as to vivify common knowledge by the images that are used to present it. The following are instances of what we mean.

#### CANADIAN WINTER WONDERS.

My young readers will be surprised to hear, that when the winter sets in at Quebec, all the animals required for the winter's consumption are at once killed. If the troops are numerous, perhaps three or four hundred bullocks are slaughtered and hung up. Every family kill their cattle, their sheep, pigs, turkeys, fowls, &c.; and all are put up in the garrets; where the carcasses immediately freeze hard, and remain quite good and sweet during the six or seven months of severe winter which occur in that climate. When any portion of meat is to

be cooked, it is gradually thawed in lukewarm water, and after that is put to the fire. If put at once to the fire in its frozen state, it spoils. There is another strange circumstance which occurs in these cold latitudes: a small fish, called the snow-fish, is caught during the winter by making holes in the thick ice; and these fish coming to the holes in thousands to breathe, are thrown out with hand-nets upon the ice, where they become in a few minutes frozen quite hard, so that, if you wish it, you may break them in half like a rotten stick. The cattle are fed upon these fish during the winter months. But it has been proved—which is very strange—that if, after they have been frozen for twenty-four hours or more, you put these fish into water and gradually thaw them as you do the meat, they will recover and swim about again as well as ever.

#### TIMBER RAFTS.

"But what is that?" said Mary Percival, "at the point? is it a village—one, two, three houses—just opening upon us?"

"That is a raft, Miss Percival, which is coming down the river," replied Captain Sinclair. "You will see, when we are nearer to it, that perhaps it covers two acres of water; and there are three tiers of timber on it. These rafts are worth many thousand pounds. They are first framed with logs, fastened by wooden tree-nails, and the timber placed within the frame. There are, perhaps, from forty to a hundred people on this raft to guide it down the stream; and the houses you see are built on it for the accommodation of these people. I have seen as many as fifteen houses upon a raft, which will sometimes contain the cargoes of thirty or forty large ships."

"It is very wonderful how they guide and direct it down the stream," said Mr. Campbell.

"It is very dexterous; and it seems strange that such an enormous mass can be so guided; but it is done, as you will perceive: there are three or four rudders made of long sweeps, and, as you may observe, several sweeps on each side."

All the party were now standing up in the stern-sheets of the *bateau* to look at the people on the raft; who amounted to about fifty or sixty men—now running over the top to one side, and dragging at the sweeps, which required the joint power of seven or eight men to each of them—now passing again over to the opposite sweeps, as directed by the steersmen. The *bateau* kept well in to the shore, out of the way, and the raft passed them very quickly. As soon as it was clear of the point, as their course to Quebec was now straight, and there was a slight breeze down the river, the people on board of the raft hoisted ten or fifteen sails upon different masts, to assist them in their descent; and this again excited the admiration of the party.

*The Settlers in Canada* has the defect common to most didactic fictions—the actors are too well rewarded, or rather, their good fortune is greater than the experience of life warrants; and a false notion of things is consequently impressed upon ductile minds. It is natural enough that a reduced gentleman should make friends with the governor and get a good grant of land—such things were common enough in the olden time to less deserving settlers than the Campbell family: but grants

have now ceased altogether. It is not very unnatural that the commandant of the fort near their location should assist them in various ways: but he pushes his assistance too far, and creates a profit for Mr. Campbell by no means essential to the progress of the story. Nay, not content with making everything Mr. Campbell touches "turn to gold," the author restores him to his fortune at the end of the book, in as unexpected a manner as he lost it. Had all this been "necessary," it would have been "defensible." A peculiar mode of life allows of events and incidents peculiar to itself. The persons of a fiction in rare difficulties, as in *Masterman Ready* or *Robinson Crusoe*, are to be extricated by rare good fortune,—which is in fact the way they are really extricated; but where the object is to convey a picture of a more regular kind of life, and to blend instruction with amusement, the closer the fair expectations of life are adhered to, the better will be the book, and, we believe, the greater the "effects" upon the reader.

#### CAPTAIN CUNYNGHAME'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SERVICE.

CAPTAIN CUNYNGHAME sailed as aide-de-camp to Lord Saltoun, with the additional forces sent from England against the Chinese at the latter end of 1841. After a voyage of more than seven months, in which the vessel touched at Rio Janeiro, the Cape of Good Hope, Java, and Singapore, the reinforcements arrived at the Yellow River in time to allow the aide-de-camp to assist in the closing operations which compelled the emperor to grant our demands. When the little fighting and long talks were over, and the first instalment of the money paid, which Sir Henry Pottinger received as proofs of sincerity, Captain Cunyngame, in company with the Admiral and Lord Saltoun, visited the Spanish possessions of Manilla; where they were fêted in no ordinary degree, and made various excursions through the island. Leaving the hospitable Spaniards, they reached Calcutta; whence Captain Cunyngame came home by steam, of course *viâ* Egypt.

In regard to the war itself no novelty was to be expected, nor does Captain Cunyngame aim at furnishing any; which, considering his limited opportunities of observing it, is judicious. He merely professes to record what fell within his own observation, and struck him as worthy of noting from the impression it made upon his own mind. This unambitious plan, however, has enabled him to present additional traits of the results of war; which indicate its hardening process, the manner in which it tends to destroy all delicate principle, and the oppression that will be exercised, and the miseries that must be inflicted upon the peaceful inhabitants, let the attentions of the belligerents and the orders of the superior officers be what they may. Captain Cunyngame, too, we think, brings a different description of mind to observe the Chi-

nese compared with even the best of his predecessors. He has not the varied accomplishments or acquirements of Captain Loch; at least he does not display them. Neither has he the engineering and military science by which Lieutenant Ouchterlony was enabled to impart precision, and something like principles, to his descriptions of war. But the aide-de-camp possesses a more economical or cultivator's eye to examine the country, and a somewhat higher tone of opinion to consider the results of war upon non-belligerents, though without at all considering them too curiously. China, or its war, however, is by no means the sole subject of *An Aid-de-camp's Recollections*. The Philippine Islands have been so rarely visited, especially by a voyager with Captain Cunyngame's opportunities, that the ground is almost new; and the social and other sketches at Manilla have some of the freshness possessed by a fresh subject, in the hospitality of every one, the liberal virtues of the rather lax padres, the governor and other friends of Espartero anxious for their places, (now, alas! gone,) and the natural wonders of the country.

But the attraction of the volumes mainly consists in the individual character of the writer; which enables him to impart an interest to common things, and to vary his pages by anecdotes and stories, that differently told would be flat or forced. As he appears in his book, he is what is called a "pleasant companion." The aide-de-camp has the straightforward frankness of a soldier, and the allowance for habits different from our own, which the "here and everywhere" nature of military service inspires, together with touches of the "good-fellow" spirit, and the lively manner that accompanies these qualities. They are all tempered, however, in the case of Captain Cunyngame, by a gentlemanly feeling, which prevents any display of the free-and-easy style that taints many naval and military writers. He has also, as we have intimated, a more thoughtful and considerate mode of viewing professional doings, which in itself argues some native independence of mind, or study and reflection enough to emancipate one from the influence of daily habit.

It will be seen, from the account of the *Recollections*, that they embrace a sailing-voyage to and a steam-voyage from the East, a visit to the Indian Archipelago, with notices of China and Manilla. Each of these sections has its points, but we shall limit our extracts to China and Manilla. The following, if not the only, is the best description we have met with of a

#### CHINESE JUNK.

This huge box (I cannot bring myself to call it by any other name) was far the most extraordinary thing of the kind I had ever seen. Although, after being constantly accustomed to seeing them, the novelty soon wears off, yet the first impression cannot fail to be that of wonder how any people could dream of navigating the trackless ocean in this huge coffin. She must have far exceeded 500

tons' burthen, according to a rough calculation which by eyesight alone we made of her. The upper part of her poop was at least as high as that of a seventy-four, with curious staircases and passages communicating to the different portions of the ship, more after the fashion of a house; her mast was a magnificent spar, eleven feet in circumference, and of a prodigious height; her cables composed of coir, made from the outer covering of the cocoa-nut, for durability and lightness unequalled; and her wooden anchors, although primitive in their construction, would, I doubt not, have answered perfectly well in any but a rocky bottom, which is scarcely ever to be met with on the coasts or harbors they are accustomed to anchor in. Her sides were painted with a rude imitation of ports; and, what with her numberless flags and streamers, her huge unwieldy mat-sails, her gigantic rudder and antediluvian-looking crew, she presented a novel and striking sight; but certainly she could in no way merit the term of "walking the waters like a thing of life."

#### CHINESE CULTIVATION AND IMPLEMENTS.

We passed the batteries which had so recently been the scene of such dreadful slaughter, and, stemming a strong current, proceeded rapidly up the river. The country through which it wound its way was a perfect flat as far as the eye could reach, and in as high a state of cultivation as the market-gardens around London; small farm-houses stood in every direction, neatly encircled with flower-gardens, the whole presenting a perfect picture of wealth, fertility, industry, and comfort: and when we were informed—a circumstance we had every reason to believe perfectly true—that the same state of things existed not only throughout the whole of this but of all the neighboring provinces, any one of which, as regards extent, would make a handsome kingdom for an European potentate, some slight idea may be formed of the endless internal agricultural wealth of the Chinese empire, and the little concern the emperor of this mighty country has been accustomed to bestow on foreign nations, their commerce, trade, or anything else concerning them. Numerous implements of agriculture, which we supposed to be only known to the most scientific and highly-instructed European nations, were discovered in great numbers, and in constant use among them, from the plough and common harrow to the winnow and thrashing-machine, with which scarcely any farm-house, however small, was unprovided. Added to which, for the purpose of irrigation, scarcely any considerable field that did not possess its chain-pump, for the purpose of irrigating their crops by drawing water from the lower levels, with comparatively small labor to themselves; from which models I have not the least doubt those at present in use in our navy or merchantmen were taken.

#### LEVYING BLACK MAIL.

Great lenity was invariably shown towards the inhabitants of the different towns which we occupied; strict orders being given by the heads of departments, not to molest or interfere with the people in any way, and by no means to despoil them of anything they had in their possession. Some of the soldiers were, however, far better financiers than their chiefs imagined; and being placed as sentries at the different gates of the towns, politely requested—and, it is needless to

add, were seldom refused—a sum of money from every Chinese who passed through. In times of alarm, this species of black mail amounted to a considerable sum, it being almost impossible, when discovered, to make the people themselves understand that this tax was not levied by authority. Upon one occasion, an officer of very high rank was stepping through the gate as this impost was being levied, and in the hurry and confusion of presenting arms, the sentry let his whole bag fall to the ground. An inquiry was immediately made into the circumstance; and, upon examination of his purse, it was discovered that, although the man had only been at this post half-an-hour, no less a sum than forty dollars was found in it: clearly showing what a good harvest he had reaped from the financial speculation which he had undertaken.

#### THE PUZZLE OF TRUTH.

Truth is by no means so highly looked up to on this side of the globe as it is on the other. For instance, when it was reported to the emperor that her Britannic Majesty's plenipotentiary had publicly stated his intention of proceeding to the north with the army, his Imperial Majesty set it down as positively certain that we were all about to decamp home; remarking, sagely enough as he thought, that the very act of our making no secret of our intention of proceeding to the north, was a sure sign we intended to take the opposite course.

The civilized adornment of the wig has often created surprise and alarm among the unenlightened; but the following is about the best story of the kind, from the professional character of the artist, and his certainty of the previous condition of the head.

#### THE MIRACLE OF THE WIG.

In some instances they looked upon us as gods, in some as devils, in all as a very extraordinary race. As an instance of this, I will here relate a most absurd story which was told to me by an officer at Nankin, and which will go far to show the fear with which we were looked upon by this superstitious race. After my friend had visited the Porcelain Tower, being somewhat fatigued, he stepped into a barber's shop, and, by way of employing his time, he desired the barber to shave his head. This gentleman wore a wig, but which, for the sake of coolness, he had placed in his pocket: this operation of shaving, so common in China, was speedily and quickly executed, the barber seeming to be delighted with the honor of shaving one of the illustrious strangers. Previously to his leaving the shop, and while the man's attention was called in some other direction, my friend replaced his wig upon his head, little thinking of the result of this simple process: no sooner, however, had the barber turned round and observed him, whom he had so lately cleared of every vestige of hair, suddenly covered with a most luxuriant growth, than taking one steady gaze at him, to make sure he was not deceived, he let fall the razor, cleared his counter at a bound, and running madly through the crowd which was speedily collected, cried out, that he was visited by the devil. No entreaties could induce him to return, until every Fanqui had left the neighborhood: so palpable a miracle as this being, in his opinion, quite beyond the powers of all the gods or demons in the Bhuddist calendar.

## CHINESE CARICATURES.

I must not omit to mention our having accidentally stumbled upon the shop of a native caricaturist, who had been depicting, for the benefit of his more distant countrymen, various representations of the red-bristled barbarians. Poor fellow, on being discovered he was struck dumb with consternation, expecting at least a sound bamboozing for the liberty he had taken with our figures and habits; when, much to his surprise and that of the bystanders, we not only laughed immoderately at his productions, but retaining possession of his whole stock, paid him handsomely for the same. I am sorry to be obliged to confess that some of them struck home, freely representing both services as no enemies to the bottle.

I had afterwards an opportunity of seeing many very talented caricatures; for when the artists found their productions no longer gave offence, they did not scruple to exhibit them. Among the most amusing, and by no means untrue to character, was that of a certain general in the early portion of the expedition, in the act of himself bargaining for a fowl; his eagerness to obtain the fowl, and moreover, at his own price, being depicted with such spirit and truth as would have done justice to the pencil of the far-famed "HB" himself.

## THE CAPTAIN'S PROOF OF CHINESE CIVILIZATION.

No higher proof, perhaps, may be adduced of the high state of civilization to which they have arrived, than that the military profession, so far from being considered the most honorable, is, with the exception of their priesthood, considered the lowest: the first station in society being given to men of letters, the second to merchants, and the last to the paid military defenders of their country.

## COMMERCE AT HONG-KONG.

The harbor at Hong-kong was generally very crowded with Chinese native craft. The gayest and most highly decorated boats which arrived at our port were those which brought from Canton a mercantile commodity very commonly trafficked in by the Chinese. These were young ladies who were bent upon the speculation of marriage; being brought from the exuberant population of the interior towns to supply this deficiency among the numerous settlers who had come from the continent to our new colony, so many of every trade and occupation having already flocked in vast numbers to the island. These boats arrived with drums and gongs beating, and colors flying, generally coming to an anchor immediately under my own window: tea-tables were soon arranged; and the young ladies, from twenty to forty in number, arrayed in their smartest jackets and trousers might be seen endeavoring to bewitch those visitors who flocked to the boats. I was informed that the price, generally speaking, averaged from one hundred to two hundred dollars; the greater portion of which money was transferred to the mother of the young lady, a due proportion being charged for the expenses attendant upon the voyage, together with commission, &c. upon the bargain. I have known instances of some of the natives of India becoming purchasers; but in that case, they would obtain solely the refuse of the community. Upon one occasion, a hitmutgar or table-servant, a native of Bengal, complained to me, and entreated my interference, stating that he had intrusted a friend of his own, who had gone

to Macao, with one hundred dollars, all his savings, for the purpose of buying him a nice comely wife; but when she arrived, she by no means answered the description given of her, being too short and too old, and by no means a hundred-dollar wife, but not more than a thirty-dollar one; when, much to his grief as well as surprise, he only got laughed at by me for his pains.

## MANILLA WEAVING.

The natives may be reckoned as industrious, perhaps more so, than are generally seen within the tropics. The manufacture, for which they are so famous, of cigar-cases, and hats of a peculiar grass, has long been known and deservedly prized at home. The most intricate tartan plaid they will imitate with a faithfulness and dexterity truly surprising; and those who have received no instruction whatever in letters will work a name or a figure with these differently-colored straws without the smallest deviation from any given pattern. We were, however, unprepared to meet among these rude people, a fabric which as much surpasses in its texture the finest French cambric as the latter does the commonest piece of Manchester cotton-cloth. The latter is called *pinia*, pronounced *pinia*; being made from the finest fibres of the pine, beaten out, combed, and wove with a delicacy that it is impossible to rival, possessing at the same time an incredible durability. Its color is white, slightly tinged with blue. Many months prior to our arrival, the Great Parsee merchant of Bombay, who had lately been honored by knighthood, Sir Jamesetgee Jegetboy, had directed an entire dress to be sent home, in order that he might present her Britannic Majesty with something that might be considered worthy the acceptance of his queen. We were fortunate enough to see it, just prior to its departure. The order had been for one large dress, and two or three small ones for the prince and princess, with an injunction from the munificent donor, that *three thousand* dollars' worth of labor should be expended upon it. I was assured by the merchant who undertook to execute it, that between thirty and forty women were employed for nine months, working the entire day, upon the tambour: and from the specimen we then saw, as also from having minutely watched their subsequent labor, I am not inclined the least to doubt the truth of what he told me, however exaggerated it may appear. Moreover, to insure the due attendance of the fair dancellas of the needle, it had been customary to incarcerate a considerable portion of them every evening in a species of honorable confinement, being unable to trust to the promises of their returning to such severe labor in the morning. It may not, however, be improbable but that some of my readers may have been, ere this, gratified with a sight of the dress itself: in which case, they may have the satisfaction of knowing that they have seen the handsomest as well as the most expensive ever worked in Manilla, perhaps in the world. The handkerchiefs cost sixty dollars each; a curious circumstance, where, in this cheap country, a whole family can live well for three or four dollars a month.

## IMPORTANCE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

There are few foreign colonies more coveted by our neighbors on the other side the Channel than the Philippian group; not so much from the fertility of the soil or the commercial value of the

country, as the ability which they, or any powerful European nation, would thereby have of raising a considerable army, accustomed to a tropical climate, without which description of force any aggression which might be contemplated either against our possessions in the east, those of the Dutch, or even of the Malays, but more especially any war against the celestial empire, must of necessity prove abortive, not so much from the lack of physical force, or from the enormous expense which would be required to fit out an expedition entirely composed of Europeans, as from the certainty of the dreadful ravages of disease, which those so totally unclimatized would of necessity fall a sacrifice to. Although we can have no wish to increase our already overgrown colonies, yet it behoves us to keep a watchful eye over the Philippines, lest they should glide from the hands of their present innocuous holders, into those of any of our crafty or powerful neighbors of the Western hemisphere, to whom their possession might engender ideas at variance with the peace of the whole world. I do not hesitate in stating, that should any well-organized country assume the reins of government, with plenty of money to enforce their wishes, an army of 100,000 men might be collected in less than six months, composed of the flower of the peasantry: and so intelligent are these people, that I believe, from what I have already seen of their troops, they might be brought into the field well-disciplined and fit for service considerably under a year.

It should be observed that Captain Cunynghame wields the pencil as well as the pen; and his illustrations often give life and distinctness to the text, where pictured representation is required to present the reality.

#### PARKS IN MANCHESTER.

An aggregate meeting of the working-classes of Manchester and Salford was held at the Free-trade Hall on Tuesday, to promote measures for establishing public parks in Manchester. The chair was taken by Mr. Abel Heywood; who referred to a previous meeting at which Lord Francis Egerton subscribed 1,000*l.*; and many other gentlemen had since come forward. Mr. Malcolm Rose read the following letter from Sir Robert Peel; which was much cheered—

*"Whitehall, 7th September.*

"Gentlemen—Although I have no longer any personal connexion with the town of Manchester by property or other local tie, yet, considering Manchester to be the metropolis of a district to the industry of which I and my family are under very deep obligations, and most heartily approving of the wise and benevolent design to provide for those who are doomed to almost incessant toil, the means of healthful recreation and harmless enjoyment, I willingly contribute to the furtherance of that design, and offer my cordial wishes for its success.

"I request my name may be added to the subscription which has been commenced for this purpose, for the sum of 1,000*l.*

"I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEEL.

"Malcolm Rose, Esq.

"Edward Watkin, Esq."

Mr. R. J. Richardson contrasted the want of such parks in Manchester with their presence in other large towns,—as Glasgow with its green, Nottingham and its meadows, London and its parks, and very many others. The reverend William Huntington, rector of St. John's mentioned an illustration of the subject, that in seven months, while living within the town, he had lost three children; but since he had removed to the more airy outskirts, his family had enjoyed a health which he sincerely wished every working-man to enjoy. Mr. P. H. Holland, surgeon, dwelt upon the excessive mortality of the factory-districts among the poor: in Preston, half the gentry survive to the age of forty-five—half the children of the operatives die under five years! Resolutions in furtherance of the objects proposed were carried unanimously.

Public parks have been called the lungs of towns. In the animal economy the lungs are among the earliest developments, and are at first disproportionately large, the other parts of the system expanding in bulk at a later period. In old-fashioned towns—towns which have been founded or have come to their full growth before the era of manufactures—the progress of development has been analogous. Except where a close and jobbing corporation has been at work, such towns generally enjoy large and healthy lungs.

In the towns begotten of manufactures it is different. The old towns were built to be towns, and at a time when land was plentiful in proportion to the population; so a competent quantity was allotted to them. But the manufacturing towns have grown by accident. Mills and factories were planted in convenient situations; houses were built for the persons employed in them: nobody thought of a town, until it was found that the people and houses had increased in numbers and closed in upon each other so that they had actually made one. Every man was too busy thinking of himself and his own concerns to spare a thought for his neighbors, until the crowd became so great that they were unintentionally treading on each other's toes, driving their elbows in each other's sides, making each other uncomfortable in all manner of ways. Whether this process took place on the out-corners of the estates of private proprietors, or on the space belonging to some small town which soon became too populous, the effect has been the same. The order of nature has been inverted: a colossal town has grown up to maturity without its breathing-apparatus—as if the lungs had been left to be added to the full-grown man.

At a period characterized by increasing consideration for the public, and more especially for that which must under all circumstances be the most numerous portion of the public—the poor, and those who if not exactly poor are most certainly not rich—such an anomaly could not escape observation. A good deal of talk there has been of late about establishing public parks in the large manufacturing-towns; and, fortunately, the business has now got beyond the talking stage—in Manchester it has been fairly begun.

As might have been expected from the popular sympathies and appreciation of the innocent amenities of life, not only of himself but of his whole kith and kin, Mr. Mark Philips, member for Manchester, was among the first to open his purse liberally to promote so important an object; and Sir Benjamin Heywood of course kept pace with

him. Sir Robert Peel was applied to; and his contribution was munificent, and gracefully offered: "Considering Manchester to be the metropolis of a district to the industry of which I and my family are under very deep obligations," is the premier's proem, and the conclusion is "set me down for a thousand pounds." Lord Francis Egerton, on subscribing the same amount, observed that he "was in arrears to the inhabitants of the town, and was only paying an instalment." This manner of giving doubles the value of the gift. Lord Francis Egerton and Sir Robert Peel, in recognizing what they owe to the industry of Manchester, have spoken the simple truth; but to remember it and utter it at the right moment, shows the wise liberal spirit—the high mind, that gratifies those they are assisting even more by recognizing their claims than by the assistance actually given. The admission that the park to be purchased and laid out for the use of Manchester by those and other subscriptions is their just right, no eleemosynary grant, will immeasurably increase the gratification of the people in using it, and correspondingly their kindly feelings towards the subscribers. It is by words and deeds like these that society is cemented. Words and deeds like these are in the Christian society the substitute for the religious rites with which the classical nations would have inaugurated such a field. The work in Manchester is begun in a right spirit—*quod felix faustumque sit.*—*Spectator.*

From the Examiner.

*Eöthen, or Traces of Travel brought Home from the East.* Ollivier.

THIS book, with a bad title, is wonderfully clever. Weary with Eastern travel, we read it with a lively interest from the first page to the last. There is a great deal that we object to in it. It is not a wise book, nor a learned; indeed the writer tells us at starting that he means to be superficial. It contains much that is hasty, flippant, and ill-digested; and it contains nothing that is useful, scientific, moral, political, statistical, or geographical. But it has a rarer quality. It is *real*. The writer tells you what he actually saw and felt.

Doctor Johnson said that the great value of distant travel was, that it took you out of yourself; removed you from the present, and gave you dignity and elevation. Certainly *Eöthen* does not do this; something rather the reverse, indeed. There is more of the Rousseau than the Doctor Johnson in it. We do not mean that the author has the moral code of him of Geneva, and thinks what he feels to be right is right, and what he feels to be wrong is wrong; but that his book is made up of his own impressions, how short soever they have fallen of what the actual fact may be. Chateaubriand wrote a volume about Carthage after a day's visit. The author of *Eöthen* could accomplish no feat of that kind.

His first experience of the East was at Belgrade; whence, with the ordinary routine of Eastern travel, he rode to Constantinople. Then he went over the Troad, expressing beliefs as confidently as if a Clarke, a Pococke, a Chandler, a Chevalier,

or a Jacob Bryant had never lived to agitate a learned world. In passing, let us say of these discussions that they never enough admit that principle of poetic truth—of truth to general nature—which embraces and harmonizes so many minor details. Afterwards, by the route of Adramiti and Pergamo, our traveller reached Smyrna, whence he sailed in a brigantine for the coast of Syria, and had the rough but romantic experience of a forty days' winter cruise with Greek sailors, who seem to retain, in the charming and novel picture he presents of them, much of the childlike adventure, humor, and fear, which chequered the ten years' voyage of Ulysses. The story-telling propensities of these lively mariners even suggested to our not less lively author a Greek origin for the *Arabian Nights*. But this is a little hard on the East, and we suspect has no foundation. We never heard of such a notion in all the learning wasted on the subject. Indian, Sanscrit, Persian, Syrian, and Arabian claimants there have been; but never a Greek. If he has the least pretension of any kind, it can only be as the fragment of an atomic theory. But we hold that Mr. Lane has lately established the Arabian origin of these wonderful compositions.

Before we say more of the ramblings, let us give an example of the writer's manner. Here are touches common to all the East.

"The Moslem quarter of a city is lonely and desolate; you go up and down, and on over shelving and hillocky paths through the narrow lanes walled in by blank, windowless dwellings; you come out upon an open space strewn with the black ruins that some late fire has left; you pass by a mountain of cast-away things, the rubbish of centuries, and on it you see numbers of big, wolf-like dogs, lying torpid under the sun, with limbs outstretched to the full, as if they were dead; storks, or cranes, sitting fearless upon the low roofs, look gravely down upon you; the still air that you breathe is loaded with the scent of citron, and pomegranate rinds scorched by the sun, or (as you approach the bazaar) with the dry, dead perfume of strange spices. You long for some signs of life, and tread the ground more heavily, as though you would wake the sleepers with the heel of your boot; but the foot falls noiselessly upon the crumbling soil of an eastern city, and silence follows you still. Again and again you meet turbans, and faces of men, but they have nothing for you—no welcome—no wonder—no wrath—no scorn—they look upon you as we do upon a December's fall of snow—as a 'seasonable,' unaccountable, uncomfortable work of God, that may have been sent for some good purpose, to be revealed hereafter."

And so, out of this filth and squalor; perhaps lifeless indifference; perhaps crowded, pushing, jostling rascality; there rise the mosques and domes and minarets which alone connect present and past. We discover in such a book as *Eöthen* the marvellous deadness and degeneracy of the East. Fine romantic-looking fellows anxious to cheat you. Dignified figures bent upon plunder-

ing you, in Allah's name and with the assistance of his prophet. All the form and none of the realities of the old time. Vulgar, smoking, drinking pachas, with neither the sense of justice nor of decency. Plenty of names to remind you of your loved *Arabian Nights*; caliphs, cadis, mufties, sheiks, slaves, and eunuchs; but never such a thing as an Haroun Al Raschid.

Yet our author is not without his good word for them now and then, and ingeniously accounts for one form of the rascality of a Turkish tradesman. The passage is altogether extremely felicitous.

"The Osmanlees speak well. In countries civilized according to the European plan, the work of trying to persuade tribunals is almost all performed by a set of men, the great body of whom very seldom do anything else; but in Turkey, this division of labor has never taken place, and every man is his own advocate. The importance of the rhetorical art is immense, for a bad speech may endanger the property of the speaker, as well as the soles of his feet, and the free enjoyment of his throat. So it results that most of the Turks whom one sees, have a lawyer-like habit of speaking connectedly, and at length. The treatise continually going on in the bazaar for the buying and selling of the merest trifles, are carried on by speechifying, rather than by mere colloquies, and the eternal uncertainty as to the market value of things in constant sale, gives room for endless discussion. The seller is forever demanding a price immensely beyond that for which he sells at last, and so occasions unspeakable disgust to many Englishmen, who cannot see why an honest dealer should ask more for his goods than he will really take:—the truth is, however, that an ordinary tradesman of Constantinople has no other way of finding out the fair market value of his property. The difficulty under which he labors is easily shown by comparing the mechanism of the commercial system in Turkey with that of our own country. In England, or in any other great mercantile country, the bulk of the things which are bought and sold, goes through the hands of a wholesale dealer, and it is he who higgles, and bargains with an entire nation of purchasers, by entering into treaty with retail sellers. The labor of making a few large contracts is sufficient to give a clue for finding the fair market value of the things sold throughout the country; but in Turkey, from the primitive habits of the people, and partly from the absence of great capital, and great credit, the importing merchant, the warehouseman, the wholesale dealer, the retail dealer, and the shopman are all one person. Old Moostapha, or Abdallah, or Hagdi Mohamed, waddles up from the water's edge with a small packet of merchandize, which he has bought out of a Greek brigantine, and when at last he has reached his nook in the bazaar, he puts his goods *before* the counter, and himself *upon* it—then laying fire to his tchibouque he 'sits in permanence,' and patiently waits to obtain 'the best price that can be got in an open market.' This is his fair right as a seller, but he has no means of finding out what the best price is, except by actual experiment. He cannot know the intensity of the demand, or the abundance of the supply, otherwise than by the offers which may be made for his little bundle of goods; so he begins by asking a perfectly hopeless price, and thence descends the ladder until he meets a purchaser, forever

'striving to attain  
By shadowing out the unattainable.'

"This is the struggle which creates the continual occasion for debate. The vendor, perceiving that the unfolded merchandize has caught the eye of a possible purchaser, commences his opening speech. He covers his bristling broadcloths, and his meagre silks, with the golden broidery of oriental praises, and as he talks, along with the slow, and graceful waving of his arms, he lifts his undulating periods, upholds, and poises them well, till they have gathered their weight, and their strength, and then hurls them bodily forward, with grave, momentous swing. The possible purchaser listens to the whole speech with deep and serious attention; but when it is over, *his* turn arrives; he elaborately endeavors to show why he ought not to buy the things at a price twenty times more than their value; bystanders, attracted to the debate, take a part in it as independent members—the vendor is heard in reply, and coming down with his price, furnishes the materials for a new debate. Sometimes, however, the dealer, if he is a very pious Mussulman, and sufficiently rich to hold back his ware, will take a more dignified part, maintaining a kind of judicial gravity, and receiving the applicants who come to his stall, as if they were rather suitors, than customers. He will quietly hear to the end, some long speech which concludes with an offer, and will answer it all with the one monosyllable, 'Yok,' which means distinctly 'No.'"

After his experience of Greek cruising, the author found himself in Cyprus, and crossing thence to Beyrout, visited (his travel was in 1835) Lady Hester Stanhope in her fastness on the east of Sidon. She had known some of his relatives, and after her peculiar fashion gave him welcome. His account of her is curious, and, in the impression it leaves of a methodical, voluntary, studied madness, does not differ from Lamartine's. But she has a more natural air, and condescends oftener to the truths and commonplaces. She indulged even a talent for mimicry; in which she was said to excel when she presided over her uncle's house in London.

"The first whom she crucified in my presence was poor Lord Byron; she had seen him, it appeared, I know not where, soon after his arrival in the East, and was vastly amused at his little affectations; he had picked up a few sentences of the Romaic, with which he affected to give orders to his Greek servant; I can't tell whether Lady Hester's mimicry of the bard was at all close, but it was amusing; she attributed to him a curiously coxcombical lisp.

"Another person whose style of speaking the lady took off very amusingly was one who would scarcely object to suffer by the side of Lord Byron.—I mean Lamartine, who had visited her in the course of his travels; the peculiarity which attracted her ridicule was an over-refinement of manner; according to my lady's imitation of Lamartine, (I have never seen him myself,) he had none of the violent grimace of his countrymen, and not even their usual way of talking, but rather bore himself mincingly, like the humbler sort of English dandy."

Holy Land is the next scene in the descriptions.



of *Eöthen*, and our traveller was much impressed at Nazareth, but apparently not moved by the other holy cities. Reverentially that is; for he seems to have been sufficiently disturbed in other respects.

"Except at Jerusalem, never think of attempting to sleep in a 'holy city.' Old Jews from all parts of the world go to lay their bones upon the sacred soil, and as these people never return to their homes, it follows that any domestic vermin which they may bring with them are likely to become permanently resident, so that the population is continually increasing. No recent census had been taken when I was at Tiberias, but I know that the congregation of fleas which attended at my church alone, must have been something enormous. It was a carnal, self-seeking congregation, wholly inattentive to the service which was going on, and devoted to the one object of having my blood. The fleas of all nations were there. The smug, steady, importunate flea from Holywell street—the pert, jumping 'puce' from hungry France—the wary, watchful 'pulce' with his poisoned siletto—the vengeful 'pulga' of Castile with his ugly knife—the German 'floh' with his knife, and fork—insatiate—not rising from table—whole swarms from all the Russias, and Asiatic hordes unnumbered—all these were there, and all rejoiced in one great international feast. I could no more defend myself against my enemies, than if I had been 'pain à discretion' in the hands of a French patriot, or English gold in the claws of a Pennsylvanian Quaker. After passing a night like this, you are glad to pick up the wretched remains of your body long, long before morning dawns. Your skin is scorched—your temples throb—your lips feel withered and dried—your burning eye-balls are screwed inwards against the brain."

He must have had a sharper taste of realities in this *Terra Santa* than anywhere else in the East; roughing it with wild and lawless Arabs, pitching his own tents, and sleeping on his mother earth, (of which he gives a most graphic notion,) after the best approved models of nomadic life. He bivouacked on the banks, and bathed in the waters, of the Dead Sea; and was afterwards dragged across it with his party by swimming Arabs. He had no religious enthusiasm in Jerusalem, being not altogether free, we suppose, from the disenchanting influence of over-familiarity.

"Your hotel is a monastery—your rooms are cells—the landlord is a stately abbot, and the waiters are hooded monks.—If you walk out of the town you find yourself on the Mount of Olives, or in the valley of Jehoshaphat, or on the Hill of Evil Counsel. If you mount your horse and extend your rambles, you will be guided to the wilderness of St. John, or the birth-place of our Saviour. Your club is the great Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where everybody meets everybody every day. If you lounge through the town, your Bond street is the Via Dolorosa, and the object of your hopeless affections is some maid, or matron all forlorn, and sadly shrouded in her pilgrim's robe. If you would hear music, it must be the chanting of friars—if you look at pictures, you see Virgins

with mis-foreshortened arms, or devils out of drawing, or angels tumbling up the skies in impious perspective. If you would make any purchases you must go again to the church doors, and when you inquire for the manufactures of the place, you find that they consist of double-blessed beads, and sanctified shells."

The supposed scenes of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, the author of *Eöthen* had faith in. It suited his humor at the time, we imagine; for not only the best learned authorities, but all the probabilities are against them. And let us add to our remark upon the flippant passages we before objected to, that the personal familiarities, quite apart from an allowable appearance in scenes of adventure, now and then intrude themselves into unsuitable places. We would rather have even our Homer let alone. It is a needless personal fuss, to say the least. It is dipping one's wig in the ocean when a pail of water would do as well.

But we must repeat of *Eöthen* that it is the best book of Eastern travel that we know; full of talent, lively, spirited, and various.

There is a most humorous mention of the rival churches in the Holy City; which go on quietly enough "till their blood is up." But there can be little real quiet in a contest which is constantly, with the utmost fierceness, disputing every stone in the Saviour's tomb. The Desert and plague-tormented Cairo, are splendidly described.

The author of *Eöthen* escaped the plague, though he lived in the midst of it at Cairo. His experiences, told with great vivacity, and no effort, suggest powerful reasonings against the quarantine superstitions. It seems quite clear that the contagionist brings the disease upon himself.

This book deserves to be popular. Every one who makes his summer trip in the direction of the Pyramids will take it with him. It was predicted in the *Quarterly Review*, some years since, that a Joppa steamer would start regularly from Tower stairs before many years were over. We see that our lively *Punch* anticipates the event, and imagines sounds already in those distant waters strange enough to waken from their grim and long repose the Godfreys of Bulloigne, Richards Cœur de Lion, and other heroes of Holy Land.

"Stop a! stop a!"  
 "Any gentleman for Joppa?"  
 "Mascus, 'Mascus?" "Ticket, please, sir."  
 "Tyre or Sidon?" "Stop her, ease her!"  
 "Jerusalem, 'lem! 'lem!"—"Shur! Shur!"  
 "Do you go on to Egypt, sir?"  
 "Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?"  
 "Now look alive there! Who's for Cairo?"  
 "Back her!" "Stand clear, I say, old file!"  
 "What gent or lady's for the Nile,  
 Or Pyramids?" "Thebes! Thebes! sir!"  
 "Steady!"  
 "Now, where's that party for Engedi?"

When the Joppa steamer is established, *Eöthen* must figure in her library.

[We add a review by the *Athenæum*.]

A free and easy book with a hard title, signifying "from the early dawn," or "from the East." The author seeks rather to give the statement of his impressions, than a strict account of the places visited; and to estimate things not by their general relative importance, but by the degree in which, whether by disposition or accident, they interested himself. Here, then, we have a companion, not a teacher: and an agreeable fellow-traveller he is; one from whom we shall not hastily or willingly part. The kind of amusement obtainable from this book may be judged of by the following clever scene:—

"In the Ottoman dominions there is scarcely any hereditary influence except that which belongs to the family of the Sultan, and wealth, too, is a highly volatile blessing, not easily transmitted to the descendant of the owner. From these causes it results, that the people standing in the place of nobles and gentry, are official personages, and though many (indeed the greater number) of these potentates are humbly born and bred, you will seldom, I think, find them wanting in that polished smoothness of manner, and those well undulating tones which belong to the best Osmanlees. The truth is, that most of the men in authority have risen from their humble stations by the arts of the courtier, and they preserve in their high estate, those gentle powers of fascination to which they owe their success. Yet, unless you can contrive to learn a little of the language, you will be rather bored by your visits of ceremony; the intervention of the interpreter, or dragoman as he is called, is fatal to the spirit of conversation. I think I should mislead you, if I were to attempt to give the substance of any particular conversation with Orientals. A traveller may write and say that, 'the pasha of so and so was particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam, and appeared to understand the structure of our machinery—that he remarked upon the gigantic results of our manufacturing industry—showed that he possessed considerable knowledge of our Indian affairs, and of the constitution of the Company, and expressed a lively admiration of the many sterling qualities for which the people of England are distinguished.' But the heap of common-places thus quietly attributed to the pasha, will have been founded perhaps on some such talking as this:—

"*Pasha*.—The Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming.

"*Dragoman* (to the traveller).—The pasha pays you his compliments.

"*Traveller*.—Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honor of seeing him.

"*Dragoman* (to the pasha).—His lordship, this Englishman, lord of London, scorner of Ireland, suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the pasha among pashas—the pasha of the everlasting pashalik of Karaghoolookdour.

"*Traveller* (to his dragoman).—What on earth have you been saying about London? The pasha

will be taking me for a mere cockney. Have not I told you *always* to say that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I've not qualified, and that I should have been a deputy-lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise, and that I was a candidate for Goldborough at the last election, and that I would have won easy, if my committee had not been bought. I wish to heaven that if you *do* say anything about me, you'd tell the simple truth.

"*Dragoman*.—[is silent.]

"*Pasha*.—What says the friendly lord of London? is there aught that I can grant him within the pashalik of Karaghoolookdour!

"*Dragoman* (growing sulky and literal).—This friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudcombe—this head-purveyor of Goldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire is recounting his achievements, and the number of his titles.

"*Pasha*.—The end of his honors is more distant than the ends of the earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of heaven!

"*Dragoman* (to the traveller).—The pasha congratulates your excellency.

"*Traveller*.—About Goldborough! The deuce he does!—but I want to get at his views, in relation to the present state of the Ottoman empire; tell him the houses of parliament have met, and that there has been a speech from the throne, pledging England to preserve the integrity of the sultan's dominions.

"*Dragoman* (to the pasha).—This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the sultan's dominions has been assured forever and ever, by a speech from the velvet chair.

"*Pasha*.—Wonderful chair! Wonderful houses!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whizz! whizz! all by steam!—wonderful chair! wonderful houses! wonderful people!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whizz! whizz! all by steam!

"*Traveller* (to the dragoman).—What does the pasha mean by that whizzing? he does not mean to say, does he, that our government will ever abandon their pledges to the sultan?

"*Dragoman*.—No, your excellency, but he says the English talk by wheels, and by steam.

"*Traveller*.—That's an exaggeration; but say that the English really have carried machinery to great perfection; tell the pasha, (he'll be struck with that,) that whenever we have any disturbances to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand, to the scene of action, in a few hours.

"*Dragoman* (recovering his temper and freedom of speech).—His excellency, this lord of Mudcombe, observes to your highness, that whenever the Irish, or the French, or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers, and brigades of artillery, are dropped into a mighty chasm, called Euston square, and in the biting of a cartridge they arise up again in Manchester, or Dublin, or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth.

"*Pasha*. I know it—I know all—the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives. The armies of the English ride upon the vapors of boiling cauldrons, and their horses are flaming coals!—whirr!

whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! whiz! all by steam!

"*Traveller* (to his dragoman.)—I wish to have the opinion of an unprejudiced Ottoman gentleman, as to the prospects of our English commerce and manufactures; just ask the pasha to give me his views on the subject.

"*Pasha* (after having received the communication of the dragoman.)—The ships of the English swarm like flies; their printed calicoes cover the whole earth, and by the side of their swords the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the ledger-books of the merchants, whose lumber rooms are filled with ancient thrones!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

"*Dragoman*.—The pasha compliments the cutlery of England, and also the East India Company.

"*Traveller*.—The pasha's right about the cutlery. (I tried my scimitar with the common officer's swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the leaf of a novel.) Well, (to the dragoman,) tell the pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy, but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. These foreigners are always fancying that we have nothing but ships and railways, and East India Companies; do just tell the pasha, that our rural districts deserve his attention, and that even within the last two hundred years, there has been an evident improvement in the culture of the turnip, and if he does not take any interest about that, at all events, you can explain that we have our virtues in the country—that the British yeoman is still, thank God! the British yeoman!—Oh! and by the by, whilst you are about it, you may as well say that we are a truth-telling people, and, like the Osmanlees, are faithful in the performance of our promises.

"*Pasha* (after hearing the dragoman.)—It is true, it is true:—through all Feringhistan the English are foremost, and best; for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of Songs, and the French are the sons of Newspapers, and the Greeks they are weavers of lies, but the English, and the Osmanlees are brothers together in righteousness; for the Osmanlees believe in one only God, and cleave to the Koran, and destroy idols, so do the English worship one God, and abominate graven images, and tell the truth, and believe in a book, and though they drink the juice of the grape, yet to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they are eaters of pork, these are lies,—lies born of Greeks, and nursed by Jews!

"*Dragoman*.—The pasha compliments the English.

"*Traveller* (rising.)—Well, I've had enough of this. Tell the pasha, I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality, and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses, and say that now I must be off.

"*Pasha* (after hearing the dragoman, and standing up on his divan.)—Proud are the sires, and blessed are the dams of the horses that shall carry his excellency to the end of his prosperous journey.—May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city, like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise.—May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him, and the while that his enemies are abroad, may

his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers!—farewell!

"*Dragoman*.—The pasha wishes your excellency a pleasant journey.

"So ends the visit."

This extract will show our readers, that we have introduced them to a traveller, who can at least write a fine Roman hand, legible, and delightful to read. Nay, he has wit and humor, that shed an illustrative gleam on every object which he describes, placing it in the happiest relief. He is never at a loss for his joke. Both savage and civil come in equally for their share. Thus he tells his correspondent, that—

"It used to be said, that a good man, struggling with adversity, was a spectacle worthy of the gods:—a Tartar attempting to run would have been a sight worthy of you. But put him in his stirrups, and then is the Tartar himself again: there you see him at his ease, reposing in the tranquillity of that true home, (the home of his ancestors,) which the saddle seems to afford him, and drawing from his pipe the calm pleasures of his 'own fire-side,' or else dashing sudden over the earth, as though for a moment he were borne by the steed of a Turkman chief, with the plains of central Asia before him. \* \* \* The Suridgees are the fellows employed to lead the baggage horses. They are most of them Gypsies. Poor devils! their lot is an unhappy one—they are the last of the human race, and all the sins of their superiors (including the horses) can safely be visited on them. But the wretched look often more picturesque than their betters, and though all the world look down upon these poor Suridgees, their tawny skins, and their grisly beards, will gain them honours standing in the foreground of a landscape. We had a couple of these fellows with us, each leading a baggage horse, to the tail of which last, another baggage horse was attached. There was a world of trouble in persuading the stiff angular portmanteaus of Europe to adapt themselves to their new condition, and sit quietly on pack-saddles, but all was right at last, and it gladdened my eyes to see our little troop file off through the winding lanes of the city, and show down brightly in the plain beneath; the one of our party that seemed to be most out of keeping with the rest of the scene, was Methley's Yorkshire servant, who rode doggedly on his pantry jacket, looking out for 'gentlemen's seats.' \* \* \* The first night of your first campaign (though you be but a mere peaceful campaigner) is a glorious time in your life. It is so sweet to find oneself free from the stale civilization of Europe! Oh my dear ally! when first you spread your carpet in the midst of these eastern scenes, do think for a moment of those your fellow-creatures that dwell in squares, and streets, and even (for such is the fate of many!) in actual country houses; think of the people that are 'presenting their compliments,' and 'requesting the honor,' and 'much regretting,'—of those that are pinioned at dinner tables, or stuck up in ball-rooms, or cruelly planted in pews—ay, think of these, and so remembering how many poor devils are living in a state of utter respectability, you will glory the more in your own delightful escape."

Even the plague at Constantinople presents itself to him in more than one agreeable aspect:

"All the while that I stayed at Constantinople, the plague was prevailing, but not with any degree of violence; its presence, however, lent a mysterious, and exciting, though not very pleasant interest to my first knowledge of a great Oriental city; it gave tone and color to all I saw, and all I felt—a tone, and a color sombre enough, but true, and well befitting the dreary monuments of past power and splendor. With all that is most truly oriental in its character, the plague is associated: it dwells with the faithful in the holiest quarters of their city; the coats, and the hats of Pera, are held to be nearly as innocent of infection, as they are ugly in shape, and fashion; but the rich furs, and the costly shawls, the broided slippers, and the golden-laden saddle-cloths—the fragrance of burning aloes, and the rich aroma of patchouli—these are the signs which mark the familiar home of plague. You go out from your living London—the centre of the greatest, and strongest amongst all earthly dominions—you go out thence, and travel on to the capital of an eastern prince—you find but a waning power, and a faded splendor, that inclines you to laugh, and mock, but let the infernal Angel of plague be at hand, and he, more mighty than armies—more terrible than Suleyman in his glory, can restore such pomp, and majesty to the weakness of the Imperial walls, that if, *when HE is there*, you must still go prying amongst the shades of this dead empire, at least you will tread the path with seemly reverence, and awe.

\* \* And perhaps as you make your difficult way, through a steep and narrow alley, which winds between blank walls, and it is little frequented by passers, you meet one of those coffin-shaped bundles of white linen which implies an Ottoman lady. Painfully struggling against the obstacles to progression which are interposed by the many folds of her clumsy drapery, by her big mud boots, and especially by her two pairs of slippers, she waddles along full awkwardly enough, but yet there is something of womanly consciousness in the very labor and effort with which she tugs, and lifts the burthen of her charms; she is close followed by her women slaves. Of her very self you see nothing, except the dark luminous eyes that stare against your face, and the tips of the painted fingers depending like rose-buds from out the blank bastions of the fortress. She turns, and turns again, and carefully glances around her on all sides, to see that she is safe from the eyes of Mussulmans, and then suddenly withdrawing the yashmak, she shines upon your heart and soul with all the pomp and might of her beauty. And this which so dizzies your brain, is not the light, changeful grace, which leaves you to doubt whether you have fallen in love with a body, or only a soul; it is the beauty that dwells secure in the perfectness of hard, downright outlines, and in the glow of generous color. There is fire, though, too—high courage, and fire enough in the untamed mind, or spirit, or whatever it is, which drives the breath of pride through those scarcely parted lips. You smile at pretty women—you turn pale before the beauty that is great enough to have dominion over you. She sees, and exults in your giddiness; she sees and smiles; then presently, with a sudden movement, she lays her blushing fingers upon your arm, and cries out, 'Yumourdjak!' (Plague!) meaning 'there is a present of the plague for you!' This is her notion of a witticism: it is a very old piece of fun, no doubt—quite an oriental Joe Miller; but the Turks are fondly attached, not only

to the institutions, but also to the jokes of their ancestors; so, the lady's silvery laugh rings joyously in your ears, and the mirth of her women is boisterous, and fresh, as though the bright idea of giving the plague to a Christian had newly lit upon the earth."

Our traveller is very fierce against Hellenic rites and ceremonies, and particularly so against their saint days and fast days:—

"The fasts too, of the Greek Church, produce an ill effect upon the character of the people, for they are carried to such an extent, as to bring about a *bonâ fide* mortification of the flesh; the febrile irritation of the frame operating in conjunction with the depression of spirits occasioned by abstinence, will so far answer the objects of the rite, as to engender some religious excitement, but this is of a morbid and gloomy character, and it seems to be certain, that along with the increase of sanctity, there comes a fiercer desire for the perpetration of dark crimes. The number of murders committed during Lent, is greater, I am told, than at any other time of the year. A man under the influence of a bean dietary, (for this is the principal food of the Greeks during their fasts,) will be in an apt humor for enriching the shrine of his saint, and passing a knife through his next door neighbor. The moneys deposited upon the shrines are appropriated by priests; the priests are married men, and have families to provide for; they 'take the good with the bad,' and continue to recommend fasts. Then too, the Greek Church enjoins her followers to keep holy such a vast number of saints' days, as practically to shorten the lives of the people very materially. I believe that one third out of the number of days in the year are 'kept holy,' or rather, *kept stupid*, in honor of the saints; no great portion of the time thus set apart is spent in religious exercises, and the people don't betake themselves to any animating pastimes, which might serve to strengthen the frame, or invigorate the mind, or exalt the taste. On the contrary, the saints' days of the Greeks in Smyrna, are passed in the same manner as the Sabbaths of well-behaved Protestant housemaids in London—that is to say, in a steady, and serious contemplation of street scenery. The men perform this duty *at the doors* of their houses,—the women *at the windows*, which the custom of Greek towns has so decidedly appropriated to them as the proper station of their sex, that a man would be looked upon as utterly effeminate if he ventured to choose that situation for the keeping of the saints' days. I was present one day at a treaty for the hire of some apartments at Smyrna, which was carried on between Carrigaholt, and the Greek woman to whom the rooms belonged. Carrigaholt objected that the windows commanded no view of the street; immediately the brow of the majestic matron was clouded, and with all the scorn of a Spartan mother she coolly asked Carrigaholt and said, 'Art thou a tender damsel that thou wouldest sit and gaze from windows?' The man whom she addressed, however, had not gone to Greece with any intention of placing himself under the laws of Lycurgus, and was not to be diverted from his views by a Spartan rebuke, so he took care to find himself windows after his own heart, and there, I believe, for many a month, he kept the saints' days, and all the days intervening after the fashion of Grecian women."

To console him, however, *there were* the ladies at the windows, and these in due time compel him to a palinode: see too with what evident *gusto* he portrays the women of Cyprus:—

“The bewitching power attributed at this day to the women of Cyprus, is curious in connexion with the worship of the sweet goddess who called their isle her own; the Cypriote is not, I think, nearly so beautiful in face as the Ionian queens of Izmir, but she is tall, and slightly formed—there is a high-souled meaning and expression—a seeming consciousness of gentle empire that speaks in the wavy lines of the shoulder, and winds itself, like Cytherea’s own cestus, around the slender waist—then the richly abounding hair (not enviously gathered together under the head-dress) descends the neck, and passes the waist in sumptuous braids; of all other women with Grecian blood in their veins, the costume is graciously beautiful, but these, the maidens of Limesol—their robes are more gently, more sweetly imagined, and fall, like Julia’s Cashmere, in soft, luxurious folds. The common voice of the Levant allows that in face the women of Cyprus are less beautiful than their brilliant sisters of Smyrna, and yet, says the Greek, he may trust himself to one and all of the bright cities of the Ægean, and may yet weigh anchor with a heart entire, but that so surely as he ventures upon the enchanted Isle of Cyprus, so surely will he know the rapture, or the bitterness of love. The charm, they say, owes its power to that which the people call the astonishing ‘politics’ (*πολιτική*) of the women; meaning, I fancy, their tact, and their witching ways; the word, however, plainly fails to express one half of that which the speakers would say; I have smiled to hear the Greek, with all his plenteousness of fancy, and all the wealth of his generous language, yet vainly struggling to describe the ineffable spell which the Parisians dispose of in their own smart way, by a summary ‘*Je ne sçai quoi*.’”

This is followed by an account of Lady Hester Stanhope; as, however, it contains nothing new on an old topic, we pass on to less known, and more attractive metal. We visit “the sanctuary” and could linger there with the writer, but mistrust the vein in which he treats his subject. His satire likewise upon “the monks of the Holy Land,” is perhaps somewhat too buoyant, and his account of their ignorance a little exaggerated. As, however, he advises us “not to reason” on it, but to take it as it stands, we think it prudent to obey. Part of it may amuse:—

“Christianity permits and sanctions the drinking of wine, and of all the holy brethren in Palestine, there are none who hold fast to this gladsome rite so strenuously as the monks of Damascus; not that they are more zealous Christians than the rest of their fellows in the Holy Land, but that they have better wine. Whilst I was at Damascus, I had my quarters at the Franciscan convent there, and very soon after my arrival I asked one of the monks to let me know something of the spots which deserved to be seen; I made my inquiry in reference to the associations with which the city had been hallowed by the sojourn, and adventures of St. Paul. ‘There is nothing in all Damascus,’ said the good man, ‘half so well worth seeing as our

cellars;’ and forthwith he invited me to go, see, and admire the long ranges of liquid treasure which he and his brethren had laid up for themselves on earth. And these, I soon found, were not as the treasures of the miser that lie in unprofitable disuse, for day by day, and hour by hour, the golden juice ascended from the dark recesses of the cellar to the uppermost brains of the monks; dear old fellows! in the midst of that solemn land, their Christian laughter rang loudly and merrily—their eyes flashed with unceasing bonfires, and their heavy wool-len petticoats could no more weigh down the sprightliness of their paces, than the nominal gauze of a danseuse can clog her bounding step.”

These monks have not always such a pleasant life of it:—

“It was about three months after the time of my leaving Jerusalem, that the plague set his spotted foot on the holy city. The monks felt great alarm; they did not shrink from their duty, but for its performance they chose a plan most sadly well fitted for bringing down upon them the very death which they were striving to ward off. They imagined themselves almost safe, so long as they remained within their walls; but then it was quite needful that the Catholic Christians of the place, who had always looked to the convent for the supply of their spiritual wants, should receive the aids of religion in the hour of death. A single monk, therefore, was chosen either by lot, or by some other fair appeal to Destiny; being thus singled out, he was to go forth into the plague-stricken city, and to perform with exactness his priestly duties; then he was to return, not to the interior of the convent, for fear of infecting his brethren, but to a detached building, (which I remember,) belonging to the establishment, but at some little distance from the inhabited rooms; he was provided with a bell, and at a certain hour in the morning he was ordered to ring it, *if he could*; but if no sound was heard at the appointed time, then knew his brethren that he was either delirious, or dead, and another martyr was sent forth to take his place. In this way twenty-one of the monks were carried off. One cannot well fail to admire the steadiness with which the dismal scheme was carried through; but if there be any truth in the notion, that disease may be invited by a frightened imagination, it is difficult to conceive a more dangerous plan than that which was chosen by these poor fellows. The anxiety with which they must have expected each day the sound of the bell,—the silence that reigned instead of it, and then the drawing of the lots, (the odds against death being one point lower than yesterday,) and the going forth of the newly doomed man—all this must have widened the gulf that opens to the shades below; when his victim had already suffered so much of mental torture, it was but easy work for big, bullying Pestilence to follow a forlorn monk from the beds of the dying, and wrench away his life from him, as he lay all alone in an outhouse.”

In pursuing our oriental journey, we soon find, that we must get rid of oriental associations. Our traveller’s feelings are not historical, but personal. In looking on the Sea of Galilee, he thinks upon Wastwater and Windermere; and reverts to some “dear old memory from over the seas in England,” when he should be endeavoring to realize

the evangelical narratives. He dwells altogether in the present, and justifies his habit. It, however, makes him somewhat of a dangerous companion: he laughs at everything; the ideals vanish, and nothing but the ridiculous shadows of the present remain. But he will have it so; for, says he,—

“If a man, and an Englishman, be not born of his mother with a natural Chiffney-bit in his mouth, there comes to him a time for loathing the wearisome ways of society; a time for not liking tamed people; a time for not dancing quadrilles—not sitting in pews; a time for pretending that Milton, and Shelley, and all sorts of mere dead people, were greater in death than the first living Lord of the Treasury; a time, in short, for scoffing and railing—for speaking lightly of the very opera, and all our most cherished institutions. It is from nineteen to two or three and twenty, perhaps, that this war of the man against men is like to be waged most sullenly. You are yet in this smiling England, but you find yourself wending away to the dark sides of her mountains—climbing the dizzy crags—exulting in the fellowship of mists, and clouds, and watching the storms how they gather, or proving the metal of your mare upon the broad and dreary downs, because that you feel congenially with the yet unparcelled earth. A little while you are free and unlabelled, like the ground that you compass, but Civilization is coming, and coming; you and your much-loved waste lands will be surely inclosed, and sooner or later you will be brought down to a state of utter uselessness—the ground will be curiously sliced into acres, and roods, and perches, and you, for all you sit so smartly in your saddle, you will be caught—you will be taken up from travel, as a colt from grass, to be trained, and tried, and marched, and run. All this in time, but first come continental tours, and the moody longing for Eastern travel; the downs and the moors of England can hold you no longer; with larger stride you burst away from these slips and patches of free land—you thread your path through the crowds of Europe, and at last on the banks of Jordan, you joyfully know that you are upon the very frontier of all accustomed respectabilities. There, on the other side of the river, (you can swim it with one arm,) there reigns the people that will be like to put you to death for *not* being a vagrant, for *not* being a robber, for *not* being armed and houseless. There is comfort in that—health, comfort, and strength to one who is dying from very weariness of that poor, dear, middle-aged, deserving, accomplished, pedantic, and painstaking governess, Europe.”

With this explanation, the writer's vein becomes intelligible enough. Those to whom such humor is intolerable, had better not attempt to read Eöthen.

We next find him in an Arab encampment, partaking of such poor cheer as could be had, and escaping danger by his *nonchalance* and presence of mind. His passage over the Jordan is very graphically described. Nor are the Easter ceremonies at Jerusalem less picturesquely or humorously portrayed. What a picture too—how richly colored is the following:—

“To a Christian, and thorough-bred English-

man, not even the licentiousness which generally accompanies it, can compensate for the oppressiveness of that horrible outward decorum, which turns the cities and the palaces of Asia into deserts, and gaols. So, I say, when you see, and hear them, those romping girls of Bethlehem will gladden your very soul. Distant at first, and then nearer and nearer the timid flock will gather around you with their large, burning eyes gravely fixed against yours, so that they see into your brain, and if you imagine evil against them, they will know of your ill thought before it is yet well born, and will fly, and be gone in the moment. But presently, if you will only look virtuous enough to prevent alarm, and vicious enough to avoid looking silly, the blithe maidens will draw nearer, and nearer to you, and soon there will be one, the bravest of the sisters, who will venture right up to your side, and touch the hem of your coat, in playful defiance of the danger, and then the rest will follow the daring of their youthful leader, and gather close round you, and hold a shrill controversy on the wondrous formation that you call a hat, and the cunning of the hands that clothed you with cloth so fine; and then growing more profound in their researches, they will pass from the study of your mere dress, to a serious contemplation of your stately height, and your nut-brown hair, and the ruddy glow of your English cheeks. And if they catch a glimpse of your ungloved fingers, then again will they make the air ring with their sweet screams of wonder, and amazement, as they compare the fairness of your hand with their warmer tints, and even with the hues of your own sunburnt face; instantly the ringleader of the gentle rioters imagines a new sin; with tremulous boldness she touches—then grasps your hand, and smooths it gently betwixt her own, and pries curiously into its make, and color, as though it were silk of Damascus, or shawl of Cashmere. And when they see you even then, still sage, and gentle, the joyous girls will suddenly, and screamingly, and all at once, explain to each other that you are surely quite harmless, and innocent—a lion that makes no spring—a bear that never hugs, and upon this faith, one after the other, they will take your passive hand, and strive to explain it, and make it a theme, and a controversy. But the one—the fairest, and the sweetest of all, is yet the most timid; she shrinks from the daring deeds of her playmates, and seeks shelter behind their sleeves, and strives to screen her glowing consciousness from the eyes that look upon her; but her laughing sisters will have none of this cowardice—they vow that the fair one *shall* be their accomplice—*shall* share their dangers—*shall* touch the hand of the stranger; they seize her small wrist, and drag her forward by force, and at last, whilst yet she strives to turn away, and to cover up her whole soul under the folds of downcast eyelids, they vanquish her utmost strength—they vanquish your utmost modesty, and marry her hand to yours. The quick pulse springs from her fingers, and throbs like a whisper upon your listening palm. For an instant her large, timid eyes are upon you—in an instant they are shrouded again, and there comes a blush so burning, that the frightened girls stay their shrill laughter, as though they had played too perilously, and harmed their gentle sister. A moment and all with a sudden intelligence turn away, and fly like deer, yet soon again like deer they wheel round, and return, and stand, and

gaze upon the danger, until they grow brave once more."

Our author was just the man to risk an adventure with the Bedouins, and accordingly we soon find him *à bivouac* in the midst of their tents, and afterwards their comrade in the desert.

"As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs—even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly reared hills—you pass through valleys that the storm of the last week has dug, and the hills, and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely, that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you—then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled, and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides over head, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern, and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labors on—your skin glows, and your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond, but conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia; then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses—the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet hastens, and clings to his side. Then arrives your time for resting. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon, and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound; the beast instantly understood, and obeyed the sign, and slowly sunk under me till she brought her body to a level with the ground; then gladly enough I alighted; the rest of the camels were unloaded, and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food which was allowed them out of our stores."

We cannot resist copying the following portrait of a singular character:—

"Once during this passage my Arabs lost their way among the hills of loose sand that surrounded us, but after a while we were lucky enough to

recover our right line of march. The same day we fell in with a Sheik, the head of a family, that actually dwells at no great distance from this part of the desert, during nine months of the year. The man carried a match-lock, of which he was very proud; we stopped, and sat down and rested awhile, for the sake of a little talk: there was much that I should have liked to ask this man, but he could not understand Dthemetri's language, and the process of getting at his knowledge by double interpretation through my Arabs was unsatisfactory. I discovered, however, (and my Arabs knew of that fact,) that this man and his family lived habitually for nine months in the year, without touching or seeing either bread or water. The stunted shrub growing at intervals through the sand in this part of the desert, is fed by the dew which fall at night, and enables the camel mares to yield a little milk, which furnishes the sole food and drink of their owner and his people. During the other three months (the hottest months, I suppose) even this resource fails, and then the Sheik and his people are forced to pass into another district. You would ask me why the man should not remain always in that district which supplies him with water during three months of the year, but I don't know enough of Arab politics to answer the question. The Sheik was not a good specimen of the effect produced by the diet to which he is subjected; he was very small, very spare, and sadly shrivelled—a poor, over-roasted snipe, a mere cinder of a man; I made him sit down by my side, and gave him a piece of bread and a cup of water from out of my goatskins. This was not very tempting drink to look at, for it had become turbid, and was deeply reddened by some coloring matter contained in the skins; but it kept its sweetness, and tasted like a strong decoction of Russia leather. The Sheik sipped this, drop by drop, with ineffable relish, and rolled his eyes solemnly round between every draught, as though the drink were the drink of the Prophet, and had come from the seventh heaven. An inquiry about distances led to the discovery that this Sheik had never heard of the division of time into hours; my Arabs themselves, I think, were rather surprised at this."

The following psychological phenomenon is note-worthy:—

"On the fifth day of my journey, the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening, was still and lifeless as some dispeopled and forgotten world, that rolls round and round in the heavens, through wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, and as I drooped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep, for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell, but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! My first idea naturally was, that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough wakened, but still those old Marlen bells rung on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing 'for church.' After a while the sound died away slowly; it happened that neither I nor any of my party had a



watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me; it seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension, and consequent susceptibility, of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory, that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England, it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells."

Now comes an awful chapter on Cairo and the Plague, so treated, that the author in a note apologizes for the air of bravado that pervades it. It was the fearful visitation of the year 1835. From such causes there is more to dread than from the barbarism of the people, into such wise or unwise passiveness have they been schooled, either by dogmatism or despotism. But for this it were a wonder how an European could pass in safety through their villages, since he cannot do so without being, though unconsciously, the occasion of much oppression. The ancient usage of the East requires the inhabitants to supply the wants of travellers,—a custom which yet prevails in a corrupt form, being exerted in favor of those travellers only who are deemed powerful enough to demand assistance. To offer to pay, therefore, is a certificate of weakness which ensures refusal, while the practice of intimidation is uniformly followed by concession. The supplies thus obtained are forced from the poor husbandman, who is frequently roused from his midnight sleep by the sudden coming of a government officer, who captures his mule or horse for the use of the traveller, and which, if the owner is not careful to follow, he is pretty sure to lose. A *prestige*, too, attends the European in his wanderings; since every Oriental peasant habitually and practically feels and believes that "in Vienna or Petersburg, or London, there are four or five pale looking men who could pull down the star of the Pasha with shreds of paper and ink :"—

"The people of the country knew, too, that Mehemet Ali was strong with the strength of the Europeans,—strong by his French general, his French tactics, and his English engines. Moreover, they saw that the person, the property, and even the dignity of the humblest European was guarded with the most careful solicitude. The consequence of all this was, that the people of Syria looked vaguely, but confidently, to Europe for fresh changes; many would fix upon some nation, France, or England, and steadfastly regard it as the arriving sovereign of Syria; those whose minds remained in doubt, equally contributed to this new state of public opinion, which no longer depended upon religion, and ancient habits, but upon bare hopes, and fears. Every man wanted to know,—not who was his neighbor, but who was to be his ruler; whose feet he was to kiss, and

by whom his feet were to be ultimately beaten. Treat your friend, says the proverb, as though he were one day to become your enemy, and your enemy as though he were one day to become your friend. The Syrians went further, and seemed inclined to treat every stranger as though he might one day become their Pasha. Such was the state of circumstances, and of feeling, which now for the first time had thoroughly opened the mind of Western Asia for the reception of Europeans and European ideas. The credit of the English especially was so great, that a good Mussulman flying from the conscription, or any other persecution, would come to seek from the formerly despised hat, that protection which the turban could no longer afford, and a man high in authority, (as for instance the governor in command of Gaza,) would think that he had won a prize, or at all events a valuable lottery ticket, if he obtained a written approval of his conduct from a simple traveller."

With this sort of undefined, and, as it were, magic protection, our somewhat inconsiderate traveller found more than once his mere indiscretions of unexpected advantage, and was even appealed to, as a locomotive authority, to decide between Christian and Moslem in matters of proselytism and divorce, and also in behalf of some poor Jew who had been plundered in Safet, and claimed his interference as British subjects. On his arrival at Damascus, moreover, he obtained, from the same influence, privileges which the Christian natives desire in vain :—

"In the principal streets of Damascus there is a path for foot-passengers, which is raised, I think, a foot or two above the bridle road. Until the arrival of the British consul-general, none but a Mussulman had been permitted to walk upon the upper way: Mr. Farren would not, of course, suffer that the humiliation of any such an exclusion should be submitted to by an Englishman, and I always walked upon the raised path as free and unmolested as if I had been striding through Bond Street: the old usage was, however, maintained with as much strictness as ever against the Christian Rayahs and Jews; not one of them could have set his foot upon the privileged path without endangering his life. I was lounging, one day, I remember, along "the paths of the faithful," when a Christian Rayah from the bridle-road below saluted me with such earnestness, and craved so anxiously to speak, and be spoken to, that he soon brought me to a halt; he had nothing to tell, except only the glory and exultation with which he saw a fellow Christian stand level with the imperious Mussulmans; perhaps he had been absent from the place for some time, for otherwise I hardly know how it could have happened that my exaltation was the first instance he had seen. His joy was great; so strong and strenuous was England, (Lord Palmerston reigned in those days,) that it was a pride and delight for a Syrian Christian to look up, and say that the Englishman's faith was his too. If I was vexed at all that I could not give the man a lift, and shake hands with him on level ground, there was no alloy to his pleasures; he followed me on, not looking to his own path, but keeping his eyes on me; he saw, as he thought, and said, (for he came with me on to my quarters,) the period of the Mahom-



etan's absolute ascendancy—the beginning of the Christian's. He had so closely associated the insulting privilege of the path with actual dominion, that seeing it now in one instance abandoned, he looked for the quick coming of European troops. His lips only whispered, and that tremulously, but his fiery eyes spoke out their triumph in long and loud hurrahs! 'I, too, am a Christian. My foes are the foes of the English. We are all one people, and Christ is our king.'"

We must now, and with regret, part with Eöthen: the book is "as light as light," and lively as life. Yet are there in its passages and scenes which would make most men grave and solemn. Sometimes, too, the writer dashes, as it were, by a fearful leap, into sublimity; but the transition is so sudden, that we are never sure of his sincerity. But every work must stand on its own merits; every author by his peculiar talent.

#### ON HEARING AN OLD SCOTTISH MELODY.

BY ELIZA SHERIDAN CARY.

SADLY to my heart appealing,  
 Sadly, sadly—well-a-day!  
 Requiem-like in murmurs stealing,  
 Comes that old familiar lay!  
 Why does not the wonted pleasure  
 From that antique music spring!  
 Why, that well-remembered measure,  
 Grieving thoughts and anguish bring!  
 Forms departed rise before me;  
 Smiles long vanished greet again;  
 Eyes forever sealed beam o'er me,  
 Soothing once the sense of pain!  
 And with every thrilling number,  
 Words of love gush on mine ear;  
 Voices sweet, that, bound in slumber,  
 Hushed have been for many a year!

Like the winds in autumn sighing  
 Through the trembling alder tree;  
 Or far surge's echo dying,  
 Soft and low those voices flee;  
 And, as hues in twilight fading,  
 Swift those gentle forms decay!  
 Vainly, vainly, Hope upbraiding,  
 Bids them not all pass away.  
 Ghost-like, thus they wane before me,  
 Quenched their lustre, fled their bloom,  
 While pale memory, tearful o'er me,  
 Flings the shadow of the tomb,  
 Sadly to my heart appealing,  
 Sadly, sadly—well-a-day!  
 Requiem-like, in murmurs stealing,  
 Comes that old familiar lay!

**BRIDGE AT WARSAW.**—The progress of the great bridge over the Vistula, which has been retarded from the deficiency of funds, has received an accelerated movement, owing to a very curious circumstance, which, in the days of superstition, must have conferred a character of great sanctity on the work; the saints themselves have provided the needful. In proceeding to the demolition of a small and very ancient Catholic chapel, to clear the approach on the Warsaw side, two barrels filled with bars of fine gold have been discovered. The value is estimated at a million and a half of florins, (upwards of £150,000 sterling,) and the whole has been appropriated to the completion of the bridge.

**THE POOR.**—We have seen, of late, with pleasure, a disposition, both within and without the walls of parliament, to preserve and extend the natural play-grounds of the toiling poor—to keep alive the old fountains, and create new ones, at which the pent population of cities may take a draught of health, after the week's fever, in the form of the unsullied sunshine and the untainted breeze. We hail every practical affirmation of the importance of bringing the hearts and lungs of the people into occasional communication with the freshening influences of nature—of letting their minds and bodies taste, as often as may be, of her sweetness—which lies on the open hills, and lurks in the free glades and green valleys, and makes summer everywhere, save where the monster of society has conquered and expelled her—throwing out suburbs to the "immemorial fields," and pushing his outworks far into the country, to drive her beyond the busy man's reach. The cheap railway-excursions which have given to thousands an unaccustomed taste of the present summer, (their price letting in an immense class who never moved far before)—which have taken multitudes far out into the haunts of England's natural beauty—set them down on that dream land of many, the seashore—given the provincial his long-desired and denied glimpse of London—and even opened for thousands of astonished visitors a day's vision of France—tossing them well on the waters, and returning them to their homes with an important sense of far travel achieved,—fresh life in their veins and a pleasant memory in their hearts—these excursions, we say, are worth noting, as facts bearing on higher interests than the economics of a railway company:—and we heartily wish prosperity and great returns to every one of them, where the regulation for the safety and feelings of the happy crowds are duly regarded, and the contract with the humble faithfully kept.—*Athenæum*.

We learn from the Berlin journals that the King of Prussia has announced his intention of giving every five years a prize, consisting of a medal, with a purse of 1,000 gold crowns, for the best work on the History of Germany, in the German language.

BELGIUM has just concluded an important commercial treaty with the German Customs Union; thus described by the *Moniteur Belge* of the 2d instant—

"The Customs Union concedes to Belgium a reduction of 50 per cent. on the duty on foreign cast-iron. This duty is fixed from this day at 2 francs 20 centimes per 100 kilogrammes. Thus, Belgian cast-iron will pay only 1 frank 25 centimes; besides this, a reduction of duty on iron articles is granted. The export-duty on woollens at the frontiers of the Zollverein is reduced from two dollars to one dollar.

"The concessions made by Belgium are, the repayment of the Scheldt toll; the maintaining in force of the law of the 6th of June relating to Luxembourg; the renewal of the regulations in favor of the German wines and silk manufactures; the revocation of the resolution on the exportation of bark; and the opening of the frontiers Custom-house at Frankorchamp.

"Lastly, the ships of the Union are placed on an equality with Belgian ships with respect to all the privileges and advantages of the navigation. The transit of goods on both parts is wholly free."

From Hood's Magazine.

## TWO DAYS IN THE ODENWALD.

"What shall he have who kills the deer?"

"HURRAH!" cried my friend Winterfeld, letting the butt of his rifle fall to the ground, as the roe-buck he had just fired at came bounding down the hill, and fell dead at some hundred and fifty yards from us. "A clean miss with the first barrel, but I take it you could not make a longer shot with your English rifles than that!"

"Bravo! an excellent beginning," I replied; and as we hastened towards the fallen game, I really began to doubt whether our English guns must not yield the palm to German ones.

"Slap through the forehead, I am sure," said Winterfeld, as he saw me looking for the wound. But no wound was to be found, although the spine was broken, and the skin completely scraped from the back of the neck. In fact it was evident from the hair which remained sticking to a tree close by, that the creature, in springing over the road, had miscalculated its distance, and coming with all its force against the trunk, had been killed by the violence of the blow.

"Any luck?" inquired Herman, who had strayed some distance from us, but returned on hearing the shots.

"Oh yes! Winterfeld has been proving the superiority of your German rifles. He has frightened a buck to death with the mere report of his." My friend looked rather crest-fallen, but bore our jokes pretty well, and we commenced climbing the steep hill before us.

We had obtained permission for a few days' shooting over an extensive chase in the Odenwald. On arriving in the morning at Katzenbach, (the most central point for our operations,) we found the keepers were already in the woods. Determined however not to lose time, we slung our rifles over our shoulders, and providing ourselves with climbing sticks, started in search of them. Our success in shooting was not great, though the game abounded, and we saw many herds of deer. But it was seldom that we could get a shot at them. Still it was better than we had a right to anticipate without beaters. I had managed to knock over a deer, and Winterfeld had wounded another, which we traced by the drops of blood.

We started in pursuit, climbing over steep rocks slippery with ice, and it was with the greatest difficulty, and some danger, that, with the aid of our iron-shod sticks, we at length reached the summit of the mountain. Here we caught a glimpse of the wounded animal, which had evidently been hard hit, but it was growing so dark that we were forced to give up the chase till next day. Nothing had been seen or heard of the keepers; and now that we began to think of returning to Katzenbach, it was discovered that we had lost our way. We were on the highest point of the Odenwald, surrounded by immense woods, and not a habitation of any sort to be seen. The few moments of daylight that remained were lost in consultation, and it became quite dark. To attempt descending the mountain was out of the question, and as the keepers did not seem to hear the report of our rifles, which we discharged from time to time, nothing remained for us but to pass the night in the forest. Luckily we were not far from some stacks of wood which had been newly cut and left to dry, and by the light of a blazing fire, which was speedily kindled, we set to work

to construct a hut. The cold was intense, but we kept ourselves warm by collecting large logs for a fire during the night. Our arrangements were soon completed, and as we seated ourselves in our strange dwelling, we had reason to thank the chance that had led us to so convenient a spot.

The game bags were next visited. A bottle of brandy, and loaf of black bread, were all that was left; but Winterfeld's servant, a Tyrolese, accustomed to this sort of adventure, soon suggested the means of supplying our wants. The moon would be up in an hour or so, and he could then fetch the buck we had left in the morning. In the mean time, with the help of some lumps of ice melted in the cup of a pocket flask, he soon procured hot water. A glass of grog put us all in high glee, and lighting our pipes, we managed to while away the time merrily enough.

The moon was now shining brightly, and as Fritz bounded like a chamois down the slippery rocks, I expected every moment to see him dashed to pieces. My friends, however, laughed at my fears, assuring me we should soon see the active Tyrolese return with our supper. He presently made their words good by bringing back the buck, and hungry as true hunters, we set to work to cook it. I never heard of roasted venison as an epicure's dish, but when eaten on the top of a mountain covered with ice and snow, with a glass of brandy to season it, I can recommend it to my sporting readers as a most delicious repast. The dried leaves too, which we collected, gave promise of couches, soft as down, to our tired limbs. As we once more took to our pipes, Fritz beguiled the time by singing some of his native *jagd-lied*, and finishing each verse with the well-known *jodel*, (the startling harmony of which none but a Tyrolese can give,) the shrill sound was caught and repeated by the echoes around. My companions, to whom a night of this kind was no novelty, seemed to think his melodies just good enough to soothe them to sleep. For my part, I was so well entertained in listening, and watching the picturesque scene before me, that cold and fatigue were equally unfelt. Our place of refuge was only half closed by the logs of which we had hastily constructed our hut, but beyond their limits the moon threw its wintry brightness on the rocks below; the stream of light broken occasionally by the shade of some huge tree, whose bared branches cast a shadow like that of a gigantic skeleton. The flickering light of our fire fell on the sleeping figures of my friends, half-covered by the leaves we had thrown over them; and a lone traveller, benighted like ourselves, who should have come suddenly upon us, might, at the first view of the guns and large *couteaux de chasse* lying about, have been startled into thinking he had stumbled on a robbers' den. But a glance at the hunting-hats of my companions, adorned on the one side with every description of feather, from the kingly eagle's plume to that of the lowly partridge, and varied on the other with half a dozen cockades of fur taken from one particular spot on the neck of the deer, would have reassured him. It must be confessed that our situation might, in many countries, have exposed us to a disagreeable *rencontre*; but Germany, in modern times, rather produces pilfering rogues than desperate brigands. Knowing, however, that the peasants of the Odenwald passed for among the most savage and uncivilized in the country, I could not help putting a question or two to the only one of our party who, except

myself, remained awake. "Well, Fritz, my man!" I said, "here we are, quite at the mercy of a band of robbers, if such inhabit these forests; but I suppose we are not likely to be troubled with anything of the sort!"

"Not at the top of the Katzenbuckel, *gnädiger herr*," he replied with a smile.

"But the peasants," I continued, "do not stand very high on the score of character!"

"Nor of courage either," returned he. "I do not think a whole village of them would have the pluck to attack four men armed as we are."

"Yet one hears of a desperate murder now and then," I replied.

"*Ja wohl*," replied he. "As to that we are not a hundred leagues from one who is said to have murdered a man of these parts. We shall pass, in the morning, the place where the body was found."

"Indeed! and pray who was the murderer?" I inquired.

Though on the top of a mountain, Fritz, with true German caution, lowered his voice as he answered—

"Weuzel, one of the keepers who is to accompany us to-morrow. Some people are surprised that his highness keeps him in his service; but he is a crack shot, and the dread of all the poachers in the country. Besides, nothing was ever proved, although suspicions were strong against him."

"And the murdered man?"

"Was a schoolmaster of the name of Muller," replied he; and seeing my curiosity excited, he recounted as much of the story as had come to his knowledge; but a remarkable circumstance, which will be presently mentioned, making me afterwards inquire more fully into the particulars, I have put both narratives together.

The German peasants, although they live worse and work harder than the English, are, in many respects, better off. He must be a poor man, indeed, who does not possess his small cottage with its acre or two of land, with the produce of which, aided by a couple of pigs, and generally a cow, he is enabled to rear his family, and even to divide something among them at his death.

Such a one was Heinrich Muller, the uncle of him whose murder I am about to recount. He was an honest well-meaning man, though somewhat despotic and violent in his disposition and temper. Gretel, his only child, was, by all accounts, a perfect rustic beauty. Tall and well-shaped, her pretty features and fair complexion were shown to peculiar advantage by the little black silk cap, with its silver embroidered crown and long loops of broad black riband pendant behind, below which appeared her luxuriant brown hair, combed into a roll at the back of her neck. Her full plaited petticoats set off a trim waist, and, if rather short, displayed a foot and ankle surprisingly neat for a German. In short, the peasant's dress of the Odenwald, which, on most of its wearers, appears to have been invented merely to add to their natural ugliness, really seemed to give her additional charms. Unfortunately, her disposition did not correspond with her prepossessing exterior. With much of her father's violence of character, she was extremely obstinate and self-willed; and even the fear of old Heinrich Muller himself, would not always turn her from anything on which she had set her mind. Beauty like hers might well excuse a little vanity. But Gretel was a complete village coquette, and subsequent

events proved her something worse. A regular attendant at every dance, seldom did the ball break up without some quarrel among her numerous admirers. But though her conduct was excessively light, she was not supposed to have encouraged any one in particular; when two competitors for her favor appeared, between whom the chance of carrying her off seemed for a time equally balanced. The first of these was her cousin, Frederick Muller, a man of excellent character, respected by his neighbors for his conduct to an orphan brother, whom he had toiled to support. Heinrich Muller warmly seconded his nephews' pretensions. He had the greater reason to wish for this marriage, that the jager Weuzel Brandt, Gretel's more favored lover, was of all her suitors the least eligible. Born in a class superior to that of the peasants among whom he was at present thrown, Brandt had originally possessed a small property, which he had dissipated in gambling and extravagance of various kinds, until at last he found himself reduced to become one of the forest keepers to the Prince von L——. With his character, it was not surprising that he should amuse himself with making love to the prettiest girl in the country; but neither he, nor any one else, ever dreamed of his marrying her.

The attentions of the handsome young huntsman received every encouragement from Gretel, and as Weuzel was not the kind of man with whom the peaceable German peasantry would choose to have a quarrel on so delicate a subject as that of a mistress, his victory would probably have been undisputed, had any but Fritz Muller been his opponent. But the latter wanted neither courage nor perseverance; his love for Gretel amounted to infatuation, and, backed by her father, he would not desist from his pursuit.

Thus things went on some time, when all at once people began to look wise, and to prophesy that the *denouement* of the piece was one likely to be little favorable to Gretel's reputation. In fact, hers was an often told tale. Not daring to see her lover in public, she had met him in private, and now found herself in a situation that in a short time would expose her to the pity or derision of all her acquaintance. The only person who remained in complete ignorance of her misconduct was Heinrich Muller himself; but, while his better informed neighbors were speculating as to the manner in which he would receive the news of his daughter's disgrace, to the surprise of all, it was announced that Gretel and her cousin were to be married immediately.

It might reasonably have been expected that, in adopting her child and saving her from her father's anger, Muller would have found his reward in the gratitude and good conduct of his wife. But the contrary was the case, and the first few months after the wedding brought out the evil qualities of this wretched woman in a manner most appalling to her unhappy husband. It was soon known that they disagreed, and that the frequent quarrels between them were caused by her persisting in keeping up an intercourse with her former lover. About a year after the ill-assorted marriage had taken place, a circumstance occurred that raised the Mullers to comparative affluence. A brother of the old man, who had long been thought dead, came from America. He did not live long after his return, and Heinrich and his daughter inherited the greater part of his savings. These, for a man in his class of life, were considerable, and Weuzel

Brandt, when too late, discovered that, in refusing to marry the woman he had seduced, he had also lost an opportunity of bettering his own ruined fortunes. Gretel, too, whose life with her husband was one of daily dispute, probably cursed with double bitterness the chain she had placed on her own neck. One day Muller was found murdered in the forest some distance from his home. There was much that could not be cleared up in the manner of his death. He was a strong man, and one that might have been thought a match for any single opponent, which led people to suppose that the murderer, whoever he was, had not been unassisted:—nay more, and it was told with horror, at a little distance from the body, a footstep imperfectly traced, but marked with blood, was found, and this foot-step, all who saw, declared was a woman's!

Suspicion naturally fell on the wife and her paramour; but, owing probably to the negligence with which such investigations are conducted in this country, nothing could be proved against them, and, after passing some time in prison, they were set at liberty. But the suspicions of their neighbors were not so easily obliterated; and though Weuzel, whose temper had become so fierce and savage that none dared to interfere with him, was left comparatively unmolested, the widow of Muller was eventually forced to leave the country; for she dared not cross the threshold of her own door without being pursued by the execrations of the whole population, who remembered the dreadful spectacle of her husband's bleeding body. "And indeed," said Fritz, in whose words I conclude my tale, "it was a horrid sight. There lay poor Muller, his arm shattered by a blow, and a deep gash in his throat, which nearly severed the head from the shoulders. They say his brother was like to go distracted on beholding him. He knelt by the body and swore that the man who had done the deed, be he who he might, should not escape his vengeance; and he called down the bitterest curses on himself if he failed to keep his oath; but as it is now nearly two years since it happened, and Hans Muller left the country while the two were in prison, and has never since been heard of, I suppose ——" The report of a distant rifle interrupted our conversation.

Starting to our feet, we stood, gazing at each other, when a second shot, which appeared to be much nearer than the first, succeeded by the howl of a dog, roused our sleeping companions. A moment's silence showed the general impression that something was wrong. Winterfeld was the first to recover himself. "Pooh!" said he, "our friends are firing to let us know where they are."

"Is it customary to shoot dogs on such occasions?" I inquired; "for I am much mistaken if that poor devil has not howled his last."

"That is true," said Herman. "But whoever it is, he can put us in our way as well as another. Let us give him a hail." I joined my friends in hallooing to give notice of our proximity, and, finding this unsuccessful, we tried our guns; but no answer was returned, except by the faint echo from the opposite hill. As all our efforts proved fruitless, we again entered our hut, and, after some remarks on the strangeness of the occurrence, Fritz and I took our turn of sleep, while the others kept watch till morning.

On waking at day-break, I was agreeably surprised to find myself surrounded by the keepers, who, accompanied by half the village, had come

in search of us. They had been mindful of our having passed the night in the woods, and over some hot coffee, which they had brought with them, we sat down to await the coming of the other sportsmen. The *Bezirksförster*, or head keeper of the forests, was well known to Winterfeld, and, on hearing of our arrival, had, with great good-nature, despatched messengers to collect all the sportsmen in the neighborhood, determined, he said, to show *herr Engländer* some good sport. It was my first attempt at anything of the sort in Germany; and I confess that, as I sat, puffing my cigar, the costumes of the different figures that joined our rendezvous, seemed by far more fit for a masquerade than a shooting party. The old *Bezirksförster*, with his long gray mustachoes, and dark green frock coat trailing to his heels, its bright metal buttons shining in the sun, looked uncommonly like a French hussar in his undress. But my attention was soon drawn from him to a new comer, to the oddity of whose appearance no description of mine can do justice. He was a man of some thirty years of age, strongly made, and might have been called good-looking had he not been disfigured by a scar, which, beginning under his left eye, extended, crossing his nose, to the opposite cheek. This was the fruit of one of his student duels. His dress consisted of a gray cloth blouse, with green collars and cuffs. Black tights, with hessian boots, accoutred his nether man. His head was adorned with a wash-leather skull cap fitting close down to his brows, over which came the usual round green felt hat, turned up at one side, and ornamented with such a profusion of feathers and furs, in the style of those of my friend Winterfeld, that it really had required some ingenuity to find place for them all. His game-bag, hanging under the left arm, and embroidered with the likeness of a large dog, paired off with the formidable *couteau de chasse*, shot-belt, and enormous flask, capable of containing, at least, two pounds of powder, that garnished his right side. Strapped round his waist was a muff, shaped something like a Highlander's pouch, but of much larger dimensions, made of a fox's skin, the head placed in front, the snarling teeth and cunning eyes so naturally imitated, that methought our dogs cast more than one look askant at it, as though doubtful if the fellow were not alive after all. And now, when I have mentioned the massive silver horn with ivory mouth-piece, that dangled as low as the middle of his thigh, I shall have completed the picture of this original, the Baron von B—. But no, I beg pardon, I had nearly omitted the long leathern thong, fastened with a swivel to his game-bag, by which he moderated the ardor of his dog. A strange precaution, but one of which I was afterwards constrained to admit the necessity with German pointers, which, being but half broken, are so unruly, that, on a shot being fired, it is no uncommon thing to see half a dozen dogs start off and scamper through the woods, frightening, of course, all the game their masters came to shoot. Behind the baron, came his servant, carrying three rifles on his shoulder, and a climbing stick in his hand, which latter he now fixed in the ground, and screwed a sort of wooden platter upon the top of it. On this his master very gravely seated himself, and, taking out a porcelain pipe, with his sixteen quarterings elaborately painted on it, commenced smoking. His example was followed by his jäger, who, disencumbering himself of the rifles, threw himself on the ground at his side.

By this time, we numbered some twenty guns, and only waited the arrival of Weuzel. (the keeper before alluded to,) to commence operations. Still he did not appear, and, after sundry oaths and exclamations from the more impatient of the party, it was concluded to start without him, and take the chance of his joining us later.

The beaters, thirty or forty ragged boys, each with his *orgel* (a flat piece of wood with keys, which, turned by a handle, made a prodigious rattling) hung round his neck, were stationed some ten paces apart, lining three sides of the wood. Keepers stood at certain distances between them, to prevent disorder, and hinder the deer from breaking through. We made a circuit that placed us in front of them; and, all being ready, the baron, who was again quietly seated on his stool, put his horn to his mouth, and blew a most discordant note. The beaters advanced at the signal, when, standing up, with his finger on his lip, he winked to me to be on the alert, and raising his rifle to his shoulder, remained as motionless as a statue. I was too much amused at his proceedings to pay much attention to the sport; but I was recalled to it, as a fine deer sprang across the road, and disappeared among the trees opposite. Two or three distant shots now showed the game was up.

Soon after, shouts of "mark" gave notice that some bird was on the wing, and immediately a superb capercaillie came sailing through the air. I fired, and, as he fell, the baron slipped the thong from his pointer. "*Allez, Perdrot!*" said he, "*schön apporté, mein hund!*" and the dog flew to fetch the fallen game. Some minutes passing without his return, we went after him to the spot where I had seen the bird drop, when great was my surprise to find Master Perdrot with his prey half eaten, and his mouth filled with blood and feathers. The culprit started off at our approach, and even his master looked a little disconcerted. He assured me, however, as, recovering his composure, he plucked a feather, and with great complacency added it to the trophies in his hat, that such a thing had never happened before. "Perdrot," he said, "was an excellent dog, immovable before a hare or partridge, and one that on catching sight of a fox, would never stop till he had run him down."

"A curious recommendation, that last for a pointer," thought I.

The beaters now arrived, bringing the deer we had shot on the previous day; and, leaving it with the result of that morning's work, (three or four hares and as many deer,) we began climbing one of the steepest ascents. Half way up, our guide took a path that led to a large open space, where we once more placed ourselves in readiness. The distant rattle of the *orgels* coming over the mountain showed that our allies were approaching, and soon a herd of deer rushed down the opposite hill, now pausing to listen to the noise of their pursuers, then with necks outstretched, and antlers thrown back to their very shoulders, leaping and bounding over every obstacle in their way. A puff of smoke—the report of a rifle—and one of the noble creatures, springing high in the air, came rolling over the almost perpendicular rocks.

Just then a rustling in the wood close by drew my attention. I saw the baron with his rifle levelled at the place whence it proceeded; but after some moments, lowering his gun as the sound seemed to come nearer, he signed to me to

shoot. The wood was too thick to make out what kind of animal it was, but knowing that he must show himself on the arrival of the beaters, I made sure of a good shot at him. Up they came, and on their approach a fine fox ventured, very unwillingly, out of the cover.

"*Achtung!*" cried the baron, as, waving my hat, I saluted Reynard with the view holica.

"Why don't you fire!" he continued.

"Shoot a fox! Why, if I were even inclined to such a thing, my English gun would refuse to do its duty."

"Ah, true! I have heard that in England you do not shoot foxes. But hunting is not allowed here; and we are so overrun with them, that, if not destroyed, they would ruin the best chasse in the country."

Satisfied with this explanation, I determined for the future to follow the old proverb, "When in Rome," &c. &c., and shoot whatever came in my way.

Our plan was now to descend into the valley, and beat for hares among the low brush-wood and open fields, and so, taking a wide circuit, to arrive at the end of our day's sport, close to the spot from whence we had started in the morning. I was not sorry to find that we should have an hour's walking before the next battue commenced, for I was half frozen with remaining so long motionless in the cold.

It had been found necessary to add to the number of our beaters; and the *orgels* being exchanged for sticks, they formed a crescent, the centre of which was certainly a mile and a half from us. Beating the bushes and hallooing as they advanced, they drove a multitude of hares before them; but though a stray shot now and then disabled some unlucky devil that approached too near, the majority managed at first to keep pretty well out of harm's way, till forced to advance by their ruthless pursuers, they became easy victims to our guns. After some hours thus spent, we despatched a cart loaded with upwards of two hundred of them to Katzbach, and, well pleased with our sport, retraced our steps to the woods.

The next battues were expected to be particularly good. Unfortunately there would not be time for more than one or two, as the sun was already setting. This reminded us that Weuzel, the keeper, who had been expected all day, had never appeared. It was certainly strange, but we had no time to waste in conjectures, and we set to work with a success that exceeded our utmost hopes, killing five deer and four foxes in a very short time. And now the last battue was resolved on. The beaters were sent out to form a circuit; and in high glee we prepared for the crowning effort of the day.

Suddenly we were startled by a shrill whistle, followed by a great confusion of voices. So unusual a circumstance, where silence was indispensable, evidently announced something uncommon. We were not long in suspense, for a messenger came in haste to inform the *Bezirksförster* that Weuzel's dog had been found shot dead. At this news, the absence of the master, combined with the value he was known to set on the animal, gave rise to strange surmises. The discussion recalled to me and my friends the shots we had heard on the previous night, which in the hurry and excitement of the day had been quite forgotten; and as we recounted the circumstance every one seemed of opinion that some fatal accident must have hap-

pened. The chasse was given up, and we agreed to search the woods for the missing keeper. It was resolved that we should form a line, and, ascending the *Katzenbuckel*, meet at the hut where we had passed the night.

Two or three of us had already toiled some hundred yards up the hill, when the baron's dog, uttering a long low howl, ran cowering back to his master. We hurried on, and at the foot of a large stone found the body of the huntsman. By this time several of the keepers came up, and to them we committed the charge of transporting the body of their late companion. While they placed it on a litter hastily constructed of branches, I lingered behind to read the inscription on the stone close to which the body had been found. The words cut on it were "*Frederick Muller, 1841.*" and I saw significant looks exchanged between the keepers as they explained to me that it marked the spot where a former murder had been committed.

M. DE SAVIGNY, member of the Academy of Sciences, who made part of the expedition into Egypt, and was one of the authors of the work destined to perpetuate its memory and results, has transmitted his copy of this work to his native town of Provins. The gift was accompanied by a letter, in which he traces distressing incidents of his life, and gives many curious particulars of the progress and symptoms of a terrible disease which made sudden and irremediable shipwreck of his hopes and his fame. This disease is known to the French physicians by the name of *Névrose*, and is, in fact, a preternaturally excited condition of the nervous system. It is of very rare occurrence, and there is something so remarkable in the details, narrated by a man of learning and genius, who has had the courage to make a study of his own pangs, and find a consolation for his long misery in its philosophical observation, that we are tempted to give some extracts from the letter which records them. In that journal of his sensations, which he speaks of having kept for the sake of science, what pictures must there be! recalling the wild visions of the "*English Opium Eater*:"—"On the 4th of August, 1817," says M. de Savigny, "I was suddenly seized, more especially in the organ of vision, with a nervous affection, which compelled an immediate suspension of labor, and a retirement into the country. This affection, which, according to the physicians, was to yield to a repose of five or six months, extended far beyond that limit of time; until, weary of an inaction to me so unnatural, I now and then suffered myself to indulge in studies, the opportunities for which the country had multiplied around me. At length I set out for Italy, hoping to accelerate my cure by travel. This excursion I prolonged till the end of 1822, at which period obligations the most imperious demanded my presence in Paris. Thither, then, I returned, and shortly afterwards resumed my labors. I did so too soon: symptoms of the most disquieting nature were not long in manifesting themselves; I foresaw a relapse, and predicted it, but there were no outward appearances to justify my apprehension: I was not believed, and I submitted. Time passed away, in the midst of continued anxieties, and on the 20th of March, 1824, the so much dreaded relapse suddenly declared itself, in the form of a nervous affection, a thousand times worse than the last,

and whose progress nothing could arrest. This renewed affection had, like the previous one, its principal seat in the organ of vision. It did not induce blindness, in the strict acceptation of the word, but it rendered my eyes gradually incapable of enduring the light; and athwart the daily increased darkness to which it compelled me, it showed a crowd of brightly-colored images, whose successive emissions, infinitely produced, wearied and haunted me incessantly. To these early apparitions were soon added others. Crowding phenomena—impetuous, luminous, burning, vast—filled, day and night, all space around me, in a thousand different aspects, and provoked curses the most intense and agonizing. Other phenomena, again, distinguished from these last less by their forms and colors than by their influence of terror, came periodically to aggravate the sufferings. To the sensations proper to vision were added a fetid odor, sharp hisses, strange sounds—harmonious or discordant, human voices singing, talking, declaiming, and many other utterances as wild. Sleep rarely suspended these hateful illusions without producing, at my reawakening, visions threatening, grotesque, incomprehensible. One of the most frequent of these was the upper vault filled with myriad human faces, all equally expressive, wearing an unspeakable look of inflexible sternness, and looking down on me with ominous gaze. \* \* The physicians consulted, in 1824, as to the probable duration of my malady, had generally limited its operation to a period of two or three years. This time, also, the least favorable of these anticipations were cruelly overstepped. Year followed upon year, bringing never more than some scarcely perceptible diminution, reached always through torments inexpressible, and leaving me in my solitude no other possible solace for my misery than the study and daily description of those torments themselves—an unparalleled journal, and perhaps an idle one, but which I have constantly kept, braving a thousand agonies, in the hope that it may some day lead to an understanding of the causes for tortures so fearful."—*Athenæum*.

THE *Times* mentions, "as one of the signs of the times, that there is a very influential section of the Irish Conservative party favorable to the abolition of the mock pageantry of an Irish Court, and who would gladly see the office of Lord-Lieutenant dispensed with, on the condition of stated periodical royal visits, for the purpose of holding occasional sittings of the Imperial Parliament in Dublin."

NAPOLEON'S LETTER TO THE PRINCE REGENT.—We find the following in the papers:—A gentleman residing at Woolwich has recently become possessed of the rough draft of Bonaparte's celebrated letter to the Prince Regent on his surrender to the English in 1815. In this manuscript there are two or three verbal alterations. In the sentence, "*M'asseoir sur la cendre Britannique*," the words "*la cendre*" are erased, and "*le foyer*" substituted; and in the last sentence, "the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies," the words, "the most constant" are interlined, being probably an after thought of the Emperor's. In a note appended to it, General Gourgaud states that it is the "rough draught of the letter which the Emperor sent me to carry from the Isle of Aix to the Prince Regent of England, on the 14th of July, 1815."

## PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Sept. 2.—A paper was received from M. Aymé, on the temperature of the Mediterranean Sea. The author made a series of experiments in the vicinity of Algiers—one of the most curious results is the fact that, contrary to what has been observed of the ocean, the temperature of the Mediterranean is higher near the coast than in the open sea. He also ascertained that, at a depth of eighteen mètres, the diurnal temperature does not vary, and that the mean temperature of the year is the same as that of the air.—M. Le Saulnier de Vanhello, a naval captain, laid before the Academy some charts of the coast of France and the Channel, and an account of some experiments as to the depth between Calais and Dover. It does not at any part exceed 200 feet. M. Arago took this opportunity of alluding to the boring for the artesian well at Calais, which has now reached a depth of 322 mètres. The water, to be supplied by this well, will, he says, come from England.

The annual sitting of the French Academy, for the distribution of prizes in its award, was held on the 29th ult., when the prize of eloquence, proposed by the Academy itself,—the subject of which on the present occasion was a *Discours sur Voltaire*,—was awarded to M. Harel, known, hitherto, in the literary world only as the author of some dramatic attempts. This discourse was highly spoken of by Villemain, who reported on the prizes; and is still more highly praised in other and very competent quarters. The first of the historical prizes was continued to M. Augustin Thierry (who already held it) for his *Récit des Temps Mérovingiens*,—and the second was also confirmed to its present possessor, M. Bazin, for his *Histoire de France sous Louis XIII.* The great Monthyon prize of 6,000 fr. was given to the père Grégoire Girard, a Franciscan monk of Friburg, for his work entitled *De l'Enseignement régulier de la langue maternelle*; and prizes were awarded, of 3,000 fr. to M. Egron for his *Livre de l'Ouvrier*; of 2,000 fr. to M. Halévy for his *Recueil de Fables*; and 2,000 fr. to M. Vander-Burch for his *Carriole d'Osier*. Other minor literary prizes were distributed, and the Monthyon prizes of Virtue we do not report. In our opinion, though unquestionably reflecting on their author the honor of the highest intentions, they are objectionable in principle. Virtue is made, in their ordination, far too theatrical a matter, and taught to look for her rewards in the wrong direction. A trade exposition, with its medals and prizes, is a useful institution, proposing such stimulants as are appropriate to the subjects with which it deals. Operatives labor, and manufacturers invent, for the express sake of the temporal benefices which they can earn; but an annual exhibition of the virtues, competing for honorary rewards, would be one of the most offensive and demoralizing things possible. It is not that some of the cases, in particular, which the Academy has crowned, are not well deserving of such rewards and encouragements as governments or individuals have to bestow—nor, that the example of such encouragement is without its uses. But our objection is to the institution of such rewards as motives to the practice of the virtues. The virtue which has no better foundation, changes its character at once, and will gradually degenerate, till the community suffer seriously by the mixed sense and low standard of morality introduced. The society that cultivates its virtues for a price, is not far enough removed, for safety,

from the community that takes the price of its shame. The common motive is a dangerous approximation; and it will be found, in the end, that circumstance will decide too often on the direction in which the reward, so made common, shall be sought. It may be well to honor David Lacroix, who has saved 117 lives, and reward Pierre Thian, who has lost the power to labor in rescuing persons from the Tarn and the Gironde. These are exceptional cases, and cases in which pecuniary assistance was directly needed and had been nobly earned. But the Academy should not be called on to crown a man for being honest, or a woman for being chaste. That must be a sickly state of society, in which such qualities merit crowns. To parade virtues like these, is to degrade them at the time, and endanger them afterwards; and some curious examples have been mentioned, in which the act of crowning by the Academy has led to the immediate tarnishing of the crown which it had conferred. The virtue, which had simplicity for its character and privacy for its fitting element, dragged into a stage light, and covered with tinsel, forgot its quality, and was not strong enough to resist the seduction to which it had been exposed by the very fact of its exhibition “in the Capitol.” In all cases, even where the reward is legitimate, the theatrical exhibition were best avoided. The material reward should be considered but subsidiary honor, whereas the parade and circumstance with which it is bestowed, put it in the first place. If it be proposed to answer us with an allusion to the prizes given by bodies like our Royal Humane Society, we say they are not cases in point. The Royal Humane Society is an institution, having an economic object, and working with such materials as it can find. Its purpose is, not to blazon virtue, but to save life; and it addresses itself to such mixed motives as are known to exist and likely to help it in carrying its useful object. Its meanings are positive, and the services it pays prescribed; and, in giving its own testimonial, it makes no pretension to place an academical crown (in France it may be almost called a national one) on the head of some hardy mariner or village-girl, summoned up to play the part of *Peasant Virtue*, in a masque performed before the loungers of the metropolis.—*Athenæum*.

MADRID AT THIS TIME.—In spite of the recent revolutions and counter revolutions—by which St. Iago of Compostella has liberally fulfilled his promise to the Peninsula, that its inhabitants should enjoy every blessing save that of quiet government,—Capt. Widdrington found Madrid essentially improved. New buildings are being run up as vivaciously as in Picnic or Paddington,—the materials largely derived from the destruction of the convents. The ordinary bustle in the streets is now equal to that of the festival days of Ferdinand. The shops are improved; and the newest French fashions and English manufactures are attainable. The inns, however, continue bad: the *restaurants*; no less so; but the reading-rooms, instead of “the solitary Galignani, with the margin close cut,” now display English and French journals, besides the forty Madrid periodicals. Omnibuses, drawn by mules, were started the very day of Capt. Widdrington’s arrival. The houses are now numbered. More carriages are to be seen on the promenades than formerly; a horse-race was got up under the patronage of that high-bred *magnifico*, the Duke of Ossuna, but with indifferent success.—*Captain Widdrington*.



Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.

## FRANCE AND O'CONNELL.

PARIS, September 15, 1844.

**SENSATION**, speculation, translation, without bounds, continue here in regard to the marvellous O'Connell affair, which seems to have nearly merged the wars of Tahiti and Morocco. All the details of the triumphs in Dublin, and all the speeches of the liberator since his liberation, are furnished in our journals. The *Journal des Debats* has accorded a score of columns, at least, to the fruitful subject. It observes that the repealers and their chief cannot now cajole the French, who recollect the invectives which were showered, at the former meetings of the Dublin Association, on the revolution of July and the dynasty of Orleans, and who must know that Irish Catholics cannot fail to sympathize with the cause of the elder Bourbons. The *Debats* said, on the 7th instant:

"A short time back, when a perfect harmony appeared to exist between the governments of France and England, the repeal orators lavished the most violent abuse on the king of the French and his family. At present, when certain persons amuse themselves with circulating reports of war, these same speechmakers change their theme, and make use of the Prince de Joinville and the French navy as they formerly used the Duke de Bordeaux and the famous brigade which they placed at his service. It would not be right to form illusions which could one day be cruelly disappointed. The Irish, it must be declared, would be the first to laugh at us if we took for ready money the wishes which they express for our success. We shall be happy to see them profiting by all circumstances to obtain the justice which is not completely rendered them, but we should not like to be taken for dupes."

Notwithstanding this expression of distrust, with which the other ministerial journals chime, it is evident that they are all pleased, at bottom, with the aggravation of the British government's Irish difficulties. O'Connell in his principal harangue—that of the 9th instant—touched what determines French sentiment in relation to himself when he asked: "Think you that if the weakness of England with regard to Ireland were not known in France, Tangiers would not have remained intact—that Mogador would still be uninjured, and that the plains of Ouchda would not be untainted with Moorish blood?" The *Debats* of the 13th instant ascribes the present ecstasies of the Emerald Isle to "the demonstrative or manifestive character and the essentially theatrical nature of the Irish people," moved by an event so unexpected and so welcome. It is the Gallic temperament which is thus transferred to the Celts. The case, in every circumstance and aspect, was doubtless fitted to animate even a less excitable race to the highest pitch of joy and exultation. We cannot wonder that pulpit orator, (Dr. Miley,) at the pontifical High Mass on the 8th at Dublin, treated it as a direct miracle of the Virgin Mary,

and that O'Connell himself, in his grand address to the association, represented it to be the special work of God—an extraordinary interposition of Divine Providence: he referred it exclusively to the prayers of the Catholics of Ireland, England, Belgium, and the Rhine, ritually and fervently offered up for his deliverance. No one can doubt the general persuasion of the Irish, or their confidence in the liberator's infallibility and sanctity—as deep and active a confidence as the Pope or the Councils ever inspired. The London Times, half seriously, contests the interpretation of the preacher, in a paragraph worth quoting for its view of facts:

"Will Dr. Miley assert that there are positively no ordinary causes and motives at work in the political world to account for the late judgment in favor of Mr. O'Connell? If he will, we can only say that Dr. Miley is more ignorant of the causes and motives at work in the political world than we could have imagined it possible for any educated person to be. Every person who is aware of the fact that the political world is divided into two parties, (and we should have thought that even Dr. Miley's innocence was not altogether unsuspecting of that circumstance,) must know that those two parties want each to get the better of the other, (another circumstance that Dr. Miley will find himself, on reflection, more at home with than he imagines.) Such a person, we say, must know that these two parties are in the habit of meeting each other constantly during what is called the session of Parliament in the two Houses of Lords and Commons respectively; that they there engage in what are called debates, and also have what are termed divisions, in which they mutually try to outnumber, to weaken, and to floor each other. So far so good. Now, it happens that upon the occasion Dr. Miley refers to, as having upon it indubitable marks of the supernatural and miraculous, two ministerial lords and three opposition lords met to decide *pro* or *con*, on a matter in which the decision was of powerful interest to each side. If the judgment was affirmed, it was a great satisfaction to ministers, a great annoyance to the opposition; if reversed, it was a great annoyance to ministers, a great satisfaction to the opposition. In this state of things, the opposition lords being three, and the ministerial lords two, the opposition and the ministerial lords did, by voting for their own sides respectively, produce a majority of one for Mr. O'Connell, three voting for and two against him; in consequence of which majority Mr. O'Connell was liberated. We have conducted the affair through the several stages to its issue, and we confess we are unable to discover in any one of them, from first to last, the least trace of the miraculous. All seems easily accounted for by the operation of known existing causes and motives—we may say, perhaps, the *most* known, the *most* obvious, tangible, palpable, and visible causes that perhaps exist in the known world."

The Dublin correspondent of the Times, however, exhibits what must be the impressions of the Irish people, what the certain consequences of that consummation in the British House of Lords, which the ministry directly caused or induced, with a degree of weakness and improvidence, or:



an abstruseness of policy, which I am entirely at a loss to comprehend. The correspondent, after stating it to be a thunderbolt for the orange and conservative parties, whom, indeed, it instantly reduced to impotence and despair, speaks thus :

"The confidence and almost religious faith which the people placed in the invincibility of Mr. O'Connell, shaken as it was by his apparent defeat and imprisonment, has revived again with tenfold force. They audibly declare their conviction that "the hand of God is in it," whilst the repealers, of a more enlightened class, assure you that if Daniel O'Connell were the prime mover of events, and the grand counsellor of government, he could not have ordered events in a way more suited to his purposes and his cause. Having suffered what will be called an unjust imprisonment, having established his claim to a sort of pseudo martyrdom, by a pleasing retirement from public life for a few months, he has succeeded in inflicting a heavy blow upon the law officers of the crown, in bringing the Irish law courts and executive into contempt, and comes forth from the Richmond Penitentiary with all the *prestige* of a great victory around him, at the very instant when his most sanguine followers were beginning to doubt, and when the funds of the association were ebbing slowly away."

The comments of the French fill nearly as much space as those of the British press on the arguments of the judges, the speeches of the five law lords, and the voluminous and various effusions of O'Connell on the 9th instant. The points chiefly noted are, his *amende honorable* to the whigs, whose unworthiness, so often branded, Lord Denman, in particular, has redeemed with the association; 2d, the acknowledgments of the honest principles, consistent exertions, and momentous services of the London Morning Chronicle, formerly reprobated equally with the Times and Standard; 3d, the atonement to "his beloved friend Richard Shiel," whom he bitterly scolded from his prison; the arguments drawn from the recent, solemn, pious consecration of the cause of repeal by the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, before inactive if not dissentient; 4th, the extremely coarse, contumelious charges and personalities applied to the chief actors against him (O'Connell) in the prosecution, trial, and appeal—judges, crown lawyers, ministers of state, chancellors, and ex-chancellors; lord lieutenants caricatured and belied without stint or mincing; 5th, the promised impeachment of all the obnoxious and official parties; 6th, the doubts about the expediency of attempting another Clontarf meeting; and, finally, the project of a Protectorate Society, to consist of a body of three hundred gentlemen, "each subscribing £100," who shall meet at Dublin, &c. This Society the *National* styles a parliament *au petit pied*, on a small scale, and classes with the repealer's "castles in Spain." The republican organ holds this language: "Of the two great parties now in hostile array, one is led by Sir Robert Peel; the other by O'Connell, upon whom the British whigs

seem to rely for *their* cause, and of whom the Morning Chronicle is not the mere auxiliary, but sworn mouth-piece. As for the repeal of the Union, the enterprise would cost unarmed Ireland too dear. We do not doubt that O'Connell wishes it; but does he really expect it? Is he sincere in the assurances which he reiterates on this head? Eighteen months ago he proclaimed: 'In six months, if you will follow my advice, Ireland shall be independent.' His advice has been followed: never was the most powerful chief, the most trusted commander, so strictly and implicitly obeyed; and what happened? He was committed to prison. Between the present state of Ireland and her independence, there is nothing more nor less than this—the downfall or ruin of England. Does he promise himself that it can be achieved? Assuredly not; but there is an end more easy of accomplishment—the overthrow of the tory cabinet. For this purpose, he now seeks to conciliate the British adversaries of that cabinet: thus we may understand his flattery of the three whig law-lords and the Morning Chronicle, and these sentences of his inaugural speech of the 9th:—"

"And now I am going to make an atonement to a class of public men whom I have often assailed, and who certainly, in some things, deserved to be assailed—namely, the whigs. But, after all, how infinitely superior are they to the tory party!"

Lord John Russell's speech on the 5th instant, and the fresh articles of the Chronicle, show that the alliance offensive and defensive is understood and ratified. The management of the Peel ministry, since the opening of the late session, of both domestic and foreign affairs, has so dwindled my estimate of their ability and spirit, that, if I were a Briton, I should not care how soon they were supplanted. Our political augurs are puzzled by Queen Victoria's present visit to Scotland. Is it to have a rival or counter-enthusiasm for that of the Irish towards the triumphant liberator? Is the Emerald Isle renounced as hopeless in the matter of loyalty? Will not Irish discontent be aggravated by the second royal slight in favor of Scotland? Would it not have been wisest to throw the queen at once into Ireland, to test the professed loyalty of O'Connell—to operate a diversion—to countenance and reanimate the Irish conservatives whom the inscrutable manœuvre or concession of the ministry, in the House of Lords, had so discouraged, disconcerted, and disgusted? These questions are asked; and, in addition, whether Sir Robert, when he conceded—indeed, deliberately occasioned—the reversal of the judgment in the Irish trials, did not mean to essay a compromise with O'Connell, who, strengthened in his influence, might find it less difficult to admit terms short of repeal, while the ministry, proportionably weakened in Ireland, could excusably concede more than the high church and tory parties would before allow.

From Hood's Magazine.

## THE PHANTASMAL REPROOF.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE snow was falling rapidly  
 Upon the fallen leaves;  
 The shivering sparrow twittered low  
 Beneath the dripping eaves:—  
 In its plaintive notes trace ye no thoughts  
 Of the Autumn's gather'd sheaves!

The snow was falling rapidly,  
 With a faint and whispering sound;  
 I looked forth on the wintry earth,  
 But the thick flakes—whirling round—  
 Hid land, and sea, and sky from me,  
 And all, but my own heart-wound!

Beside me, (as I sat alone,  
 Beghasted with wild dreams,)  
 A shadowy SHAPE glode thro' the gloom,  
 And by the woodfire's gleams  
 I saw its face, where grief and grace  
 Set their united beams.

An antique chair stood opposite,  
 Of black and carved oak;  
 And there it sat and gazed at me,  
 But never a word it spoke;  
 Till I with sign of holy cross  
 The heavy silence broke.

"What thing art thou, that breakest in  
 Upon my loneliness!  
 The closed doors are closed still—  
 Thy presence doth oppress  
 My very breath, as if cold death  
 Life's wrongs came to redress!"

A faint, low sound then answered me,—  
 A voice that seemed to pray  
 In language sweet, but incomplete,  
 With words that died away—  
 Like the music of the standing corn,  
 On a breezy autumn day!

"I am thy better angel; lo!  
 Why sittest thou alone?  
 Why mourn'st thou o'er thine own scarr'd heart,  
 Unwilling to atone  
 For the blood thou hast shed from the *undone dead*,  
 And the tears of the *living undone*?

"The grave is deep where *she* doth sleep,  
 Whose love for thee was strong,  
 As was thy hate for her estate  
 Of poverty and wrong.  
 She gave not her life to thy kinder knife,  
 But to thy cruel tongue!

"There was no falsehood in her heart—  
 No perfidy to thee;  
 But thy words unkind, like a sudden wind  
 That charmeth the summer sea,  
 Awoke in her that fearful stir  
 Which wrought her destiny.

"She lieth in a grave unblest,  
 From sacred fane remote;  
 She suffereth in that suffering place  
 Which sin for man hath bought;  
 And her soul calls there, for thine to share  
 The evil thou hast wrought!

"Look not upon thy wounded heart,  
 But look upon its cure;—  
 There is a God in the heavens high  
 Can send a spirit pure,  
 To fill the place of that disgrace  
 Which tempts thee with a lure!

"Look not upon thy darksome heart,  
 But look to find some light,  
 Wherewith thou may'st each loathsome part  
 Illumine, till the sight  
 Be clean unto the Angel-race  
 That lives in regions bright.

"Mix with thy fellow-men, and give  
 To others' griefs and cares  
 The sympathy which I give thee,—  
 And, by assisting theirs,  
 Assistance win from Him whom sin  
 Obeveeth, 'mid despairs!

"Befriend thy brother man, and thou  
 Shalt so thyself befriend;  
 Nor idly wail for idleness,  
 But task thyself to mend  
 The rents and tatters of thy soul,  
 Before its world-works end!

"The wrath of Heaven above our sins  
 Stoops, hawk-like, hovering;  
 But them, or it, we cannot see  
 Till down upon us spring  
 The talons of that vengeful bird,  
 With death beneath its wing!

"Thou canst not bring to life again  
 Whom thou from life hast sent;  
 Thou canst not to the frenzied brain  
 Restore the teardrops, blent  
 With guilt and shame,—which thou did'st claim  
 — But thou may'st yet repent!

"Up, and arouse thee! Faleth snow  
 On wintry nights, that thou  
 May'st cower in selfishness and fears  
 O'er thine own ails, as now!—  
 To the chilly street fare forth, and meet  
 Pale heads, which want doth bow!"

It ceased, that voice—It spake no more,—  
 But still I listened on:  
 I heard no rain on the window pane,  
 I looked, but shape was none  
 In that antique chair—and nought was there,  
 But I and my heart alone!

I bowed my head in silent prayer—  
 I prayed that I might be  
 Mindful of others more than self—  
 And so, by sympathy,  
 Cleanse my sinful heart of the selfishness  
 That made it black to see.

I did not pray that I might die,  
 As I had wont to pray;  
 I pleaded hard for life, that I  
 Might make it—day by day—  
 Useful and sweet to other men,  
 And bright ev'n in decay.

And when I raised my bended head  
 From out my clasped hands,  
 In at the casement—like a flight  
 Of arrowy golden brands—  
 The moon its cheerful radiance sent  
 Where the sparrow, twittering, stands.

And (for the snow had ceased to fall)  
 I saw the skies all blue,  
 And bright with stars; and sea and shore  
 Came clearly to my view:—  
 I felt my heart-wound still—but saw  
 The griefs of others too!

From the Britannia.

## STATE OF FRANCE.

THE following communication is from a gentleman having access to excellent sources of intelligence, and long familiar with the intrigues and politics of the French capital. We lay it before our readers, not as wholly subscribing to the sentiments expressed, but as the observations of an independent observer. His views are bold and original, and may be worth attention, even when they incline to eccentricity. The letter is dated from Paris, September 10:—

“Louis Philippe has been playing a dangerous game, but his dexterity and good fortune have not failed him on this last occasion. The present generation has certainly to thank the king of the French for the maintenance of peace, and it is perhaps of little importance now to inquire whether his pacific policy be the result of the instinct of self-preservation, or whether it may arise from political conviction. To judge by the detached forts and fortifications around Paris, by the immense preparations in all the arsenals, by the large standing army, by the importance lately given to the naval department, and by the entire military organization of France, it would seem that she was on the eve of a great continental conflict. Now, if Louis Philippe contemplated peace at any price, why this warlike array? He has crushed the royalists and the republicans. The war in Algiers he might have terminated long since, but it has been protracted until it has produced the Morocco dispute. But the king in his diplomatic relations has never ceased to declaim against war. What conclusion is then drawn from his words and acts? That he intends to be tranquil during his own life, but that he entertains the conviction he must bequeath to his children a nation ready for war. The conduct of the late duke of Orleans, who during the 1840 excitement affected the war-cry, corroborates this view of the king's policy. If the acts of the some twenty cabinets that have been in power since July, 1830, be carefully examined, it will be seen that Louis Philippe has allowed his ministers to pursue their foreign policy up to a certain crisis, and then has stepped forward to prevent ultimate mischief. The Ancona expedition and *reculade*—the truckling with the Christinos and Carlists, by virtue and despite of the quadruple alliance—the intriguing with the pacha of Egypt, and subsequent abandonment of the deceived viceroy—have all been great cards for the king in his internal policy. Attention has been thus skilfully diverted from domestic matters, and he annihilated the press with marvellous tact. It is true he kills his prime ministers with the blows he deals at his dynastic adversaries. Poor Casimir Perier died outright. Molé, Thiers, Broglie, Soult, Montalivet, &c., have been only prostrated. Laffitte and Lafayette gave up their breath with a malediction for the best of republics and their once-idolized citizen-king. It is the turn of Guizot, who, in the session of 1845, will have a desperate conflict to sustain. If the king supports him the minister will still occupy the comfortable Hotel of the Capucines. If the king requires a victim for his royal or family majority, the Protestant professor must undergo the same ordeal as his predecessors—ingratitude, neglect, and, if he dares to remonstrate, insult. In fact, at no period

has the king governed more absolutely than in the Tahiti affair, now so ‘happily concluded.’ I must express my perfect concurrence with the opinion published by the *Débats*. ‘Pour notre compte,’ says your contemporary, ‘nous n’avons jamais crié à la guerre.’ Now, I saw something of the ticklish game of 1840. I have seen enough of that of 1844 to believe the war-cry of the French cabinet to be a mere farce. The Tahiti expedition was planned solely by Louis Philippe. The chambers, vexed at the settlement of the Eastern question, and enraged at the withdrawal of Lalande's squadron from the Mediterranean, when it might have crushed Stopford's, have had a naval excitement. ‘More ships,’ ‘more steamers,’ have been the cry. The orators have urged the necessity of long voyages for French crews. Hence the Tahiti doings. There was to be a splash to astonish the neighbors of *outré-mer*. The marine department was to rival in importance that of war. The army had Algeria for promotion—a never-failing resource, for, if the Arabs did not kill the French, the climate did the work. The Mexican dispute was a sport for the navy. Joinville, who was to have blown up the *Belle Poule* when he had Napoleon's ashes on board, to prevent the English from retaking what they had given up, must have a career. No wonder the French naval officers became excited, and perpetrated what the duke called ‘eccentricities.’

“The mischief was, however, done here. If one could obtain accurate reports of Louis Philippe's talk with his admirals, and of the actual instructions to them from the marine offices in the Rue Royale, perhaps a help might then be found to the indiscretions of subalterns. The disgraced D'Aubigny might prove to have been very patriotic in persecuting Pritchard. But D'Aubigny is to be reprimanded because the government has deemed it to be ‘*juste et convenable*.’ I quote the *Débats*. This will, however, not prevent the promotion of this same officer for the *violence du procédé*. The subalterns are sacrificed for the moment, their reward will be forthcoming. I know not what impression the compromise with the French government may have produced in England; but of this be sure, the settlement is another reason to render the Orleans dynasty impossible after the death of the present ruler. Although the king went as far as possible in opposition to the satisfaction demanded by the English cabinet, enough has been yielded to increase his unpopularity in France. There will be warm work when the chambers meet at the close of the year. The debates will begin on the address in the middle of January. Before that period there will be more news from Tahiti, for all is not finished in that quarter. My belief is that the king can command his majority in the deputies, but he may be obliged to sacrifice M. Guizot, and then Count Molé will be again in power without Thiers' alliance. Such was the excitement at one time in the public mind, and its effect on the deputies who constitute the ministerial majority, that the friends of M. Guizot seriously urged him to retire and not to yield to the English ministry. It is quite true that M. Guizot did hesitate, and he submitted to the king the extreme terms which he could as minister accept from Lord Aberdeen. If our foreign secretary for one moment imagined that there was peril in M. Guizot's retirement, how egregiously must his lordship have been misinformed as to the state of affairs here. Louis Philippe had a cabi

net ready with his creature Count Montalivet, and more might have been gained by England in the ministerial change.

"But ministerial questions in France are not like those of other countries of constitutional régime. In England we have an opposition: it fluctuates between whigs and conservatives. It is an affair of party, in which certain principles are at stake; but the monarchy is not at stake in the parliamentary struggle. Here opposition means revolution. The overturn of Louis Philippe, or of his family, is the grand object kept in view. True, the royalists do not conspire. The stupid trial at the Court of Assizes the other day proved that the chiefs were strangers to plots. The republicans no longer combat in the streets, but the secret societies are in full force; and the king's life is not worth a moment's purchase if but the shadow of a shade of a chance presented itself to take it away. In what manner will the next change be effected? That is a question which nobody answers. The legitimatist talks of a parliamentary revolution. He points to the increase of royalist voters in the electoral lists, and he looks forward to the time when their insignificant minority of twenty-five may be increased to a number to induce the defection of the French conservatives, who are decidedly monarchical, but in their hearts are not Louis Philippists. The republican sees only in war the chance of a revolution; the royalists, with châteaux and lands, shrink from this extremity, and fear the partition of France, with the European coalition against her. The *bourgeoisie*, which made the July revolution, will not undo their handiwork during the present king's life; but with fearful oaths you hear them exclaim that they will be no longer sold under a new reign. What an awful prospect for the Duke of Nemours as regent—without the talent and tact of his father, universally disliked on account of his pride without being *princely*—close and morose, sullen and suspicious, hating the chambers for their meanness in refusing him a dotation, without military capacity, and, with all those drawbacks, having to work for his nephew whilst he has a son of his own! The only son of the king who evinces any ability is the Duc d'Aumale; but, as he has the Condé property, he has no inducement to take a prominent part in the political world. In the future is, then, the destiny of France so terrible. When the explosion comes will be the awful situation. A war with England, sooner or later, is inevitable. It may be looked for as imminent the moment that the king ceases to exist. Happily his general health is good, and he goes to England in October to visit Queen Victoria at Windsor. The ties of consanguinity will be turned to account by the king; but what will avail Coburg predilections hereafter in the presence of revolutionary principles? What do the men of peace say to the signs of the times! Enter the circles of M. Guizot, and they will talk to you of the influence of civilization and of the advance of railroads, of the power of steam, of the rapidity of international communications. With all this, no Frenchman, whatever may be his position in society, is met with who does not express his hatred of England, and brags of the power of France to invade our territory, *écraser* our towns, &c. I was on the Loire the other day, and, as usual, the steamer got aground several times, owing to the little water in that river for navigation. Once we ran foul of another steamer, and

great was the laughter created on board by the facetiousness of an officer, who expressed his regret that it was not an English steamer, that it might be sunk outright. If amongst English friends and acquaintances they will not disguise their antipathies, what must the feeling be amongst themselves when the name of England is mentioned?

"The king's visit to England is an all-absorbing subject of conversation. It is asserted that his object is to counteract any effect that may have been produced by the presence in London of the Czar. Count Nesselrode's arrival after the emperor's departure, and protracted stay of that statesman, have given rise to agitated murmurs: and the belief that some alliance or treaty, offensive and defensive, between Russia and England, was in contemplation is expressed in well-informed circles. With the Russian policy is coupled the treaty with the pacha. For the Egyptian passage, England is to allow full sway in the Danube question between Russia and Austria to the former power.

From the Britannia.

#### HOSTILITIES IN OTAHEITE.

No later accounts have been received from Otaheite than those published some weeks since. But several private letters have been received, which give particulars of the transactions in that island during the month of April, and show that the hostilities between the French troops and the natives were serious, and that much blood had been already spilled. One of those communications states that in an engagement between the two parties the French lost sixteen killed and fifty wounded, while the natives had one hundred and eighty to two hundred killed, and a large number wounded. Another letter speaks of the ravage of the coast by the French ships of war. The frigate *Uranie* and a war-steamer had made the circuit of the island, devastating the shore within range of their guns. At Mahaena the natives had assembled in numbers, and had erected a fort. The commander of the French expedition determined to attack them for "the honor of France." He landed his men, and ascended by a by-path to the fort, and then, from a hill commanding it, poured in a heavy volley of musketry. As the natives were scattered over the hill the guns of the ships fired upon them, and it was conjectured many were slaughtered. The Protestant missionaries had been compelled to abandon the island; only four remained.

These accounts may not be accurate. They seem written hastily, and from imperfect information. But they exhibit the disturbed and unhappy condition of the island, and point to the probability of the extermination of the native population, should there be no interference in their behalf. These first results of the French protectorate are the more remarkable, as the natives are noted for their gentle and obliging disposition. During the long period of British connection with them we do not recollect that a drop of blood has been shed in quarrel. Their resort to arms now, it is only reasonable to suppose, must have been the result of strong provocation.

We are still in the dark as to the doings of diplomacy. There is a personal and a political question to be arranged. If it be true that reparation has been made by the French government for the insult offered to Mr. Pritchard, the question of policy

will still remain to be determined. The *Herald* says that Lord Aberdeen has never recognized the protectorate of France. Will he do so now, or will it still be left an open question, and a source of disturbance and quarrel? The whole scheme of the protectorate is one of those ingenious mystifications in which French diplomacy delights. Her statesmen have strong faith in the efficacy of words for changing the aspect of things. At the July revolution the nation was persuaded that a king of the French was by no means the same kind of monarch as a king of France. Such distinctions are not understood here. We are not so well versed in the legerdemain of language. Regarding what has passed in Otaheite, we see France aiming at the occupation of the island and at its complete submission to her authority. The character of her proceedings cannot be changed by the title she chooses to give to them. Whether the term be protectorate or sovereignty can make no difference. We had once a Protector in our history, but we found him no whit less absolute than the most arbitrary of our monarchs. Such verbal quibbles are always to be despised. The robber who steals a watch does not change the nature of his offence by gently calling it "conversion of property," nor does his ingenuity save him from the hulks.

Otaheite must be declared independent, or it must be surrendered unconditionally to France. There can be no middle course. So far as the interests of England are concerned it can matter little which is adopted. The island can be of no solid value to any state. The coast is ill-adapted for fortification, and, in the event of war, it would be at the mercy of any squadron sent out to take it. There can be no advantages attending its possession worth the cost of maintaining there an establishment and garrison. It is convenient for ships engaged in the South Sea trade, but it can have no direct trade of its own. If in this country any solicitude is shown for its fate, it is only the solicitude of humanity. The politicians neglect it utterly, and evidently regard any discussion respecting its fortunes as a bore.

But, however slight its importance, politically or commercially, we have yet to learn by what right the French government asserts a claim to it, and commits those cruel excesses of which such deplorable accounts reach us. Why should the independent existence of this people, insignificant as they are, be destroyed to please the fantastic vanity of a restless nation, or why should hundreds of them be—

"Butcher'd to make a Paris holiday?"

Rude and simple as they are, they have with much care been educated into the doctrines of Christianity. They are sufficiently removed from Europe to avoid being an object of jealousy or a cause of offence. They are neither cannibals nor pirates. It would surely puzzle every one but a French minister to give any cause why they should be disturbed in the possession of the distant island where Heaven has placed them.

Apart from every selfish consideration, we do not know how the British government can remain indifferent to the seizure of Otaheite. Whatever civilization it possesses was our work; the herds and flocks which are such objects of desire with the hungry Frenchman are descended from the stock supplied by English vessels. If our prowess open out new paths of commerce, we must guard against their being used as a highway for oppression to follow. The natives, from long and friendly

connection with this country, look to our government for protection, and it would be both cruel and disgraceful to refuse their appeal.

It is easy to enlarge on the folly of hazarding a European war for the sake of an obscure island inhabited by a few thousand savages. Such tirades are misplaced. If France is willing to go to war to seize such an island, we may well despair of the continuance of peace. But there is no danger of the kind in prospect. If our foreign minister will simply take the tone his position entitles him to assume, and, grounding his policy on plain principles of justice, insist that Otaheite shall be restored to the state in which it has existed since its first discovery—its ports be free to the vessels of all nations, and its people released from constraint—we need not doubt what will be the ultimate answer of the French cabinet. Any other course will but evade difficulties for the day to have them return with increased force on the morrow.

A FRENCH review, the *Almanach du Mois*, gives in its last number, an anecdote relating to Lord Brougham, which is amusing enough—though we question its authenticity. It is not at all impossible that the mistake which it records may have been made—and even made by Lord Brougham; but that his lordship sat down to the express and formal act of writing a *treatise*, based on an assumption which was an error, and an error so easily corrected, may be doubted, without any very large faith in his gravity or deliberation. There is, in fact, in his lordship's rapidity of mental evolution, enough to give point to an anecdote like this, when related of him, even while we do not accept its literal truth. "Some years ago," says the *Almanach*, "the noble lord wrote a treatise to prove that the Emperor Alexander had always shown himself, by his conduct, a true pupil of La Harpe. It is generally known that the Emperor Alexander had for his preceptor General La Harpe; but Lord Brougham, fancying it to be La Harpe the author, discovered a variety of curious resemblances between the pupil and his supposed master. When finished, the noble writer sent a copy of his work to M. Arago, requesting to have his opinion of it. 'The book is charming,' replied M. Arago, 'unfortunately, however, it has one error—the tutor of the Emperor Alexander was not La Harpe the writer, but La Harpe the general. With that exception, I repeat, the treatise is excellent.'"—*Athenæum*.

#### OBITUARY.

It is with regret that we announce the death, on the 30th August, in the 71st year of his age, of Mr. Francis Baily, President of the Royal Astronomical Society. Mr. Baily, whose scientific attainments are well known, was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1821, was a member of the Royal Irish Academy, a corresponding member of the French Institute, the Royal Academy at Berlin, and other learned and scientific bodies. Mr. Baily, we believe, was, in popular phrase, the architect of his own fortune. In early life his struggles were great, and we have heard that he emigrated to America. Be this as it may, we find him at the beginning of this century resident in London, employed in the office of a stockbroker, and for many years eking out his small salary by a series of useful publications, generally on insurance, annuities, and like subjects; the last an "Epitome of Universal History," published in

1813. Eventually his talents were discovered and appreciated, and he soon obtained what only he desired, a sufficient fortune to justify his retiring altogether from business, and devoting himself wholly to science: and nobly did he employ his leisure and his fortune, as the records of the Astronomical Society bear honorable testimony.

FROM Göttingen we hear of the death of M. George Christian Benecke, the oldest of the functionaries of the University. For forty-two years he filled the chair of the ancient German languages and literatures; and he was chief Conservator of the University Library, to which he had been attached for sixty-one years. He was the last of the pupils of the philologist, Heyne, and formed, himself, some of the distinguished scholars of Germany. He is the author of many works which have attained celebrity.

DR. JAMES MITCHELL.—This gentleman died on the 3d Sept. at Exeter of a fit of apoplexy. He came to London poor, but not so poor as many of his countrymen, as he had ten pounds in his pocket. For some years he was a school-master, then a private teacher; he rose to be secretary of the Star Insurance Company. He took an active part in establishing and supporting the various literary institutions of the metropolis. His manuscript works, descriptive of the geology of London and its environs chiefly, extend to many folio volumes. There is not a chalk pit, a gravel or clay pit, a railway cutting, or a well of any note, within twenty miles of London, that he had not visited and carefully described. He collected a perfectly unique series of engravings and maps, illustrating the history of Scotland and of general antiquities. All of these, with manuscript descriptions, he has left to King's College University, Aberdeen, where he was educated, and received the degree of LL. D. He was employed under three parliamentary commissions. Possessing extensive knowledge on the exact sciences, he despised all that was speculation. To his ignorance of and contempt for physiological knowledge is to be attributed his early death. He despised the rules of health, and then when ill he took immense doses of medicine. Possessed of enormous mental and bodily forces, and of vehement energies and passions, he wore out, at the age of 58, a bodily organization, which, had it been well used, would have lasted 90 or 100 years.

THE DUKE D'ANGOULEME.—June 3.—At Goritz, in Austria, aged 68, Louis Antoine Duc d'Angoulême.

He was born Aug. 6, 1775, the elder of the two sons of Charles Philippe Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., by Maria-Theresa, daughter of Victor III., king of Sardinia.

The youthful Dauphin, Louis XVII., having, as is tolerably well ascertained, perished in the dungeon wherein the ruffians of the revolutionary government had immured him, and the Salique law prohibiting the descent of the crown to the Princess Royal of France, she was united on the 10th of June, 1799, to the Duc d'Angoulême.

He seems to have been a harmless character, of no marked talent, and of no decided propensities. During the government of Charles X. he was content with doing what he was bid—at the revolution of 1830 he was content with doing nothing—and during the exile of his house he was content with being nothing. In private life he appears to have been an amiable man.

When he perceived his death approaching, he sent to the archives of the war department at Paris an important work which he had got executed during the Restoration, giving, in folio, plans, drawings and full descriptions of all the fortified places in France, showing their weak points, the best modes of attacking them, and the proper manner of defence.

The cause of his death was a cancer in the pylorus. On the 8th of June his funeral was celebrated in the cathedral of Goritz, and thence proceeded to the chapel of the Franciscan convent, situated on a height at the west of the town. The Duc de Bordeaux followed the car on foot, in a mourning cloak. Count de Montbel, Viscount de Champagny, and the Duke de Blacas, also in mourning cloaks, walked behind the duke; next came the French now at Goritz, the authorities, and the inhabitants. The body was placed in the vault where the mortal remains of Charles X. rest.—*Gent. Mag.*

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.—July 28. At Florence, aged 76, Joseph Bonaparte, Count de Survilliers, the elder brother of Napoleon, and formerly king of Naples and king of Spain.

He was born in 1768, at Corte, in the island of Corsica; and attended his brother in his first campaign of Italy in 1796. Having been appointed a member of the legislative body, he was distinguished for his moderation and good sense, and gave proofs of generous firmness, when he undertook to defend General Bonaparte, then in Egypt, against the accusations of the Directory. Under the Consulate he was member of the Council of State and one of the witnesses to the treaty of Luneville. On the accession of Napoleon to the empire the crown of Lombardy was offered to and refused by him. A few days after the battle of Austerlitz he assumed the command of the army destined to invade the kingdom of Naples, penetrated without striking a blow to Capua, and, on the 15th of February, 1806, he made his entrance into Naples, of which kingdom the emperor appointed him sovereign. The government of Joseph as king of Naples, though short, was not sterile. In the space of less than two years he drove the English from the kingdom, reorganized the army and navy, and completed many public works. In 1808 he proceeded to occupy the throne of Spain; which he abandoned after the battle of Vittoria. On his return to France he took the command of Paris, and, faithful to the orders of the emperor, he accompanied the empress regent to Chartres, and subsequently to Blois, after the invasion of the allies, and assembled around her all the disposable troops. After the abdication of Fontainebleau, Prince Joseph Napoleon was obliged to withdraw to Switzerland. He returned to France in 1815, the same day the emperor arrived at Paris. After the battle of Waterloo he embarked for America, where his brother, whom he was never more to see, appointed to meet him. In 1817 the state of Jersey, and in 1826 the legislature of the state of New York, authorized him to possess lands without becoming an American citizen.

The Count de Survilliers did not return to Europe until 1832. He then came to England, where he resided several years. A painful malady, which required a milder climate, obliged him to demand permission of the foreign powers to fix his residence at Florence, where he breathed his

last. He was attended on his dying bed by his brothers, Louis and Jerome. There remain of the emperor's brothers but the two latter princes—Louis, formerly king of Holland; and Jerome, formerly king of Westphalia.—*Gent. Mag.*

HON. JAMES ERSKINE MURRAY.—*Feb. 17.*—At Borneo, in his 35th year, James Erskine Murray, of Aberdona, co. Clackmannan, Esq., Advocate; uncle to Lord Elibank.

He was called to the Scottish bar as an advocate; and published in 1836 an interesting account of a summer tour across the Pyrenees. This tour was performed on foot, for Mr. Murray had an extraordinary physical constitution, naturally good, and strengthened by frequent exercise in the Scottish highlands.

In conjunction with Mr. C. W. Bowra he undertook a commercial expedition from China to the island of Borneo, where he met his death.

After their arrival on the coast the two vessels, the schooner Young Queen and the brig Anna, entered the river Coti for about 80 miles, and anchored off Tongarron. During the ascent no opposition was offered; and on arriving at the town named, where the sultan resides, he expressed himself gratified by the visit, and willing to trade with the vessels. Deceived by these friendly appearances, they were moored; but after some time having elapsed, there appeared no intention on the part of the inhabitants to buy or sell. From the large body of armed men congregating around the sultan's house, suspicions began to be entertained that all was not right. These suspicions were soon confirmed by attempts being made to board on two several nights, which were prevented by the vigilance of those on the watch. The sultan had now thrown aside every appearance of friendliness, and there was no longer any doubt of his intention to destroy the vessels, if possible. Mr. Murray, deeply impressed with their dangerous position, addressed a letter to the captains of the Young Queen and the Anna, stating his conviction that they could only escape by fighting their way through the gun-boats and floating batteries with which they were surrounded: he also endeavored to get hostages from the sultan, for a safe passage down the river: in this he failed. The attack commenced upon the vessels on the 16th of February, while they were still at anchor, by masked batteries from the shore, and gunboats. They slipped their cables, and commenced their almost hopeless attempt to fight their way out of the river, surrounded by numerous boats which kept up an incessant fire from their long brass guns. On every turn of the river they found a fresh battery to contend with, the boats keeping up the pursuit out of range of the swivels, but not of the long guns, from which in the Young Queen there were fired 550 shots, and a proportionate number from the Anna. At one time the Anna got on a mud bank, but her consort nobly bore up and ranged alongside for her protection, until she got off. But for this she would inevitably have been taken. The night being calm, with a strong ebb tide, the two vessels were lashed together, and allowed to drift with the current, determined to escape or to perish in company. Ahead of each was a boat to pull them round when they got broadside on to the current; the men in these boats state positively that they heard English voices hailing them from the shore. After 36 hours of continuous fighting, they reached

within a few miles of the mouth of the river, and escape appeared certain. But they found a numerous fleet of boats ahead of them, which had entered through some unknown creek. This was the last and most desperate attack, and the number of pirates killed must have been immense. With personal safety almost within his grasp, here poor Murray was killed, in the Young Queen. He was fighting the midship guns when he was struck by a two-pounder on the breast; death was instantaneous.

The ships at length passed the bar and flats at the mouth of the river, though at sunset the boats were still in chase. During the whole affair the conduct of the officers and men was excellent. An unflinching determination was evinced to escape or die in the attempt. Mr. Murray was the moving spirit by which they were all influenced, and it is deeply to be regretted that he was cut short in the very vigor of life; with his talents and energies he might have done much to retrieve past misfortunes. Two lives were lost in the other vessel, and four were wounded in the Anna, and one in the Young Queen.—*Gent. Mag.*

JOHN HASLAM, M. D.—*July 20.* In Lamb's Conduit-street, aged 80, John Haslam, M. D.

He was a member of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, but we believe took no degree at that university. He was for some years apothecary to Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospitals, previously to his entering his career as a physician.

His "Observations on Insanity" were first published in 1798, second edition in 1809.

"Illustrations of Madness, 1810." 8vo.

"Considerations on the Moral Management of Insane Persons, 1817."

"Medical Jurisprudence, as it relates to Insanity, according to the Law of England, 1817."

"A Letter to the Governors of Bethlehem Hospital, containing an Account of their management of that Institution for the last twenty years, 1818."

"Dr. Haslam was long and justly celebrated as a physician in cases of insanity, and a man otherwise of great attainments, information, and literary tastes. His scientific publications were always held in high esteem; but his numerous contributions to lighter literature, through the periodical press, were perhaps still more calculated to raise a reputation. As reviewer, critic, epigrammatist, and author of witty and comic papers, he had few superiors; and his extensive knowledge of the world, and what is called life, gave him a ready hand for almost every subject. In society he was equally entertaining, and full of anecdote. We remember, during a temporary absence from town, that he wrote a review, which was inserted in the *Literary Gazette*, on one of Dr. Kitchiner's books. It was very droll and humorous, and laughed good-naturedly enough at some of the worthy doctor's eccentricities. But the doctor took it in dudgeon; and in an extreme rage happened to pitch on his friend Haslam to consult what steps he would advise him to take against the worthless libeller! This was fun to Haslam, and he abused the writer and the *Gazette* to the topmost of Billingsgate, till he inflamed Kitchiner beyond all mitigation. It was in vain, on our return, that we endeavored to pacify and moderate his resentment. He never would forgive us; and it was only a few months before his death that he was so far reconciled as to meet us with tolerable civility in society."—*Literary Gazette.*

From the *Athenæum*.

*False Science, and its Relation to Life*—[*Die Falsche Wissenschaft, &c.*] By J. G. VON WESSENBERGH. Stuttgart, Neff; London, Nutt.

"THE tree is known by its fruit," says our author's motto. Yes, by its true fruit—not by the fruit of the parasitical plants which twine themselves around it. As we must not condemn religion for the abuse of superstition, so we must not charge philosophy with the vanities of pseudo-science. We notice this tract less on account of its inherent value than for the interest which its subject possesses for the present age. "Practical social improvement," is the cry of the times; and all our science which does not tend to this is regarded as a burthen and a hindrance to humanity, rather than an instrument of good. If utilitarianism has been shallowly expounded and defended by some, it has been as shallowly controverted by others. Rightly understood, the doctrine of utility must be regarded as the most certain criterion by which to distinguish between true philosophy and pseudo-science. The institutions of the past which do not aid actual society are obsolete and dead: the doctrine regarding the future which is not of present utility is a mere dream.

Our author has wearied himself with reading the philosophical discussions of his countrymen, and has been driven by impatience at the apparent fruitlessness of such questions, "never-ending, still-beginning," into the extreme of decrying *all* philosophy. He starts with a consideration of the urgent need of social improvement, and the chief hindrances to its advancement. Among these, he reckons the perversion of practical religion by philosophical creeds and discussions. He finds the source of these in the scholasticism of the middle ages, which he regards as in contradiction with the true practical interests of human society. His argumentation, we think, is in many points very lame; but in his desire for social progress we accord. Yet we see no need of setting practical and speculative tenets at variance; the latter, which have been held merely verbally and formally, still contain the principle of actual exposition. We cannot regard the whole process of human inquiry as ending, though men have often sought for, (and, of course, found,) in their speculative doctrines, everything save the practical, useful, and applicatory truth, in which alone their true interest lies.

As we in England are annoyed by numbers of weak imitative novels, sent out by persons who never were intended to write, our German neighbors have their book-lists crowded with countless metaphysical tracts, many of them poor, confused collections of common-places and philosophical terms, with little or no meaning in them; yet we cannot agree with our author's indiscriminate censure of the philosophical writings of his countrymen. Practical results for every department of life are, at least, *aimed at* by the doctrines of the schools: the question of their translation from the school into life is still to be settled by experiment. In this tract against philosophy, our author shows that he has had considerable reading, by the numerous authorities he quotes; but his argument has no consistency, and affords no clue to guide speculation out of its labyrinth into clear daylight. Still, amid all our errors and distracted opinions, there is a system of intelligible and practical truth, as little disturbed by our theories, as the true solar system was by Ptolemaic reveries; and he who

makes clear any parts of this system is the true philosopher. We protest against the author's '*desperandum*' for a conclusion.—*Athenæum*.

From the *Spectator*.

## LORD STANLEY.

LORD STANLEY retires from the commons, to become a peer in his father's lifetime; and everybody asks what it means. As a young man, with all the confident if not the dignified bearing of aristocratic birth, proud in its own consciousness—with a ready tongue, and a vehement will, if not an earnest purpose—Lord Stanley acquired a renown for prowess in the parliamentary lists; and it was assumed that the generous ardor of youth prognosticated a powerful but wiser maturity. The promise has failed. For two sessions, especially the last, he has shown premature signs of wearing out. He seems to be exhausted with the perpetual warfare that he provokes. Recklessly striking the friends behind him as well as the foe in front, his own leaders were obliged to check him: he is tamed, but his subsiding passion displays no mature wisdom. His reckless assertion is slighted; his bitterness has lost its power through its triteness; and he sat uneasy-looking—often silent—neglected. In some important questions of his office, he exposed himself to proof of prevaricating and of mischievously sacrificing important interests to gratify some pique or spleen. He was convicted as a minister of evil. The cabinet, they say, want speakers in the house of lords: perhaps it is more that Lord Stanley wants to be out of the house of commons. The need in the upper house is obvious; but his colleagues never could have exercised a free choice in supplying it thus. Lord Stanley is not the kind of speaker wanted for the purpose. There are orators among the peers strong-spoken enough; there is Lyndhurst's trenchant though polished irony, Brougham's ornate hyperbole and vituperation, Wellington's utter plain-speaking—privilege of his high standing and his age: but in all these there is either an intellectual or a moral loftiness, and either real dignity or tact: the gladiatorial displays with which a Stanley once amused the commons would be out of place—would not answer. Lord Stanley has never exhibited that strength and ability which are best seen in calm council. Some minor conveniences may be hoped from the arrangement. The premier may have felt his gagged but impulsive colleague to be in the way where he was, and may have preferred, in dealing with many questions—Ireland for instance—to be without that sinister presence. Many colonial subjects would be more advantageously discussed in the absence of the colonial minister. Shelved in the commons, the restless orator may still fancy that he is a statesman by being busied with real work, the explanation of measures in the lords; the want of which was so damagingly exposed by Lord Normandy: he spoke of the lack of time, but it was partly owing also to the lack of workmen. Busied in that showy drudgery of debate, Lord Stanley might be made harmless. But can he be trusted not to break his tether? Whatever was his motive for backing out of the prize-ring to which he belonged in the commons, ministers can scarcely expect to profit much by the change. At first people hoped that there was going to be a new colonial minister: it would have been better for the government.



## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

OLD birds are *not* to be caught with chaff; or certainly not with the chaff of Irish law, as administered in the case of *Regina vs. O'Connell*. In vain has Sir Robert tried to put the fatal salt on the tail of the liberator. He has flown away upon "the wings of a dove;" but whether he will be at rest, even *Punch* himself cannot prognosticate. That the sporting delights of September were expressly invented for the solace and relaxation of law-makers, no one save the forlornest skeptic can deny. Never, then, were these pleasures so necessary to a ministry as on the closing of the session of 1844. They must have retired from the House of Commons with feelings very much akin to those of an actor, who—although he had made a few tolerable hits in the course of his part, and was vehemently applauded therefor by his good friends with orders—was, nevertheless, soundly hissed at the fall of the curtain. O'Connell is now a somebody almost supernatural—a political saint—a holy martyr—an incarnation of all the wisdom, the force, and the purity of human nature. Thus, at least, he appears to the great body of the Irish people, and for this amended appearance he is indebted to the bungling prosecution of the present ministry. Sir Robert Peel has done no more than play the part of valet to the liberator, and helped to dress him in all sorts of captivating graces.

However poignant be the grief of the ministry, they are nevertheless deeply sympathized with by Lord Brougham. They have at least a comfort in their sorrows in the unfailing solicitude of the ex-chancellor. If all the jugglery of the state trials did not pass for the purest law, it was not the fault of his lordship; who was brought into most fatal contrast by the moral grandeur of the great Lord Denham. How pitiful to consider a Brougham—"where his soul sits squat"—beside his early friend and co-mate! On one hand, we have all sleight, and trick, and reckless assurance; on the other, the noblest indication of all that gives us value as freemen, and majesty as a nation.—*Punch*.

MM. BRAVAIS and Martins have been for some time engaged in attempts to ascend Mont Blanc, but without success. After spending the intervening time in collecting a series of meteorological and geological observations in the Alpine country which surrounds the mountain, the ascent was happily effected on the 29th ult. The travellers found their tent on the *Grand Plateau* uninjured, and formed the design of passing a night, each, on the summit of the mountain,—while their companions (M. Lepileur being now added to the number) encamped in the tent. But the intense cold defeated this part of their project. The thermometer stood at 7 4-10 degrees below zero, in the shade, at a quarter past 2 in the day; and the ascent was most painful, notwithstanding the fineness of the weather. At a short distance from the summit they were assailed by a piercing wind; and the cold which it brought was so intense, that they describe their sensations on attaining the summit, when they had in some measure escaped its severity, as being that of men who had entered a well-warmed saloon.

THE number of passengers taken by the St. Germain and Versailles (Right Bank) Railroads, since their opening, amounts to 14,766,845.

A COMMISSION sent out, last year, by the French Governor of Senegal, to explore the course of the river Falémé, and the gold mines lying in the lands watered by that stream and its tributaries, having completed its labors by an examination of the upper course of the Gambia, the ministry of the Marine, in France, is preparing for publication a memoir of M. Raffenet, a member of the mission, which is said to resolve, on data quite new, the question of the alleged junction between the upper streams of the Gambia and Senegal.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Professor Bell, F. R. S., delivered a lecture on the 5th September, at Crosby Hall, on the subject of nidification or nest-making. This distinguished naturalist illustrated his subject by references to the works of White, Jessie, and Audubon, to those of Crawford in the Indian archipelago, and Bennet on Australia; besides numerous observations derived from the researches of his friends and himself in this interesting department of natural history. Mr. Bell did not shrink from conceding to the feathered creation a portion of that reasoning faculty which man is so prone to consider as exclusively his own. In support of his views upon this point he related the story of a swan, perhaps eighteen or nineteen years of age, who was observed to be assiduously seeking materials with which to raise her nest. Though her object for so doing was not apparent, a load of haum was deposited within her reach; taking advantage of this, she elevated her nest two feet and a half. The following night the river, swollen by recent rains, rose high enough to inundate the country round Bishop Stratford, and wash the grain from the malhouses, whilst the foresight of the bird had placed her eggs just above the level of the waters. It is a singular coincidence that the residence of Mr. White, at Selborne, has recently been taken by Mr. Bell. We may, therefore, look with some confidence for a renewal from a kindred spirit, and on the same spot, and in the same department of natural history, of those valuable contributions which delight and inform at once the young and the old, the rustic swain and the sage philosopher.

THE *Nuremberg Correspondent* gives the following from Presburg, September 5:—"The late scenes in the Chamber of the Magnates of Hungary are responded to in the country. The rupture between the two Chambers has never been so marked—they almost came to blows in the place of sitting. A Palatine, who has now presided over the assembly for 49 years, has declared that he never witnessed so violent a parliamentary storm. The Second Chamber does not allow itself to be intimidated by the resistance of the majority of the Magnates, but insists on the proposed reforms. It has just decided that the rights of landed property should be extended to the classes which are not noble, but this resolution will certainly not be approved of by the Magnates. In several districts meetings have been held to petition the government not to close the session at once. In a meeting at Pesth very violent language was used, and it was agreed to send in a protest against the conduct of the Upper Chamber. This example will, it is thought, find imitators."

THE culture of rice has just been tried with full success at Camargue, near Arles. The vegetation of the crop is so fine that no doubt remains of the soil, Camargue being perfectly well adapted to it.







